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THE SUPERNATURAL; AND "SUPERNATURAL RELIGION."

THE world has lately rung with some of those wild, sharp, unaccustomed notes which are said to pre-
sage great storms, or natural convulsions. A modern writer, who has something of the magical touch of great writers of the past, and who has enriched our literature by an account of the terrible winter of 1685, such as De Foe might have been proud to have written, has spoken repeatedly of the weird and unwonted sounds that heralded, or accompanied the great cold.* Some such presage of the coming war of elements, in mute expectation of which Europe is shuddering into hostile camps, may be recognized in a work which is perhaps more confident in tone than exact in logic, but which has disquieted many a reader, under the title of *Supernatural Religion*.

There is an assumption of no slight importance which lies at the very threshold of this work. And not only from the mere circumstance of being assumed, is that assumption unphilosophical, but it further involves a tacit acceptance of almost all for which the author subsequently contends. It may be said that it is a mere question of words as to which we take exception. But the reply is, that in all exact thought, the definition of the language used is a necessary preliminary. It is not needful for the philosophical writer to give an etymological derivation of his terms, or to give an historical account of the different senses in which they have been employed or understood. But it is necessary for him to define the sense in which he intends to use any important

* Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" is presumed to be the work referred to.—[ED.]

word; and further, to use it invariably in that sense.

The word to which we refer is "Supernatural." The use of this word opens the door to a fallacy. In the first place, it is employed to indicate a group of phenomena, real or asserted, of which the causes are too subtle to be grasped by the chemist or the mechanic. The true phrase to denote the character of these phenomena would rather be the endo-physical, as denoting the inner forces of nature; the crypto-physical; or some such compound term.* For by the use of the preposition *super*, is introduced the further idea of a power apart from, and even hostile to, the order of nature. If such a power be, indeed, traceable in its operation, it is a subject for the most careful study. But to assume that forces which are subtle in their influence, and hidden from the ordinary instruments of observation as to their origin, are therefore supernatural, in the sense of being opposed to nature, is, in point of fact, neither more nor less than a relic of Fetishism.

It is therefore necessary, before any conclusions based on an argument in which the word supernatural is employed can be accepted by the rational judgment, to define the sense, or rather to avoid the use, of an ambiguous word. The admission that anything is contrary to ordinary experience, or inexplicable on definite physical grounds, is one thing; the assertion that it is contrary to natural law is another. That the latter assertion may be equivalent to the statement of a logical absurdity is a position which is, at all events, capable of defence. There can be no doubt that the evidence which must be produced in

order to justify a belief in any event which, in this sense of the word, is supernatural, ought to be of a positive order. But there is no doubt that we are in the habit, and rightly in the habit, of believing many things that are beyond our own experience, on evidence which is very far from positive.

It cannot be maintained that it is more philosophical to assert that a hidden cause, or a subtly originated force, must be contrary to the order of nature, than it is to deduce from such an assumption the inference that the occurrence of events attributable to such hidden cause is so absolutely improbable as to be unworthy of serious investigation. Ready incredulity is no whit more respectable than ready credulity. Each folly is alike removed from the golden mean of the true and modest reception of adequate evidence. To endeavour, therefore, to sway the judgment of the mass of readers by the use of a term which it is easy to utter in one sense, while it will be understood in another, is one of those artifices which the truthful writer will most carefully shun.

It is more easy, and more generally acceptable, to avoid the use of an equivocal, or easily misapplied term, than it is to use it under a special definition. For this reason it is proposed to substitute, in the following pages, the word "spiritual" for the word "supernatural." And in order to avoid the very error which we strive to shun, namely, the assumption of a principle by means of the use of an adjective, it will still be necessary, first, to define in what sense the word "spiritual" is to be used; and, secondly, to inquire how far that

* We have lately seen, in an American work, the suggestive coinage, "arch-natural."—[Ed.]

which is implied by the term is consistent with evidence, or how far it is deserving of disregard.

It is only since the discovery of the quantitative elements of chemistry, that definite scientific proof has been obtained of a fact which has been dimly and imperfectly appreciated from the dawn of literature. It was not until science had grasped the law of the action of chemical affinities, that the physiologist was enabled to demonstrate that his study dealt with something apart from chemistry, as chemical force acts on inorganic matter. Organic and inorganic chemistry are sharply distinguished from each other. It is not so much the case that the laws of chemical affinity, or of physical energy, are changed when organization supervenes, as that they are controlled by the presence of a new force. It is unnecessary to enter into a detailed investigation of this part of the subject, as no chemist will deny the statement. An organized body consists of, or rather contains, a certain quantity of ponderable matter, the exact elements, and proportions of the elements, of which can be ascertained; but which, in that association which we call organization, behaves in an entirely different manner from that which would result from a mechanical or chemical mixture of the same elements. In place of a state of inert, passive inactivity, in which, the ultimate chemical affinities having exerted their influences, no change can take place without the action of some external force, we see a state of constant movement, change, and balance, of the most subtle nature. No organized being is ever entirely at rest. The constituent elements are ever undergoing change, more or less rapid. A portion of the substance is continually being eliminated, and flying off in inorganic form.

Portions of fresh substance are continually being assimilated to the restless whole. Instead of being influenced by external forces alone, an internal force is apparently active. Not only does this force keep up the constant chemical change above described, but certain functions are displayed by the entire organism of a nature to which chemistry furnishes no parallel. We witness the phenomena of growth, of reproduction, and of decay. There is a force which produces the phenomena of motion, which produces, or unites with, the phenomena of sensation and of intelligence; of passion, of reason, and of worship. That a man differs from a stone is not a new discovery. How he differs is a question on which chemistry can shed light, at least to a certain extent.

The condition or state on the entrance into which an organization differs from inorganic matter is called life. Life must have a cause. In order to inquire into the nature of that cause, we must apply to it some conditional term. For that term we use the word spirit. In the first scientific search after the cause of the phenomena of life, we shall thus not inaptly use the word spirit to express that unknown something as to which we seek to inquire.

To assume that the nature of spirit is beyond the reach of scientific question is profoundly unphilosophical; hardly less so than it would be to assume that we are intimately acquainted with its nature. The lesson which had been read to those who would arbitrarily fix the limit of what man can know, by the discovery of the spectroscope, should never be forgotten. Auguste Comte, with that hasty dogmatism which has done so much to diminish his splendid services to philosophy, laid down the axiom that man could

know nothing of sidereal astronomy. The spectroscope has shewn how inferior to the truth was the limit thus proposed to human science.

To propose what has been called the material hypothesis is to involve a contradiction in terms. Men have said that there can be nothing in a mixture which is not in its elements. That may be logically true. But it hardly bears on the question; which is, to ascertain what the elements of an organized being are. It is very clear that such a being contains something more than a given quantity of ponderable and analysable matter.

Again, life is spoken of as the function of that which lives. Very true; but we are asking, not for a definition, but for a cause. Life may be called a function of organization. But we seek the cause of the condition under which that function is manifested. The chemist may object to the term "vital principle," if introduced as an element of an organic being of which we have no distinct cognisance. But no man of logical habit can object to the term "vital principle" or "spirit" as provisionally applied to the unknown cause which has presided over, effected, and maintained the organization of any organic being.

That this unknown cause, this spirit, this vital principle, is a distinct entity in any given instance, is a scientific hypothesis which is, in the first instance, plainly admissible. Not a word can be urged against it as an hypothesis. Regarded in that light, it will serve to fulfil the function of all true hypotheses; it will facilitate the co-ordination of phenomena. More than that, it will furnish a possible explanation of phenomena for which no other explanation has been offered. It is therefore not surprising that this hypothesis, however far from being couched in scientific terms, has been

tacitly adopted by the great mass of mankind from the commencement of human history. The existence of spiritual entities, effective as causes for specific organizations, is not, indeed, proved by the consideration that such an hypothesis furnishes a feasible explanation of much that is otherwise unintelligible; but it is at least rendered probable by that fact.

The invisible, intangible, imponderable force of which we speak as Spirit, or vital principle, although too subtle to be brought to the scale beam or collected in the receiver, is yet not altogether removed from the sphere of direct scientific experiment. Science is aware of invisible, intangible, imponderable forces, which are neither imaginary, nor incapable of some degree of actual measurement. Such are the electric, the magnetic, and the actinic forces. Such is gravity; a force which seems to pass, in its method of display, from the ordinary phenomenon of weight, at appreciable distance, through the intervening phase of capillary attraction, to the intimate state of molecular attraction, whether homogeneous or heterogeneous. Of these forces no doubt exists, although man is ignorant of their cause. Nor does any more doubt exist of the reality of that vital force as to the cause of which we inquire.

These subtle forces can be so far grasped by the physicist that he can call them into activity. He can excite electric force by friction, or by chemical agency. He can cause soft iron to display the phenomena of magnetism, by surrounding a bar with the galvanic current. Knowing the circumstances under which each force is developed, he can, if provided with certain elements, ensure the display of these forces at will.

Allowing for the greater subtlety,

obscurity, and complexity of the circumstances under which the vital force is developed, science can also produce its display, no less clearly than it can terminate its exercise. For each physical or chemical phenomenon, the presence of appropriate elements is needful. So is it with vital phenomena. A certain condition of matter, a condition only to be met with in matter that is already organized, is necessary, so far as we are aware, for the origination of the phenomenon of independent organization. That condition present, the phenomenon may be produced at will. By applying warmth to the egg, or warmth and moisture to the seed, man may supply the requisite condition to call into active life matter already potentially alive. By fertilizing the stigma of one plant by the pollen of another, the botanist can produce a vegetable hybrid. By fertilizing the spawn of one of the *Batrachia*, the physiologist may light the lamp of life with his own hand. By the aid of the microscope he may observe the immediate change; he may detect the very moment of the substitution of the law of inorganic for that of organic chemistry; and witness the commencement, from striking the first spark of life, of the self-upbuilding of an organic being.

But although the inception of the vital process can be thus effected by the man of science, with little less certitude than that of any process in inorganic chemistry, the course pursued by the subsequent development is altogether different. In the inorganic experiment every step can be predicted. The behaviour of every element, and every combination, can be definitively predicted. In the organic experiment a very different law prevails. Individuality becomes apparent. No portion of any pure chemical element, or

homogeneous compound is distinguishable, in itself, from any other equal portion. Every organic being, so far as we can examine, is distinguishable from every other organic being. In the lowest and humblest forms of life our powers of perception are too gross to enable us to discern differences which, if relatively very great, are positively too minute for our comprehension. But when we take any individual of any organic species that is of sufficient magnitude to allow us to become acquainted with its individuality, every such individual, man, beast, tree, has a distinct idiosyncrasy, not to be confounded with any other idiosyncrasy.

This distinct attribute of organized beings, the attribute of individuality, is one which is as peculiar to living forms as is the modification of chemical and of physical phenomena effected under the control of living organization. It points to a difference in the nature of the force, corresponding to the different manifestation. And no explanation can be suggested of this known fact that does not, more or less truly, come to the same thing as the conception of a distinct entity as the actual cause of life. The action of the chemical and physical powers that can be called into activity, under proper conditions, by human experiment, is generally definite and practicable. The action of the vital power, which, under proper conditions, can be called into activity by human experiment, is special, individual, not to be defined or predicted except within wide limits. In each such experiment occurs the indication of the awakening, or the ministering occasion for the exertion, of a distinct, independent, automatic, somewhat capricious force. The condition can be only fulfilled, so far as we can see, by the existence of distinct, invisible, spiritual entities.

The presence of a force the operation of which cannot be exactly predicted, thus forms the main distinction between organic and inorganic existence. In want of a better term, we may speak of this element of incertitude as capricious. Its action becomes more marked the higher we ascend in the scale of organizations. Its presence, down to the lowest limit of our power of observation, gives distinct individuality to each organic being, using the word in a higher sense than numeric indication alone. No difference of nature is conceivable between different portions of the same chemical element. But the identity of species, in the higher forms of life, subsists under wide differences of individual development.

Organic beings, like inorganic matter, are subject to continuous experiment. Within certain limits the result of treatment may be foretold. But identical treatment, so far as it is possible to produce it, does not produce identical results in different individuals. Such results agree generically but not specifically. Out of a given number of seeds of the same plant, sown in the same soil, watered, illuminated, and sheltered in the same manner, no two will produce plants that are absolutely identical in form. Of the eggs laid and hatched by the same hen bird, no two will produce individuals that cannot be readily distinguished from one another by those who study their forms. The higher we ascend the more marked does this individuality of character appear. Surrounding conditions have a powerful effect on development; an effect that may be called generic. But they have never the effect of destroying the individual peculiarity, although they are often expressly directed to this very end.

Against this view of the active phenomena of life it is only possible to urge the hypothesis that all

differences of individuals are due to differences of condition, although these may be too minute to grasp. Such an hypothesis, however, can at best only be called the abandonment of a position with trumpets sounding and colours flying. So far as either observation or experiment can guide us, the behaviour of any organic being, using the term in its most general sense, is the resultant of the action of external conditions and external forces, modified by that central internal force which maintains the condition of life.

No intelligible solution of this undeniable phenomenon has ever yet been proposed, with the exception of that of the existence of spiritual entities, capable, under given conditions, of association with matter, and of building up the individual members of organic species. It is not asserted that such a theory is demonstrated. But while, on the one hand, it is the only hypothesis yet suggested that meets the facts of the case, on the other hand no grave objection has ever yet been formulated as to its sufficiency. As a scientific hypothesis, therefore, it stands on the level which most nearly approaches to that of ascertained truth. It meets all requirements, it is obnoxious to no grave objections. It may be thought to approach as near to certitude as the nature of the case will allow.

The general, or it might be called the practically universal, belief of mankind in the existence of spiritual entities, as forming in fact the real essence of the individual in each organic being, is thus far from being opposed to science. It is, so far as science has yet advanced, the most scientific hypothesis. It is in the species with which we are most familiar, that of man, that the phenomena of life have been most anciently and most generally

studied, and that the chief interest of the subject undoubtedly centres. But it is in the species at the other extremity of the scale, those which are most removed from man, that experiment is most easy, and that definite results are most readily obtained at the choice of the experimenter. It is this separation of the field of inquiry, into that of the most interesting observation, and that of the most positive experiment, that has been one main occasion of the doubt thrown by many writers on the scientific evidence for the existence of spiritual entities.

It is, perhaps, not the same thing to shew that the existence of a spiritual entity, in a material organization, is a necessary hypothesis, and to conclude that such an entity has an independent existence, apart from such organization. Such, of course, is the natural inference. And with regard especially to the highest cases—to human existence—there is a great body of argument from which it is the natural result that the connection of the human spirit with the human organization is rather a phase or period in the existence of that spirit than the total duration of its individuality.

Thus it is undoubted that many of the phenomena of human life are rather such as point to the association of a distinct entity with an organized abode, than to the existence of a single compound material being. The phenomena of accidental injuries bear upon this question. Accident, or disease, will suddenly disable more or less important parts of the organization, without any corresponding interference with the mental energy. It may be urged that such observations are local; that the brain is the organ of mental energy; and that the loss of a limb, or the derangement of any important

function, only very slightly affects the brain.

But such a reply is virtually to admit the very point in question. If we can conceive of an organization in which the vital principle should be, not the cause and rule, but the consequence, of organization, we must conceive of an injury to a part as an injury to the whole. If, on the other hand, we divide the activity of the vital force, and apportion distinct organs to its distinct energies, such as the brain to the function of thought, we at once admit the distinct individuality of the spiritual entity, which thus diversely acts with or by its different material organs.

The phenomena of sudden and violent death, in the full prime and vigour of life, are intelligible on the hypothesis of an independent spiritual existence. They are very strongly opposed to our sense of probability on the hypothesis of such an accident proving the actual extinction of the energy which, up to that moment, was so full of apparent vitality. Such an event more resembles, so far as we can judge, the sudden fracture of a vessel containing a liquid, than the annihilation of a living being. The glass is shattered—the water escapes. The man is stabbed—can the automatic centre of love, hope, and intelligence be destroyed by such a casualty?

The fact that, as a common heritage of mankind, the immortality of the soul has been matter of hope and of faith, if not in itself a definite proof, is a matter of extreme import. We are not entitled to dismiss such a mass of evidence without explaining how the belief can have originated. We may conceive of mankind, either as having gradually risen, as a species, from an humbler development, or as having retrograded from a higher state of development to the lowest

grade now to be found among savage tribes. Those who hold the latter view hold also the doctrine that definite instruction as to religious subjects was communicated to man in his earliest stage of existence. Those who accept the former, which has attained so marked a development in our days, find themselves face to face with the important problem of the origin, in the human mind, of both the sentiment and the conception of religion.

It may well be said to be impossible, on the bare material theory of human life, to suggest any hypothesis for the existence, or for the development, of these separate faculties of the human mind. In this, as indeed in almost every branch of philosophical inquiry, Materialism presents but a hopeless blank. As it fails to present any intelligent hypothesis as to the law of the well-known difference between organic and inorganic chemistry, so is it perfectly silent, confused, and helpless as to any problem that arises from the study of history, or the attempt to draw from the book of nature any lessons beyond those of chemical or physical science. The creative faculty, most thinkers hold, is denied to man. It may not be within the range of the human intellect to conceive a perfectly new idea, nor in that of the human power to embody such an idea. We can call no new form of life into being. That man should have formed the idea of an invisible, ever-acting Ruler and Maker of all, would be an exception to such a general law so striking as to render the observations on which the asserted law was based entirely anomalous. Again, that man should find within him the instincts of veneration, faith, trust, and hope, as directed to a future life, to the prosecution, under

changed conditions, of that education which, in the highest class of human minds, becomes yet more active the greater is the wealth accumulated by experience; that he should be able to form the conception of a happy immaterialised existence, if no such lot were in store for him, would be contrary to all that we know of organic function. All instincts have their object or final cause, as well as their source. All conceptions, so far as we can verify them, have their appropriate objective existence. That the highest conceptions, and the noblest instincts should alone be false, visionary, and unfounded, would be an anomaly in the observed order of nature.

It is easy to speak of religion as the invention of a priestly class. That cruel advantage is constantly taken of any form of human weakness by moral sharks is as certain as that the wounded fish, or rat, or wolf is at once devoured by its congeners. But the fullest admission of this kind still leaves the root of the matter intact. The priest may take advantage of the fear of future punishment; but in what did that fear originate? The priest may prey upon the abuse of a human instinct; but no priest, philosopher, or legislator could ever originate a human instinct. He could only direct his intelligence to the cultivation or to the abuse of certain beliefs. The origin of these beliefs is a question entirely unaffected by his conduct. The question is not as to the form which, among any people, or at any time, religious belief has assumed; but as to the fact that belief, under some form or other, is practically universal.

There are two other independent considerations, from each of which may be drawn an inference as distinct as any at which it is possible to arrive in this class of inquiry.

The first of these results from the observation of the perfect economy of nature. No fragments of her feast are lost. The mode in which the elements of the material world, in that constant change which pervades alike inorganic and organic existence, are continually assuming new forms of combination;—the manner in which, amid this constant change, may be traced the secular development of progress; how reptilian life succeeded aquatic life, to be in its turn succeeded by a terrestrial fauna;—this perfect economy, and steady progress of nature are altogether irreconcilable with the waste that would ensue if mortal life formed the whole of human existence. A vast and well ordered series culminates in the production of an intelligent being, capable of education to a power and a dignity to which no limit can be readily assigned. The education of each individual of this race corresponds, as species corresponds to genus, to the historic education of the whole race. The term race, in fact, is a philosophic conception; the actual fact is the existence of an enormous number of individuals. To suppose that each of these individuals shall undergo an education for the short space of threescore or fourscore years, an education for which an unmeasured past has provided facilities, and then, this degree of excellence attained, that all is lost, all is wasted, and the cultivated product of so much combined thought and toil is to be blown like the chaff from the threshing floor, is an hypothesis so contrary to all that we can observe of the order of nature, and so unsupported by either reason or analogy, that it certainly throws the onus of proof on the side of the materialist advocate.

Again with regard to the entire order of visible nature. It must either be or not be the result of definite law, order, and reason. But

the negative hypothesis is one that cannot be stated in plain terms. To affirm that there is no law or order is to affirm the existence of a chaos of which we have no knowledge. To affirm the action of law is only in other words to affirm the action of thought, reason, wisdom. Nor is this any other conception than that of a thinking, reasoning, wise Power. Thus from the very fact of the existence of the material order of the universe, the thought is irresistibly led to the belief in an invisible Maker and Ruler. Our conception of this being may be to the last degree inadequate; but the human mind must be deficient in a natural faculty that is without some such conception.

Considerations of this nature, rather indicated than wrought into system, are enough to shew that the general belief of mankind, first, in the distinct nature of spiritual entities, as the primary principles of organized beings; secondly, in the permanent existence of such entities, that is to say, in the immortality of the soul; and thirdly, in the rule and government of nature by invisible power, are not only not unphilosophical, but are so closely in accordance with all phenomena that their negation is all but inconceivable. If brought forward, not as a positive, but as a negative, hypothesis, the denial amounts to little less than a refusal to think at all. For, on the one hand, the spiritual hypothesis is adequate, as an hypothesis, to explain and co-ordinate the phenomena. On the other hand, no hypothesis of a contrary nature has ever yet been suggested, according to which any such explanation could be given. We are thus shut up either to the adoption of some form or other of spiritual hypothesis, or to the blank negation of thought as to the intimate nature of the phenomena of material existence.

It results from this view that the historic account of the origin of such a mighty movement as the establishment of Christianity has to be regarded from a totally different standpoint from that which is occupied by such a writer as the author of *Supernatural Religion*. Instead of having our attention directed to a certain number of events, each of which was in itself either incredible or to be rendered credible only by a species of evidence which is not forthcoming, we are called on to investigate phenomena which, however special, are cases of what has always been considered to be a general law.

If it be not only not absurd, but highly probable, that a spiritual entity forms the primary principle of man; if it be further highly probable that the course and order of the world is directed by a Supreme Power and Intelligence, it is indispensable that some method of communicating the wish of the Supreme Intelligence to the subjects of his rule must exist, and must, when requisite, come into operation. This logical result of the hypothesis, again, has been tacitly accepted by mankind. That God, however imperfectly conceived by man, has, at times, communicated with man, is the belief of man as a race. The only question that remains, if we once admit the spiritual hypothesis, is as to the mode of communication.

Unless, therefore, some unconscious error has glided into the foregoing argument, the difference that results from an unphilosophical or a philosophical use of the word "supernatural," is briefly this.

If the word imply something opposed to the ordinary course, and accepted laws of nature, the evidence which is necessary to establish the occurrence of any supernatural phenomenon must be of a precise and overwhelming

kind. It must be so clear and certain as to assume the form of logical proof. As it is needed to establish something which is *prima facie* improbable, not to say incredible, it must be of a more exact and accurate character than that information which supplies the ordinary data of human life. In the absence of such evidence, an absence which is asserted by a certain school of criticism, religion, of any kind, is entirely without adequate basis.

On the contrary, if we regard the entire group of phenomena of which what is called the supernatural forms an important part, and possibly covers the whole, we find ourselves in presence of a series of observations of which a portion may be confirmed by direct experiment. We find, in the simplest of these observations, the indication of a special peculiarity which is absent from ordinary chemical and mechanical phenomena. This ever present characteristic, of independent, automatic, or individual action, increases in its intensity with each ascending step in the order of organization. In the highest developments it not only passes far beyond human control, but may reasonably be held, in its turn, to control and modify human action. On some theory of this nature, however imperfect, all known human institutions have been originally established. The law, the literature, and the poetry of mankind, no less than its architecture, art, and social organization, are based on the belief in spiritual entities, whether existing in organized and material form, or believed to exist in a mode not distinctly to be understood by those yet in the organized condition. That more or less frequently, but always as a somewhat exceptional occurrence, direct communications have been made from this invisible

world to certain individuals is a faith which underlies not only all forms of religion, but all the ultimate sanctions of legislation among all people, in all time. To affirm that this belief, however it may have been perverted, is without foundation in reality, is equivalent to ascribing to the human mind a faculty which, according to our best analyses, it does not possess. For to affirm that religion is the invention of man, is to attribute to the human intelligence a creative power.

II.

The self-imposed, but unacknowledged, task of the author of the book called *Supernatural Religion*,* may be compared to one of those vigorous efforts by which a partizan leader has at times attained a brief and transitory renown. In such cases it has often happened that the chieftain was unacquainted with some of the primary maxims of the art of war. The success which he attained was due, in the first place, to audacity, rather than to consummate generalship, on his own part. But secondly, and mainly, it arose from the unpreparedness and disorganization of his enemies. It was thus (as those under whose eyes that rapid drama—comic rather than tragic—of the successful raid of Garibaldi on the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies was enacted well know) that a change of masters was effected in that volcanic region soon after death relaxed the firm grasp of King Ferdinand the Second. In the utter helplessness of a party paralyzed by the loss of their astute and active ruler, lay the secret of the success of a movement which would have been checked at

any moment by the fidelity of a single well-handled regiment; and which, finally, was only saved from overpowering disaster by the advance of the regular troops of Victor Emmanuel.

It is at a triumph no less sudden and complete, over the whole vast realm of Faith in things unseen, that the author of these volumes aims. But the disproportion between the force at his command and the extent of the wide field that he seeks to occupy, is far greater than was the case in that romantic Italian struggle into which some of us were able so closely to look. The guerilla General who sat down to take Capua, one of the strongest places in Italy, without (if some of those engaged in the service may be trusted) a gun, an ambulance, or an ounce of quinine among the enthusiastic youth—of whom the fair lads of England were the flower—who formed what he called his army, was not more devoid of the main qualifications of the general and of the statesman, than is the anonymous author before us of those of the philosophical investigator of the great subject of Religion. It is not by mere defects of form, and imperfections of execution, that the want of mastery of the subject is betrayed. The vice of the work is fundamental. Between the object of the book, as declared by its title; that is to say, the demonstration of the falsehood of what men call religion—for religion, apart from what is called the supernatural, is known by the name of ethics—and the mode of attack employed, which is the criticism of a certain group of books, there is an utter disparity. If we admit, for the sake of argument, all for which the author so

* *Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation.* Vol. III. London: Longmans. 1877.

laboriously pleads, by how much will he be the nearer to his proposed object? Allowing, as an imaginable case, that it can be demonstrated that dogmatic Christianity, as it is at present taught in one or other of the great provinces of Christendom, cannot be proved to be true by a critical examination of the New Testament, how can such a result justify the assertion that all religion—all idea of man's relation to the invisible world—is a delusion? Yet that is the purport of the book.

The author is not unjust in the remark which he makes with reference to certain assailants when he says that the defence "has, perhaps, rather too much taken the shape of picking out a few supposed errors of detail, and triumphantly shaking them with a persistence not characteristic of strength." It is not by captious and minute criticism of the mass of references compiled in the work that the position of its author is to be shaken. It is not the man, but the method, that has to be dealt with; not the mode in which the facts of the case are represented, but the intimate nature, and true relation of the actual facts. So long as this simple truth is disregarded, it is perfectly intelligible why the attempts at a reply to *Supernatural Religion* should have proved more discouraging to many of those who have been disquieted by the work, than even the statements it contains. The defence has been, perhaps, more damaging than the assault. This has not unusually proved to be the case in theological controversy. We expect the assailant to understate the case which he attacks. It is only from the reply of the defenders that it can be learned that he has not actually done so. Not—that is to

say—in this particular case, but as a general rule.

If so fatal to the object of the work is the disproportion which exists between the aim proposed, and the means employed in order to attain it, what can be said of the *envoi* to the reader—the peroration of the third volume now before us? Does the writer adopt a formula which has no object but to disguise a too outspoken hostility? Does he mock his readers? Or is he so utterly unconvinced by his own arguments as to forget, not only their gist, but their precise statements? "Turning away from fancied benefits," are his words, "to be derived from the virtue of his death, we may find real help and guidance from more earnest contemplation of the life and teaching of Jesus." What source has this writer left us, if we are convinced by his arguments, whence to derive materials for such earnest contemplation? The only books shewn to us, from which such help and guidance are to be derived, are twenty-seven in number. What reliance is to be placed on each of them, according to this advice, we may intimate in our author's own words. As to the work discussed at the greatest length in the volume before us, the Acts of the Apostles, we are told that "It is almost inconceivable that any serious mind could maintain the actual truth of such a story, upon such evidence!" * "It requires very little examination to detect that this story is legendary, and cannot for a moment be maintained as historical. Those who dwell upon its symbolical character do nothing to establish its veracity."† "We are unable to regard the narrative as historical." "The narrative of the Acts is not

* S. R., Vol. iii. p. 479.

† Id. p. 416.

authentic." The Gospels have been discussed in the previous volumes, with what result is intimated in the third by the quiet remark that "in comparison with it," that is to say, with the Acts of the Apostles, "the Gospels seem almost sober narratives."* There remain only the Epistles and the Apocalypse. Of the former, thirteen are, if genuine, the writing of Paul, and possess the special value of a signature. But we are told that "the life and teaching of Jesus have scarcely a place in the system of Paul."† The remaining books are dealt with in even a more summary manner. "The first Epistle of Peter might have required more detailed treatment, but we think little would be gained by demonstrating that the document is not authentic, or shewing that, in any case, the evidence which it would furnish is not of any value." As to the Epistle to the Hebrews, "we are freed from any need to deal at length with it, not only by the absence of any specific evidence in its contents, but by the following consideration. If the Epistle be not by Paul—and it not only is not his, but does not even pretend to be so—the author is unknown, and therefore the document has no weight as testimony."‡ If it were ascribed to Paul, we have seen above what would be its worth. Finally, "The so-called Epistles of James, Jude, and John do not contain any evidence which, even supposing them to be authentic, really bears upon our inquiry." And as to the seven books, the Epistles of James, Jude, 2 Peter, 2 and 3 John, to the Hebrews and the Apocalypse, the evidence for most of these being avowedly "less complete," (than that on which some of the other books have been received into the

Canon), "its nature may be conceived."§ Such being, in the writer's view, the character of all the works which profess to give some account of "the life and teaching of Jesus," is the advice to direct "earnest contemplation" to the subject a mockery, an hypocrisy, or a sheer imbecility?

It is not with the object, of attempting that of which we think that an author has just cause to complain, namely, damaging the personal credit of a writer, in order to throw discredit on arguments which cannot be fairly met, that we call attention to such blots as we have denoted or have yet to denote, in this work. It is our object to shew that the method employed is so essentially imperfect that any results attained by its use not only may be, but ought to be, neglected. In so saying, we readily admit that there is much contained in the volume that is deserving of study; and that, like the preceding volumes, it has a permanent value to the student by way of a tolerably exhaustive index of the literature of the subject.

Not, however, that even as a book of reference, it is satisfactory. Of that literature which, of all others, it is most important to the writer on the New Testament to master—the contemporary Jewish literature—the ignorance of the author of *Supernatural Religion* appears to be well-nigh absolute. One single unborrowed citation from the Talmud graces the notes; but a reference to the passage cited raises the doubt whether the writer has quite fairly represented its import. Not only is he thus altogether in the dark when he ventures on any opinion of his own as to the accordance or discrepancy between any statement in the books.

* Id. 270.

† Id. 567.

‡ S. R., Vol. ii. p. 322.

§ S. R., Vol. ii. p. 322.

which he criticises and the law, the ideas, and the habits of the writers and their contemporaries, but he is betrayed into errors that would be called ludicrous were the question one of literature alone. It may be admitted that it would be difficult to find an example where a writer, assuming a very lofty critical tone, not only flatly contradicts himself, but further manages to be equally in error in each of these contradictory statements. An instance of this unusual literary feat will be instructive.

"We are asked to believe," the author urges, in discredit of the first Evangelist,* "that the chief priests and the Pharisees actually desecrated the Sabbath, and visited the house of the heathen Pilate on so holy a day, for the purpose of asking for a guard." But in depreciation of the statement of the third Evangelist our author had previously remarked, "There is no injunction of the Mosaic law declaring such interview—that of a Jew with Gentiles—unlawful, nor indeed is such a rule elsewhere heard of, and even apologists who refer to the point have no deed of authority by which to support such a statement."† This latter clause diametrically contradicts that previously cited. If there is no prohibition to keep company with heathens, how did the priests desecrate the Sabbath by so doing? It turns out, however, that profound as may have been the ignorance of the Evangelists as to the habits and laws of their contemporaries, it is at all events less absolute than that of their critic. The treatise *De Sabbatto* of the Talmud, which is the judicial exposition of the entire law regulating the observance of that day, is one of the largest and most detailed tracts in the entire

Mishna. It contains no less than twenty-four chapters, comprising altogether as many as seventy-six Mishnaioth. It not only details the thirty-nine "fathers of works," by performing any act coming under either of which the prohibition of labour on the day is broken, but it even enters into so much detail as to prohibit the letting forth from its enclosure of an ox carrying a straw in its mouth. The questions of what was dress, and what ornament, and of what might, and what might not, be borne by man or woman on the Sabbath, as well as the entire doctrine of limits, or as to "resting in their place" on that day, are described with the most exhaustive minuteness. But from the first line of this treatise to the last there is not a word that can reflect on the propriety of the entrance of the priests into the *prætorium* on the Sabbath. The law forbade nothing by implication. What it did not forbid it permitted. The question, therefore, of the "desecration of the Sabbath" arose only in the imagination of the author or his authorities. In fact, a reference to the next tract of the Mishna, *De commistionibus termini Sabbatti* (cap. vi. §§ 1), conclusively shews that no such objection could have been legally raised. It may be urged, then, that the writer must thus be safe from the peril of the other horn of the dilemma. If Jews might even dwell in the same *atrium* as Gentiles, which the passage assumes, the writer of the Acts must be wrong. It is a very remarkable circumstance, as bearing on the assertion, "such an affirmation could not have been made by Peter," that although it was permitted for Israelites, in the plural, to dwell or converse with idolators, it was

* S.R., Vol. iii. p. 444. † Id. p. 192.

forbidden for one Israelite to do so alone. As to this the distinct statements of Maimonides and of Bartolomæa, in their comments on the Mishna last cited, may be read with advantage. The exact language attributed to Peter, "unlawful for a Jewish man," is in accurate accordance with the law, as explained by these perfectly impartial witnesses. And thus each blow which the writer has aimed at the documents he has so contemptuously criticised, returns, with double force, on his own mouth.

A double misstatement of this gravity, which strikes the eye at the first glance over the book, may be taken as illustrative of the fallacy of the attempt to criticise Jewish books in ignorance of Jewish literature, law, and habit. But eliminating, as the reader will now be prepared to do, all such statements as expressing merely the opinion of the author, there remains the more important question of the discrepancies exhibited by that comparative analysis of the different accounts which he has wrought out, with a detailed minuteness not before practised, to this end, by an English writer.

As to this, it may be premised that the statements from which our ideas of the historic details of the life of Jesus Christ are drawn are chiefly derived from five writers, namely, the four Evangelists and the Apostle Paul. Not one of these writers has proposed to write a systematic and orderly history, according to our modern views of such a work. The Evangelist who possesses the greatest knowledge of literary form, and who tells us that he gathered his materials from witnesses, or from ministers of the Word, after his earliest chapters makes no effort to attach any data

whatever to any one of the recollections which he transcribes. The Jewish rabbi, whose entire dogmatic position depends on the descent of Jesus from the lineage of David, does not utter a single word—any more than does either of the other writers of the New Testament—to shew that Mary was of the house of David, and thus to establish the fact that the Royal blood of Judah ran, even by female descent, in the veins of Jesus. In language which is to be found almost verbatim in the Talmud, the disciple of Rabban Gamaliel draws an argument from the use of a *singular collective noun, instead of a plural, which occurs in the Septuagint version, and not in the original Hebrew; but although it is essential to the sequence of his pleading to shew that Jesus was a descendant of David,† he has never taken the trouble to adduce any direct statement that such was the fact. This same absolute neglect of those points which, to the exact habit of the philosophic Aryan mind, are of primary importance, characterize all Semitic literature. It is not peculiar to the writers of the New Testament. It is so universal amongst Semitic thinkers that the adoption of a more exact form would at once betray the presence of a foreign element. An historian like Thucydides or Herodotus, or a biographer like Tacitus, approaches his subject from a point of view utterly dissimilar to that taken by Paul, by Josephus, by the writers of the Book of Kings, or by the great teachers cited by Rabbi Judah the Saint. Neither the Evangelists nor the writers of the Epistles have professed to give either a history of Christianity or a biography of Jesus Christ. What they did write was, like the entire *corpus* of Jewish

* Gal. iii. 16.

† Acts of the Apostles, xiii. 23.

literature, purely controversial. The second Gospel announces, not history, but good tidings. The third was written for the confirmation of the opinions already entertained by Theophilus. The fourth was written that its readers might believe that Jesus was the Messiah. Paul told the Corinthians that he cared to know nothing but the doctrine of the Crucifixion.* No New Testament writer has given a clear historic date for any event recorded or referred to, with the exception of the third Evangelist; and his reference to the fifteenth year of the hegemony of Tiberius Cæsar, to the census under Cyrenius, and to Ananias as High Priest during the procuratorship of Felix, are all, if not pure anachronisms, as yet unreconciled with other information. No Evangelist has given the year of either the nativity, the baptism, or the crucifixion of Jesus. The latter year we fix on astronomical grounds alone; and the fourth Evangelist, in giving both a different hour of the day, and a different day of the lunar month from those mentioned by the other three, virtually assigns a date later by three years than the accepted era.† As to the other two dates, we are absolutely without information. When we observe this total disregard of those points which we are apt to regard as cardinal, it is clear that we have no reason to expect, from the works in which they occur, the orderly sequence or the careful preciseness of a formal biographic narrative. No doubt we should much prefer the latter, but it is not a kind of work which Semitic writers either executed or valued. It is the same to this day. We have seen accounts of recent events, written by natives of Palestine for the purpose of judicial testi-

mony, which differ so widely from the official narrative of the European actors, that the identity of the facts is hardly discernible. We may as well quarrel with a negro for being black as with a Jewish writer for adopting the invariable style of his national literature.

The fact is that the very centres of gravity of Semitic and of Aryan thought are differently disposed. The primary condition of the pursuit of truth, namely, the accurate collection, and impartial co-ordination, of facts, was first raised to its proper rank by Aristotle. The observer—his wishes, his objects, and his belief—are eliminated by that philosophical method. Among the Semitic people, and among those who are unfamiliar with exact method, the very reverse is the case. In such cases the personal belief of the writer is the motive of all his work. To shew that such belief is orthodox—that it is legitimate, necessary, not an innovation—is the one object in view. Thus every speech of any magnitude made to the Jews ascends to Moses. The first Evangelist prefixes to his work a pedigree remounting to Abraham; and attaches the first incident to which he refers to a passage in the prophetic writings. The second Evangelist even more pointedly commences, "As it is written in the Prophets." The third traces back the pedigree of the first personages to whom he refers to Abia and to Aaron in the first paragraph of his narrative. The accordance of the faith they held with the Word of God, as given by Moses and the Prophets, were the central motives and main idea of the Jewish writers of the New Testament; and the exactitude

* 1 Cor., ii. 2.

† This date, A.D. 33, is given by Panvinus.

of dates, the sequence of occurrences, or even the actual details of facts, were to them matters of the very slightest importance. "What can it signify?" we can understand that such a writer should argue, "whether the Baptist preached in Judæa or in Batanea beyond Jordan, that is in Perea? What does it matter whether he was born in the reign of Herod the First, or in that of Herod the Second? whether he was beheaded in one year of Tiberius or in another? The real point is—whether he was the voice crying in the wilderness, in accordance with the prediction of Isaiah, and whether his baptism was in harmony with the immutable law of the great master, Moses."

We may naturally wish that we had a biography of Jesus Christ which, in accuracy of dates, observance of order of events, accurate delineation of detail, geographical and other phenomenal references, careful report of speeches, and indication whether the actual language, or only the purport or spirit of the teaching, had been preserved, would fulfil the requirements of a modern European biography. But this, however we may desire it, we have not. The Church, so far as we can tell, never possessed any record of the kind. It is equally beside the mark to attempt to construct, from the theological tracts of the Evangelists, an objective Life of Christ, and to multiply and magnify those discrepancies which the Evangelists would, in all probability, have been the first to admit, with the remark that they were matters of minute detail entirely irrelevant to the main object of their respective arguments.

That such is an accurate view of the books of the New Testament

cannot, we think, be for a moment denied by those who are conversant with Semitic literature, whether ancient or modern. It may be urged that this view is as hostile to the Christian argument as even the destructive analysis of the author of *Supernatural Religion*. And this part of the inquiry is of far more positive importance than is the due appreciation of the value of that work.

The effect of an accurate appreciation of the method of the sacred writers on Religious Faith, must depend mainly on the idea formed of the essential character of religion.

If religion be a matter of rule and prescription, a series of observances, bidding this, forbidding that, and leaving man at perfect liberty on all matters not distinctly specified, it is needful to have an exact law, laid down by supreme authority, providing for every duty. This the Jews had, or believed that they had, in the time of Christ, in the Mikra and the Mishna, that is to say, in the Pentateuch, illustrated and explained by the traditional law, and by the series of Synhedral decisions. This the Christian has not. He never had anything approaching to it. And if this be an essential of religion, we can only go back to the injunctions of Jesus. "The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do."* "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than for one tittle of the law to fail."†

Secondly, if religion be a matter of exact intellectual conception, defining the nature of the Deity, the mode of Divine operations, the purposes of Divine will, the exact form, order, and regulation of the invisible world, in the past, the

* Matt. xxiii. 1—3.

† Luke

present, and the future—all this not shadowed forth, not intimated with the gentle and prescient wisdom with which a wise parent would speak to a child of matters altogether beyond his range of comprehension, but reduced to clear, hard, formal dogma, to be accepted as a duty, and to be denied only at utmost peril—no exact basis for religion is to be found either in the Old Testament or in the New. On all these points the Law is silent, and even with regard to the very first and simplest inquiry that ranks under this head, that as to personal immortality, Jesus only answered the question of the Sadducees by inference from a certain expression of the Pentateuch. Nowhere in the Synoptic Gospels are these matters dogmatically treated. All the references to them, either in these books or in the Pauline Epistles, are in exact accordance with one or other of these four great schools, or divisions, of opinion as to the future and the unseen, of which we learn the outlines from Maimonides; all of which, as touching a matter on which Moses had been silent, were within the limits of orthodox Judaism. And as, from the days of Marcion to our own, opinions of the widest diversity have been supported, by their advocates, from the writings of the Prophets and Apostles, it is clear that no greater certitude has yet been attained than existed in Herodian times. If such certitude be of the essence of religion, we are yet at sea without a pilot.

But if, instead of being a system of minute observances, or of hard and exact dogmas, religion be a mode of life, of progress, and of education; if our habits and ideas be only of importance in so far as they contribute to the elevation and purity of the soul; if an approach to whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, what-

soever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, be the path of virtue and subject of praise, we may not only be well content with the Gospels and Epistles as they exist, but may understand why they are not other than they are. If human life be, as we cannot doubt, a state of transition and of change—of progress, not only in the unit but in the mass—creeds and institutions which at one moment are admirably suited for human welfare, become by degrees inappropriate and decrepid. All that was said of the immutability of the law of Moses is not enough to convince us that that law will hereafter not only be re-established but become universal, with its tithes, and offerings, and sacrifices, and Temple rite. Nor can we conceive that anything, whether it be rule or dogma, that was established in minute detail at any given period of human history, can ever be permanent, durable, appropriate, and therefore, in the best sense of the word, true, at a very distant date, or among a very different race. We can, therefore, see that it has been well for the world that no such hard, exact definitions as the polemic loves to invent are to be derived from a candid study of the books of the New Testament. If a detailed system had been authoratively established which was suitable to the Jews in Palestine who accepted Jesus, before the fall of their polity, it would have been unsuitable for Gentile Christians at Corinth, Ephesus, Alexandria, Athens, or Rome. If such a system had been laid down in accordance with the exigencies of Christianity under the Roman rule, it would have been altogether unsuited for the people of France under Henry the Fourth, of England under Elizabeth or Victoria, or of America under no regal head. If we look, then, to the New Testament for

institution or for dogma minutely, distinctly, and undeniably given, we shall look in vain. What we can study is the subjective history of Christianity. We may note how opinions have risen, grown, and gradually become transformed; and may estimate the influence of such opinions on the growth of the human mind. And if we find that in aid of all that can ennoble and invigorate the moral and intellectual life we have high precepts, wise suggestions, and tender thoughts; that while we have an elasticity of doctrine that will enable religious sentiment and ethical habit to rise yet higher and higher as the intellectual culture and physical vigour of the race are developed by the rightful pursuit of truth, and gain of positive knowledge, we then have a truer estimate of the character of the books of the

New Testament than that formed by the author of *Supernatural Religion*. One study, indeed, may be that of a truth and beauty as dependent on ever changing conditions as are the hues of the rainbow. But we observe that lovely vision as it exists. Poetry listens to its message as to that of the Iris of Heaven. Science tells us of the laws that produce it; laws which are eternal, although sunshine and rainfall are transitory. The dogmatist, like Calvin, and the anti-dogmatist, like the author of *Supernatural Religion*, are respectively like a man who should attempt to perpetuate the rainbow by nailing it to a tree on which its lustre fell, and another man who, observing the failure of the first, should conclude that the arc of Heaven was a delusion and an unreality.

F. R. CONDER, C.E.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

Was it a thousand years ago
A little girl I used to know,
Whose hair (the papers did it, though)
Was very curly ?
A jolly little chap was she,
And full of laughing, childish glee ;
But now she shews that she can be
A trifle surly.

And she approaches middle age
(Vile phrase !), and grows extremely sage,
And sometimes flies into a rage
With old relations ;
Yet I remember well when she
Was tossed to the ceiling, wild with glee,
Or sat upon a certain knee
Without impatience.

Well, life is long and love is brief
(Though love alone is life's relief),
And Time's a very cruel thief,
All joys deranging :
Yet, 'twere a pleasant deed of his,
And one I should not take amiss,
To bring me now a child-like kiss
From lips unchanging.

OUT OF HER SPHERE :

A PHILOSOPHER'S FANCY.

"It is long since we have met, and doubtless you did not expect to meet me in such a scene as this; yet surely my old friend has not altogether forgotten me?"

The lady to whom these words were addressed looked up. She was seated in a velvet chair that stood upon a dais at the end of a large and handsome room; and all the floor was thronged with gaily and often beautifully dressed figures, mingling in dance in the centre, and talking in groups at the sides of the room. Her eyes were wandering here and there among them with an amused interest, as she sat enjoying the few moments of quiet. For she was too bright and beautiful a woman to be a wall-flower for long together: and she had so many friends and acquaintances among this butterfly crowd that she held herself ready at any instant to respond to some fresh greeting. And yet she started as she caught the tones of the voice that addressed her, and looked quickly up.

"What! is it you!—and here!" she exclaimed, with a bright smile of recognition, as she extended her hand to the darkly-cloaked figure that bent before her.

"I felt bold indeed," he replied, with a half-humorous smile, "when I ventured upon this royal dais. I hope," he went on, turning to another lady, who occupied one of the gorgeous velvet chairs, but who was marked out from those

around her by her crown and royal robes, "I hope your Majesty will forgive me. I feel very much afraid of you, for I am not used to Courts."

Her Majesty laughed gaily, and blushed a little, as she replied to him. Like many a royal dame before her, she was somewhat flattered by the presence of the student and philosopher who was so seldom seen in drawing-rooms—especially in his proper dress. And she thought, as she looked at him, that his Academic robes were his by right; while hers of royalty were only a superficial and temporary apparel. For though we stand within the walls of a palace it is no royal one. We are only in a magnificent modern drawing-room, amid the quaintly-assorted forms that make up a fancy ball.

"I will go with you among the crowd awhile," said the lady with the bright sweet face, when the philosopher turned again to speak to her. "It will carry me back to my girlhood to lay my hand upon your arm again."

She rose and stood by his side, the diamonds upon her neck and arms flashing as she moved.

"No," he said, "never can you return to that; an added grace is yours. I saw the bud and knew the flower must follow; and now the flower has opened it cannot close its petals again, or gather to itself its fragrance."

"If I am altered, *you* are not," she said, with a smile full of mingled feeling. "You criticise me, as you would criticise a picture, just as you did in the old days. Do you still think women are mere shows?"

They looked into each other's eyes as she spoke, and then the student knew that had he but paused in those days of long ago, when they had been boy and girl together, to touch and vitalize that woman's heart, she would have loved him. But he had doubted then whether that heart existed; and now he knew that he had lost it. Yet, as his eyes fell from hers, to the jewelled neck, he scarcely regretted the loss. This childhood's sweetheart of his is a titled lady now. She does but fulfil her duties in filling the place that is hers in the world of fashion. Yet is it not truly her natural atmosphere, this of jewels and satins, rare lace and glittering fans—of mock homage and frivolous intercourse? Surely she could never have been at home, this gay and glowing creature, in the study of a cold philosopher?

"Just the same," she repeated, with a touch of petulance in her tone. "You never would answer my questions. They served, like a child's, to start you on some track of thought, which you followed regardless of me. And all the while I could see, as I see now, the lights and shadows in your eyes, and wondered, vainly, where that mind of yours was wandering. Ah well, you are a great man now, and I must not scold you as I used!"

Just then a bevy of her aristocratic friends drew near, and she was carried for a few moments into the whirlpool of their frothy talk. Among them was one whom she evidently was pleased to bandy gay words with—a young cavalier whose magnificent ostrich plumes nodded and drooped to

his shoulder. He was very handsome, with a dark beauty, which did not wholly please the perhaps over-critical student's eye. He disliked to see the winning manner which this dark-eyed young man wore among the group of ladies, and especially he disliked to see him approach the fair woman who had so recently left his own side: to watch him treat her with that dainty air of deference which barely hid the half contemptuous thought beneath, and to see her respond pleased and gracious. He remembered her when she was a lovely girl, whose coldness of purity made her loveliness more charming; and he, not knowing how to wake and kindle the latent fire, had thought her to be cold as ice throughout. And could she still retain that essential characteristic of her soul, the innocence of nature which had made her the one woman who had ever greatly interested the student, if with eyes of pleasure and understanding she could meet the false look of such a man of the world as this handsome cavalier? if she could mingle her amusement with his, not shrinking from his gaze or from his touch?

Our friend, the philosopher, had, by dint of long observation of human nature, gained considerable knowledge in its outward signs and symbols as they are to be seen in the human face. And in this case, at least, his judgment was not wrong. The young Marquis of Veyncourt was a wretched rake: one who played "fast" and "loose" with life: and whose evil ways needed many a fashionable phrase to soften their villany.

Yet the young men whose brains were a little duller than his, or their purses a little more scantily furnished, followed eagerly in his wake, wishing only to be thought his equal; and the women smiled upon him, and let their daughters

dance with him, when he condescended to ask them to thus intimately share his moral atmosphere. And these young creatures did not wither beneath his eyes, nor those of his like, as an angelic soul might easily be supposed to do. Yet surely, thought our philosophic friend, some mark must remain upon their minds—some unsweetness linger round them?

But soon the lady drew herself away and came back to where her old friend stood, silently observant.

"I will be a bystander with you, to-night," she said. And she took a mask out and put it over her features, and drew a large white cloak over the characteristic dress and the sparkling diamonds.

"Now," she said, "let us look at these others. Look at Lady Gayleigh, dressed after the picture of the beautiful Duchess. Is she not exquisite?"

"Yes, and she has chosen her dress well. I am sorry to see Englishwomen clothed with foreign and uncongenial dresses. It is not in character but out of character. There, those Grecian dresses look well."

"And well they may, for they are worn by Greeks. Those people don't look very aristocratic in ordinary English dress," she said, with a slight tone of contempt.

"No, for they were not born to broadcloth and silk. Those robes of white and gold are their natural clothing. An Englishwoman cannot wear them and look elegant, for they are not adapted to her form, or to her colouring."

"You are more fastidious than ever. You used to say that we ought all to wear the Greek dress. But now I suppose we are not good enough for it. Do you know that lady yonder? She is the witty Madame D'Antan. What a lovely toilette. I wonder of what period it is, and how she got the model?

How beautiful—do you not think so?"

"I think the frivolity and folly of the dress suits her."

"Oh, my friend, you are cruel. I must endeavour to be wise while I am with you. Does that wood-nymph please you?"

"Bah! as if an innocent child of the woods ever clothed herself in such a trailing and abundant covering: that, apart from the artificial grasses, is enough to make the thing ridiculous. Surely her limbs were free to bathe in the sunlight and the air—and how, pray, could she cross a mountain streamlet in white kid shoes?"

"You are impracticable," said she. "Simplicity is impossible in these days."

"Mere usage," he said; "surely the evil of modern society is not so deep-seated as that. Now, there is a task for you. You are a leader of fashion. Why not take simplicity by the hand?"

"How can I?" she said, impatiently. "Modern dress is not adapted to it. Dowdism is inevitable. And even on an occasion like this, where there is abundant license in dress, there is nothing so difficult as simplicity. That wood-nymph is a failure because she is decent in her dress. If she had been otherwise, she would have succeeded in attracting attention; but it would have been such attention as she would not have altogether liked."

"Indecency or dowdism, then, are the only alternatives of frivolity. Well, I have no doubt, after all, that women are right in their choice. I am sick of the individuals already; the scene is best as a whole."

"Charming, is it not?"

"Well, it is rather interesting. It is such a type of modern society—so incongruous, so aimless, so inharmonious. Yet, if you are but

a bystander, away out of the heat and rivalry and the hard work of pleasure, it becomes a pretty and suggestive pageant. Who is that dark man over there? He looks intelligent; there are lines of study in his face."

"Which? Oh, that is Virning, the actor."

"Ah, yes; he acts Shakespeare, does he not? I remember his face; and I can see he may have deserved some of his popularity; for I can imagine that he may have read the author with desire to know his meaning."

"What is he looking at so intently?" said the lady.

But her companion had already seen, and merely pressed her arm with his by way of reply.

Through the crowd came one whom the others made way for and stood back from. They crowded together, too, to look after her, while the ladies tittered behind their fans and hardly had time to whisper together for staring; and the men just stood and gazed with many and mingled expressions. On some faces a broad smile began at once; others stepped unconsciously after her; others looked doubtfully round at their women-folk.

We need not pause to guess at the meaning of this new-comer's dress; for none of those who stood and watched her thought about that. They were too much absorbed in its contemplation.

What was this lovely being that stood before them? Whence had she come, bringing with her an atmosphere of delicate beautiful-ness? She walked among them with an air of unconscious queenliness that made the ball-room beauties around her fall back and gaze in wonder. But she seemed not to see their looks of astonishment. The deep dark eyes which looked out upon the crowd from a pale, almost unearthly face, wore

an expression of angelic calm and entirely simple quietude.

A soft white scarf which fell from one shoulder in long folds was all her dress, save a trail of some grand broad-leaved creeper which mingled with the dark loose hair, and then twined around her limbs, making more beautiful by contrast her delicate skin: for the white neck and arms, the slim white legs and feet, were bare and ornamented only with the brightness of their own beauty, while the folds of the long white scarf, artistically graceful though they were, made but little disguise of the lovely form beneath. How exquisite and ærial in its poise was that unfettered form—how majestic and infinitely natural its movements, in their absolute unconsciousness! The dark hair framed a fair, soft face, which in its delicate features carried no suggestion of voluptuousness, or aught but the self-possession of utter simpleness. The fair vision moved on amid that over-dressed and over-conscious crowd, bringing with it a sweetness as of morning dew and a subtle fragrance that seemed to speak of mountain freshness and deep woodland depths—a fragrance which could not be immediately killed by the odours of the gas-lighted room, the air of which was laden with artificial scents.

At last some turned from their wondering contemplation of this beautiful thing, and pressed towards their hostess.

"Who is she? Who is she?" they asked, all in a breath.

"I don't know—I never saw her before. She has not been announced and she has not spoken to me," said that lady, with a troubled brow and anxious look, as her quick eye saw that many a silken matron was swelling out her plumage with rapidly rising indignation.

"May one be introduced?" said

the dark actor, stepping to the side of the perturbed lady.

"I don't know her!" she said.

"Pray introduce me," said our friend the philosopher, forcing his way to the royal-robed lady's velvet throne in rather a brusque fashion. She looked up at him in amazement. *This* man never asked for introductions!

"I cannot!" she said. "I really am very sorry, but I cannot imagine who she is."

And no one else knew any more about her. She had no friends with her, but was quite alone, and seemed to find no strangeness in her solitary position.

The ladies drew away and gathered in groups together, looking askance at her over their shoulders. The masters of the ceremonies were afraid to speak to her under such a fire of eyes; the men looked and wondered, but knew not what to do; and so, unmolested, she passed quietly through the rooms. And the dance music played in vain, for none danced. A spell seemed cast upon the whole assembly by the presence of that fair woman, who herself appeared wholly unconscious of all the excitement that she caused.

But ere long the spell was broken. The young Marquis of Veyncourt was a being of a restless temperament; he could not long remain in contemplation of anything, however beautiful. If he could not in any way appropriate the thing to himself he was apt to turn his attention elsewhere. So he stepped forward, looking wonderfully handsome, with all his winning powers of manner and expression called into play, and the long white plumes in his cavalier's hat nodding as he moved—and bowing low, addressed her. He had broken the spell! She must be an approachable mortal, for the Marquis of Veyncourt was speaking to her, and a smile broke out on the

faces of the younger men who stood near. Almost immediately, she was surrounded by a crowd of dandies, who encircled her, bowing and smiling, some with faces that wore a sneer, some with a genuine but hideous admiration, evidently regarding her as in some special manner their own property. She paused in their midst an instant, looked round upon her insolent admirers, and then raised those mysterious dark eyes of hers to the Marquis of Veyncourt's face.

Suddenly exclaimed the student, who was intently watching the scene—"Where is she?"

And the exclamation was repeated upon all sides of him. Where was the stranger? What had become of that bright and beautiful vision? She was gone!

The ladies drew breath and re-arranged their robes; a chattering of voices filled the air, for every one asked a different question and offered a different explanation. The young Marquis alone was more silent than his wont; he seemed a little disturbed by the sudden departure of the beautiful being he had addressed. He speedily consoled himself in the society of a lady in a very scanty and *outré* attire, whose polite softness of expression, to the philosopher's keen eye, seemed only to cover a very slightly concealed boldness, and an unhappy defiance. But soon after he noticed the Marquis wandering through the rooms alone, wearing a somewhat puzzled air, as if he were still looking for the lovely stranger; but she had indeed vanished. She had fled from his contact, though no one saw her flight. She had been unable to live under his gaze, and had passed away like a dream or a shadow, so utterly that the Marquis himself was evidently beginning to believe she had never existed.

She was speedily forgotten; and

the philosopher, weary of the sights and sounds around him, hastened to make his escape. He made his bow to the hostess, whose countenance was gradually recovering its placidity, and looked to see if his old love was near that he might bid her farewell also. But he did not see her, and feeling scarcely in

harmony with her then, he went home without staying to find her. He longed to regain the quiet of his study.

"Was she—" he said as he stepped out into the cool night air, "was she Innocence incarnate? Then indeed have I seen a rare sight in a ball-room."

MABEL COLLINS.

THE ANCIENT FAITH OF EGYPT.

To us as a nation Egypt is becoming a region of considerable political interest. Simultaneously there is felt a vivid intellectual interest and spiritual curiosity with regard to the ancient realm that was the sojourning place of the forefathers of our religion. Now it is opening out to us its hieroglyphic stores of buried millenniums, and disclosing not only the features of the mummy and a puzzle of cryptic writing, but the faces of men not too remote from ourselves for sympathy. At last, now that the laborious riddles of scholars are solved, we are reaching the wealth of the intelligent speech of our new-found brethren in humanity, an ore that shines little the less clearly that it has been buried so long.

To this long entombment it is due that the political interest in Egypt and the philosophic interest in Egypt, although both present to-day, are yet wholly apart and distinct. Ancient Egypt has entirely passed away, leaving only its wondrous sepulchre, while of its sacred language and of the religion of those dead men whose legended wrappings are treasuries of lore, Modern Egypt (with the exception, perhaps, of a few scholars at the Boulaq Museum) knows less than may be found in books that bear the imprint of Paris or London.

As in this paper it will be our business to shew the relationship of Egypt to those religious traditions which our societies of to-day hold as their own, it is right first to endeavour to disabuse the mind

of a long-standing and ignorant prejudice. In that false judgment it is regarded as something approaching to blasphemy to esteem any elder religion as conceivably one of the mothers or nursing-mothers of our own, and so entitled to our veneration and our love. All outside of our own religious tradition and its Jewish stock we have been wont to thrust aside from the bosom of our sympathies as pagan and heathen,—if at all regarded of God, regarded differently from ourselves. It has been argued that our orthodoxy, be it taken on its lowest ground, and outside and apart from its special privileges, is even then at least transcendental, whilst the outcome of the Egyptian and other heathen priesthoods is but a gross mass of idol worship, manifested in the most puerile and degraded form, darkened by superstition rather than enlightened by true spiritual light; a religion unsanctified by the grace of God that is ours. To persons holding such views it avails little to reply that much of the orthodox system itself is but blind image worship and paltry, lifeless ceremonial. They care nothing for differences of degree; it is difference in kind they insist upon. There is light and darkness, there is religion and superstition; theirs is the religion and holy, the other is the superstition and unholy. Upon unlistening ears, too, would fall the inference that as in spite of the idolatrous and ceremonial external of the popular cult, there is and has been in the Christian religion

a living fount that has wrought its manifestation in pure and firm and noble lives, so with Egypt beneath the gross and external Polytheism of the multitude may reasonably be expected to be found deep springs, pure and undefiled, the very mystery of godliness itself. Such alone, it may fairly be argued, if indeed they can be found, were so free from stain as to be able to have had any maternal relationship towards our own religion; if such, then, can be discovered, the ear may perhaps be opened to listen to the sound of the ancient stream as it flows into the river that is ours.

As the Hellenic race was supreme in generosity of art, so was the Hebrew in tenacity of religion. Confronting ever the wonted worldly ways, was the passionate, often sublime, vehemence of the Hebrew prophets, who with untiring earnestness staunchly insisted upon the reality and unity of God, and upon righteousness or conscience as His way, and deeply stamped upon the people that in the doing of this righteousness lay the only course that could make man of any worth or blessedness. This view of God degenerated into exclusiveness, and this righteousness into formalism, from which it was awakened anew by Jesus.

But whence was this religious tendency in its original might derived? what was its spring? Was it wholly a primeval revelation, or, like the institution of Jesus, a new birth that was in part a regeneration of the old?

Let us search the Scriptures; what do they say of themselves? —

“He shineth, then the land exulteth.”

“Creator of all good things.”

“He careth for the state of the poor.”

“He maketh his might a buckler.”

“He is not graven in marble.”

“His abode is not known.”

“There is no building that can contain him.”

“Thy Law is established in the whole land.”

“Unknown is his name in heaven,
He manifesteth not his forms;
Vain are all representations.”

What scripture is this? It seems familiar, as if it might be a paraphrase of our Bible words.

“The Lord God is a sun and shield.”
—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

“The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.”—Ps. xcvi. 1.

“The Lord is high above all nations,
and His glory above the heavens.”
—Ps. cxiii. 4.

“The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.”—Ps. xxxiii. 5.

“Who daily loadeth us with benefits.”
—Ps. lxxviii. 19.

“The eyes of all wait upon Thee;
and Thou givest them their meat
in due season. Thou openest Thy
hand, and satisfiest the desire of
every living thing.”—Ps. cxlv. 15,
16.

“He raiseth up the poor out of the dust.”—Ps. cxiii. 7.

“Thou hast been a strength to the poor.”—Is. xxv. 4.

“He is a buckler to all those that trust in Him.”—Ps. xviii. 30.

“Gods wood and stone,—the work of men’s hands.”—Deut. iv. 28.

“He made darkness His secret place.”
—Ps. xviii. 11.

“Thy footsteps are not known.”—
Ps. lxxvii. 19.

“Thou art a God that hidest Thyself.”
—Is. xlv. 15.

“Behold, the heavens and the heaven
of heaven cannot contain Thee;
how much less the house which I
have built.”—2 Chron. vi. 18.

“A law shall proceed from Me.”—
Is. li. 4.

“He appointed a law in Israel.”—
Ps. lxxviii. 5.

“The earth and the heavens shall be
changed, but Thou art the same.”
—Ps. cii. 25, 27.

“My thoughts are not your thoughts,
neither are your ways my ways.”
Is. lv. 8.

“There is no searching of His understanding.”—Is. xl. 28.

“After the wind an earthquake; the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; the Lord was not in the fire.”—1 Kings xix. 11, 12.

“Canst thou by searching find out God?”—Job xi. 7.

“Lo, these are parts of His ways. But what a whisper is the word that is known of Him!”—Job xxvi. 14.

But our familiar quotation, to which the above and many other passages of the Jewish Scriptures shew so distinct a likeness, is not from Judæa; it is from Egypt, from the beautiful Nile-Hymn, composed long before any known prophet uttered his voice in Israel. It is of the period of a dynasty that, by the majority of scholars, is considered to be contemporary with Moses.

The eminent churchman who renders it into English (Canon F. C. Cook) deems it a relic of primeval Monotheism. It will suffice for an illustration of the Egyptian views in relation to the central doctrine of the Hebrew teachers, that of the reality and unity of God. To the more pantheistic conceptions of the Egyptian psalmists, both in their higher and lower forms, we shall have to advert hereafter.

The following may illustrate the other central doctrine of the Hebrew seer, that the main way of life and of God is in the doing of righteousness, which alone brings permanent blessedness:—

“All men are in ecstasy,
Hearts in sweetness, bosoms in joy;
Everybody is in adoration.
Everyone glorifies his goodness;
Mild is his love for us,
His tenderness environs hearts;
Great is his love in all bosoms.

* * * * *

Sanctifying, beneficent, is his name;
Veneration finds its place,
Respect immutable for his laws:
The path is open, the footpaths are opened:

Both worlds are at rest:
Evil flies and earth becomes fecundant
Peaceably under its Lord.
Justice is confirmed
By its Lord, who pursues iniquity.”

This passage from the “Hymn to Osiris” is of a date considered to be two or three centuries earlier than the Nile-Hymn, from which the previous quotation was made.* A very slight paraphrase also would allow this early writing to take its place almost unnoticed among the words of the Hebrew prophets.

When in our day of scientific investigation, that unfolds the hidden scrolls of the earth’s antiquity, and dares not attempt to number the ages that have inscribed themselves upon them, we hear the words “primeval Monotheism,” we may be pardoned for wondering what they mean. Monotheism we understand, but what Monotheism was primeval? It was not that of Judæa, for according to its own narratives, Israel was but a small tribe, little more than a family, when it entered the gates of Egypt, whence it emerged, after a few centuries of eventful history, a considerable people. May Egypt herself claim that primeval Monotheism, or must it be accorded to Assyria, to India, to China, or to the unknown land of Eden? Twenty-five centuries ago the question arose which nation of the world was most ancient, and Psametik, of Egypt, in whose long reign literature flourished, is recorded by Herodotus to have made an experiment to discover which was the primeval language, by watching

* Most of the excerpts are from the translations given in the “Records of the Past,” edited by Dr. Birch, or from his translation of the “Book of the Dead.”

the articulation of children brought up by persons forbidden to utter a word in their hearing. The experiment was an unscientific one, and ended in the children borrowing the cry of the goats, and so making a word that was claimed to be the Phrygian term for bread. So long ago, then, Psametik knew no more of the origin of his race than we do. With the revelations of geology before us, it is idle to speculate as to national beginnings where we have no historic data to guide us; the question of "primeval Monotheism" is an impossible one; we know not whether the Sahara or the sea may not cover the remains of a myriad forgotten races; whether Egypt be the oldest link with this buried past we know not; all we do know is that it affords the oldest history yet established. There is no rude nomad or tribal history of Egypt; nearly seven thousand years ago, at which period commence the landmarks of research, there is a reigning dynasty and a capital, where is worshipped a demiurgic deity called "The Father of Beginnings." Plato tells us (*Timæus* v.) that when Solon had descanted upon the ancient mythology of Greece to the priests of Sais, one of them exclaimed, "Solon, Solon, ye Greeks are always boys, and aged Greek there is none." This he explained to mean that they had no ancient doctrines drawn from archaic tradition, whilst they themselves claimed that there were preserved in their own sacred writings the annals of Sais for eighty centuries. It is twenty-five centuries now since this claim was made.

The still current pseudo-spiritual views of ethnology, based upon misunderstandings of ancient, fragmentary, allegoric lore, we may dismiss from our minds as readily as now we scout the pseudo-scientific view of the well-known Diodorus

of Sicily, who affirms the spontaneous generation of mice from the rich alluvial soil about Thebes, and argues thence the probability of Egypt's river mud beds having similarly produced man.

The "father of history" — if modern research will still allow him the title—says candidly (*Eut.* xv.) "I think the Egyptians have always existed ever since the human race began."

If we turn from the speculative to the actual, we may find a papyrus deemed by Egyptologists to be the most ancient book in the world, or about fifty-five centuries old. Therein Ptah-hotep, magistrate and sage, preaches as follows:—"Beware of producing crude thoughts; study till thy words are matured!" There is no sign of youthfulness of life here, there is neither suggestion of the divine simplicity of Eden, nor on the other hand of the rude savagery of a race in an early stage of development. The remark is trite, venerable, cultured, and commonplace; and the world-wise man who uttered it must have been the heir of a civilisation that a single thousand years' growth would have been quite inadequate to produce.

The dim and distant magnitude of Egypt dwarfs the Judæa that we have made so prominent in our old poor analysis of the world; the stately calm that dwells by the untiring beneficent Nile puts to shame the petty cries about assertive favoured nations, or the so-called miraculous preservation of a hardy tribe.

When the starving sons of Israel journeyed southwards, and left their rude tents and famine-stricken fields, they came to a land where there were mighty cities, graced with temples and palaces, obelisks and statues; where mathematics accurately directed irrigation, and canals aided agriculture with uses taught by the perennially watering Nile;

where architecture was not merely commissioned to provide shelter, but made to subserve the proving of astronomical laws, and to afford standards of reference for cardinal points and measures of longitude; where fabrics were made that for evenness of thread would be the despair of Manchester; linen with more than five hundred strands in an inch, or five times finer than our fine cambric; a land where copper was tempered in a manner beyond the knowledge of our northern foundries, for it would cut stone without being hardened by alloy; and bronze wrought into blades that had the elasticity, as well as the keenness and hardness of steel. There was the root of our modern chemistry there in the ancient name of the country, Chemi, Kham or Ham, a word supposed to designate the black and crumbly nature of the soil, which re-appears in our word alchemy, or the black art. Our very Europe is Erebus, Greek Erebus, or the West, which Cadmus or Kadem, the East, sought to discover.

In that busy land there were storehouses of ancient learning, matured systems of ethics, and a priesthood as earnest and full of religion as any hierarchy that has existed on earth. Like all establishments, it had its evil side as well as its good, its dark and degraded eras as well as its enlightened and beneficent periods. It was well worthy to be the nursing-mother of the Hebrew's thoughts of God, and was this as naturally as the roots of the Egyptian language planted themselves in the Hebrew, and have spread even into our own English tongue.

The rite of circumcision appears to have been borrowed by the Hebrew, and certain other Palestinian tribes, from the Egyptians. Herodotus (II. 36) speaks of the Egyptians as "The only people in

the world—they at least, and such as have learned the practice from them—who use circumcision." Again (II. 104) he says—"The Phœnicians and the Syrians of Palestine themselves confess that they learnt the custom from the Egyptians." The rite is known to have existed in Egypt as early as the fourth dynasty, which was centred at Memphis, or some six thousand years ago. It was variously followed in Palestine, being practised by the Edomites, but not by the generality of the Phœnicians, the Sidonians, or the Philistines. We may call to mind the observation attributed to Jesus on this subject (John vii. 22):—"Moses gave you circumcision, not that it is of Moses, but of the fathers." Who, then, are these fathers? Abraham was before Moses, and one of the fathers; as indeed one of his descendants is named in the confession with the first-fruit offering (Deut. xxvi. 5), "A Syrian ready to perish was my father; and he went down into Egypt and sojourned there with a few, and became a nation." But the fathers of Mennefer, or Memphis, the relics of which capital city are now nothing but funereal remains, were before Abraham.

In spite of the stupendous exactions of certain sovereigns, it would seem that life in Egypt was comparatively easy. The land needed not to be "tickled with the plough to laugh with a bountiful harvest;" the labourer, under a kindly rule, might have leisure for a considerable portion of the year, for the river washing up rich silt from the highlands of Africa, prevents exhaustion of the land, and the consequent need of artificial replenishment. The Nile manures year by year enormous tracts, and so softens the land that in many parts the agriculturist could dispense with the plough, and after sowing the

seed had but to drive in his flocks to tread it in, or drag the mud with bushes. There was nearly always "corn in Egypt." The climate was, and still is, a mild one, and the bodily needs are in consequence exceedingly small. A handful of grain, a single shirt, a hut of mud and cane sufficed for existence. Hence, though the actual labourer might receive little benefit himself, he was the means of great and easily acquired wealth; and in addition to the kings and the pashas, large numbers of the priestly and literary classes were able to be supported without the cruel drain upon a people's resources due always to an inordinate proportion of non-producing classes. To the ranks of the sacred scribes belonged not only the high posts of the priesthood, but the more worldly functions of secretary and custodian of treasuries, granaries, and muniments, while the scribes royal directed the War Office and the Admiralty of the river fleet; and the general body acted usefully as notaries, conveyancers, letter-writers, accountants, market clerks, managers of linen manufactories and of stone quarries, surveyors, engravers, architects, goldsmiths, sculptors, physicians, schoolmasters. Functions were to a certain extent hereditary, but the sacerdotal tribe was not a caste, but a class. Men of ability from any other social class might be admitted to the priesthood.

Man in a simple state of life is an observer of nature's methods. Among prominent objects of attention must always have been the apparent sources of life, and the recurrences of large events. The sun is the apparent origin of physical life, manifesting also a grand apparent certainty of periodicity, which makes days and years and seasons, and marking out, in conjunction with stars, vast circles of time, which possibly expanded the

minds of primitive men to large orbits of thought, as the miracle of his daily life-giving fire disposed them to love and adoration. Besides the sun, God's lieutenant of physical life, sex, the reproducer, has received reverence as the producer; the male element usually dominating as the sun, while from a similar attribute and similar association with a stronger power, the moon and the feminine have gone together.

Natural observations and spiritual intuitions have been joined in correspondences, real or fanciful. The pictorial imagination has often sought to take the place of the spiritual revelation, and has led the mind astray from the true apprehension of the type. That the glorious solar orb should be recognized as the immediate cause of our systemic life, and so as a divine type, is a pantheism by no means inconsistent with the highest worship. When the priest of the esoteric mysteries worshiped Ra, or the creative sun, it was as a wondrous manifestation of the Supreme, or, as it were, the Supreme in specific action. The aspects of divine beneficence being manifold in their natural expression, the signs by which the eternal God was represented were to a certain extent interchangeable. God could not be beheld in His infinity, but He might be seen through any attribute, which attribute was adorable as God. This lofty and subtle Pantheism can only be held in its purity by the mind enfranchised from the rudimentary state and cleansed of the fluff of ignorance.

The litany of the priest ran:—

"Homage to thee, Ra! Supreme power,
He who discloses the earth, and
lights the unseen,
He whose principle has become his
manifestation,
Who is born under the form of the
deity of the great disk."

(*Naville, Litany of Ra.*)

This was too metaphysical for the generality, who could not take in so purely intellectual a conception as that of the Amen-ra, or hidden fashioner, pouring his creative force into the recipient unseen, and producing a semblance of himself in the radiant sun. So the warmth of the poet invents endearing epithets for the sun as a person, singing that his soul shone in his shape, and that he dwelt in the interior of his dazzling disk; or, if of a metaphysical inclination, he argues that the divine emblem was "born as his own son," that he was wont to "address his eye," and "speak to his head," or in other words, commune with himself. And the popular imagination demanded further substantivity and an extension of the concrete, and sought out many a quaint minor symbolism, and the artist put it into form. The "beetle that folds his wings, that rests in the empyrean," in some fanciful way, from rolling its eggs before it in a ball of dirt, is made a type, and the bull, as the largest creature known, is elevated to a divine symbol, and both are carven images at the door of the temple. Minor representations of divine attributes may be extended without limit, according as the mind seizes upon one or another external correspondence, or outward and visible sign of an internal and spiritual fact. One part of Egypt feels pride in its temples, where a sacred animal receives veneration as representing such or such a conception of divine power; in an adjoining canton the object of adoration is different, or worshipped in a different form. Certain cities marked out special triads or trinities of deity as objects of their peculiar worship. Rivalry intensifies each worship, until the spiritual attribute of the sign is forgotten. Each party has its god, the pantheistic fervour departs, universal religion wanes,

and sects are born which are both polytheistic and idolatrous. The priest of enfranchised spirit sees still beneath the symbol its secret truth; to a partisan crowd this inner sense seems thin and vain; if he speaks it is to deaf ears, so the acolytes continue to serve at the shrines, and the real magus and priest takes his place, perhaps sadly enough, at the head of the pomp and show which he knows and feels to be empty. The ineffable Amen-ra is forgotten amid the hosts of gods and goddesses that claim to be emanations of his but are nothing in themselves. Thus was Egypt pantheistic and polytheistic at once; Pantheism being Monotheism made real, and vital, and warm, and Polytheism being Theism frittered away and degraded into countless superstitions and inanities. In other words, the object of Egyptian worship was a plurality in unity, the ignorant catching sight only of the exterior plurality, the seer penetrating deeper to the interior unity.

The Nile with the Egyptians was as marked an instance of periodicity and beneficence as the sun, and was worshipped as representative of many mystic attributes. As in the belief of the sages there existed a substantial sun that was but the emblem or presentment of an unseen life-giving power, so too was there a spiritual as well as a visible Nile. The first conception of this was the water of a firmament that was supposed to enwrap the world, as in the early Greek tradition is the office assigned to Okeanos, or Ocean, a sort of liquid space. We moderns only conceive of the firmament as aërial, and refer to the Greek Ouranos as meaning heaven or sky, but that very Ouranos we must father upon the Egyptian word Urnas, or the Celestial Water, and indeed, we retain the root yet in our English word "urn," or water-vessel, and in another common

word signifying water, but now used in a limited sense.

"The Nile-God traverses heaven; his course there corresponds to that of the river on earth," says the Hymn. On the spiritual or unseen Nile floats, according to the Egyptian creed, the bark of the unseen sun; and the disembodied spirit vanishes from earth by that way, after the manner of the sun duskily departing at eve.

One of the most serious and permanent of religious types, in which the spiritual fact and its natural metaphor seem to bear to each other more than a casual relation and correspondence, is that of water as an intervenience and ordeal to be traversed between the corporeal and the spiritual world. As in baptism the old self is symbolised as being washed away, and the new self cleansed and brightened, so in death there is the course across the river, be it known as Nile or Jordan, to face, in which passage the most easily detachable part of the still clinging earth-life is cleared away, and the soul is ushered as far as may be into that state wherein there is no wrappage of heredity possible, or material veil that may hide the real man,—the state of naked truth.

The notion of a spiritual fact will entwine itself so closely with material emblems that it is often impossible to discover whether a glimmering consciousness of the fact first suggested the suitable emblem, or whether some ordinary event of physical life led the way to the idea. It may be, indeed it often is, from the clear view of a physical fact that we are enabled to proceed a step further to a conception of some deeper truth.

In Egypt the burial places were mostly in the mountains of the west, or sunset side, of the Nile; and when a death occurred on the eastern side, the ferrying of the

mummy across the river became an important symbolic ceremony. By this passage was the soul, like the sun entering the underworld of the west, typified as sped on its way to the unseen. When a death took place on the western side of the Nile, the same procession was conveyed by boat across a pool within the temple precincts.

This symbolism of the passage from life to death has a very general acceptation under various kindred forms. A correspondence, it is of course understood, is not a minute picture, but a foreshadowing, a whisper audible on one plane and in its own language, of what takes place on another, where the language is not the same. There has been a readiness, not explicable by the physical influence of the Egyptian ceremonial, or wholly derivable from the Jewish imagery of Jordan, to make use of the river as a type of the passage of the soul as a disembodied being. Even the Greeks, though they borrowed the notion from Egypt, held the belief of the encircling rivers of Hades, and borrowed their silent boatman Charon from the Egyptian Kharu, one of the imagined attendant demons of the death-process. But they added the strange superstition that those whose corpses by any mischance remained unburied or uncovered by soil, were not permitted to enter the ferryman's barge without previously passing a hundred years in vain wanderings to and fro upon the shore. The Greeks were imaginative rather than inspired; a more real reason for the spirits' wandering close to earth would have been, not that the body was not buried, but that certain earthly ties were not put aside which drew the spirit down and prevented it from passing through that river on the thither side of which is the entrance to life.

So far as can be seen, we ought not to regard the ancient Egyptians as a priest-ridden people, in the mediæval sense of the term. We have seen in how many necessary occupations of practical life the Egyptian priest was engaged; and in his more especial function he was not only ceremonialist, but philosopher and poet. Such natural outlet may reasonably be supposed to have kept the priestly mind free from that morbidness into which it is apt to lapse when the work to be done is all of an internal character. The secret lust of dominance, uncoiling itself in the spiritual sphere, is a more harmful evil than the rude power of open tyranny.

There was a very wholesome feeling in Egypt with regard to productive labour, though the law that enforced it was armed with a sanction that seems to us severe. Herodotus tells us (ii. 177) "Amasis [King Aahmes II. of the xxvth Dynasty; probably a mistake for Aahmes I., (Amosis) of a much earlier time, the xviiith Dynasty, which King was a great reformer, promoting commerce and opening roads] established the law that every Egyptian should appear once a year before the governor of his canton and shew his means of living; or failing to do so, and to prove that he got an honest livelihood, should be put to death. Solon, the Athenian, borrowed this law from the Egyptians, and imposed it on his countrymen, who have observed it ever since: it is indeed an excellent custom."

The condemnation of the idle to death might arise from the fact of social science that in a simple community of labourers he that did not labour was self-condemned to die of starvation, unless, indeed, he were within reach of the charity of others.

This sorrowful result of idleness is referred to in the Hymn to the Nile, the type of beneficent action

in its fecundating and enriching power:—

"Idle hands he loathes
If the gods in heaven are grieved,
[as by idleness]
Then sorrow cometh upon men."

One of the confessions of innocence in the Ritual runs, "Oh, Stripper of Words, I have not made delays, or dawdled."

Where religious feeling is pure and pantheistic, orthodoxy is genial and comprehensive. To add a new emblem of divinity to the pantheon is not to disturb the old; it is but to reveal another attribute of the unseen, which, when assimilated with what men have felt before, enriches the conception of God. There were in Egypt and in Greece terrible degradations of religion; by those degradations it is no more right to judge the purest current of their thought than it is to condemn the inner spirit of our own faith by any popular presentment in which it is turned all awry, and well nigh upside down. There were sectarian disputes in Egypt, but they appear to have arisen from local feeling and prejudice rather than purely religious difference or vital divergence of doctrine. A main danger against which we have to guard in our estimate of the warm pantheistic faiths, is that of supposing that they were doctrinal in the sense in which we have known of doctrine from the metaphysical discussions of wrangling and ignorant ecclesiastic fathers, the dogmatic bulls of most Christian Emperors and Popes, and the narrow shibboleths of zealous extirpators of heresy, and promoters of auto-da-fè.

In a general view of the characteristics of the Egyptian system there stands out most impressively the importance in which was held from the earliest ages the question of life in the hereafter. Clement of Alexandria goes so far as to state that "From Pythagoras Plato

derived the immortality of the soul, and he from the Egyptians." This at least shews that the subject appeared then to hold, and to have held, as prominent a place in the ethics of Egypt as is proved now to us, who hold many centuries of her history within our reach. The sense of vast sweep of time evidenced in astronomic knowledge, and the acquaintance with the Sothic period,* may have led, as we should naturally expect, to a consciousness of the shortness of the span of earthly life, and hence to a readiness to take in the idea of continued existence after death. The enduring pyramids and mighty mausolea represent the endeavour to outlive time; and their paintings and sculptures mainly portray the belief in the outliving of earthly life, and the passage into the state beyond.

A prominent picture in this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy exemplifies a custom that proceeds from this tendency. At the Egyptian banquet in the midst of the gaiety is dragged in an image of the sacred boat of the dead; upon which lies the figure of a mummy wrought over with all the painted symbolisms of death and judgment. Herodotus tells us that as the servant who draws this strange burden shews it to each guest by turn, he says, "Gaze here, and drink, and be merry, for when you die, such will you be." There was probably, in the bright faith of the Egyptian, as much joy as solemnity in the address.

We may briefly sketch that mystic passage of man as portrayed in the Ritual. In it we shall find much that yet lives in our beliefs.

First we have the embalmment in the Moum—a bituminous drug or wax—which converted the steeped body into the almost imperishable mummy. Bandaged in hundreds of yards of fine linen, placed in the case or cartonage, over which were inscribed extracts from the ritual of the dead, and finally in the coffin of fragrant wood or of finest stone, the corpse lay upon the lion-shaped couch.

The solemn festal dirge peals from those that stand around:—

"No man comes from thence
Who tells of their sayings,
Who tells of their affairs,
Who encourages our hearts.
Ye go
To the place whence they return
not."

(*Transl., C. W. Goodwin.*)

At the funeral of priests and priestesses, and of a later epoch, there is a more doctrinal service, known as the Book of Respirations (translated by P. J. de Horrack), the papyrus of which is found deposited with their remains:—

"Thou dost enter the horizon with the Sun.

Thy soul is received in the barque
Neshem with Osiris.

Thy soul is divinized in the Hall of
Seb.

Thou art justified for ever and ever.

Hail to the Osiris—

Thine individuality is permanent.

Thy body is durable.

Thy mummy doth germinate.

* * * *

Thy body is rejuvenated.

* * * *

Thy flesh is on thy bones,
Like unto thy form on earth.

* * * *

Thou art divinized with the souls of
the gods,

Thy heart is the heart of Ra.

* The astronomic year is approximately of 365½ days, the civil year is of 365 only. In four years there would be a day wrong, which we correct by the extra day in Leap Year, but in 365½ times four years, the days would come right again. This period of 1,461 years is the Egyptian Great Year or Sothic period.

Thy members are the members of
the great god (Osiris).

* * * *

Thy soul is divinized in Heaven,
To make all the transformations it
desireth.

Thou comest on earth each day.
Strengthened by thine ornaments
[of the mummy]

Thou art prepared for life.
Thou remainest in a healthful state ;
Thou walkest, thou breathest every-
where.

[The gods of the lower heaven
speak].

He is received in the Divine Nether
World.

* * * *

He liveth in the truth.
He doth nourish himself with truth.

* * * *

He hath given food to the hungry,
Drink to the thirsty,
Clothes to the naked.
He is favoured among the faithful
(or, living),

And divinized among the perfected.
His soul is received wherever it
willeth.

He hath received the Book of
Respirations,

That he may breathe with his soul,
With that of the Lower Heaven,
And that he may make any trans-
formation at his will,

Like the Westerners ;
That his soul may go wherever it
desireth,

Living on the earth for ever and
ever."

There are some physical tenden-
cies in the thought here to which
we shall afterwards refer; following
at present the ceremony.

After the mummy had been con-
veyed in the symbolic barge across
the mystic ferry, the next proceed-
ing is the dramatic representation
of the judgment to come.

We need not dwell on this repre-
sentation by masked priests, who
would be unable adequately to
realize in their acted parts of judge,
accuser, mediators, assessors, and
recording angel, that wonderful
drama of death which fills the

sacred pages of the Ritual : and is
best enacted in the quiet chambers
of the mind. The vivid ceremony,
however, with its emblematic signs
of good and evil, its scales in which
the heart of the deceased is weighed
against truth, its impartial judg-
ment, its kindly mediators, must to
many have been in itself a more
impressive sermon than words.

Thoth, known to the Greeks as
Hermes, is the author or inspirer of
the "Book of the Dead." He it is
who contends for the soul of the
departed, and justifies him against
his enemies; he introduces the shade
into the unseen world. He is known
as the "Good Saviour," and the
"Lord of the Divine Words."

He cries out, "Oh, companions of
souls made in the House of Osiris,
accompany ye the soul of the Osiris
with yourselves to the House of
Osiris! Let him see as ye see, let
him hear as ye hear, let him stand
as ye stand, let him sit as ye sit."

Osiris is the supreme judge, and
the soul that is sufficiently justified
to be allowed to enter the path
toward him is already reckoned
as one with him, and is designated
the Osirian, or the Osiris.

The Egyptians held the myth of
a dying god, both the Nile and the
sun being emblems of death followed
by resurrection. "They differ from
the Greeks," says Herodotus (II.
50), "in paying no divine honours
to heroes." The hero was a supernal
man who was imagined to be at
length deified, or rather elevated to
be a demi-god amongst the stars.
The allegorical idea of the Egyptians
was here lost in the Greek poetic
fancy. The tradition of Osiris having
lived on earth probably arose
from the belief in everything great
being a manifestation of the divine.
Before man was recognized as being
himself a manifestation of God, the
name Osiris, which was afterwards
given to departed spirits when
entering upon their heavenly jour-

ney, was given only to deceased kings. In the sculptures the king is represented in the attitude of a votary, with offerings to a double of himself, his human character doing homage to the eternal not-himself that was realized as dwelling in him.

Like the sun at its setting, the departed spirit passes out of sight through the gate of the west. He makes a way in the darkness to see his father, whose beloved he is. He enters as a hawk, the symbol of time, he comes out as a phoenix (bennu), the emblem of the great solar cycle, and so of the soul's endless journey. As he wends along, towed in the ark, or mystic boat, to the heaven, he worships the Lord of Sunbeams, who illuminates the unseen world, who smites the evil, places the Osiris out of sin, and lets him be with the great blessed. He prays the god not to dissipate one who is the type of himself. So far proceeds what is known as the "Manifestation to Light."

The consciousness of divinity grows upon the spirit; he is under order for the hill of the West; the West is the great future; it is what the souls of the gods have had made for them; he feels his eternal life; no element can keep him back. From his heart is rubbed away the stain of corruption and evil. He approaches the Pool of the Two Truths. "I am the soul in his two halves," he says to himself, the interior shrine-dwelling life being united with the other, or by a transformation of two into one he is a completed and united soul; or he is the soul of the sun and of Osiris at once. The expression appears to be an archaic one, on which later holders of the Ritual put a various interpretation.

There are spiritual dangers, however, awaiting him, givers of blows for sins, and terrible beings from whom he has to be protected. Of

such we are told, "Those who are in the Pool of the Persea are those born wicked, justifying what they do. For the night of the battle their march is from the East of the heaven. The battle is made in heaven and on the whole earth." As indeed is always the battle of good and evil. The divine protector is appealed to in most poetic language, "Oh, Sun, in his egg, gleaming in orb, shining from his horizon, floating in his clouds, who hates sins, forced along by the conducting of Light, without an equal among the Gods, who gives blasts of flame from his mouth, illuminating the world with his splendour! Save thou the Osiris from that God whose forms are mystic." Then follows a more vivid appeal. "Oh, Lord of the Great Abode, Chief of the Gods! Save thou the Osiris from the God whose face is in the shape of a dog, with the eyebrows of men; he lives off the fallen at the angle of the Pool of Fire, eating the body and digesting the heart, spitting out the bodies. He is invisible Eater of Millions in his name. He is in the Pool of Fire at the place of the Rejection. Everyone who treads in it deficient falls to his blows." The deceased then passes through many stations of adoration to groups of deities, which is called "Performing the Days." He emerges with enemies thrust aside, pure, in pure clothes of safety. It might be thought that his wanderings were now over, but, indeed, his experiences are only beginning. He has to be reconstructed. His mouth has to be given to him, or reopened, hands are made for him, and legs; and he receives his heart, which is at peace within him. A charm is obtained from each place where he has sojourned in life, and his mind is somehow reformed as he "shoots through every place in which he has been;" a passage, perhaps,

through the illuminated sphere of memory. The faculties re-awakened, they have to be preserved. His heart is saved by being the heart of the Great One: "Giving my heart to the Gods, for my heart remains to me," he cries; "I prevail by it for ever." His heart, he is conscious, was his mother, was his being upon earth, was placed within him, and is returned to him by the chief Gods. He adores the soul that still is his, that is not separated. The symbolic presentment of the soul is the form of a bird with human head.

Again evil creatures approach, crocodiles and vipers. They are repelled by the spirit, who proclaims that he has crossed, and has been healed, and is one with Osiris, and with other deities. He is at once the babe, and by virtue of his sonship, the Great God. "There is not a limb of him without a God. Tho' he is vivifying his limbs . . . men, gods, spirits, the dead, mortals, beatified spirits, illuminated, do not make any attack upon him. He it is who comes out sound, Immortal is his name." He avoids decapitation, escapes dying a second time, eschews defilement, comes forth with authority, the son of Truth, the substance of the great gods. He feeds on celestial food, receives delicious breath, and his eyes unclose. To the birthplace of the heaven he is bound, in a ferry-boat of plaited corn straw. The sacred boat or ark is generally represented as overshadowed by the wings or feathers of two presiding deities, figures of the Goddess of Truth, which remind us of the Cherubim of the Jews; although the Kirubi are the winged human-headed bulls so well known from the Assyrian sculptures, where they guard the entrances to palaces or temples. This boat, when used in the processions, usually contained emblems of life, and sometimes the scarab,

symbol of the sun. In later times an imprisoned serpent was the occupant of the ark, which shews a changed symbolism.

To return to our celestial voyager; he finds the doors of the heaven open; he passes on, holding the sail of the boat; he is not drowned in the good water; he sees Osiris there; the repose of the mild one is under the pools. "Wonderful," he says, "is my growth and my substance; my spirits and the power of my hand. . . . I spiritualize myself, I live . . . I stand upon my feet, youthful through rest." He prevails over the waters; he has prevailed [by accomplishment] over what he has been ordered to do on earth. He prays to the Lords of Truth without fault, who are for ever, cycling for eternity, that his sin may be rubbed out in the Purgatory, that he may be saved from annihilation in the Region of the Two Truths. The Gods of the Empyrean Gate, the guardians of heaven, struggle against him, but he is one of the illuminated spirits that belong to Light. A flow comes out of Osiris to him, his shape becomes that of his divine prototype. The redeeming son of God incorporates him with his soul. He makes transformations, he follows the noble road, having got rid of the sins which detained him on earth. He can visit his mummy; every path is opened to the soul that is from the beginning, from the reckoning of years. He seeks to be guarded as a quick soul, and shut out from the shut-up souls and dead shades; he is new embalmed by the Heaven.

Still continue the purificatory steps unto more expansive life. The deceased, according to the vignette upon the papyrus, holds up the symbols of writing to the god that inspires the book, and prays to make a good use of what in modern phraseology would be

the "means of grace." "Oh, great Beholder of his father, Guardian of the books of Thoth! Let me come, spiritualize myself, make myself a soul, prevail and prepare myself by the writings of Thoth. . . . The Sun, the Lord of the two worlds, has ordered me to do truth." He journeys on, and welcomes the chief spirits who belong to the servants of the Lord of Things. He is created in the heart of the Great Gods; he washes in the Pool of Peace, drawing waters from the divine Pool. His inner life is presumably represented by this sacred imagery.

At length the mystic bark reaches the shore; he unwinds the rope and weighs anchor, in peace. He cries out, "Come—come—near—near. I have come to see my father Osiris." Every part of the boat that has come out of the dim eventide of death, by analogy with the daily dying sun, out of the dusk "heaven when the disk is red," then challenges the spirit to tell its name or purport. The name of the hold is darkness, of the sail, the firmament, of the rope, attachment, of the river traversed, the Visible. There is much in the illustrations of this spectral progress that is without life, and unmeaning to us yet, no doubt in part from our want of familiarity with what, had we been the cultured sons of ancient Egypt, we were pre-supposed to know. The re-invigoration of the prepared spirit still continues; his limbs are sound; the Great Lady has sustained him as well as the Sun; he has grown strong to turn back the Dragon of Evil. He puts abomination away; he does not injure the true food of his existence. He gains knowledge of spiritual beings; he labours, and then striding towards gates that are closed, is acquitted by those who belong to them, and approaches his house after his labours to the delight of

his two souls. Soul with the Egyptian was a compound entity. Besides the mummy, or shed form of earth, there was the spirit (akh; Gr., *pneuma*), which is the secret essence or intelligence and influx of God; the life (bâ; Gr., *psyche*), or sensuous vitality; the form (ka; Gr., *morphe*), or characteristic individuality of existence; and the shade (kha-ba; Gr., *skia*; Lat., *imago*), or emanational form. What he hates, we are told, is that he should "die a second time;" and in opposition to this is the "making for ever the time." The scene is now a wide space surrounded by the celestial Nile: it is the place of Many Waters; the deceased is there in peace, navigating in his boat, or acting as one of the wise dead, whose lot it is to mow the giant corn, whose ear is of three cubits. He learns the roads in this sanctuary of the dead, knows the ways of going in and coming out.

The Osirian is now justified before the tutelary gods of the regions of Hades. The scene now enlarges itself, and the action becomes higher. We approach the Hall of the Two Truths, and the majestic drama of the Judgment.

The Great God, Osiris, the Lord of Truth, sits on a lofty throne, wearing a mitre of gold with long feathers attached to each side, and balancing either way; he holds a sceptre, the crosier of authority, and the Tau cross, or emblem of life; and the flabellum of justice rests upon his shoulder. Mystic serpents are in the canopy above him. He is mild-faced, but inexorably calm, as Rhot-amenti, or judge of the unseen life, of the hidden being; he is the great prototype of the deity known to the Greeks as Rhadamanthus.

Before the divine Judge are placed sin offerings, and near him are seated the four mediators, or daimonic genii of the dead. Beneath

his footstool is the dark cavern of descent to the world of chastisement. The deceased man holds up his hands in prayer, and is supported by the sister goddesses, Isis and Nephthys, the spirits of the upper and lower heavens respectively; each wears on her head the emblem of truth. In front of the Judge is the dragon (the Cerberus of the Greeks), guarding the mouth of the regions of death, and taking the part of accuser or diabolos. Ranged around the Judgment Hall are forty-two assessors, whose prerogative it is to examine the prisoner and report, each having his special province and function.

A large pair of scales is in the midst, presided over by attendant deities. In the one scale is placed the conduct or character of the deceased, typified by the heart (or the funeral vase that held it); in the other is the ostrich feather, or the figure of the Goddess of Truth—Thmei, the Greek Themis, the Hebrew Thummim. A small weight is moved along the beam, to make a balance, and so determine how much the heart falls short of its standard. Horus, the redeemer and divine son, takes the suppliant shade by the hand, and pleads his merits before the calm Osiris. Thoth, the deity of letters, as recording angel, inscribes on his tablets the actions of the deceased, and presents them before the Judge. The door of entrance is guarded, retreat is impossible; the trembling creature is before the tribunal of infallibility, with his heart all open to view, and his every action weighed in the balance. Osiris was president over judgment rather than judge; the recorded actions spoke for themselves; there was no impugning facts in the pure spiritual light; the conscience of the awakened spirit saw itself in the true bill of the jury, and in the verdict of the balance.

The sentence of doom being favourable, the spirit is designated the *makkru*, or justified, a word which is presumably the origin of the Greek *makar* or *makarios*, which comes down to us in the epithet of the Beatitudes, which we have translated "blessed." The virtuous soul is now admitted to the heavenly regions, before the entrance to which sits Harpakrut—Horus the child, the Greek Harpocrates, the type of youth and renewal of life; his finger on his lip, in symbol, not of secrecy, but of infancy.

Of these heavenly regions there were extended and varied ideas; there was within those realms a field of rest extending itself at the word of "the Majesty of the God;" there plants grew, and the name of the field was Aalu, which is familiar to us in the word Elysium.

On the sarcophagus of Oimenepthah there is a representation of this judgment of the dead. The soul of a wicked man is being sent to inhabit the body of a pig; the Egyptian view as to which animal is manifest from the phrase found in the Ritual, "the abomination of a great pig." On a papyrus a soul is similarly portrayed as being sent into the body of a ram. Here we see an appreciation of the law that underlies the theory of transmigration, that the human spirit assimilates its form to its own ideal. The spirit is impure, it takes a swinish shape. This belief was probably not unknown to the Jews; indeed we have proof that they discussed the question of the effect upon the condition of a man's life of his pre-existent qualities. It would seem not unlikely, then, that the doctrine may have had to do with the growth of the strange legend of the Gospel of the flight of a flock of demons into the bodies of a herd of swine. If in Egypt a man accidentally touched a pig, we

are told by Herodotus that he straightway rushed into the river to cleanse himself.

When the soul, unworthy of the mansions of the blessed, has been dismissed at the Judgment to an incarnation suitable to his propensities, the communication between him and the place he has left is shewn to be cut off by the presentment of a figure hewing away the ground with an axe; which may remind us of another physical symbol, the "great gulf fixed," designating the same truth of severance.

The sins of which the spirit under trial has to justify himself, "when he has been made to see the Faces of the Gods," are on many and various moral planes. A few may be cited from the Ritual. "Oh, ye Lords of Truth, I have brought you Truth. Rub ye away my faults. I have not privily done evil against mankind. I have not afflicted persons or men. I have not told falsehoods in the tribunal of Truth. . . . I have not made the labouring man do more than his task daily. . . . I have not been idle. . . . I have not made to weep. . . . I have not done fraud to men. I have not changed the measures of the country. I have not injured the images of the Gods. I have not taken scraps of the bandages of the dead. I have not committed adultery. . . . I have not withheld milk from mouths of sucklings. . . . I have not netted sacred birds. I have not caught the fish which typify them. . . . I have not stopped a God from his manifestation." To each assessor he proclaims a separate quality of innocence. The proclamation of the virtue of the justified soul is full of beauty, and may remind us of familiar scenes in our own sacred tradition. "Let the Osiris go; ye know he is without fault, without soil, without sin, without crimes. Do not torture,

do not anything against him. He lives off truth, he is fed off truth, he has made his delight in doing what men say and the gods wish. The God has welcomed him as he has wished. *He has given food to my hungry, drink to my thirsty ones, clothes to my naked, he has made a boat for me to go by.* He has made the sacred food of the Gods, the meal of the spirits. Take ye them to him, guard ye them for him."

The passage we have italicised, and indeed the whole action of the Judgment, we may consider in relation to the august circumstances of the Great Assize as portrayed in the Gospels (Mat. xxv., 31 and seq.) The deputy King there says to the justified souls, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye received me; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." With this latter part may be specially compared the converse thought of the Egyptian prophet: he that gives food to the hungry, clothes to the naked, "has made a boat for me to go by;" in other words, has made ready the way of the Lord, or been the channel whereby the goodness of God is borne in unto man. In one we have the divine assurance, In feeding the hungry, ye fed me; in the other, In feeding the hungry, ye enabled me to feed them.

Before the acquitted spirit may leave the Hall of Judgment, his knowledge or virtue is repeatedly made proof of. Each part of the hall, its door, sill, and lintels, refuse to open to him, or to let him pass over unless he tells their name

and meaning. The pure floor will not let him tread upon it without the name or purport of his feet being given. Finally, says the doorkeeper, "You have not passed yet, unless you tell me my name."

"Toucher of hearts, Searcher of the reins," is the reply; and the spirit, by the aid of Thoth, here called the Reckoner of the Earth, is introduced to the regions beyond; past the roads of darkness, and far from the abode whose ceiling is of flame, and its circuit of undying basilisks.

The Judgment, it would seem, is but the introduction to the spiritual regions, where the new comer has yet to learn to dwell. The purificatory process is represented as continuing; there is a Basin of Purgatorial Fire, guarded by apes, near the openings of the secret doors of the west. The spirit is empowered to come in and go forth at will, severed as he is from earth, with faults obliterated and sins dissipated that detained him. By reason of this purity, "His soul is as a smoke against the devourer of bodies of the dead, flying over the dead, hidden from the suffocaters." Onward "the deceased passes; open ye the gates of the gateway, prepare ye his hall when he comes. Justify ye his words against his accusers. There is given him the food of the Gods of the Gate. There has been made for him the head attire which belongs to him, as dwelling in the hidden place, as image of the great waters, true soul of a created spirit."

There follows "The Passage to the Sun," "the book of vivifying the soul for ever." "The Osiris serves the Sun . . . there are no shades where he is. . . . He does not walk in the Valley of Darkness, he does not go in the Pool of the Damned. He is not in the fissure a moment. He knows no terror in the place in which he is." He daily overthrows the seductive serpent of

evil, by the aid of the deity of redemption, and the goddess of the vault of heaven, who strengthens him with the water of life and celestial food.

He is made to approach to see his house in Hades; he is like the Sun, and is seen as the Sun's boatman. The beings of light protect him; when attack is made against him, and his heart fails, support is given to him. His enemies are gods, spirits of the dead; "he makes way, he tows thy boat, his actions are thy actions (the Sun's)," so that there is nothing of earth for God or Spirit to attack, nothing of death for the dead souls to draw down to themselves. The disk of the sun is often represented as his eye, and similarly the spirit of the individual is regarded as an eye. [Compare, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."] "His eye [his spirit] is at peace in its place . . . the person of the Eye is then before the Gods. The person shines as he did at first. . . . The eye having been veiled before the Lord of that Land (the land of Eternal Birth) it has been made full, and at peace."

There is held festival of the names of the gods, which the spirit has to learn; and he is prepared to know Osiris in every place, under his different names or signs. In the House of Osiris are seven halls, and the names of these must be known, as they only admit of entrance to certain qualities of spirit. The descriptions are pregnant with meaning. The first is typified as the overthrower of numerous forms; perhaps signifying that every shell and subterfuge has to be thrown away, and the inner spirit to be clearly manifested as it is. The name written on the hall is Babble; beyond which doubtless many for long fail to pass. On another is the legend, "Great Stopper of the Vain."

The spirit enters "the beginning of the gates of the Aahlu [Elysium], or the abode of Osiris"—gates of the meek-hearted. An appropriate deity holds a double sword at each gate. The name of these guardians is "Terrible;" one of them the spirit addresses as follows:—"The fire which burns inextinguishably . . . the heat which prepares annihilation, running to kill; no salvation, no passing over from its binding is thy name." But the spirit anoints himself with the ambrosia of life of the divine limbs, wraps himself in a pure white linen garment, holds a stick of a palm-tree, and, purified, proceeds. Spells which imply spiritual knowledge and baptismal purifications which by cleansing justify, are his way of power.

He learns to traverse even the secret places of the valleys of hell, and to prevail against the evils, though not without many a prayer drawn forth by numerous terrors. There is "the Place of Waters; none of the dead can stand in it. Its water is of fire, its flow is of fire, it glows with smoking fire; if wished, there is no drinking it. The thirst of those who are in it is inextinguishable. Through the greatness of its terror and the magnitude of its fear, the Gods, the damned, and the spirits look at its waters from a distance. Their thirst is inextinguishable, they have no peace; if they wish, they cannot escape it."

The action of the book does not appear to be continuous; we revert to the process of awakening the dormant soul. "Isis says: I have come as the winds to be thy protection, to give as breath to thy nostril the north wind. . . . Nephthys says: The Osiris has been awakened."

Then follows "the chapter of building a House on Earth," which cannot be such a house as we know, unless the mummy is the refuge on

earth that is signified. "Come ye," says Osiris to the Gods who are in his service; "behold the building of this house of this prepared spirit. He has come like the sun, the same as ye have. May ye give him his speech that he may glorify you as ordered by me. Look ye to what I myself do."

A dogma connected with the mummy associates itself with the narrative, but is overborne by a higher conception. There is an air of pride in contemplation of the body which wastes not while all flesh grows corrupt. The sun sheds its rays on the mummy on its lion-couch, and the spirit prays, "Hail, father Osiris. . . . I have come, I prepare this my body. This my body does not pass away. . . . I do not what thou hatest, but what thy thought wishes. No harm was done to me when I passed through thy belly, receiving no impurity, which thou hast given to every god and goddess; every beast and reptile, when perished, its soul departs after death, it is empty corruption. Hail, my father Osiris, . . . thou dost not corrupt. The eye of Light has not decayed away. I am! I am! I live, I live! I grow! I grow! I wake in peace. I am not corrupted, I am not suffocated there. I grow tall."

There is an orientation of the dead in his chest, which seems as much to have to do with a funeral ceremony as to be an episode of the future state. The four winds represent deities, and each goes to the nostril of the defunct. "Unknown" says the Ritual, "is the extent of its mystery. It is not known to rustics." There is a more beautiful reference to the winds of heaven in the scriptures of the Zoroastrians.

We may conclude our extracts from the Ritual of the Dead by certain words of adoration which the departed spirit addresses to the

great father Osiris, taking upon himself the character of Horus, or the son. "I have supported thee . . . I have put forth my arm against the shamers of thy face . . . I have brought to thee all fruit . . . I have given thee thy spirit. I have given thee thy soul. I have given thee thy power. I have given thee thy force. I have given thee thy triumph . . . I have given thee thy victory." "The spirit is returned to God who gave it;" and the address implies that whenever man works, it is God that is working; what spirit is in him is part of God, nay, part of God's life, and may be returned to him with increase, to the enlargement of the divine life, and eternal triumph and victory.

Herodotus says of the Egyptians (Eut. xxxvii.)—"They are religious to excess, far beyond any other race of men." True religion is an ideal and the holding to it; superstition is a morbidness that hugs itself rather than puts out the hand to wholesome work. There are traces, slight but suggestive, of a gradual decadence, through growing ecclesiasticism, of the Egyptian priesthood. The earlier temples had an open portico through which the national solemnities were open to the eyes of the people; the later temples had a wall joining like a web the columns that formed their front, and so acting in a separative manner, as was probably the original intention of the rood screen seen in our cathedrals. "Each Egyptian, like the Greeks," says Herodotus (Eut. xcii.), "takes to himself one wife only." In early times the priests were married men, their wives often being priestesses; and a man was proud of descent through a line of priestesses, as through a line of priests. But at a late time the superstition of celibacy finds its way into their doctrines; and, indeed, from Egypt

spring those monastic sects of which we may, in another place, have occasion to speak more particularly in their relation to the followers of Jesus.

There is a curious passage in some versions of the Ritual (ch. cxv.), shewing the Egyptian notion as to the original bi-sexual nature of man, which may remind us of the tradition of Genesis:—"I, Ra, appeared before the sun. When the circumference of darkness was opened, I was as one among you (the gods). I know how the woman was made from the man."

There are evidences of great secrecy having been maintained by the Egyptian priests with regard to their esoteric doctrines. Herodotus, who caught up from them a few fragments of their lore, says of the priests of Heliopolis, [Ei-n-ra, the abode of the sun; with the Hebrews, Beth-shemesh, or by a play of words corrupted into Aven] "What they told me concerning their religion it is not my intention to repeat, except the names of their deities, which I believe all men know equally. If I relate anything else concerning these matters, it will be only when compelled to do so by the course of my narrative." There was a name, too, of Osiris that he would not utter, which reminds us of the superstition prevalent among the Jews in the time concurrent with the translation of the Septuagint, an epoch of special Egyptian influence, in respect of the "I AM," the ineffable name of Jehovah.

Under the later sovereigns the Egyptian faith appears to have lost its simple character, and to have intimately united with foreign thought, the Government extending an impartial patronage to all, and accepting all as necessary elements of pomp and of maintenance of popular power. The ancient indigenous kings had a different mode of re-

garding religion; they were of the priesthood themselves, and had a single heart to deity as known to their race, without the later patronage of the Churches for expedience sake. In days of such corruption of primates, the body of priests and people is likely to grow careless and callous and sensual, while the naturally religious souls react into some extreme of fanaticism.

Of the Egyptian magic we know but little, though there are evidences that it entered considerably into their religious system. The inner sanctuary of their temples was a dark room, and protected by courtyard after courtyard, gateway after gateway, antechamber after antechamber, from any but the qualified celebrants of the rites. Who knows what mystic ceremonies were transacted there?

During thousands of years millions of human bodies were converted into mummies, or resinous mineralised substances that yet preserved their original organic form, and consequently retained a certain electric life. The process was a tedious and costly one; what was its object? what the incentive to so universal a practice?

It is evident that the Egyptian view as to the state of the disembodied soul after death was various.

Herodotus tells us (ii. 123), "The Egyptians were the first to broach the opinion that the soul of man is immortal, and that when the body dies it enters into the form of an animal, which is born at the moment; thence passing on from one animal into another, until it has circled through the forms of all the creatures which tenant the earth, the water, and the air, after which it enters again into a human frame, and is born anew."

Herodotus has probably a not very accurate notion of the Egyptian faith on this point, but there is an evident aversion expressed in the

sacred books from the "second death," or the being re-born in an earthly body; though with singular inconsistency, in one passage of the Ritual (Ch. cxlvi.) the deceased is represented as exclaiming as with joy, when his soul is re-united to his body, that "he has overcome his bandages [of the mummy] and that it is given him to extend his arm."

By very few persons indeed is any of the ancient magic-knowledge now held in possession, or passed on as tradition. An old gentleman, however, the owner, perhaps, of the largest existing library of books on magic, told the writer of certain real or fancied methods of power which need not be named here; suffice it that they somewhat resemble the legend recounted by Euripides of ghosts whom the drinking of a libation of blood enables to gather strength to speak, and recover their old physical memory that the spiritual waters of Lethe had washed away. Lycophron, too, one of the court poets of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt in its later period, tells a similar story in his *Cassandra*.

Now, in the Tale of Setnau, a genuine Egyptian relic, we have the story of mummies who not only converse in their catacombs, but have even the power of emerging amongst the living. The charm possessed was thus communicated:—"If thou art in the unseen, thou wilt have power to resume the form which thou hadst on earth." In passages we have already quoted from the esoteric books, there are references to the germination of the mummy, and to the power of locomotion at will that under certain conditions is granted to the departed soul. We therefore conclude that the mummy was made use of by the friends of the deceased for necromantic purposes. It would enable his memory to be still cherished by those in whom the

presence of the mummy kept it awake; and while the spirit enters upon its mystic journey, it has yet a habitation in the physical by means of the embalmed form. In the eternal unphysical is its true home; and there is its higher life:—

“He hath received the Book of Respirations

That he may breathe with his soul.”

The body exists, but he has left it, and its irregular and discordant breath, to enter the divine harmony of respiration. The book is the symbol of harmony or perfectedness.

Then comes the baser idea:—

“That he may make any transformation at his will,

That his soul may go wherever it desireth,

Living on the earth for ever and ever.”

The mummy could have but slight hold upon the spirit, could give it no true power, yet that little enabled them to say that the spirit lived in the finite as well as in the infinite. If it hovered about earth, careless to advance deeper into inner life, it might be glad through the thrills of the cord of still existing union with matter to be recalled by the magician's rites, and to flash some kind of message along its private telegraph wire to the earth sphere. The ears of the ghastly electric remains, that are not yet wholly bereft of the organic quality of man, could not hear, and he could have no knowledge through these rites of the events of earth, but he may feel such semblance of the thrills of nature as could affect those undissipated organs. It would seem at first thought, on following this belief, as if to leave behind one's mummy in a semi-organic existence of centuries was to commit a terrible power to the hands of one's enemies. That soul

only, however, that was low and earthbound could be constrained to stoop down far, and upon the spirit of aspiring and heavenly quality could be exerted only a modicum of conjury, a feeble chain indeed after there had once been known the charm and potency of other and more spiritual spheres.

Opinion on the mighty subject of the uprise of life after death no doubt varied among the Egyptians at different epochs. The most spiritual knowledge in its decadence is what will produce the most degrading and materialistic superstition. The belief commonly held about the object of the mummy is that when the years of trans migratory wanderings were over, it might await the return of its soul, and further its re-incarnation. This might help to explain the Pyramids, and may be in accord with Herodotus, but the painting on the mummy cases, which represents the soul as a bird with human head hovering above the mummy as it lies on its lion-shaped bier, is a doubtful support to this view, although considered to typify it. The bird-soul bears in its grasp the character or emblem of life, and a sail or flag, which is probably the emblem of breath, while Anubis stands by in his customary attitude, as embalmer. It has been supposed that the soul is putting back life and breath into the mummy, but it is just as reasonable to suppose that it is its departure with those qualities that is represented. In another picture we have a scene of death beneath the vault of heaven, and two presiding deities seated solemnly upholding the feather of truth, or symbol of justification; the corporeal body, painted red, is falling to the ground in death, while the spiritual form, coloured of the azure of heaven, stands upright in an attitude of prayer and adoration. William Blake's design of

“Death’s Door,” whereby descends the worn-out pilgrim, who above emerges in glad renewal of youth, is a close modern parallel to the Egyptian picture.

But if the Egyptians held concurrent contradictions on this subject, they are no more singular than ourselves, who in “The Order for the Burial of the Dead,” repeat in one place a pæan of felicity for delivery “from the burden of the flesh,” and in another mistranslate Job into saying, “*In my flesh shall I see God.*”

The fashion of mummy making once initiated, the process might be continued without any clear reason but the strong power of precedent; and on this hypothesis we may be prepared to accept the vague and unreal references that are found to the use of the mummy, as for instance:—

“The chapter of the visit of the soul to the body in Hades. [Vignette—a soul flying to the body.] . . . He sees his body, he is at peace in his mummy, he is not molested, his body is not strangled for ever.—If this chapter be known, his body has not decayed, his soul is not thrust into his body for ever.”—(*Rit., translated Birch, lxxxix.*) The concluding words here imply a doctrine that the preservation of the mummy obviated a second incarnation.

Again, in a much later papyrus we find:—

“This good woman whose heart is wise, may she be counted as one of the chosen that serve Osiris; may her soul be restored to youth with their souls, may her body endure in the depths.”—(*Rhind. Papyr.*)

Like those familiar to us from Hebrew sources are the Egyptian stories shewing a belief in the obsessions of demoniac influences. In the narrative of “The Possessed Princess,” a little sister of the Royal

wife of one of the Kings, we find it said:—“There is an evil movement in her limbs.” A person “acquainted with things” is sent for. The King orders, “Bring me the scribe of the houses of life, and those acquainted with the mysteries of the inner palace.” She was found by these sages, we are told in the most matter-of-fact way, “in the condition of being under spirits,” which were hostile to contend with. A cure or exorcism is made, and “she was right forthwith.”

On the Rosetta stone, a record of comparatively late Egyptian times, or about two centuries before our era, we find Hermes, or Thoth, the impersonation of learning, referred to as the “twice-great,” or literally, the “great and great.” He was afterwards more commonly known, especially among Alexandrian Greeks, such as had so large a hand in forming some of our theologic dogmas that are not in the Gospels, as the “thrice great;” we may compare with this title the “Holy, holy, holy” that is so familiar to us.

Shu is the deity of light, and an instance of the many modes of personification of the divine existence in the solar attributes. The Amen-Ra is the hidden source; all other deities, even the Ra himself, being a manifestation only of that inner power; while Ra, or the visible Sun, is still further personified in his rays, his disk, his position—rising, setting in the horizon, shining below the world, or viewed in his human influence. The expression of our ritual, “Light of Light, very God of very God,” has a ring of Egyptian metaphysics; and probably originated among Alexandrian bishops.

In Egypt we may roughly say that the Divine Being is not so much God the Father as occupying a grand-paternal relation, or even

relegated to a distance more remote, through the intervening of so many deified attributes.

Osiris is the great deity, the sun in a semi-human form, and the author of natural life; that spirit of the visible sun being the emanation of the invisible Supreme. Of this Osiris Horus is the son, represented as the sun in his mid-day power, and venerated as being of his personal substance. He has many attributes and characters, some of which are not sharply defined from those of Osiris. He is the symbol of eternal youth, as is the sun in its daily death and resurrection. "The old man who becomes young" is one of his titles, and he is represented as achieving impossibility by treading under foot a crocodile, which cannot turn its head, and so typified an impossibility. In the mystic imagery of the Book of the Dead, he was able to make the crocodiles of darkness to turn back their heads. In the hieroglyphic texts Horus is known under many names; he is "The sole begotten of his Father," "The Holy Child," "The beloved Son of his Father," "The Lord of Life," "The Eternal One," "The God creating Himself;" and in his relation to man, "Horus the Redeemer," "The justifier of the Righteous."

"Horus, he is my brother:

Horus is my cousin:

Horus has come to me out of my Father,

He has proceeded from the brains of his head;

* * * *

The Universal Lord.

In the records of the simple Egyptian faith of the period succeeding the expulsion of the Syrian invaders, when the national life appears to have expanded into a special fruitfulness, we find thoughts that seem not rude and strange to us, but homely and familiar. This

was an epoch before the influences of foreign civilisations, Greek or Persian, were so intermingled with the proper tradition of archaic Egypt as to make it lose to a great extent its distinctive character. This was, too, the epoch of the Exodus, when the fathers of our religious traditions were "learned in the wisdom of the Egyptians."

Such hymns as the following find their kindred among the works of the Hebrew prophets and psalmists, both as regards simplicity, earnestness, and tendency of thought.

"Oh! Amen, lend thine ear to him
Who is alone before the tribunal,
He is poor (he is not) rich.
The court oppresses him;
Silver and gold for the clerks of
the book,
Garments for the servants. There is
no other Amen, acting as a judge,
To deliver (one) from his misery;
When the poor man is before the
tribunal,
(Making) the poor to go forth rich."

Hymn to Amen.

(*Transl., C. W. Goodwin.*)

By substituting for the word Amen its literal meaning, The Unseen, the language will become yet more familiar to us.

The following is a portion of another hymn from the same papyrus as the above:—

"I cry, the beginning of wisdom is
the way of Amen, the rudder
of (truth).

Thou art he that giveth bread to him
who has none,

That sustaineth the servant of his
house.

Let no prince be my defender in all
my troubles.

Let not my memorial be placed
under the power

Of any man who is in the house . . .
My Lord is (my) defender;

I know his power, to wit, (he is) a
strong defender,

There is none mighty except him
alone.

Strong is Amen, knowing how to
answer,
Fulfilling the desire of him who
cries to him."

What follows is more distinctively
Egyptian, else this might well have
been the cry of some Israelitish
sojourner.

The following is from a metrical
psalm of a day preceding perhaps
by a century or two, the date of
those last quoted:—

"Mind thee of joy, till cometh the
day of pilgrimage,
When we draw near the land which
loveth silence.

* * * *

He finished his existence (the
common fate of men).

Their abodes pass away,
And their place is not;
They are as if they had never been
born

Since the time of Ra [the Sun].
(They in the shades) are sitting on
the bank of the river,
Thy soul is among them, drinking
its sacred water,
Following thy heart, at peace.

* * * *

Not the least moment could be
added to his life,
(When he went to) the realm of
eternity.

Those who have magazines full of
bread to spend,
Even they shall encounter the hour
of a last end.

The moment of that day will dimi-
nish the valour of the rich.
Mind thee of the day, when thou
too shalt start for the land,
To which one goeth to return not
thence.

Good for thee then will have been
(an honest life),
Therefore be just, and hate trans-
gressions,
For he who loveth justice (will be
blessed)."

Song of the Harper.

(*Transl. by Ludwig Stern.*)

It is noticeable how these hymns
differ alike from mere naturalism,
or what is called Paganism, and
from even the highest thoughts of

Greek philosophy. The earnestness
there takes another form; here we
feel the peculiar seriousness which
has constituted one of the main
elements of power of the ancient
Hebrew prophets.

It will have been remarked how
prominent a place is held by the
sun in the Egyptian view of deity;
and yet it would be unfair to call
the Egyptian faith sun-worship.
What is manifest stands with the
Egyptian seer only for the border
or fringe of the infinite that is
unmanifest save in his myriad
revealments. The symbolism of the
life and death and progress through
heaven of the sun has been so
intimately worked in with the belief
in the continuance of the soul below
the horizon of the visible, that a
materialist might argue thence
that the course and renewal of the
sun had suggested to man a similar
return to life of his soul when
hidden in the clouds of his day's
evening. The argument would have
plausibility and nothing more: in
every great race under heaven that
we have any knowledge of there
has lived the faith in the soul's
continuance after death, while the
physical symbols which have become
associated with this faith have been
widely different among different
peoples. They therefore are the
temporary and accidental appen-
dage of a permanent instinct, which
finds for itself in every grand
analogy of the natural world the
best correspondences it may to the
glorious vision that is seen as yet
through a glass darkly.

We have styled our paper "The
Ancient Faith of Egypt" because,
quite apart from any question of
what religious life there may be in
the Egypt of to-day, there was a
faith of what, historically speaking,
might almost be termed with pro-
priety "Modern Egypt," that is to
say, Egypt of the period about the
beginning of our era. Then was

Alexandria the centre of philosophy; there was to be found the Greek dialoguer, the Egyptian priest, such as Plutarch sees him; the ascetic Therapeut; the fanciful Gnostic: there met orientalized Greek, Grecised Jew, and Judæo-Egyptian; and there the influences of all the ancient faiths of the world seethed into argument and something at times not unlike

spiritual chaos. But bright life and vision were not wanting; Philo, in spite of his excess in hunting out symbolic senses, not only where they were to be found, but where they were not, shewed that he had lost neither the glow of the teachings he had received as a Hebrew, nor the subtle influence of the ancient faith of Egypt.

KENINGALE COOK.

SIR FEATHERBRIGHT.

(AN APOLOGUE.)

BY RICHARD HENGIST HORNE, *Author of "Orion," &c.*

Sir Featherbright was a clever Dwarf,—

A Dwarf of sense and talent was he,
And he found that Success was a landing-wharf
Where ships cannot sight you, though waving your scarf,
Unless you can mount to a high degree.

Sir Featherbright he got on a wall—

A lofty brick wall on a sun-shiny day ;
And after he'd learnt how to creep and crawl,
He walked up and down, and smiled upon all
Who were idle and rich, as they pass'd that way.

This popular Dwarf has some pills to sell,

Of chaff, and sweet gum—so the bright gilding sticks ;—
The quantity sold every day I can't tell ;
And the novelty-mongers soon knew him well,
He made such a figure a-top of the bricks !

The buffo-burlesque-ridden crowds of the Fair,

With the town-fashion shewing its whiskers and hips,
All came to buy pills, and applaud the fine air
With which the Dwarf sold them—to smile, sigh, and stare
At the eloquent fooling that flow'd from his lips.

A Giant came by with a sack of corn—

A large naked man with a noble face ;
He had plough'd,—sow'd,—reap'd,—and a long way borne
The ponderous load ; yet fresh as the morn
He strode to the mart with a lofty grace.

But though he brought grain, and was massive and tall,†

The crown of his head you scarcely could see :—
The Giant had got the wrong side of the wall !
If he clomb up, his weight would make the bricks fall,—
So the Dwarf kept his day's popularity.

Yours very truly
J Birch

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 42.

SAMUEL BIRCH, LL.D., D.C.L., &c.

WHEN we think of the numbers of men of middling culture who are acquainted with the Greek tongue, and of the many and extensive ways in which the classic languages and literature exert an influence upon our thought to day, it is surprising to realize the fact that it was only in 1510 that Desiderius Erasmus was brought over to this country to teach Greek in Cambridge University. The study of Greek was not only little cultivated, but even feared as heretical and profane; and Erasmus, when he first took the professor's chair and began to expound a Greek grammar in the public schools, was without an audience; and, moreover, when he had translated a classic dialogue, he could find no student in the University capable of making a fair copy of his bilingual manuscript.

Into some three centuries and a half there has been compressed our present wealth of classical learning and criticism. What a marvel of literary activity!

The conservative mind, not considering this fact that the study of the classical languages has not amongst us the prerogative of any very high antiquity, is apt to believe that nothing can disturb them in the exalted place they hold in our world of culture. Can a generous education be conceived of, we can imagine a ripe scholar incredulously asking, without a foundation in Greek and Latin?

Two antagonists to the supremacy of the recognized standard of culture are coming forward. One is science, or rather, and in order not to limit a phrase that should be of broad meaning, one is the study of physical objects; the other is the apparition from their ancient grave of

mighty languages long precedent to those of Greece and Rome. In that grave they prove to have been not in death, but only in trance.

Physical Science may be trusted to maintain its place, and yet to be held within its own department, and so long as there is a region in man which lives in affectionate feeling, in poetry, in sundry magics which a study of catalogued fossils, beetles, bones, dried flower petals, or even the largest ranges of exact knowledge will not satisfactorily afford, the bygone languages of man, with the lore they carry in them, will hold no secondary place in study. Even an American author regrets the absence in his own new country of that remoteness from the every day life which a longer span of national life affords. For imaginative and artistic work he finds such a fairyland and atmosphere of enchantment required; and while man lives, his imaginative and artistic side no hard science is likely to kill. From the noble rivalry of mathematical and physical studies, there is likely to be produced no vanquishment of the poetic culture, but only a continuance of the rivalry.

When we consider the case of Greek and Latin as confronted by Sanskrit, Assyrian, Egyptian, the question is an entirely different one. The plane of battle here is one and the same. If four hundred years ago ancient Sanskrit had been introduced into our Universities, and after it had been well absorbed by scholars, Greek had been brought in, how different might have been our literary history! Greek would have been regarded as the junior language and the interloper. And if Egyptian had stepped in first, how the Greek mythology would have been scorned as second-hand!

There are those who know Sanskrit well who consider it a grander tongue than Greek; it is now in a more advanced state of study at our Universities than was Greek at the comparatively recent date we have named. India, the ancient home of the language, is more intimately allied to us than Greece, and the thousands who are passing into Government service there must acquire that tongue. Of what special claims Egyptian and Assyrian may put forward, it is early yet to speak, since even the grammars of these languages are still quite novelties. One obstacle to the progress of the study of Egyptian and Assyrian at as rapid a rate as that witnessed in the case of Greek, is no doubt the fact that the ground is already occupied: possession is nine-tenths of the law. There are already so large a number of departments of study in our educational course that the young mind must either be allowed to neglect some, or must expand in an abnormal manner that is scarcely to be

looked for. Eventually, it is reasonable to expect, the language which can shew the most perfect literature in form and matter will gain the day.

What suggests these comparative observations is the fact of the singularly rapid development of the literatures of these archaic tongues in a form accessible to the student. It seems but a few years ago that scholars were vainly puzzling over a new cryptograph, while now whole literatures are expanded before us. The dainty critic of a Greek or Latin author dwells lovingly over his theme for a lifetime ; but these masters of archaic philology work upon their subjects with the fierce ardour of a Californian on the track of gold.

Perhaps scholarly Erasmus, when he came over here, thought our little islands rude and unprogressed ; but we may be thankfully confident that no European scholar, however great his fame, who should visit us now could justly name us boors. In these new studies we are fully equal to France and Germany ; and at the head of our devoted band is the gentleman whose portrait accompanies this sketch.

Confining ourselves to Egyptian, we may give in brief the roll of pioneers in the field, whose history and labours ought indeed to be written in an age that deems a biography due to men of less than eminence ; these scholars, many of them really eminent, all rank high for that kind of patient labour that shews so little in working and does so much in result. We have to name among early workers and helpers under the British flag Young, Lane, Stuart Poole, Gardner Wilkinson, Kenrick, Belzoni, Bonomi, Arundale, Samuel Sharpe, Dunbar Heath, J. Burton ; France ushered forth Champollion, De Rougé, Cailliaud, Jomard, and others ; Germany, Lepsius, Bunsen, Ebers ; Italy, Rosellini. Among present workers also are Renouf, W. Goodwin, F. C. Cook, Lushington, A. H. Sayce, W. R. Cooper, as regards England ; Chabas, Lenormant, Pierret, Lefebure, Naville, Deveria, Mariette-Bey, Maspero, in or for France. To this rough list may be added the names of Brugsch-Bey, Eisenlohr, Ludwig Stern, De Horrack, and doubtless many others.

In this field of literary research Dr. Samuel Birch has been a conspicuous worker during the long period of over forty years. Egyptian lore must have been his special study from his boyhood, for at the early age of twenty-two he appeared before the world with a folio volume, giving an explanation of the hieroglyphics on the coffin of Mycerinus.

Samuel Birch was born in London, November 3rd, 1813, of a family originally proceeding from Lancashire, and known in the days of Round-heads and Cavaliers. His father was the Rev. Samuel Birch, of St.

Mary Woolnoth; his grandfather, Samuel Birch, was cook, confectioner, and Lord Mayor of London. His old business in Cornhill, though not in hereditary hands, still bears the name of Birch, and is well known. A great grandson of its original proprietor once laughingly styled it as a place of such repute that an excellent penny bun might probably be obtained there for three-halfpence.

The Samuel Birch of our memoir was educated at Greenwich and Blackheath, and in 1831 at Merchant Taylors' School.

He early took a post under the Crown, for in 1834 we find him under the Commissioner of Public Records. In 1861 he accepted the responsible position of Keeper of Oriental, Mediæval, and British Antiquities in the British Museum, which he still retains.

Among literary works which are the product of this busy brain, the following are the most important, confining ourselves to works relating to Egypt and her language:—An Egyptian Grammar. A Dictionary of Hieroglyphics. This novel lexicon appeared in the fifth volume of Baron Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History," together with a translation by Dr. Birch of the entire work "The Book of the Dead," which had never before been rendered into any modern language complete. This wonderful work it is much to be wished the translator would republish, and in a volume by itself. His Hieroglyphical Dictionary appeared in 1838; in 1841 appeared "Unedited Greco-Egyptian Inscriptions." Cuneiform inscriptions, too, in 1851, were occupying his attention. Other labours—upon the Tablet of Karnak, upon the Trilingual Inscription of the Decree of Canopus, came to the light either in the transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, or in separate form. A translation of the Papyrus of Nas-Khem was published in 1863, and in the same year a Fac-simile with translation of two similar documents, well known to scholars as the Rhind Papyri.

Dr. Birch has not confined his attention to Egypt and hieroglyphics. At a very early date he contributed a paper to the *Magazine of Natural History* on Chinese Monkeys; and the Chinese language and literature we find for some time afterwards occupying his attention. In 1841 was published, under the title of "Analecta Sinensia," a volume of Chinese selections. A few years later appeared a translation of a Chinese work entitled "Friends till Death;" and in 1863 was privately printed "The Elfin Foxes," with a criticism on the legend. In 1872 he translated two Chinese romances, "The Chinese Widow," and the "Casket of Gems," and reprinted them in separate form from the *Phoenix*, where they were originally published. That our author entered still other departments of

research is evidenced by his "History of Ancient Pottery," which was published in 1858, a second edition appearing in 1873; and this study led him to publish observations on a vase representing the adventure of Perseus, and on another vase bearing the representation of the contest of Hercules and the river-god Achelous.

In 1863 appeared a treatise upon the Himyaritic Inscriptions of Southern Arabia; and in 1864, in the *Revue Archéologique* of Paris, an article upon a Magical Papyrus. Our indefatigable author, moreover, edited the second edition of Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History," and contributed notes and editorial guidance to Mr. W. R. Cooper in his "Serpent Myths of Ancient Egypt."

With all this, there was time found to attend to the labours of the British Museum; and in addition to a vast amount of work too detailed to describe here, he brought out in 1874 his "Guide to the Egyptian Rooms of the British Museum."

Dr. Birch's more recent works are as important as any. In 1876 he published "The Great Harris Papyrus of the Annals of Ramses III., with a translation." In the present year he selected and edited a volume of archaic classics, "Egyptian Texts," for the use of students; giving text, transliteration, translation, and analysis, with list of syllabic signs, and the roll of Egyptian Sovereigns. Among works designed for the general reading public may be specified "Ancient History from the Monuments," which was published in 1874 by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and—what is perhaps the most important work of all—"The Records of the Past," which he edited from 1873 to 1877. These volumes are a collection of translations from Assyrian and Egyptian texts, done by various scholars, including Dr. Birch himself. This work, of which eight volumes have now appeared, represents the first collection of the archaic classics of Egypt and Assyria which is really accessible to the public.

Dr. Birch's discoveries we ought not to pass by. In 1872 his examinations led him to determine the ancient Cypriote as a Greek language; and in very early days, in the *Numismatic Chronicle* for 1845, he exhumed for us Tasciovanus, a forgotten link in the long line of ancient British kings.

With such a Herculean list of labours to rest upon, it is not to be wondered at that honours have been bestowed upon him, both at home and abroad. In 1870, he was nominated President of the Society of Biblical Archæology, which office he has held ever since. In 1873, he received at the hands of the Emperor of Germany the order of the Rose.

of Brazil. In 1874, he presided over the International Congress of Orientalists in London, having been elected President at the close of the French Congress in 1873; and the success of the English Congress was in very great part due to his exertions to obtain the presence of different German professors of eminence.

From the French Government he received the nomination of Officer of Public Instruction, and the badge of the so-called *Palmes d'Or*; while from the Emperor of Germany came the Cross of the Second Class of the Order of the Crown.

Originally a Doctor of Laws of the University of St. Andrew's, he had conferred upon him in 1875 the degree of LL.D. of the University of Cambridge, being appointed Rede Lecturer for the following year, when he discoursed on Egyptian History in the Senate; the lecture has since been published, under the title of "*The Monumental History of Egypt.*" At Oxford also, in 1876, the degree of D.C.L. was bestowed upon him, he having been appointed the previous year Honorary Fellow of Queen's College.

Dr. Birch's son treads in his father's steps, both in service in the British Museum, in which he is a Senior Assistant of the Department of Manuscripts, and also in his literary studies. Many a reader of antiquarian tendencies has doubtless met with "*The History, Art, and Palæography of the Manuscript commonly styled the Utrecht Psalter,*" by Walter de Gray Birch, F.R.S.L.

The present workers in the Egyptian field of research, unlike some ancient scholars who almost lose sight of their subject in their rambling selves, possess the best qualities of modern literary power; they are not tedious or involved in their commentaries, but evidently strive to present their works in as bright, clear, and simple a form as possible, giving the student the inestimable advantage of access to full and unabridged original documents. In his preface to the sixth volume, which completes the first half of the projected series of the "*Records of the Past,*" Dr. Birch writes:—"The interest taken in this publication is shewn by the authors of such pieces as originally appeared in French or German having kindly prepared or revised the English translations, so that they appear in their last and most correct form. The publication itself has called forth the commendations of all interested in the study, especially those who have paid attention to Egyptian philology and history. It is, in fact, only by the perusal of these translations of original documents in their integrity that the mind of ancient Egypt can be appreciated and understood. Without such aids the dissertations or works on Egypt are,

after all, compilations more or less imperfect, without the freshness and strange originality offered by perusal of the words of the original authors, scribes of thirty centuries and more ago, the first men of letters in the ancient world, who wrote these remarkable compositions in the valley of the Nile. The flourishing period of literature appears to have been the ~~xix~~^{xix}th Dynasty, a golden age of history, poetry, and fiction, although these branches of literature flourished as early as the ~~xii~~^{xii}th Dynasty, and ethical philosophy began about the period of the ~~v~~^vth Dynasty."

The amount of labour involved in the production of such results as the collection of volumes that we owe to Dr. Birch, it is difficult adequately to realize. Translation from a foreign language, when the worker has all the advantages of a clear typography, and a familiar style of composition, is at best a tedious process; but when the original is a fragile papyrus, with letters part effaced, and all of novel and strange form, and the composition follows rules differing from those of any current tongue, then indeed we wonder at the untiring perseverance which transforms this dark and hidden scroll, word by word, sentence by sentence, into the living form of modern language. The papyri vary in legibility; some are carelessly written by scribes working only for hire, and in a perfunctory manner. Others are of a superior character, such as the Great Harris Papyrus, lately translated by Professor Eisenlohr and Dr. Birch. This is "one of the finest, best written, and best preserved that have been discovered in Egypt. It measures 133ft. long by 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. broad, and was found with several others in a tomb behind Medinat Habu. Purchased soon after by the late A. C. Harris, of Alexandria, it was subsequently unrolled and divided into 79 leaves, and laid down on cardboard. With the exception of some small portions which are wanting in the first, the rest of the text is complete throughout."

We referred in the opening of our memoir to the probable status of Egyptian studies in the future. We will conclude by quoting in illustration the words of a competent authority upon these studies; they are by Mr. W. R. Cooper, the Secretary of the Society to which we have already referred as being presided over by Dr. Birch; and are to be found in the preface to "An Archaic Dictionary," published in 1876:—

"Year after year, it might almost be written month by month, new tablets and MSS. are discovered, more satisfactory interpretations are made, and doubtful readings explained and expunged. A very short time will now suffice to place in our hands a wealth of literature, of which Berossus only knew one isolated section, Pliny and Trogus Pompeius had only heard the name. The invaluable aid of comparative philology and mythology,

sciences of which Plato scarcely dreamt and Livy disregarded, will enable us to reconstruct on an imperishable basis the history of the archaic world; to add to the list of the illustrious multitudes of heroic men, great kings, merciful legislators, learned men, and noble women also, who gloriously filled their stations in the ages past, and whose memories shall have their palingenesis in the days to come. When no longer to examples drawn from Greek or Roman history shall we point the aspirations of our young in the normal schools of the future, but shall be able to exhort them to deeds of personal courage by the heroism of a Rameses and an Anebui; to bravely contend against contending fate like Merodach Baladan of Babylonia, and Muthon of Tyre; shall exhort them to serve their country with the fidelity of the Egyptian Chancellor Bai, and to resign themselves to the apathy of the grave, old in wisdom and years, like Pentahor, proudly lamented like Menepthah the Egyptian, or Assurbanipal, the glorious King of Assyria."

In the work from which we have quoted Mr. Cooper returns his most grateful thanks to Dr. Birch, "who has generously assisted by his corrections and advice." We may be proud, among many signs of enervation around us, to find a band of workers possessed of enthusiasm and hearty enterprise, and turning their powers in so noble and useful a direction as is the aim and object in life of scholars such as Dr. Birch, the Egyptologist.

FERNAN CABALLERO.

"THE 18th century killed our national literature," declared a Spanish author who did not live long enough to witness the resuscitation brought about by Romanticism. The glorious reputation Calderon, Cervantes, Quevedo, and others had acquired for Spanish letters was completely overclouded by the ascension of the Bourbons, under whom the intellect, at least, of the country was reduced to that of an outlying French province. The pseudo classics, who ruled so heavily under the kindred Kings of France and Spain, made good the regal boast, so far as the mental divisions of the two nations were concerned, that the Pyrenees were abolished. The Iberian peninsula was completely flooded by an inundation of those mediocrity men who had converted Gaul into a sham Arcadia of fictitious loves and metaphorical feelings, but who now only survive in Boileau's verse :—

" Faudra-t-il, de sang-froid et sans
être amoureux
Pour quelque Iris en l'air faire le
langoureux,
Lui prodiguer les noms de Soleil et
d'Aurore,
Et toujours bien mangeant, mourir
par métaphore ? "

The 19th century inaugurated a new *régime*. The Romantic revolution in France and other neighbouring nations rapidly acted upon Spanish thought, and the many writers who responded to the call of natural art proved that however severely the old Castilian spirit had

been maltreated it had not been extirpated. The new school attained its highest development in poetry with Espronceda, whilst in fiction, that branch of the Belles Lettres for which Iberia has ever been famous, it culminated in the works of a woman. Spain has been richly endowed with female talent, and in "Fernan Caballero" gained a novelist and describer of national manners of rare power and genius. It is a singular, and probably an unparalleled circumstance that this celebrated authoress was an alien, by both parentage and birthplace, to the country on which she has reflected so much fame.

The father of "Fernan Caballero," Johan Nikolas Böhl von Faber, was the son of a wealthy merchant of Hamburg (in which city he was born), and was himself an author of some reputation. Böhl's own life, as described in a series of charming letters printed in Germany but never published, is most interesting. His correspondence reveals a character near akin to that his daughter's—judging from her works and the few biographical facts known to us—may be deemed to resemble. Combined with large knowledge of humanity is *niaiserie* a child might smile at; with extensive reading, and a wide range of acquirements, *naïveté* of expression scarcely credible, and, after a lengthy career of indulgence and laudation, a humility almost infantile in character. The idiosyncrasies of the father were inherited by the daughter.

In the latter half of the past century the Böhls' was one of the largest mercantile establishments in the world, in the magnitude of its transactions rivalling Hope, of Amsterdam, and Barings, of London. Johan, the eldest son of the firm's founder, was born in 1770. When fourteen he was sent to Andover, and after a year's English schooling had to cross over to Cadiz, where his father had a branch establishment. He spent several years in the uncongenial atmosphere of the office, varied by journies to Germany and France, and in accumulating books, chiefly of old poetry. Among the volumes which he received from home it is not unnoteworthy that his mother sent him a native work on the "Civic Rights of Woman." His continuous building of "castles in the air" was broken in upon by his marriage, early in 1796, with Frasquita de Larea, the daughter of an Irishman. Though educated in England and France, and speaking the languages of both countries equally well, Frasquita was innately Spanish. German, notwithstanding residence in her husband's country and long study, she never could learn. With his wife and his mother, Böhl spent the autumn and winter in Switzerland, and in the beginning of 1797 his first child, a daughter, was born at Morges, and was named Cæcilia, after her paternal grandmother. From Switzerland the family removed to Hamburg, where Böhl proposed to reside, but found that he had reckoned without his mother-in-law! She and his wife both disliked the cold Protestant country, where speech, manners, and customs were so foreign to them; so ultimately they went back to Spain. The mother-in-law did not like the sea, so they returned *via* France; and in Paris, so Böhl's correspondence reveals, little Cæcilia's teeth-

ing caused considerable trouble to the party.

In 1805 the Böhls revisited Hamburg, and when, in the following year, they returned to Spain, Cæcilia and a brother Juan were left behind at school, the father wishing them to receive a German education. What ultimately became of the boy is not known, but the girl later on became the famous authoress, now generally known by the masculine *nom de plume* of "Fernan Caballero." Of Böhl it may be added, that as long as he lived his wife's *tertulias*, or evening receptions, were the chief *rendezvous* of the Conservative party in Cadiz, but the probability is that when he died in November, 1836, after a long and painful illness, his family's wealth had become somewhat too reduced to carry on such entertainments. Recalled to Spain and married when she was but seventeen, "Fernan Caballero," as we shall now style her, may be said to have wedded trouble, somewhat more than metaphorically. Like all writers of genius she, undoubtedly, described many of her own experiences under the guise of fiction, and, probably, in her supernatural story of "La Higa del Sol," she states her own case when she says that the heroine "was united to her husband without either wishing for or opposing the union, upon this, as upon all other occasions, following the suggestion of her mother without offering any remonstrance." Be this as it may, "Fernan Caballero" was speedily left a widow. It was not long before she contracted a second marriage, this time with the Marquis de Arco Hermoso, and in 1835 was left a widow for the second time. At the expiration of two years she again ventured upon matrimony, being married to Don A. d'Arrom, who died, self-slain, in England in 1863. For some years

the widowed Marchioness lived in the royal Alcázar at Seville, in apartments placed at her disposal by Queen Isabella. When the revolution of 1868 deposed the Bourbon sovereign, "Fernan Caballero" removed to a house in the Calle de Burgos, and resided there until her death on the 7th of last April. Such are all the events that are known of this authoress's life—a life, doubtless, full of real incident, and replete with the sorrows and cares that assail all who attain, as she did, the threescore and ten years assigned to mortality. A detailed memoir, with correspondence and biographical *data*, may, and probably will, some day appear, but it is in her literary works that her true character must be sought for: there her thoughts, sympathies, and aversions, as well as the manners and customs of her adopted countrymen, will be found detailed with the *vraisemblance* of nature itself.

It was in 1849, in the columns of a newspaper, that "Fernan Caballero" made her literary *début*. It is needless to speculate upon the motives that impelled one who so detested journalism and its aims to publish her first story *en feuilleton* in a paper, but, whatever her reason, the result was most successful. As will be seen, she did not begin to publish until she had attained the mature age of 52, when she commenced a series of literary triumphs with "La Gaviota," a novel, and concluded her life, in the 81st year of her age, simultaneously with the publication of her last book, the printing of the final sheet of which almost coincided with the day of her death. It is probable that some of her writings had been completed in manuscript long before they were published, for, until within the last few years, Spanish publishers were rarely to be found willing or even

able to produce original works: anything beyond religious books being usually printed and issued by the Crown. So well did "Fernan Caballero" comprehend the difficulties of obtaining a Spanish audience for her works that, it is averred, she originally wrote "La Gaviota" in French, as she did "La Familia de Alvareda" in German. This latter romance she re-wrote in Spanish at the solicitation, so it is believed, of Washington Irving. It is another strange fact in her abnormal literary story, that her first production was, in nearly every respect, her best; whilst her latest was her least meritorious. Most of her novels, tales, and miscellaneous writings have been translated into the leading languages of Europe, but when one sees how vapid in the best translators' hands becomes their seasoning of "Sal Andaluz"—which is as famed in Spain as Attic wit in the classic world—it makes us thankful that "Fernan Caballero" ultimately abandoned the idea of publishing them in French or German. That she entertained a fondness for Teutonic authorcraft, as well as a knowledge of its literature, many of her writings testify, but "Sola," which was printed in Hamburg, is the only German work by her which we know of.

Plot is not "Fernan Caballero's" forte: it is in her faithful reproduction of peasant life, especially that of Andalusia, that she is at her best. In her portrayal of the common types of the Spanish peasant her lines have all the fidelity of a canvas by Teniers, but when she attempts to depicture high life, or even middle-class society, her pen almost invariably loses its cunning, and her spells are broken. That she knew her own power the quotation from De Molène, with which she introduced her first book, would seem to shew:—"There is in

this slight picture that which ought to please—novelty and nature.” “*La Gaviota*,” or “*The Sea-Gull*,” as her earliest publication is named, is a term familiarly applied on the Andalusian coast to an imprudent, conceited, saucy woman, such as *Marisalada*, the heroine of the work, is represented to be; she received the cognomen from Momo, a lad whom she had but too truthfully called “*Romo*” (snub-nose). A slight and necessarily concise *résumé* of this picturesque story, with the citation of a few of the most characteristic passages, will probably be the best and most interesting method of portraying the idiosyncrasies of “*Fernan Caballero*.”

The story is divided into two parts, the first portion (excepting the opening chapter) being devoted to the description of Andalusian life in the little seaport of Vallamar. The first scene is laid on board an English steam-boat, and in the month of November, 1836. Most of the passengers are suffering from *mal de mer*, but one of them, the authoress patriotically observes, by his elegance, his physiognomy, the grace with which he muffled himself in his cloak, his insensibility to the cold, and to the general discomfort, clearly betrayed his Spanish nationality. This is the Duke de Almansa, a Castilian “*Admirable Crichton*.” He is introduced as exercising his generosity by bestowing a valuable cloak upon a fellow traveller, who is sadly in want of such a comfort. The recipient of this charity is Fritz Stein, a young German student of the Werther type, who is on his way to the scene of the Carlist rebellion, in hopes of obtaining professional employment. The Spanish grandee also gives him his card, the company of his servant to Seville, and letters of recommendation to the Commander-in-Chief and the

Minister of War. Unfortunately, these testimonials do not appear to have proved of much value to Stein, the hero of the tale, for two years later he is found footsore, hungry and poverty-stricken, wandering across a desert in the vicinity of Vallamar. After an adventure with a wild bull, the young medical man reaches the door of a dilapidated convent, and there swoons. This great rambling building is in charge of a family, who succour the German, and put him to bed. The way in which his needs are attended to by the family grandmother, “*Aunt*” Maria, and her *alter ego*, the lay brother Gabriel, are thus described:—

“*Aunt Maria and Brother Gabriel vied with each other in their attention to the invalid, but differed as to the method that should be adopted for his cure. Aunt Maria, without ever having read Brown, was for warm broths and comforting tonics, because the patient was very weak, and half starved. Brother Gabriel, without having even heard of the name of Broussais, suggested cooling draughts, because, in his opinion, the man had brain fever, his blood being inflamed and his skin burning. Both were right; the double system, composed of Aunt Maria’s soups and Brother Gabriel’s lemonades, was so successful that Stein recovered life and health, the very day the good woman killed her last fowl, and the lay brother picked the last lemon on the tree.*”

“*Brother Gabriel,*” said Aunt Maria, “*what profession do you think our invalid belongs to? Military?*”

“*It is very probable that he is military,*” responded the brother, who was accustomed to regard Aunt Maria as an oracle, and always, save in points of horticulture and medicine, to hold no opinion but hers. Thus he almost mechanically repeated whatever she said.

“*No, he can’t be that either,*” continued she, shaking her head. “*If he were military he would have arms, and he has not got any. When I folded up his coat to put it away, I*

found in the pocket something like a pistol, but on examination it proved to be a flute. He can't be a soldier.'

'He can't be a soldier,' repeated Brother Gabriel.

'Perhaps he's a smuggler?'

'Perhaps he's a smuggler,' echoed he.

'But if he were a smuggler he'd have money or goods, and he has neither one nor the other.'

'True! he cannot be a smuggler.'

'Brother Gabriel, look at the titles of those books; perhaps we may find out what he is from them.'

The lay brother put on his horn-framed spectacles, adjusted them upon his nose, took the books, carried them to the window, and examined them for some time.

'Have you forgotten how to read?' said Aunt Maria at last.

'No, but I cannot make these letters out. I think they are Hebrew.'

'Hebrew!' exclaimed Aunt Maria. 'Holy Virgin! If he should be a Jew?'

At this instant Stein, who had been for some time in a trance, opened his eyes, and said in German, '*Wo bin ich?*' (where am I?)

Aunt Maria gave a spring into the middle of the room, and the lay brother dropped the books and stood as if petrified, opening his eyes till they were as large as his spectacles.

'What did he say?' inquired Aunt Maria.

'It must have been Hebrew, like the books,' said Gabriel; 'probably he is a Jew, as you said.'

'Heaven help us!' exclaimed the old woman. 'But if he had been a Jew we should have seen his tail when we undressed him!'

'Aunt Maria,' replied the lay brother, 'the Prior said it was all nonsense about Jews having tails, and that they had no such things.'

'Brother Gabriel,' answered Aunt Maria, 'the new Constitution has changed everything. Those folks who govern in place of the King do not like anything to be as it was formerly, and for that reason they will not let the Jews have tails, although they always had them—like the devil. If the Prior said anything to the contrary they compelled him to, as they compelled

him to say the *Constitutional King* at mass.'

'Perhaps it is so,' said the lay brother.

'He cannot be a Jew, but he may be a Moor or a Turk, who has been shipwrecked on this coast.'

'Perhaps he is a Morocco pirate,' added Gabriel.

'But then he would have a turban and yellow slippers like the Moor I saw thirty years ago at Cadiz. . . . But there! whether he be Moor or Jew does not matter: we must help him.'

'We must help him, whether Jew or Moor,' was the response."

Aunt Maria's gratification when she discovers that Stein can speak Spanish and is a Christian, may be imagined. In her garrulity she tells her patient the whole history of herself, her family, the convent, and other things necessary for a full comprehension of Vallamar. With all these persons and places the young German doctor soon becomes acquainted, and finding that his experience is of value to his neighbours, he makes up his mind to settle in Vallamar. The various types of Andalusian life are very happily sketched; especially clever and natural are Manuel, Aunt Maria's son, who is as well supplied with proverbs as his famed countryman, Sancho Panza; his eldest son Momo (the diminutive of Geronimo), who is brimful of "*Sal Andaluz*," which he lavishes right and left on every occasion, is always in mischief, yet not without an eye to the main chance, nor without some exculpatory repartee. Don Modesto and his austere housekeeper, Rosa Mistica are, one feels instinctively, true to nature. Modesto is a gallant old soldier, who for his gallantry has been appointed commander of the ruined fort of Saint Cristóbal, but who never gets any pay, nor any notice taken of his memorials respecting the dilapidation of the fort, from the oblivious Ministry of War.

His dialogues with the terrible one-eyed old maid, Rosa Mistica, are more trying to the superannuated old soldier than having to face any number of foreign foes.

"Fernan Caballero" is always charming in her pictures of the child-world, and in "La Gaviota" takes many opportunities of shewing her knowledge of its ways and customs. She represents a view of the convent's occupants thus:—

"Dolores was sitting in a low chair mending her husband's shirt. Her two girls were playing near their mother. They were two pretty little creatures of six and eight years of age. The baby, fixed in its cradle, was the object of the attention of its brother, a child of five years old, and who, though well-proportioned, was very small. Momo, his elder brother, frequently made him angry by calling him, in allusion to his diminutive size, Francisco de *Anis* (aniseed), instead of Francisco de *Asis*, which was his real name. He wore a little jacket and trousers of coarse, grey cloth, which, having shrunk, allowed his little shirt to stick out all round his waist and form a frill. His trousers were only kept up by a single brace.

'Make an old woman, Manolillo,' said Asis to the baby, and the little thing made a comic grimace, half-closing its eyes, pursing up its lips, and nodding its head.

'Now, Manolillo, kill a Moor,' and the infant opened its eyes wide, knitted its brows, clenched its fists, and tried to put itself in a warlike attitude.

Then Asis took hold of its little hands, turning and twisting them about, and singing:—

'What pretty little hands
Are those I've caught!
How small and how white
And how soft are they!'

Aunt Maria was sewing, and the lay brother was making baskets of dry palm leaves. An enormous white woolly dog, called Palomo, of the handsome Estramadura shepherd dog's breed, was stretched out at full length on one side, whilst Morrongo, a corpulent

yellow cat, was sleeping on a piece of Aunt Maria's dress."

With this primitive household Stein lives until, in an unfortunate day, his medical services are called into requisition on behalf of a fisherman's daughter, "La Gaviota," who is suffering from ague. He cures the girl, but, struck by her magnificent voice, undertakes her education, and, finally, aided by Aunt Maria's matchmaking hints, falls in love with her, and becomes her husband. Life passes pretty smoothly with the German doctor and his unamiable wife, until one day, the Duke de Almansa, hunting in the neighbourhood, is thrown from his horse, is put into the hands of Stein, and by his skill is saved from permanent lameness. Whilst recovering from his hurts the nobleman hears Marisalada's singing, and is fascinated by her superb voice. He persuades her to come to Seville with her husband, and, much against Stein's real inclinations, they are persuaded to accompany the Duke. It is with sincere regret that Stein leaves his adopted home, but "La Gaviota" is filled with secret pride in thinking of the triumphs which the Duke assures her are in store for her.

The second section of the story is chiefly devoted to the adventures of Stein and his wife in the best society of Seville. The occasional coarseness which "Fernan Caballero" puts into the mouths of, or permits to be said in the presence of, her women of the highest rank is, perhaps, explained by a note in which she asserts—"In Spain the national character is hostile to all affectation; it neither exacts nor recognizes what in other countries is called *bon ton*. The *bon ton* which it possesses is naturalness, because everything in Spain which is natural is at the same time elegant." This note is evidently intended to explain away much that, out of

Spain, might be deemed discordant with the exalted social position of the various characters who are introduced in the latter half of "La Gaviota." They are generally represented, by the authoress as talking scandal at the *tertulias*, or evening receptions, of a young and beautiful Countess, at whose house Marisalada makes her *début*. Although ungracious in manner, and attired in a most unbecoming costume, all prejudices are overcome by the magnificence of the heroine's voice, and an endless vista of public triumphs is opened up before her "mind's eye." The conversations at these *tertulias* are the most striking portion of the second part of "La Gaviota," and if utterly opposed to that naturalness claimed for them, they are mostly sarcastic, but always clever and amusing. Space will not admit of any reproduction of them here, especially as it is more desirable that the graphic description of a bull-fight, which has since served as the model for so many literary copies, should be cited. "Fernan Caballero" displays, probably, her foreign descent more by her abhorrence of bull-fights, and their attendant horrors, than by anything else.

"The Alcáde gave the signal: the trumpets sounded, and then, as if by magic, the wide gate of the den opened, and a ruddy-coloured bull rushed into the arena. It was saluted by an explosion of shouts, whistlings, laughter, and applause. At hearing this tremendous noise the bull stopped, raised its head, and seemed to inquire, with its inflamed eyes, whether all these provocations were intended for it. Then it reconnoitred the place, turning its head quickly from side to side, and seeming to despise its insignificant foes. Still it hesitated; but the noise increased, when, with a rapidity that appeared incompatible with its weight and size, it precipitated itself upon a *picador*. But it recoiled with the pain, caused

by a goad... It was a furious beast, such as they term 'lucky' in the phraseology of the arena. Thus, not glutted with the first attack, it assailed a second *picador*, and he, not being so alert as his predecessor, was not so firm nor so quick with the goad, and only wounded without detaining the animal. Its horns disappeared in the body of his horse, which fell to the ground. A shout was raised by the audience, and instantly all the *chulos* (assistants) surrounded the horrible group. But the ferocious animal could not be drawn away from its vengeance. The situation was the more horrible because of its duration. The horns of the bull were firmly planted in the body of the horse, which, with its weight and convulsive movements, crushed the *picador* beneath. Then was seen to appear on the scene a young man covered with silver ornaments, and shining like a star. Approaching the bull, this young man, of delicate frame and handsome appearance, with his two hands grasped the animal's neck as if it had been a lap dog. The bull turned furiously, and precipitated itself against its new adversary, who, however, without flying, took a few steps backwards, and avoided the first shock by a slight spring to the right. The bull returned to the attack, and the young man a second time avoided it by a spring to the left, and continued this plan until he arrived near the barrier. There he disappeared from the astonished animal's sight, and from the anxious looks of the audience, who, excited and enthusiastic, filled the air with thunders of applause.

'He has learned the lessons of Montes well! You can see that Pepe Vera knows how to play with a bull!' exclaimed the lad seated by Stein, and with a voice hoarse from shouting..... The assistants had raised the horse: the wretched creature was unable to get up alone. Its torn entrails hung down upon the ground. The *picador* was also up, and fuming among the assistants, furious against the bull, and, despite the severity of his fall, determined to remount and renew the attack. It was impossible to dissuade him. He remounted the poor victim,

and buried his spurs in its wounded flanks.....

The bull had already dispatched a considerable number of horses. The unfortunate one we have already mentioned was dragged along by the reins, with its entrails hanging down, to the door whence it had entered. Others, which it had been found impossible to raise, were stretched out upon the ground, at times lifting their heads in convulsive agony. At these signs of life the bull returned to the charge, rending with his horns the still palpitating body of the victim. Then, with its head and horns covered with gore, the bull walked round the arena in an attitude of provocation and defiance, at times proudly tossing its head at the people, who never ceased shouting, and at other times dashing at the gaudy assistants, who ran before it and fluttered their little flags before its eyes.

At a signal from the President the trumpets resounded. There was a short truce in the ensanguined arena, and everybody was silent.

Then Pepe Vera, with a sword in one hand and scarlet cloak in the other, advanced towards the Tribune. Halting in front of it he solicited permission to kill the bull.....

The assistants waited attentively, ready to execute his orders. The *matador* selected the most convenient place and then indicated it to his band.

'Here!' he shouted, and they ran towards the bull to irritate it, until, in pursuing them, it suddenly found itself face to face with Pepe Vera. . . . The bull, again seeing the puny foe that had already once before mocked its fury, stopped as if to reflect. Doubtless it feared Pepe would again escape. The two enemies gazed at one another. Pepe Vera lifted his left hand with the cape. The bull darted towards him, but by a slight movement he evaded it and, as it repeated the attack, plunged his sword between its shoulders in such a manner that as it rushed past blinded with rage, the weapon penetrated to the very hilt, and the animal fell on the ground dead."

This is the account of one who

knew the truth with regard to the horrible sights of the arena, and who, eager as she is to exalt the Spanish character, cannot find any excuse for the depraved and depraving influence of this national disgrace.

Returning to "*La Gaviota*" and Stein, who, faithful to his humanity, would not remain long witness of the bull fight, the story is found to now rapidly unfold and grow melodramatic in tone. Marisalada becomes a famous *prima donna*, and, when all the world is at her feet, contemns her admirers, including the Duke de Almansa, and betrays her confiding husband for the sake of Pepe Vera, the *matador*! A jealous mistress informs Stein of the truth, who, broken-hearted, embarks on a vessel for Habana, and dies of the yellow fever. The Duke, recovered from his mad infatuation for the singer, returns to his sainted wife and family, and "lives happily ever afterwards." Marisalada, unaware that her husband has discovered her disloyalty, goes to a bull-fight, and beholds her lover, Pepe Vera, killed by a bull; attacked with brain fever, she only recovers to find her husband gone, her property stolen, and her voice lost for ever. As a last resource she marries an old beau of hers, a barber in Vallamar, and in the final scene is beheld in rags and tatters, once more the object of Momo's impudent raillery.

Among the most amusing writing of the second half of "*La Gaviota*" must be placed the satirical, and, if somewhat exaggerated, not altogether untruthful portraits of the English, French, and Irish noblemen who appear at the receptions of the Countess. The Irishman Rafael Arias (the Manuel of high life), tells of is doubtless sketched from nature, whilst the French Baron who is always asking questions with a view to ac-

quiring general information for his universal work on Spain, is certainly paralleled in real life. Take it for all in all, "La Gaviota" is one of the most remarkable fictions, as is "Fernan Caballero" one of the most distinguished authors, of the last half-century.

"Fernan Caballero's" volumes, generally composed of short tales and sketches, number about twenty. Their influence upon Spanish literature, at home and abroad, has far exceeded that of any other modern writer in any branch of letters. They have been frequently reprinted and collected into selections, both in Europe and America, and many of them have been translated (some twice or thrice) into the chief European languages, and they are often selected as text books for

students. Their morality is, certainly, often very eccentric, or perhaps it would be better to say, intensely orthodox: in "Callar in Vida y Perdonar en muerte" will be found an example of our meaning, wherein deathbed compliance with the technical forms of faith is found sufficient to obliterate any amount of life-long guilt. Rebukes administered by "Fernan Caballero" to "George Sand," for *her* way of thinking, may safely be repaid to the great Spanish novelist. Nevertheless, it would be ungracious, in parting from one who has made the world richer by so many creations of real genius, not to admiringly confess that she has made good her claim to be included among the *dii magni* of Spanish literature.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF IRELAND.

BY LADY WILDE.

THE ancient legends of all nations of the world, on which from age to age the generations of man have been nurtured, bear so striking a resemblance to each other that we are led to believe there was once a period when the human family was of one creed and one language. But with increasing numbers came the necessity of dispersion; and that ceaseless migration was commenced of the tribes of the earth from the Eastern cradle of their race which has now continued for thousands of years with undiminished activity.

From the beautiful Eden-land at the head of the Persian Gulf, where creeds and culture rose to life, the first migrations emanated, and were naturally directed along the line of the great rivers, westward by the Euphrates and the Tigris and southward by the Nile; and there the first mighty cities of the world were builded, and the first mighty kingdoms of the East began to send out colonies to take possession of the unknown silent world around them. From Persia, Assyria, and Egypt, to Greece and the isles of the sea, went forth the wandering tribes, carrying with them, as signs of their origin, broken fragments of the primal creed, and broken idioms of the primal tongue—those early pages in the history of the human race, eternal and

indestructible “verses of the Bible of Humanity,” which hundreds of centuries have not been able to obliterate from the mind of man.

But as the early tribes diverged from the central parent stock, the creed and the language began to assume new forms, according as new habits of life and modes of thought were developed amongst the wandering people, by the influence of climate and the contemplation of new and striking natural phenomena in the lands where they found a resting-place or a home. Still, amongst all nations a basis remained of the primal creed and language, easily to be traced through all the mutations caused by circumstances in human thought, either by higher culture, or by the debasement to which both language and symbols are subjected amongst rude and illiterate tribes.

To reconstruct the primal creed and language of humanity from these scattered and broken fragments, is the task which is now exciting so keenly the energies of the ardent and learned ethnographers of Europe; as yet, indeed, with but small success as regards language; for not more, perhaps, than twenty words which the philologists consider may have belonged to the original tongue have been discovered; that is, cer-

tain objects or ideas are found represented in all languages by the same words, and therefore the philologist concludes that these words must have been associated with the ideas from the earliest dawn of language; and as the words express chiefly the relations of the human family to each other, they remained fixed in the minds of the wandering tribes, and untouched and unchanged by all the diversities of their subsequent experience of life.

Meanwhile, in Europe there is diligent study of the ancient myths, legends, and traditions of the world, in order to extract from them that information respecting the early modes of thought prevalent amongst the primitive race, and also the lines of the first migrations, which no other monuments of antiquity are so well able to give. Traditions, like rays of light, take their colour from the medium through which they pass; but the scientific mythographic student knows how to eliminate the accidental addition from the true primal basis, which remains fixed and unchangeable; and from the numerous myths and legends of the nations of the earth, which bear so striking a conformity to each other that they point to a common origin, he will be able to reconstruct the first articles of belief in the creed of humanity, and to pronounce almost with certainty upon the primal source of the lines of human life that now traverse the globe in all directions. This source of all life, creed, and culture now on earth there is no reason to doubt will be found in *Iran*, or, Persia, as we call it, and in the ancient legends and language of the great Iranian people, the head, and noblest type of the Aryan races. Endowed with splendid physical beauty, noble intellect, and a rich, musical language, the Iranians had also a lofty sense of

the relation between man and the spiritual world. They admitted no idols into their temples; their God was the One Supreme Creator and Upholder of all things, whose symbol was the sun and the pure, elemental fire. But as the world grew older and more wicked the pure primal doctrines were obscured by human fancies, the symbol came to be worshipped in place of the God, and the debased idolatries of Babylon, Assyria, and the Canaanite nations were the result. Egypt—grave, wise, learned, mournful Egypt—retained most of the primal truth; but truth was held by the priests as too precious for the crowd, and so they preserved it carefully for themselves and their own caste. They alone knew the ancient and cryptic meaning of the symbols; the people were allowed only to see the outward and visible sign.

From Egypt, philosophy, culture, art, and religion came to Greece, but the Greeks moulded these splendid elements after their own fashion, and poured the radiance of beauty over the grave and gloomy mysticism of Egypt. Everything hideous, terrible, and revolting was banished from the Greek Mythology. The Greeks constructed no theory of a devil, and believed in no hell, as a distinct and eternal abode for the lost souls of men. The Greek gods were divinely beautiful, and each divinity in turn was ready to help the mortal that invoked him. The dead in Hades mourned their fate because they could no longer enjoy the glorious beauty of life, but no hard and chilling dogmas doomed them there to the tortures of eternal punishment. Earth, air, the heavens and the sea, the storms and sunshine, the forests and flowers and the purple grapes with which they crowned a god, were all to the Greek poet-mind the manifestations

of an all-pervading spiritual power and life. A sublime Pantheism was their creed, that sees gods in everything, yet with one Supreme God over all. Freedom, beauty, art, light, and joy, were the elements of the Greek religion, while the Eternal Wisdom, the Great Athené of the Parthenon, was the peculiar and selected divinity of their own half divine race.

Meanwhile other branches of the primal Iranian stock were spreading over the savage central forests of Europe, where they laid the foundation of the great Teuton and Gothic races, the destined world-rulers; but Nature to them was a gloomy and awful mother, and life seemed an endless warfare against the fierce and powerful elemental demons of frost and snow and darkness, by whom the beautiful Sun-god was slain, and who reigned triumphant in that fearful season when the earth was iron and the air was ice, and no beneficent god seemed near to help. Hideous idols imaged these unseen powers, who were propitiated by sanguinary rites; and the men and the gods they fashioned were alike as fierce and cruel as the wild beasts of the forest, and the aspects of the savage nature around them.

Still the waves of human life képt rolling westward until they surged over all the lands and islands of the Great Sea, and the wandering mariners, seeking new homes, passed through the Pillars of Hercules out into the Western Ocean, and coasting along by the shores of Spain and France, founded nations that still bear the impress of their Eastern origin, and are known in history as the Celtic race; while the customs, usages, and traditions which their forefathers had learnt in Egypt or Greece were carefully preserved by them, and transmitted as heir-looms to the colonies they founded.

From Spain the early mariners easily reached the verdant island of the West in which we Irish are more particularly interested. And here in our beautiful Ireland the last wave of the great Iranian migration finally settled. Further progress was impossible—the unknown ocean seemed to them the limits of the world. And thus the wanderers of the primal race, with their fragments of the ancient creed and mythic poet-lore, and their peculiar dialect of the ancient tongue, formed, as it were, a sediment here which still retains its peculiar affinity with the parent land—though the changes and chances of three thousand years have swept over the people, the legends, and the language. It is, therefore, in Ireland, above all, that the nature and origin of the primitive races of Europe should be studied. Even the form of the Celtic head shews a decided conformity to that of the Greek races, while it differs essentially from the Saxon and Gothic types. This is one of the many proofs in support of the theory that the Celtic people in their westward course to the Atlantic travelled by the coasts of the Mediterranean, as all along that line the same cranial formation is found. Philologists also affirm that the Irish language is nearer to Sanskrit than any other of the living and spoken languages of Europe; while the legends and myths of Ireland can be readily traced to the far East, but have nothing in common with the fierce and weird superstitions of Northern mythology.

This study of legendary lore, as a foundation for the history of humanity, is now recognized as such an important branch of ethnology that a journal entirely devoted to comparative mythology has been recently started in Paris, to which all nations are invited to contribute,

—Slaves, Teutons, and Celts,* Irish legends being considered specially important, as containing more of the primitive elements than those of other Western nations. All other countries have been repeatedly overwhelmed by alien tribes and peoples and races, but the Irish have remained unchanged, and in place of adopting readily the usages of invaders they have shewn such remarkable powers of fascination that the invaders themselves became *Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores*. The Danes held the east coast of Ireland for three hundred years, yet there is no trace of Thor or Odin or the Frost Giants, or of the Great World-serpent in Irish legend; but if we go back in the history of the world to the beginning of things, when the Iranian people were the only teachers of humanity, we come upon the true ancient source of Irish legend, and find that the original materials have been but very slightly altered, while amongst other nations the ground work has been overlaid with a dense Palimpsest of their own devising, suggested by their peculiar local surroundings.

Amongst the earliest religious symbols of the world are the Tree, the Woman, and the Serpent—memories, no doubt, of the legend of Paradise; and the reverence for certain sacred trees has prevailed in Persia from the most ancient times, and become diffused among all the Iranian nations. It was the custom in Iran to hang costly garments on the branches as votive offerings; and it is recorded that Xerxes before going to battle invoked victory by the Sacred Tree, and hung jewels and rich robes on the boughs. And the poet Saadi

narrates an anecdote concerning trees which has the true Oriental touch of mournful suggestion:—He was once, he says, the guest of a very rich old man who had a son remarkable for his beauty. One night the old man said to him, "During my whole life I never had but this son. Near this place is a Sacred Tree to which men resort to offer up their petitions. Many nights at the foot of this tree I besought God until he bestowed on me this son." Not long after Saadi overheard this young man say in a low voice to his friend, "How happy should I be to know where that Sacred Tree grows, in order that I might implore God for the death of my father."

The poorer class in Persia, not being able to make offerings of costly garments, are in the habit of tying bits of coloured stuffs on the boughs, and these rags are considered to have a special virtue in curing diseases. The trees are often near a well, or by a saint's grave, and are then looked upon as peculiarly sacred.

This account might have been written for Ireland, for the belief and the ceremonial are precisely similar, and are still found existing to this day both in *Iran* and in *Erin*. But all trees were not held sacred—only those that bore no eatable fruit that could nourish men; a lingering memory of the tree of evil fruit may have caused this prejudice, while the Tree of Life was eagerly sought for, with its promised gift of immortality. In Persia the plane tree was specially revered; in Egypt, the palm; in Greece, the wild olive; and the oak amongst the Celtic nations. Sometimes small tapers were lit amongst the branches, to simulate

* This new and important journal is entitled *Mélusine* after the fairy of that name, and is edited by the eminent Celtic scholar and philologist, Henri Gaidoz, the distinguished editor of the *Revue Celtique*.

by fire the presence of divinity. It is worthy of note, while on the subject of Irish and Iranian affinities, that the old Persian word for tree is *dar*, and the Irish call their sacred tree, the oak, *darragh*.*

The belief in a race of supernatural beings, midway between man and the Supreme God, beautiful and beneficent, a race that had never known the weight of human life, was also part of the creed of the Iranian people. They called them *Peris*, or *Ferōshers* (fairies); and they have some pretty legends concerning the beautiful *Dukhtar-i Shah Perian*, the "Daughter of the King of the Fairies," for a sight of whose beauty men pine away in vain desire, but if it is granted to them once to behold her, they die. Every nation believes in the existence of these mysterious spirits, with mystic and powerful influence over human life and actions, but each nation represents them differently, according to national habits and national surroundings. Thus, the Russians believe in the phantom of the Ukraine, a beautiful young girl robed in white, who meets the wanderer on the lonely snow steppes, and lulls him by her kisses into that fatal sleep from which he never more awakens. The legends of the Scandinavians, also, are all set in the framework of their own experiences; the rending and crash of the ice is the stroke of the God Thor's hammer; the rime is the beard of the Frost Giant; and when Balder, their Sun God, is beginning to die at Midsummer, they kindle pine-branches to light him on his downward path to hell; and when he is returning to the upper world, after the winter solstice, they burn the Yule-log, and hang lights on the fir-trees to illu-

minate his upward path. These traditions are a remnant of the ancient sun worship, but the peasants who kindle the Baal fires at Midsummer, and the upper classes who light up the brilliant Christmas-tree, have forgotten the origin of the custom, though the world-old symbol and usage is preserved.

The *Sidhe*, or Fairies, of Ireland, still preserve all the gentle attributes of their ancient Persian race, for in the soft and equable climate of Erin there were no terrible manifestations of nature to be symbolized by new images; and the genial, laughter-loving elves were in themselves the best and truest expression of Irish nature that could have been invented. The fairies loved music and dancing and frolic; and, above all things, to be let alone, and not to be interfered with as regarded their peculiar fairy habits, customs, and pastimes. They had also, like the Irish, a fine sense of the right and just, and a warm love for the liberal hand and kindly word. All the solitudes of the island were peopled by these bright, happy, beautiful beings, and to the Irish nature, with its need of the spiritual, its love of the vague, mystic, dreamy, and supernatural, there was something irresistibly fascinating in the belief that gentle spirits were around, filled with sympathy for the mortal who suffered wrong or needed help. But the fairies were sometimes wilful and capricious as children, and took dire revenge if anyone built over their fairy circles, or looked at them when combing their long yellow hair in the sunshine, or dancing in the woods, or floating on the lakes. Death was the penalty to all who approached too near, or pryed too

*The terms Dryad and Druid may be compared as containing the same root and reference.—[ED.]

curiously into the mysteries of nature.

To the Irish peasant earth and air were filled with these mysterious beings, half-loved, half-feared by them; and therefore they were propitiated by flattery, and called "the good people," as the Greeks called the dread goddesses "the Eumenides." Their voices were heard in the mountain echo, and their forms seen in the purple and golden mountain mist; they whispered amidst the perfumed hawthorn branches; the rush of the autumn leaves was the scamper of little elves—red, yellow, and brown—wind-driven, and dancing in their glee; and the bending of the waving barley was caused by the flight of the Elf King and his Court across the fields. They danced with soundless feet, and their step was so light that the drops of dew they danced on only trembled, but did not break. The fairy music was low and sweet, "blinding sweet," like that of the great god Pan by the river; they lived only on the nectar in the cups of the flowers, though in their fairy palaces sumptuous banquets were offered to the mortals they carried off—but woe to the mortal who tasted of fairy food; to eat was fatal. All the evil in the world has come by eating; if Eve had only resisted that apple our race might still be in Paradise. The Sidhe look with envy on the beautiful young human children, and steal them when they can; and the children of a Sidhe and a mortal mother are reputed to grow up strong and powerful, but with evil and dangerous natures. There is also a belief that every seven years the fairies are obliged to deliver up a victim to the Evil One, and to save their own people they try to abduct some beautiful young mortal girl, and her they hand over to the Prince of Darkness.

Dogmatic religion and science have long since killed the mythopoeic faculty in cultured Europe. It only exists now, naturally and instinctively, in children, poets, and the child-like races, like the Irish—simple, joyous, reverent, and unlettered, and who have remained unchanged for centuries, walled round by their language from the rest of Europe, through which separating veil science, culture, and the cold mockery of the sceptic have never yet penetrated.

Christianity was readily accepted by the Irish. The pathetic tale of the beautiful young Virgin-Mother and the Child-God, for central objects, touched all the deepest chords of feeling in the tender, loving, and sympathetic Irish heart. The legends of ancient times were not overthrown by it, however, but taken up and incorporated with the new Christian faith. The holy wells and the sacred trees remained, and were even made holier by association with a saint's name. And to this day the old mythology holds its ground with a force and vitality untouched by any symptoms of weakness or decay. The Greeks, who are of the same original race as our people, rose through the influence of the highest culture to the fulness and perfectness of eternal youth, but the Irish, without culture, are eternal children; with all the childlike instincts of superstition still strong in them, and capable of believing all things, because to doubt requires knowledge. They never, like the Greeks, attained to the conception of a race of beings nobler than themselves—men stronger and more gifted, with the immortal fire of a god in their veins; women divinely beautiful, or divinely inspired; but, also, the Irish never defaced the image of God in their hearts by infidelity or irreligion. One of the most beautiful and

sublimely touching records in all human history is that of the unswerving devotion of the Irish people to their ancient faith, through persecutions and penal enactments more insulting and degrading than were ever inflicted in any other land by one Christian sect upon another.

With this peculiarly reverential nature it would be impossible to make the Irish a nation of sceptics, even if a whole legion of German Rationalists came amongst them to preach a crusade against all belief in the spiritual and the unseen. And the old traditions of their race have likewise taken firm hold in their hearts, because they are an artistic people, and require objects for their adoration and love, not mere abstractions to be accepted by their reason. And they are also a nation of poets; the presence of God is ever near them, and the saints and angels, and the shadowy beings of earth and air are perpetually drawing their minds, through mingled love and fear, to the infinite and invisible world. Probably not one tradition or custom that had its origin in a religious belief has been lost in Ireland during the long course of ages since the first people from Eastern lands arrived, and settled on our shores. The Baal fires are still lit at Midsummer, though no longer in honour of the sun, but of St. John; and the peasants still make their cattle pass between two fires—not, indeed, as of old, in the name of Moloch, but of some patron saint. That all Irish legends point to the East for their origin, not to the North, is certain; to a warm land, not one of icebergs, and thunder crashes of the rending of ice-bound rivers, but to a region where the shadow of trees, and a cool draught from the sparkling well were life-giving blessings. Well-worship could not have originated in a humid country like

Ireland, where wells can be found at every step, and sky and land are ever heavy and saturated with moisture. It must have come from an Eastern people, wanderers in a dry and thirsty land, where the discovery of a well seemed like the interposition of an angel in man's behalf.

We are told also by the ancient chroniclers that serpent-worship once prevailed in Ireland, and that St. Patrick hewed down the serpent idol, *Crom-Cruadh* (the great worm) and cast it into the Boyne (from whence arose the legend that St. Patrick banished all venomous things from the island). Now as the Irish never could have seen a serpent, none existing in Ireland, this worship must have come from the far East, where this beautiful and deadly creature is looked upon as the symbol of the Evil One, and worshipped, and propitiated by votive offerings, as all evil things were in the early world, in the hope of turning away their evil hatred from man, and to induce them to shew mercy and pity; just as the Egyptians propitiated the sacred crocodile by subtle flatteries and hung costly jewels in its ears. The Irish, indeed, do not seem to have originated any peculiar or national cultus. Their funeral ceremonies recal those of Egypt and Greece and other ancient Eastern climes, from whence they brought their customs of the Wake, the death chant, the mourning women, and the funeral games. In Sparta, on the death of a king or great chief, they had a wake and "keen," not common to the rest of Greece, but which they said they learned from the Phœnicians; and this peculiar usage bears a striking resemblance to the Irish practice. All the virtues of the dead were recited, and the Greek "Eleleu," the same cry as the "Ul-lu-lu" of the Irish, was keened

over the corpse by the chorus of hired mourning women. The custom of selecting women in place of men for the chorus of lamentation prevailed throughout all the ancient world, as if an open display of grief was thought beneath the dignity of man. It was Cassandra gave the keynote for the wail over Hector, and Helen took the lead in reciting praises to his honour. The death chants in Egypt, Arabia, and Abyssinia all bear a marked resemblance to the Irish; indeed the mourning cry is the same in all, and the Egyptian lamentation "Hi-loo-loo! Hi-loo-loo!" cried over the dead, was probably the original form of the Irish wail.

The Greeks always endeavoured to lessen the terrors of death, and for this reason they established funeral games, and the funeral ceremonies took the form of a festival, where they ate and drank and poured libations of wine in honour of the dead. The Irish had also their funeral games and peculiar dances, when they threw off their upper garments, and holding hands in a circle, moved in a slow measure round a woman crouched in the centre, with her hands covering her face. Another singular part of the ceremony was the entrance of a woman wearing a cow's head and horns, as Io appears upon the scene in the Prometheus of Æschylus. This woman was probably meant to represent the horned or crescented moon, the antique Diana, the Goddess of Death. The custom of throwing off the garments no doubt originally signified the casting off the garment of the flesh. We carry nothing into this world, and it is certain we carry nothing out. The soul must stand unveiled before God.

In the islands off the west coast of Ireland, where the most ancient superstitions still exist, they have a strange custom. No funeral wail

is allowed to be raised until three hours have elapsed from the moment of death, because, they say, the sound of the cries would hinder the soul from speaking to God when it stands before Him, and waken up the two great dogs that are watching for the souls of the dead in order that they may devour them; and the Lord of Heaven Himself cannot hinder them if once they waken. This tradition of watching by the dead in silence, while the soul stands before God, is a fine and solemn superstition, which must have had its origin amongst a people of intense faith in the invisible world, and is probably of great antiquity.

The sound of the Irish keen is wonderfully pathetic. No one could listen to the long-sustained minor wail of the "Ul-lu-lu" without strong emotion and even tears; and once heard it can never be forgotten. Nor is there anything derogatory to grief in the idea of hired mourners; on the contrary, it is a splendid tribute to the dead to order their praises to be recited publicly before the assembled friends; while there is something indescribably impressive in the aspect of the mourning women crouched around the bier with shrouded heads, as they rock themselves to and fro and intone the solemn, ancient death-song with a measured cadence, sometimes rising to a piercing wail. They seem like weird and shadowy outlines of an old-world vision, and at once the imagination is carried back to the far-distant East, and the time when all these funeral symbols had a mysterious and awful meaning. Sometimes a wail of genuine and bitter grief interrupts the chant of the hired mourners. An Irish keen which was taken down from the lips of a bereaved mother some years ago, runs thus in the literal English version:—

"O women, look on me! Look on me, women! Have you ever seen any sorrow like mine? Have you ever seen the like of me in my sorrow? Arrah, then, my darling, my darling, 'tis your mother that calls you. How long you are sleeping. Do you see all the people round you, my darling, and I sorely weeping? Arrah, what is this paleness on your face? Sure there was no equal to it in Erin for beauty and fairness, and your hair was heavy as the wing of a raven, and your skin was whiter than the hand of a lady. Is it the stranger must carry me to my grave, and my son lying here?"

This touching lament is so thoroughly Greek in form and sentiment that it might be taken for part of a chorus from the *Hecuba* of Euripides. Even the "Arrah" reminds one of a Greek word used frequently by the Greeks when commencing a sentence or asking a question, although the resemblance may be only superficial.

The tales and legends told by the peasants in the Irish vernacular are much more weird and strange, and have much more of the old-world colouring than the ordinary fairy tales narrated in English by the people, as may be seen by the following mythical story, translated from the Irish, and which is said to be a thousand years old:—

THE HORNEDED WOMAN.

A rich woman sat up late one night carding and preparing wool, while all the family and servants were asleep. Suddenly a knock was given at the door, and a voice called—"Open! open!"

"Who is there?" said the woman of the house.

"I am the Witch of the One Horn," was answered.

The mistress, supposing that one of her neighbours had called and re-

quired assistance, opened the door, and a woman entered, having in her hand a pair of wool carders, and bearing a horn on her forehead, as if growing there. She sat down by the fire in silence, and began to card the wool with violent haste. Suddenly she paused and said aloud: "Where are the women? They delay too long."

Then a second knock came to the door, and a voice called as before—"Open! open!"

The mistress felt herself constrained to rise and open to the call, and immediately a second witch entered, having two horns on her forehead, and in her hand a wheel for spinning the wool.

"Give me place," she said; "I am the Witch of the Two Horns," and she began to spin as quick as lightning.

And so the knocks went on, and the call was heard, and the witches entered, until at last twelve women sat round the fire—the first with one horn, the last with twelve horns. And they carded the thread, and turned their spinning wheels, and wound and wove, all singing together an ancient rhyme, but no word did they speak to the mistress of the house. Strange to hear, and frightful to look upon were these twelve women, with their horns and their wheels; and the mistress felt near to death, and she tried to rise that she might call for help, but she could not move, nor could she utter a word or a cry, for the spell of the witches was upon her.

Then one of them called to her in Irish and said—

"Rise, woman, and make us a cake."

Then the mistress searched for a vessel to bring water from the well that she might mix the meal and make the cake, but she could find none. And they said to her—

"Take a sieve and bring water in it."

And she took the sieve and went to the well; but the water poured from it, and she could fetch none for the cake, and she sat down by the well and wept. Then a voice came by her and said—

"Take yellow clay and moss and bind them together and plaster the sieve so that it will hold."

This she did, and the sieve held the water for the cake. And the voice said again—

"Return, and when thou comest to the north angle of the house, cry aloud three times and say, 'The mountain of the Fenian women and the sky over it is all on fire.'"

And she did so.

When the witches inside heard the call, a great and terrible cry broke from their lips, and they rushed forth with wild lamentations and shrieks, and fled away to Slieve-namon, where was their chief abode. But the Spirit of the Well bade the mistress of the house to enter and prepare her home against the enchantments of the witches if they returned again.

And first, to break their spells, she sprinkled the water in which she had washed her child's feet (the feet-water) outside the door on the threshold; secondly, she took the cake which the witches had made in her absence, of meal mixed with the blood drawn from the sleeping family. And she broke the cake in bits, and placed a bit in the mouth of each sleeper, and they were restored; and she took the cloth they had woven and placed it half in and half out of the chest with the padlock; and lastly, she secured the door with a great cross-beam fastened in the jambs, so that they could not enter. And having done these things she waited. Not long were the witches in coming back, and they raged and called for vengeance.

"Open! Open!" they screamed. "Open, feet-water!"

"I cannot," said the feet-water, "I am scattered on the ground and my path is down to the Lough."

"Open, open, wood and tree and beam!" they cried to the door.

"I cannot," said the door, "for the beam is fixed in the jambs and I have no power to move."

"Open, open, cake that we have made, and mingled with blood," they cried again.

"I cannot," said the cake, "for I am broken and bruised, and my blood is on the lips of the sleeping children."

Then the witches rushed through the air with great cries, and fled back to Slieve-namon, uttering strange curses on the Spirit of the Well, who had wished their ruin; but the woman and the house were left in peace, and a mantle dropped by one of the witches in her flight was kept hung up by the mistress as a sign of the night's awful contest; and this mantle was in possession of the same family from generation to generation for five hundred years after.

The next tale I shall select is composed in a lighter and more modern spirit. All the usual elements of a fairy tale are to be found in it, but the story is new to the nursery folk, and if well illustrated, would make a pleasant and novel addition to the rather worn-out legends on which the children of many generations have been hitherto subsisting.

THE LEGEND OF BALLY-TOWTAS CASTLE.

In old times there lived where this castle now stands a poor man named Towntas. It was in the time when manna fell to the earth with the dew of evening, and Towntas lived by gathering the manna, and

thus supported himself, for he was a poor man and had nothing else.

One day a pedlar came by that way with a fair young daughter.

"Give us a night's lodging," he said to Towtas, "for we are weary."

And Towtas did so.

Next morning, when they were going away, his heart longed for the young girl, and he said to the pedlar, "Give me your daughter for my wife."

"How will you support her?" asked the pedlar.

"Better than you can," answered Towtas, "for she can never want."

Then he told him all about the manna; how he went out every morning when it was lying on the ground with the dew, and gathered it, as his father and forefathers had done before him, and lived on it all their lives, so that he had never known want nor any of his people.

Then the girl shewed she would like to stay with the young man, and the pedlar consented, and they were married, Towtas and the fair young maiden; and the pedlar left them and went his way. So years went on, and they were very happy and never wanted; and they had one son, a bright, handsome youth, and as clever as he was comely.

But in due time old Towtas died, and after her husband was buried, the woman went out to gather the manna as she had seen him do, when the dew lay on the ground; but she soon grew tired and said to herself, "Why should I do this thing every day? I'll just gather now enough to do the week, and then I can have rest."

So she gathered up great heaps of it greedily, and went her way into the house. But the sin of greediness lay on her evermore; and not a bit of manna fell with the dew that evening, nor ever again. And she was poor, and faint with hunger, and had to go out and work in the fields to earn the morsel that kept

her and her son alive; and she begged pence from the people as they went into chapel, and this paid for her son's schooling; so he went on with his learning, and no one in the county was like him for beauty and knowledge.

One day he heard the people talking of a great lord that lived up in Dublin, who had a daughter so handsome that her like was never seen; and all the fine young gentlemen were dying about her, but she would take none of them. And he came home to his mother and said, "I shall go see this great lord's daughter. Maybe the luck will be mine above all the fine young gentlemen that love her."

"Go along, poor fool," said the mother; "how can the poor stand before the rich?" But he persisted. "If I die on the road," he said, "I'll try it."

"Wait, then," she answered, "till Sunday, and whatever I get I'll give you half of it." So she gave him half of the pence she gathered at the chapel door, and bid him go in the name of God.

He hadn't gone far when he met a poor man who asked him for a trifle for God's sake. So he gave him something out of his mother's money and went on. Again, another met him, and begged for a trifle to buy food, for the sake of God, and he gave him something also, and then went on.

"Give me a trifle for God's sake," cried a voice, and he saw a third poor man before him. "I have nothing left," said Towtas, "but a few pence; if I give them, I shall have nothing for food, and must die of hunger. But come with me, and whatever I can buy for this I shall share with you." And as they were going on to the inn he told all his story to the beggar man, and how he wanted to go to Dublin, but had now no money. So they came to the inn,

and he called for a loaf and a drink of milk. "Cut the loaf," he said to the beggar. "You are the oldest."

"I won't," said the other, for he was ashamed, but Towtas made him.

And so the beggar cut the loaf, but though they eat, it never grew smaller, and though they drank as they liked of the milk, it never grew less. Then Towtas rose up to pay, but when the landlady came and looked, "How is this?" she said. "You have eaten nothing. I'll not take your money, poor boy," but he made her take some; and they left the place, and went on their way together.

"Now," said the beggar man, "you have been three times good to me to-day, for thrice I have met you, and you gave me help for the sake of God each time. See, now, I can help also," and he reached a gold ring to the handsome youth. "Wherever you place that ring, and wish for it, gold will come—bright gold, so that you can never want while you have it."

Then Towtas put the ring first in one pocket and then in another, until all his pockets were so heavy with gold that he could scarcely walk; but when he turned to thank the friendly beggar man, he had disappeared.

So, wondering to himself at all his adventures, he went on, until he came at last in sight of the lord's palace, which was beautiful to see; but he would not enter in until he went and bought fine clothes, and made himself as grand as any prince; and then he went boldly up, and they invited him in, for they said, "Surely he is a king's son." And when dinner-hour came the lord's daughter linked her arm with Towtas, and smiled on him. And he drank of the rich wine, and was mad with love; but at last the wine over-

came him, and the servants had to carry him to his bed; and in going into his room he dropped the ring from his finger, but knew it not.

Now, in the morning, the lord's daughter came by, and cast her eyes upon the door of his chamber, and there close by it was the ring she had seen him wear.

"Ah," she said, "I'll tease him now about his ring." And she put it in her box, and wished that she were as rich as a king's daughter, that so the King's son might marry her; and, behold, the box filled up with gold, so that she could not shut it; and she put it from her into another box, and that filled also; and then she was frightened at the ring, and put it at last in her pocket as the safest place.

But when Towtas awoke and missed his ring, his heart was grieved.

"Now, indeed," he said, "my luck is gone."

And he inquired of all the servants, and then of the lord's daughter, and she laughed, by which he knew she had it; but no coaxing would get it from her, so when all was useless he went away, and set out again to reach his old home.

And he was very mournful and threw himself down on the ferns near an old fort, waiting till night came on, for he feared to go home in the daylight lest the people should laugh at him for his folly. And about dusk three cats came out of the fort talking to each other.

"How long our cook is away," said one.

"What can have happened to him?" said another.

And as they were grumbling, a fourth cat came up.

"What delayed you?" they all asked angrily.

Then he told his story—how he had met Towtas and given him the ring. "And I just went," he said,

"to the lord's palace, to see how the young man behaved; and I was leaping over the dinner table when the lord's knife struck my tail and three drops of blood fell upon his plate, but he never saw it and swallowed them with his meat. So now he has three kittens inside him and is dying of agony, and can never be cured until he drinks three draughts of the water of the well of Ballytowtas."

So when young Towtas heard the cat's talk he sprang up and went and told his mother to give him three bottles full of the water of the Towtas well, and he would go to the lord disguised as a doctor and cure him.

So off he went to Dublin. And all the doctors in Ireland were round the lord, but none of them could tell what ailed him, or how to cure him. Then Towtas came in and said, "I will cure him." So they gave him entertainment and lodging, and when he was refreshed he gave of the well water three draughts to his lordship, when out jumped the three kittens. And there was great rejoicing, and they treated Towtas like a prince. But all the same he could not get the ring from the lord's daughter, so he set off home again quite disheartened, and thought to himself, "If I could only meet the man again that gave me the ring who knows what luck I might have?" And he sat down to rest in a wood, and saw there not far off three boys fighting under an oak-tree.

"Shame on ye to fight so," he said to them. "What is the fight about?"

Then they told him. "Our father," they said, "before he died buried under this oak-tree a ring by which you can be in any place in two minutes if you only wish it; a goblet that is always full when standing, and empty only when on its side; and a harp that plays any

tune of itself that you name or wish for."

"I want to divide the things," said the youngest boy, "and let us all go and seek our fortunes as we can."

"But I have a right to the whole," said the eldest.

And they went on fighting, till at length Towtas said—

"I'll tell you how to settle the matter. All of you be here to-morrow, and I'll think over the matter to-night, and I engage you will have nothing more to quarrel about when you come in the morning."

So the boys promised to keep good friends till they met in the morning, and went away.

When Towtas saw them clear off, he dug up the ring, the goblet, and the harp, and now said he, "I'm all right, and they won't have anything to fight about in the morning."

Off he set back again to the lord's castle with the ring, the goblet, and the harp; but he soon bethought himself of the power of the ring, and in two minutes he was in the great hall where all the lords and ladies were just sitting down to dinner; and the harp played the sweetest music, and they all listened in delight; and he drank out of the goblet which was never empty, and then when his head began to grow a little light, "It is enough," he said; and putting his arm round the waist of the lord's daughter, he took his harp and goblet in the other hand, and murmuring—"I wish we were at the old fort by the side of the wood"—in two minutes they were both at the desired spot. But his head was heavy with the wine, and he laid down the harp beside him and fell asleep. And when she saw him asleep she took the ring off his finger, and the harp and the goblet from the ground, and was back

home in her father's castle before two minutes had passed by.

When Towtas awoke and found his prize gone, and all his treasures beside, he was like one mad; and roamed about the country till he came by an orchard, where he saw a tree covered with bright rosy apples. Being hungry and thirsty, he plucked one and eat it, but no sooner had he done so than horns began to sprout from his forehead, and grew larger and longer till he knew he looked like a goat, and all he could do, they would not come off. Now, indeed, he was driven out of his mind, and thought how all the neighbours would laugh at him; and as he raged and roared with shame, he spied another tree with apples, still brighter, of ruddy gold.

"If I were to have fifty pairs of horns I must have one of those," he said; and seizing one, he had no sooner tasted it than the horns fell off, and he felt that he was looking stronger and handsomer than ever.

"Now, I have her at last," he exclaimed. "I'll put horns on them all, and will never take them off until they give her to me as my bride before the whole Court."

Without further delay he set off to the lord's palace, carrying with him as many of the apples as he could bring off the two trees. And

when they saw the beauty of the fruit they longed for it; and he gave to them all, so that at last there was not a head to be seen without horns in the whole dining-hall. Then they cried out and prayed to have the horns taken off, but Towtas said—

"No; there they shall be till I have the lord's daughter given to me for my bride, and my two rings, my goblet, and my harp all restored to me."

And this was done before the face of all the lords and ladies; and his treasures were restored to him; and the lord placed his daughter's hand in the hand of Towtas, saying—

"Take her; she is your wife; only free me from the horns."

Then Towtas brought forth the golden apples; and they all eat, and the horns fell off; and he took his bride and his treasures, and carried them off home, where he built the Castle of Ballytowtas, in the place where stood his father's hut, and enclosed the well within the walls. And when he had filled his treasure-room with gold, so that no man could count his riches, he buried his fairy treasures deep in the ground, where no man knew, and no man has ever yet been able to find them until this day.

(To be continued.)

THE FLOWERS OF THE BIBLE.

STRANGE as the statement may seem to any who have not explored the matter, especially with those beautiful phrases on the mind, "Consider the lilies of the field," "the wilderness shall blossom as the rose," "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys," no kind of flower is mentioned in Scripture so definitely as to allow of certain identification. By "Scripture," of course we mean the original text; the renderings made by translators are often only conjectural, or to be understood in a broad and figurative sense. Most certainly there is no mention in the original text of the flowers especially understood to-day as the lily and the rose, and these, it will be found, are the only two flower names which occur in the Authorized Version. The Hebrews were not slow to observe the charm of flowers. Much of the sweetest imagery of the poetical parts of Scripture involves allusions to flowers. Like other poetic peoples, they did not care, however, to bestow particular appellations. Their custom was to make a few picturesque terms serve for the whole of the tinted and fragrant fantasy of botanical nature; terms of this character alone occur in the inspired books; the flowers of Scripture are simply what the floral graces of wild nature are to the child and to the imagination of the poet—a sweet aggregate of the originally and perfectly beautiful. There the whole matter of the flowers of Scripture begins

and ends. When the translators used "rose" and "lily," they abided by the practice of all ancient literature and poetry, in which, as we shall see presently, the names are similarly collective, and thus indefinite. In addition to the terms thus rendered, there are, however, in the Hebrew three others which are translated in the Authorized Version "flower," "bloom," and "blossom," and these it may be well to deal with first. The words in question are *nitz*, which varies to *nitzah* and *nitzan*; *perah*, the form of which appears to be constant; and *tzitz*, which varies to *tzitzah*. The primitive or literal sense of the root-word of *nitz* is to shine or sparkle, as in Ezek. i. 7, "they sparkled like the colour of burnished brass." Thence, by a most charmingly poetical extension of sense, it moved on to what we call the blossoming of a flower, this being, as it were, its time of sparkle or sunshine; and then we get the substantive, as in Gen. xl. 10, where *nitz* is applied to the blossom of the grape-vine. In Job xv. 33, it is applied to the flowers of the olive-tree; in Isaiah xviii. 5, again to those of the grape-vine; and lastly, in Canticles ii. 12, we have it in all the fulness of its lovely sense:—"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the shining things appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come."

The second term, *perah*, occurs in the description given in the Book of Exodus of the golden can-

delabrum used in the Tabernacle—"Bowls made like unto almonds, with a knop and a flower." (xxv. 31, 33, xxxvii. 17, 19, 20.) In the description of the "molten sea," and other works of ornamental metallic art constructed for Solomon by Hiram of Tyre, it is put for the natural model which the latter selected, implying, no doubt, something of the figure of a vase or chalice (1 Kings vii. 26, 49). It occurs again in 2 Chronicles iv. 5 and 21, where the description is repeated. The first reference in each of the two latter books enlarges the expression into "flowers of lilies," from which circumstance it would seem that *perah* was occasionally employed in a special sense; in which case it would here probably denote the great round blossom of the Egyptian water-lily, learned by Hiram during one of his visits to the grand old kingdom of the Pharaohs, and which was so constantly and so elegantly introduced in the primeval art both of Egypt and of the neighbouring countries of South-Western Asia. The general sense of the word is exemplified in the Prophet Nahum, in the phrase rendered in the Authorized Version "the flower of Lebanon." Habakkuk applies it to the vine-blossom, which use it has already had in Gen. xl. 10; standing there as the counterfoil of *nitz*. In Numbers xvii. 5 and 8, it is applied to the soft pink flowers of the almond-tree; in Canticles vi. 11, to the gorgeous scarlet-crimson of the pomegranate; in Isaiah xxxv. 1 and 2, it helps to convey that delightful and immortal old promise, which, after all, is not so much for the surface of the geographical world as for the heart and soul of man—"The desert shall blossom as the rose." *Perah* is similarly translated, and very happily so, in Isaiah v. 24, and again in xxvii. 6. These latter

usages, in the Hebrew, appear to sustain the conjecture that the special or primitive idea embodied in *perah* is that of bursting into new and vigorous life, the most striking and exquisite illustration of which consisted, probably, to the eyes and fancy of a Hebrew, not so much in the expansion of new foliage (so many of the trees in which he peculiarly rejoiced being evergreens) as in the gush of the early flowers of spring, and very specially in the sweet plenteousness of those of the almond-tree—the emblem with him of the renewed existence after death,—“the almond-tree shall flourish.” Assuming this to be the original or radical sense of the word, the twofold application, first, to the ordinary processes of bud and leaf growth, secondly, to the flowing forth of flowers and blossoms, would be quite satisfactorily accounted for. The sense of bud and leaf growth is illustrated in the celebrated passage in Job:—"There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, that through the scent of water it will bud But man dieth, and wasteth away, and where is he?" A corresponding use of *perah* is made by Ezekiel, xvii. 24. By another fine natural metaphor, renewed a thousand times on accomplished lips, *perah* denotes in the Psalmist the prosperity of the man who fears God. "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon; they shall still bring forth fruit in old age."

Tsitz, the third of the three Hebrew words which in the Authorized Version is translated by "flower," has its foundation in a term which, like *nitz*, signifies literally, to shine. The earliest use of it occurs conjointly with *perah*, in the allusions to the almond-tree in Numbers xvii. The words

stand side by side also in Isaiah xxvii. 6. Other verses in which it occurs are the old familiar ones, "Man . . . cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down." "As for man his days are as grass, as a flower of the field." "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever." *Tzitz* is employed also in 1 Kings vi. 18-35, in reference to flowers used as models in ornamental art, good taste in which is never more conspicuously displayed than when it resorts to the matchless types that lie awaiting, like love in a woman's bosom, in the most delicate and unassuming fairies of the woodland and the quiet nooks among the hills, in the graceful anemone and the pencilled oxalis, yea, in the tiny moss, every bit as much as in the stateliest and most gaily painted iris or crown-imperial. One of the best certificates of advance in pure taste is the finding perfect delight of soul in the little things of nature, in the common and unpretentious, in the things that God loves so well that He makes them by thousands and millions, instead of only now and then, as in the case of the so-called "rich and rare." Those things, depend upon it, are the best which are able to give noble pleasure to the largest number of intelligent human beings, at the least individual cost, and it is in the love of these that a true and cultured taste will always find its supremest satisfactions. The Scripture chapter just cited (1 Kings vi.) immediately precedes that one in which these art-models are called *perah*. Hence it would seem that in this relation, at least, *tzitz* and *perah* were with the Hebrews nearly synonymous. The *tzitzim*, however, are specialized as "open flowers." Upon *tzitz* also rest the references in Isaiah to

"fading flowers" (xxviii. 1-4). In a few places in the Authorized Version of the Old Testament, the word flower has been introduced gratuitously. In Canticles v. 13, for instance, the Hebrew phrase translated "sweet flowers," *migdeloth merkahim*, literally denotes "towers of aroma," the idea intended to be pictured being that, perhaps, of some fragrant shrub, such as sweet-brier. In the expression "the flower of their age," used in the Authorized Version of 1 Sam. ii. 33, we simply have the old familiar metaphor for the prime of human life.

In the original Greek of the New Testament the idea of a flower in general is again all that is intended. When the word "flower" occurs it is the rendering, as usual in all translations from the Greek, of the word *anthos*, which is founded upon a root signifying to breathe, the charming intent of the term being that of the "breath of fragrance." Examples occur in James i. 10-11, and in 1 Peter i. 24. When in 1st Cor. vii. 7-36 we have the "flower of her age," it is the sense only which is presented.

Take now the Hebrew words which in the Authorized Version are translated lily and rose. In the singular they are *shushan* and *chabtselah*. Strenuous endeavours have been made by learned and pious men to connect these names with particular plants. That the application is not intended to be special is shewn by testing with an obvious rule, viz.—That if a name be of special and uniform application, the plant spoken of must grow in every one of the different habitats to which it is assigned, and the various properties and qualities ascribed to it must all be present, and not only present, but conspicuous. Try *shushan*, in its various applications, by this rule, and they are found to be altogether

discordant. In one point, no doubt, there may perhaps be an agreement. *Shushan* perhaps denoted primarily, or very especially, flowers of luminous whiteness, since the congenerous word *shesh* is frequently employed for linen, also for marble, as in the description of the palace of Ahasuerus (Esther i. 6), and in the imagery having reference to the statuesque in human limbs, in Canticles v. 15. To this day, also, a white lily is in the Spanish language *azucona*, which word, in its primitive form, brought from the East by the fathers of the conquerors of old Granada, was certainly cognate with *shushan*. But in Canticles v. 13, we have the expression "his lips are like *shoshannim*," shewing that in the idea of *shushan* was likewise included redness, the charm, in all ages, of human lips, the index of life as opposed to death, and not forgotten in Shakespeare's "rose-lipped cherubim." So with the habitats in which the *shushan* is said to grow. "On the top of the pillars there was lily-work," (1 Kings vii.) refers, it is almost certain, to the above-named Egyptian water-lily. But that the same plant can be intended in Song of Solomon ii. 2, the "lily among thorns," or in ii. 16, or iv. 5, or vi. 3, is plainly impossible. The latter allusions point palpably to the flowers of the field in general, the same which are cited by Hosea, under the same name:—"Israel shall grow as the *shushan*, and cast forth her roots as the trees of Lebanon." Probably they were the flowers of the field in general which were resorted to in the pretty custom of decorating wheat-sheaves at harvest-home, as alluded to in the picture, "like wheat set with *shoshannim*." The passages already cited in which the ornamentation of the pillars of the Temple is described, sufficiently prove that *shushan* and *perah*,

flowers in general, were convertible terms. This word *shushan* is unquestionably that which in the Gospels is represented by *krinon*, viz., in the celebrated behest translated in the Authorized Version, "Consider the lilies of the field." This beautiful and serene behest, sweetest invitation to botany ever uttered, supplies new proof that flowers in general are intended by the one term as well as by the other. The invitation, as we have said in another place, is to look round upon the whole of the sweet vision of living vegetable nature, not only when in full bloom, but at the season when we may observe its thousand forms, "how they grow," and mark how Solomon still fails before its smallest and simplest thing. If the behest falls vacantly when we have only the cowslip or the forget-me-not; if to the eyes of one's heart it does not embosom the bluebell of the woodland, and the autumnal heather that purples the mountain, the "lily" emphatically, so far as it illustrates the Divine teaching, might just as well never have been created. The little flower of the greensward that has its mound of gold set round with milk-white rays, the May-blossom that dapples the hedgerows, the woodbine with its coronals of amber and pink—all of these are God's "lilies of the field," and if they do not seem so to us, and we do not regard them after the same fashion, the text may just as well be left unread. Our Lord's lilies which clothed the grass of the field are precisely what St. James calls the "flower of the grass," the same that gave shining beauty to the "valleys," where the "young roes" could feed, and where flowers could be gathered that were the colour of human lips, and that were adapted to decorate the wheat-sheaves.

A long chapter would be required

for a survey of the speculations as to what were the lilies of the field. The comparison being particularly to Solomon's robes, many critics have concluded that the flower pointed to must needs have been a crimson, scarlet, or purple one, calling to their aid the comparison of lips to the shushan. This of course was to surrender the idea of the shushan being a *white* flower. The particular flower suggested has been the scarlet martagon, which is said to grow in profusion in the Holy Land. More recent writers prefer the rose-parsley, *Anemone Coronaria*, which, with the scarlet adonis, and other bright flowers of similar hue, is no doubt in its season extremely effective upon the plains of Palestine, holding a place something analogous to that of the buttercup in England. Describing the floral spectacle in certain parts of Palestine in spring, Mr. Tristram says:—"The lilies of the field are all out; a few tulips upon the rocks, but the scarlet anemone everywhere, and a small blue bulbous iris, rivalling it in abundance, and in brilliancy of colour. It is natural to view the term lilies as a generic expression, but if one special flower were more likely than another to catch the eye of our Lord as He spoke, no one familiar with the flowers of Palestine in springtime can hesitate in assigning the place to the anemone." Sir Jas. E. Smith fixed, somewhat oddly, upon a yellow flower, the *Sternbergia lutea*, a very pretty little plant resembling a yellow crocus. In the *Flora Græca*, iv. 310, opposite a beautiful coloured drawing, "Its splendid blossoms," he says, "golden, and truly regal, frequently adorn the warmer fields at the time of harvest. Hence, undoubtedly, they correspond to the field lilies of the Gospel much better than the white lilies of the garden, which never grow spontaneously in Syria." Mr. Kirby,

who replied to this in the *Christian Remembrancer*, contended that Sir J. E. Smith must certainly be wrong, as the *Sternbergia* is "not available for fuel." Mr. Ruskin, in the "Queen of the Air," comes, doubtfully, to the rescue:—"The asphodels gave the flower of the Elysian Fields; the iris the fleur-de-lis of chivalry; the amaryllids, Christ's lily of the field." Strange, and a proof at the same time of the vagueness of the conjectures that have sought to establish a single species, that flowers of all seasons have in turn been singled out, the anemones belonging to spring, the martagons to summer, the *Sternbergia* to autumn. *Chabatselah*, the Hebrew word which in the Authorized Version of the Old Testament is translated by "rose," singularly enough, if we are to conclude anything positive from the etymology, seems much more likely than *shushan* to point to a liliaceous plant, the root being *betsal*, which last is in the Book of Numbers applied to the onion, the bulbous plant *par excellence*. It is believed that the name still in use for a very fine variety of the polyanthus-narcissus, "Bazelman," is of the same derivation; and as the flower in question is indigenous to South-Western Asia, and is said to occur abundantly upon the plains of Sharon, there is a certain degree of plausibility in the conjecture that the polyanthus-narcissus may have been the *chabatselah* pre-eminently. We are disposed, however, to regard *chabatselah* as precisely the same kind of word as *shushan*, general in its ordinary application, though quite likely to have been sometimes used in a limited sense. The Septuagint and St. Jerome both render it *anthos*.

Immense weight is given to the view that the Scriptural terms are collective, by the usages, above alluded to, of the ancient classical

poets. Moschus, the ancient Sicilian poet, represents Europa as gathering *leiria eupnoa*, "fragrant lilies," in the meads, plainly intending flowers in general. Pygmalion included "lilies"—again certainly flowers in general—among the gifts—shells, little birds, and smooth and sparkling stones—which he bestowed upon the maiden who at first was an ivory statue. It is interesting, however, to observe how the idea of *whiteness* inheres in the classical idea of the lily. Virgil speaks of *lilia alba* and *lilia candida*; Propertius of fair lilies, shining lilies, and silvery lilies; other flowers of the same kind, he says, are not whiter than his lady-love. They were lilies, again, of absolute whiteness which Tibullus says the maidens were accustomed to twine with amaranth; and which, in Ovid, Hylonome wears in her hair, black as the raven's wing. Elsewhere in Ovid, Hermaphroditus, when he leaps into the fountain to bathe, and throws his arms about in the water, looks "like white lilies in a crystal vase." The particular epithets in the original imply *shining* whiteness, like that of summer clouds when bathed in sunbeams. This quality seems always implied in the best idea of a white lily. What Homer's lily was it is impossible to say; it is charming, however, to see how the idea of delightful beauty, such as arises from a luminous surface, is involved in his flowers, for he applies the word "lily-like" to delicacy and tenderness of skin, and again to sweet and lively sounds, as in that beautiful metaphor, the "lily-voice" of the cicada (Iliad iii. 152, xiii. 830). In connection with the possible specific sense of *chabatselah*, it is interesting to observe also that the ancients included certain species of the identical genus *Narcissus* in their idea of the lily. Theophrastus

terms the kind he was acquainted with "another sort of leirion." Virgil, in his account of the manners and customs of the honey bees—

"Creatures that by a rule in nature teach

The act of order to a peopled kingdom"—

describes them as laying up in their waxen cities "the tears of Narcissus," the nectar, that is to say, of the various flowers they visit during their travels. That Virgil does not intend a solitary kind of flower is sufficiently borne out by the context. Moreover, he has just styled the flowers resorted to by his bees, *sera comantem*, "late-blooming." The narcissus *ipsissima*, as every one knows, is emphatically a flower of spring and early summer. The polyanthus-narcissus is called by Dioscorides, "the narcissus that is yellow within" (iv. 161). The cup was anciently supposed to be the genuine flower, the six white petals constituting only a rim, whence, in the beautiful description of the "silvan spring," in which, like Eve in "Paradise Lost," the hapless youth contemplates his image, and talks to it, the yellow flower, says the poet, is "surrounded with milk-white leaves" (Met. iii. 407). The species connected by name with the ancient fable is the *Narcissus poeticus*, that lovely one which has a crimson edge to the shallow cup. Theocritus refers to the fragrance of the narcissus. The name is one of the very few of the botanical class occurring in Sophocles. The scarlet martagon, again, conjectured by some to be the "lily of the field," is thought by other critics to be Ovid's "hyacinth," which last name was probably used also, at all events now and then, as a term for flowers in general. It was unquestionably applied to several very different things. What was Virgil

thinking of in that well-known and lovely piece of rural description where the snow-white bull reposes on the bank of hyacinths, beneath the dark green of the shady ilex, and there calmly chews the cud? Were they bluebells? More probably flowers in general.

We need not leave our own language to see that lily is a name for flowers in general. The Floras and the vernacular alike speak of water-lilies, which are not even endogenous plants, and though in several species white-flowered, are in others red, yellow, or blue; also of Lent-lilies, which are daffodils; of the Scarborough lily, and of the Ethiopian lily, the first of which is an amaryllid, and the second an aroid. Science also employs *Liriodendron*, *Lilianthe*, and *Liliopë*, for different developments of the splendid order called the Magnoliaceæ. The superb, cream-white, concave, and lemon-scented flowers of the *Magnolia grandiflora* it is difficult in truth not to fancy to be lilies growing on trees. Shakespeare, though he sometimes limits the name, also employs it in a broad and general sense:—

“Lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce being one.”

Referring especially to the lilies of the Gospels, Sir Thomas Browne remarked, 200 years ago, that “krinon is of the same acceptation as leirion, which is put for all kinds of specious flowers. . . . signifying not only lilies, but daffodils, hyacinths, irises, &c.” Wm. Bullein, a century earlier, has a remarkably pretty passage. Marcellus and Hilarius, strolling along the lanes, converse pleasantly about the wild-flowers. “Ah,” exclaims Marcellus, “how sweete and pleasant is woodbinde, in woodes or arbours, after a tender soft rayne! And how friendly doth this herbe, if I may so name it, imbrace the bodies, arms, and branches of trees, wyth

his long winding stalks and tender leaves, opening his sweete lillies among the thornes. Is the woodbinde as profitable as pleasant? I pray you, Hilarius, tell me.” The plant he refers to is the great white hedge convolvulus or bindweed, the snowy bells of which are so like those of the lily *par excellence* that he may well give them the name. It is the same which under the appellation of *ligustrum*, Virgil employs so happily as an image of the fair Galatea.

That the name of rose was anciently applied to flowers in general, is declared in that beautiful passage in Pindar’s third Isthmian:—“But now this happy household, like the spring, has blossomed with purple roses.” Just before he has been comparing domestic trouble and adversity to winter and a snow-storm. Or take that charming episode where we have the bevy of little maids at play upon the shore, delighting in the sound of the dimpling sea, and culling “roses” for the daughter of Agenor. Though seldom adverted to distinctly, there can be no doubt that while the idea of the lily carried, ordinarily, that of shining whiteness, that of the rose conveyed, usually, the idea of redness. The *rhodon* of the ancient Greeks primarily, in all likelihood, denoted flowers such as those of the oleander and the pomegranate, moving on by degrees to all others of corresponding hue and complexion, and at last, by poetical figure, to whatever was preeminently gay in floral nature, thus after the same manner as the epithet *purpureus*, which Virgil applies to the narcissus and Horace to the swan. All this we have shewn in detail in another place, as quoted briefly above, and to repeat further is unnecessary. It is needless also to cite again the familiar illustrations of the extended use of

the name as found in Christmas-rose, the gipsy-rose, the Japan-rose, and a score of other flowers, not one of which is a rose in the strict and absolute sense. To a considerable extent the two names, rose and lily, have indeed been convertible. One of the mediæval appellations of the great white, or Madonna, or Annunciation lily, was *Rosa Junonis*.

If any flower be pointed to in the 1st Epistle of Peter, v. 4, in the phrase, an "amaranthine chaplet," translated in the Authorized Version, "a crown of glory that fadeth not away," it would doubtless be one of those which to-day are called everlastings. The species, of course,

is wholly a matter of conjecture. If one more than another has a claim, perhaps it would be the *Gnaphalium stæchas*, which in Dioscorides appears to be intended by "elichryson or chrysanthemon."

The "Rose of Sharon," so called, of the gardens, it may be well to add, is not a rose at all, and has no definite connection with the Holy Land. The botanists call it *Hypericum calycinum*. The "Rose of Jericho," so called, is a native of Palestine, but this again is a rose only in name, being one of the natural order *Cruciferae*, and unlike a rose in every particular, both of habit and inflorescence.

LEO H. GRINDON.

THE BANNER-BEARER OF "OLAF THE SAINT."

Thord Folason carried King Olaf's flag—
Not the man to loiter or lag !
However they hurried who bore the brunt
O' the battle, there was Thord in front ;
Not the man to loiter or lag
Was Thord, the bearer of Olaf's flag.

Great joy of the onset Folason had
As banner-bearer at Stiklestad :
Mighty and free was his battle-play,
Cleaving and clearing an onward way.
Not the man to loiter or lag
Was Thord, who carried King Olaf's flag.

He got a fierce thrust in the thick of the fight,
Struck back, and felt 'twas suddenly night ;
And he saw no longer to clear a space.
Then his spirit flew out in the enemy's face !
Never the man to loiter or lag
Was Thord, the bearer of Olaf's flag.

He gathered his last remaining strength,
As he went down on the field full-length ;
Biting his lip and holding his breath—
'Twas his last—he fell all his weight in death.
Never the man to loiter or lag
Was Thord, who carried King Olaf's flag.

He fell, and in falling stuck fast in the ground
His banner, a-waving to all around,
Bearing the battle up, beckoning on,
To keep them abreast of it when he was gone !
Never the man to loiter or lag
Was Thord, the bearer of Olaf's flag.

When the battle was over at last,
And Thord, still a leader in death, had passed,
They found his body, with teeth through lip,
His flag-staff clenched as fast in his grip,
Stemming the tide like a fallen crag ;
Living or dead he upheld the flag !

GERALD MASSEY.

THE BASIS OF IRISH NATIONALISM.

Those who believe in the efficacy of good intentions and fair dealing must at times almost despair of Ireland. The last and greatest reforms in her laws have been followed, not by gratitude or contentment, but by an outbreak of impracticability of the most widespread and disagreeable character. Throughout the three southern provinces members are almost universally returned pledged to support Home Rule. What the people expect from this shibboleth it is not very easy to understand. Every one laughs or sneers at the movement in private life, and in spite of it the logic of events daily knits Ireland more closely to England. To do the Home Rulers in Parliament bare justice they seem deeply impressed with the absurdity of their own position. Messrs. Biggar and Parnell are consistent. In order to further Separatist views they do their best to make joint government impossible. They will not succeed, though their tactics may kill a few Government officials; but they make things very unpleasant. Irishmen do not like to be obnoxious to those with whom they associate. In this respect at least Mr. Butt is a representative man. The most genial of revolutionary leaders, he has taken pains to point out that the *intransigentes* of Cavan and Meath are no officers of his. But the revolutionists who live in Ireland are not satisfied. The farmer may be naturally Conservative, but he

is Communistic as regards his landlord's property. The Fenian, whether he has been in prison or not, hates the British Government, hates the Crown, hates the Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family, hates everybody and everything connected in the remotest degree with the Saxon oppressor. The Ultramontane stands by and smiles. He knows that it would not be well with him were an agrarian republic to take the place of the Constitution. His object is to keep England on hands, to touch her awakened conscience by appeals to a toleration of which he himself has not the faintest conception. His best card is the bloody hoof of the Saxon. Were that withdrawn finally he would have to deal, like his congener in other parts of the world, with the disciples of Voltaire in annually increasing numbers. Those Protestants who were unable to leave Ireland might cease to be odious when they were no longer identified with England. For the Ultramontane's purposes "Home Rule" is an admirable contrivance. Every sore is kept open and in the highest state of irritation. Nothing practicable is suggested, and therefore nothing can be done. But the discontented farmer sees that his wrongs are not forgotten, and hopes that something may come out of it all. The actual Fenian refuses to be comforted, but his milder sympathisers take pleasure in the sort of protest implied in voting the Home Rule ticket.

The loyalty of Jacobites was satisfied by drinking healths without fighting. And the ghost of Repeal has a charm for some who care nothing for recalling it to life. The agitation is likely to last some time, the only possible gainer being the Ultramontane, who fattens upon these divisions. Yet because Home Rule is absurd, we are not to suppose that the discontent which undoubtedly exists in Ireland has no foundation. "Irish policy is Irish history, and I have no faith in any statesman who attempts to remedy the evils of Ireland who is either ignorant of the past, or who will not take lessons from it." These are the words of the present Prime Minister, spoken in the House of Commons nine years ago. To shew how the actual condition of Ireland is the direct out-come of her history is the object of this article.

It is not necessary to go back to the beginning of things. It is sufficient to say that before the first Anglo-Normans landed the Danes had greatly damaged the Irish tribal system. The career of Brian shews that the necessity for unity was beginning to be felt. Had Strongbow never appeared the Celtic tribes would probably have followed the example of other peoples, and sought safety in a king. The Conquest arrested this development, and put nothing permanent in its place. The jealousy of the Crown prevented the great feudatories from establishing regular principalities. The inducements held out were not enough to keep up a continuous influx of English into Ireland. Thus Bruce was enabled to do as he pleased for a long time. After his death the English authority was too much weakened ever to recover. French wars occupied the Kings, and the contests of the Roses, by causing divisions among the Anglo-Irish nobles, restored the strength of the natives. The

Geraldines were Yorkists, and became half Irish. The more civilised Butlers were Lancastrians. The Bourkes, living in a remote province, ate of the Celtic lotus, and forgot their origin. Under the disguises of Mac William Fightier, and Mac William Oughtier it was hard to recognize the progeny of Richard de Burgo. The O'Neills regained their authority in Ulster; the O'Tooles, the O'Byrnes, and the Kavanaghs in Leinster. When England floated once more into calm water under Henry Tudor, the authority of a Viceroy hardly extended further than a day's ride from Dublin. The work had to be done over again.

The Yorkists in Ireland espoused the cause of both Simnel and Warbeck, and the paramount influence of the House of Kildare made them formidable. The native tribes who cared for neither Capulet nor Montagu threw their weight into the scale against the established Government. Henry recovered his authority, but he found it convenient to govern Ireland through the Kildare family, as the only instrument ready to his hand. The most important event of his reign was the enactment of Poynings' Law. This famous instrument declared all laws hitherto made in England to be valid in Ireland; and provided that no law should hereafter be made in Ireland until it had been approved by the Privy Council in England. This Act afterwards had the most important effects, but when passed it had none outside the Pale. The greater part of the country was not even divided into counties, and had perforce to use the Breton laws, or to do without law altogether. But a foundation had been laid. When a Viceroy should come who had strength to make his jurisdiction respected, he would have legal grounds for what he might determine to do.

In a famous report on the State of Ireland, Henry the Eighth is informed as to the condition of his lordship beyond the Channel. The language can hardly be improved. "First of all, to make his Grace understand that there be more than sixty countries, called Regions in Ireland, inhabited with the King's Irish enemies; some regions as big as a shire, some more, some less unto a little; some as big as half a shire, and some a little less; where reigneth more than sixty Chief Captains, whereof some calleth themselves Kings, some King's Peers, in their language, some Princes, some Dukes, some Arch-dukes, that liveth only by the sword, and obeyeth to no other temporal person, but only to himself that is strong: and every of the said Captains maketh war and peace for himself, and holdeth by sword, and hath imperial jurisdiction within his rome, (*sic*, does this mean Rome as imperial, or simply room?*) and obeyeth to no other person, English nor Irish, except only to such persons, as may subdue him by the sword."

After describing some of the Irish customs the writer says:—"There is more than thirty great Captains of the English noble folk, that followeth the same Irish order, and keepeth the same rule, and every of them maketh war and peace for himself, without any license of the King, or of any other temporal person, save to him that is strongest, and of such that may subdue them by the sword."

As an illustration of the truth of this statement it may be mentioned that in 1504, Gerald, Earl of Kildare, having married one of his daughters to a Connaught Bourke, who did not treat her well, collected a great army and marched to Gal-

way. Kildare was actually Lord Deputy, and the Viceregal authority was freely used to revenge a purely private quarrel. At Knocktoe, eight miles from Galway, a bloody battle was fought. Most of the Ulster chiefs were on the Earl's side, and one of them told a bishop who tried to make peace to go home and mind his own business, which was to "pray and preach and make fair weather."

All the English folk in Ulster and Connaught; in the counties of Cork, Limerick, Kilkenny, Carlow, Wicklow, and Kerry; in the parts of Kildare, Meath, and Louth outside the Pale; and in one-half of Wexford were "of Irish habit, of Irish language, and Irish conditions, except the cities and the walled towns."

Nevertheless, "all the English folk of the said counties, for the more part, would be right glad to obey the King's laws, if they might be defended of the King against the Irish enemies; and because they defend them not, and the King's Deputy may not defend them, therefore they are all turned from the obeisance of the King's laws, and liveth by the sword, after the manner of the Irish enemies; and though many of them obey the King's Deputy, when it pleaseth them, yet there is none of them all that obeyeth the King's laws." To such a point had nearly three centuries and a half of nominal English rule brought the Island of Saints.

Henry the Eighth destroyed the power of the Kildares, and no doubt it was necessary to do this before law could be re-established. How far the Earl and his brethren were technically guilty may be doubted. A little bloodshed more or less makes little difference in the reputation of this King. In the

* Probably a familiar abridgment of *Rome-feoh*, the ancient form of lease.—[Ed.]

suppression of monasteries many hardships were suffered. It may, however, be noted that Irish nobles and chiefs were quite as ready to take grants of Church lands as their fellows in England. It will hardly be pretended that Pierse Butler, eighth Earl of Ormonde, was a Protestant; yet he became the owner of a vast share of the temporalities. Irish monasteries were not so rich as those in England, and abuses were, therefore, less common. There is, however, abundant evidence that they were by no means free from the vices common to institutions over which public opinion exerts no influence.

The person chiefly instrumental in introducing the doctrine of the Royal Supremacy was George Browne, Archbishop of Dublin. His position cannot have been an agreeable one, for the Primate Cromer laid a public curse upon those who should acknowledge the King's supremacy, alleging that the *Insula Sacra* belonged to the Pope, who might resume his grant. Browne's own conduct was not very apostolical, nor calculated to impress men favourably with the new system. The splendour of his station seems to have dazzled the former friar, and Henry found it necessary to write to him, threatening removal if he did not mend his ways. "Neither," wrote his Majesty, "do ye give your self to the instruction of our people there in the Word of God, nor frame yourself to stand Us in any stead for the furtherance of our affairs; such is your lightness in behaviour, and such is the elation of your mind in pride, that glorying in foolish ceremonies, and delighting in *We* and *Us*, in your dream comparing yourself so near to a prince in honour and estimation, that all virtue and honesty is almost banished from you."

If Henry's ecclesiastical arrange-

ments were not very successful, he made, nevertheless, considerable progress in re-asserting his authority in Ireland generally. The Act of Absentees re-entitled the Crown to vast districts in the South. Most of the native chiefs submitted formally. O'Neill, O'Brien, and MacWilliam became earls; McGilpatrick and another O'Brien received baronies. Irregular circuits were again made, in which hanging was a prominent feature. But no permanent provision was made for civilizing the country. There was even some movement backward, for the Abbeys of Mellifont and St. Mary's, Dublin, which had been great educational establishments for youths and maidens of the upper classes, were abolished, and nothing was devised to fill their places.

In the reign of Edward the Sixth the Puritan wave flowed over a great part of Ireland. But the people were not convinced, nor were the right means taken to conciliate them. Even in Christ Church Cathedral, Browne and Dean Lockwood were unwilling to risk a tumult by consecrating Bale Bishop of Ossory with the new rites. Bale, however, was firm, and he lost no time in shewing that he was not a sinecurist. His zeal and learning make him more than respectable, but he can hardly be credited with much of the serpent's wisdom. Knox, who had the people with him, might use strong language; but Bale found no better way of recommending himself to the men of Kilkenny than by ridiculing the sacrificial wafer as a "white God," by talking of "idolatry," or by such sentences as "mark the blasphemous blindness and wilful obstinacy of this beastly Papist!"

Yet Bale was earnest and honest, and the more decorous Protestant ecclesiastics—they were but few—in Edward's reign were not remarkable for any of the qualities which

one might suppose proper to the founders of a reformed Church. Among the people the new doctrines had not made the smallest progress.

Five married bishops were deprived by Mary, and the Mass was every where restored amid general rejoicing. But the grantees of abbey land did not make restitution; and this Catholic Queen made fresh grants as easily as her predecessors. The late Charles Butler quotes, with approval, from Parnell's "Historical Apology for the Irish Catholics" as follows:—"Though the religious feelings of the Irish Catholics, and their feelings as men, had been treated with very little ceremony during the two preceding reigns, they made a wise and moderate use of their ascendancy. They entertained no resentment for the past; they laid no plans for future domination. The Irish Roman Catholics bigots!! The Irish Roman Catholics are the only sect that ever resumed power without exercising vengeance."

Mr. Parnell wrote with the laudable object of having political disabilities removed from the Roman Catholics of his own day; he can have known very little about the days of Queen Mary. The fact is that there were no Irish Protestants to exercise vengeance upon. Bale had to fly for his life. His less remarkable brethren were deprived. The official clique in Dublin knew their places better than to profess any religion except the Queen's. Some English Protestants took refuge in Dublin from the Marian persecution, and preparations were being made to follow them up when the Queen died. Her civil policy had been even more anti-Irish than that of her father and brother. War with the O'Neills went on as usual, and the Lord Deputy Sussex burned the Cathedral of Armagh, the undoubted Catholicity of which did not coun-

terbalance the crime of being situated in the rebels' country. More important, as being the beginning of a new era, was the treatment of the O'Mores and O'Connors. They were repressed with the utmost rigour, and their lands divided among English settlers. The King's and Queen's Counties, the towns of Maryborough and Philipstown, still perpetuate the memory of the Catholic King and his devout wife. It was Mary, and not Elizabeth, who made the first military colonies in Ireland in modern times.

The form of the Anglican Establishment was restored with the new reign, but Elizabeth had no idea of imperilling the Royal authority by allowing the clergy to wield it. She saw that to reach the people it was necessary to approach them in their own language. But few preachers were found who would take the trouble to do this. Where a fit man appeared he was promoted. Robert Daly, an Irishman who became attached to the reformed doctrines, was made Bishop of Kildare. The experiment was not encouraging; for the neighbouring tribes, who probably regarded him as a traitor as well as an apostate, burned him out of house and home three times. The representative man, however, is not Daly, but Adam Loftus. This prelate began as a friend of Cartwright. When he found his old connections likely to interfere with his Court favour, he disclaimed all sympathy with the Puritans. No doubt an archbishop would look at things somewhat differently from simple "Mr. Lofthouse." Chilled by the ill-success of his ministrations, he at one time wished to return to England. But the love of money became stronger than the love of ease. He was laudably anxious for a college in Dublin. When Sir John Perrot proposed to

found one, and partially endow it from the archiepiscopal revenues, Loftus objected; and the rancour with which he pursued Perrot hastened the fate of that honest but ill-judging governor. In more peaceful times Trinity College was at last founded, and the Archbishop took much credit for the achievement. The money was found by the Corporation of Dublin. The state of the Church in Ireland during the whole of Elizabeth's reign is one of the most lamentable spectacles imaginable. The revenues were enjoyed, though not very peacefully, by those whom the people could not understand, who spoke in a foreign language and behaved in a foreign way. Meanwhile, Jesuits and friars swarmed everywhere. The counter-Reformation had set in. Instead of the lazy and often immoral monks who had once vegetated on the fairest spots of the island, an earnest and austere band of devotees supplied the spiritual wants of a population always much dependent on religious consolations. In Henry the Eighth's time a friar had been hung at Waterford for thieving. That age had passed away. Waterford and the other towns remained profoundly Catholic throughout Elizabeth's reign. What the Anglican Establishment was in 1869 that it was in 1569, the Church of the English settler and the English official.

The civil policy of Elizabeth was bolder. The idea was to treat the people generally fairly, but to break the power of the chiefs. Great pains were taken to make the Royal title to the land as valid as possible. The chiefs were then called upon to surrender their tribal supremacy, and to receive "estates" by knight-service. It was forgotten that the feudal tenure was not understood by the natives, and that the tribal leader could not be converted into

a tenant in tail without great injustice. The Sept had the right to choose its head, and an elective owner of an estate was quite impossible. The hereditament, such as it was, and it was not from father to son but from worthiest to worthiest, was in the chief's office, and not in his person. There was thus a direct conflict of laws. The Celtic tenure, with its elections, its peculiar gavel-kind, its exactions and services, was a "lewd custom" to the English lawyers and politicians. The Common Law, with its superior certainty and order, was to the native a machinery for ousting him; a mere device of the foreign oppressor, who first used the sword to seize other men's goods, and then affixed a stamp declaring that they were his own.

When the tenants of the Crown so little understood their own position, forfeitures were of course numerous. It was proposed to substitute English landlords for the native chiefs, and to give them such jurisdiction as to enable them to hold their own. A number of English tenants and labourers were to follow. The country was thinly peopled. There was room for all. It was hoped that the new-comers would introduce the arts of peace and thus gradually spread the taste for settled and civilised life. The early experiments failed utterly. Sir Thomas Smith lost his son in Down, and gained no principality. Walter, Earl of Essex, was quite discomfited in Antrim, and when driven to desperation committed cruelties which have left dark stains on a noble name. The Munster undertakers, who received portions of the vast Desmond territory, were somewhat more fortunate. The country was better understood, and long wars had reduced the power of the Irish. But very few of the undertakers carried out their agreements. Boyle was the great excep-

tion. In the next reign he became possessed of vast estates, and his plantations may be traced to this day by the comparatively large number of Protestants. In general, Munster was apportioned at the end of Elizabeth's reign much as it is at present. The landowners were for the most part Protestants of English race, and they had a few tenants of similar origin. The mass of the people remained Catholic. All subsequent wars and revolutions only tended to widen this division between the owners and the occupiers of land.

If the Elizabethans failed in Anglicanising the religion, or feudalising the land of Ireland, they succeeded better in another direction. The military conquest of the island was complete. Constant wars, giving rise to an almost fabulous amount of misery, gradually tightened the grasp of the Crown. New shires were made, new posts fortified, harbours surveyed and explored, maps constructed, and passes made through some of the less accessible districts. But the struggle with Spain occupied Elizabeth's time and strength. In fairness she cannot be judged entirely by her Irish policy. That same Philip who was trying to have her assassinated, those Popes who excommunicated her, were constantly intriguing with the Irish. Towards the end of her reign she breathed more freely. Mary Stuart was gone, and a host of dangers were buried with her. The Armada had been shattered to atoms. Erect and triumphant after such perils, she was able to exert her full strength in Ireland. Sidney, and Perrot, and Ormonde had shewn what could be done with insufficient forces. Mountjoy and Carew fell upon happier days, and with the whole power of England to back them they conquered Ireland once and for ever. The tribal system

was torn in pieces. In future when Irishmen rebelled they made war like other people, enrolled in regiments, and officered by men who might be chiefs by blood, but who had learned the art of war abroad.

We who know many of their most secret thoughts are quite aware that Elizabeth herself and many of her counsellors were actuated by the best motives. But the Irish could not be expected to see this. They felt that their lands were slipping away from them, that their Church was proscribed, that their most trusted leaders could not visit the Court without running the risk of a long stay in the Tower. And war was sometimes conducted in a very barbarous way. The massacre of Rathlin, which Mr. Froude has so graphically described, called forth no words of blame from Sidney, the greatest of Irish Governors. The guilt of attempting to poison Shane O'Neill must rest upon Sussex only, but Elizabeth did not view it with the horror which would have best become her. The judicial murder and torture of Archbishop O'Hurley, at which the official Archbishop presided, was not likely to make Protestantism popular. Irish public opinion stigmatized the great Queen as Jezebel, and was ready to hope for something better from her successor. James encouraged these expectations at first. He reminded the Irish that they were of the same race as his own countrymen. This speculation, which of course was only true of the Highlanders, suited his pedantic humour, and was not without some effect upon a people always much given to retrospection. The Catholic towns of Munster caught at this straw to justify their restoration of the Mass. They were quickly undeceived. The doctrine of the Royal Supremacy was asserted and enforced with a directness which Elizabeth's wisdom had

avoided. The usurped authority of the Star Chamber was strained to the utmost to crush even private individuals who preferred a Pope in Rome to a Pope in London. New boroughs were created to secure a Protestant majority. Again the King used words which were interpreted in favour of toleration, and then hastened to disavow the sense, though he could not deny the sound. Sir John Davys, who was the principal legal instrument of James, seems to have thought that proclamations and Acts of Parliament could do anything. He had no conception of the strength of religious feelings among the poor, who, having little to hope or fear from the princes of this world, are all the more determined to keep open what they believe to be the road to eternal life. Priests swarmed everywhere and were almost unmolested, not owing to any good-will of the Government, but to its want of power. Meanwhile, Anglican incumbents could scarcely shew themselves in public except in garrison towns. Raids upon the monastic houses in Dublin irritated without destroying. There were some men who, having known Ireland all their lives, did not share the rosy optimism of Davys. Sir George Carew paid his last visit to the country in 1611. He saw that peace had brought prosperity, and that there was a fair outward show. But he also saw that long enforced quiet would allow the conquered natives to revive, and that their children, being sent abroad for education, would furnish leaders very superior to those with whom he had had to contend in his fighting days. He adds that "they have the same bodies they ever had, and therein they had and have advantage of us." He foresaw that there would be a new and more terrible rebellion than any that

he had seen. "The quarrel," he says, "for the which they rebel will be under the veil of religion and liberty, than which nothing is esteemed so precious in the hearts of men." Carew did not live to see the day of retribution, but it came not long after his death, and his predictions were then amply justified. The men of 1641 were still young enough to remember the lands which had once been their own.

The settlement of Ulster was tainted by the same injustice which had underlain the colonising schemes of Elizabeth. Technical law was freely used to defeat customary right. The mistake of granting huge tracts of country to individuals was generally avoided, and the settlement was proportionately successful. Care was taken for the natives, but the good-will of the Government was often defeated by the ingenuity of Scotch lawyers, who were ready to take advantage of the prevailing ignorance. The story of Clive and Omichund and the red and green treaties is not without counterparts in the history of Ulster. No doubt the tenant-right custom originated in great measure from the failure of the Crown tenants to grant those leases to occupiers which they were bound by their titles to give.

But there was peace; and common justice was fairly executed between man and man. And in spite of the intrigues of politicians or the greediness of settlers, Ireland prospered. It was not till Charles had been some time on the throne that the signs of a coming storm were heard once more. Strafford disturbed all men's minds by his interference with the existing titles to land. But he had created an army in which he trusted, and as long as he retained the government no resistance was possible. The "Graces" which Charles promised

were of course never granted, though Ireland paid the stipulated price. Charles is known now, and we wonder at the credulity of those who did not regard the word of a king as a gloomy joke. Strafford departed at last, carrying with him the hatred of Protestant and Catholic alike, regretted only by such as Bramhall and his myrmidons. "The Irish Canterbury," as Cromwell called him, was quite as tyrannical as Laud, and very much less like a gentleman. A public discussion at Belfast between Leslie, Bishop of Dromore, and some Presbyterian ministers was conducted fairly enough so far as the Bishop of the diocese was concerned. But Bramhall, then Bishop of Derry, was present, and interfered frequently. Mr. Hamilton, the principal disputant on the Presbyterian side, must have been pleased to hear on such high authority that he was a "prattling jack," a "bullrush," a "fellow," a madman needing "hel-lebore to purge his brain." In answer to a grave argument as to the practice of kneeling at the Sacrament, Bramhall exclaimed, "Worship thou the Devil, if thou wilt." Other choice flowers of rhetoric may be culled from the report of this discussion. At the Restoration, this coarse ecclesiastical Jefferies was sent to govern the Church of Ireland.

The reign of Charles the First produced two of the brightest ornaments of Irish Anglicanism. Ussher was of Irish birth, and was educated at the new College in Dublin. Bedell was imported in the usual way, but he took kindly to his adopted country, and spent what was left of a singularly pure and beautiful life most devotedly in her service. The light which shines round his memory only serves to draw attention to the darkness of the sphere in which he worked. Thwarted in his attempts to teach

the people by means of their own language, sneered at and opposed by venal or tyrannical officials, Bedell was not able to effect much. Yet the people loved him, and he was respected even by the clergy of an opposite creed. Ussher was too learned to be very practical. Overwhelmed by literary labours he gave less time than was necessary to the very much needed purging of the floor. His last recorded words are a prayer to be pardoned for his sins of omission. It would have been well if no positive charge could be brought against him. Unfortunately it was he who procured the signature of the Archbishop of Cashel and ten Bishops to the Declaration against Toleration, which declares that "to consent that the Papists may freely exercise their religion, and profess their faith and doctrine, is a grievous sin." We are so accustomed to toleration that we are in danger of forgetting how little our fathers understood it. Not only Rome, but each Protestant sect has persecuted when it has been in a position to do so. Happily Bedell was not yet a bishop when the Declaration was signed. It may be doubted whether he would have had the heart to refuse his assent to a document promulgated by a superior for whom he entertained so great a reverence.

When Strafford's iron grasp was withdrawn, the army with which he had hoped to establish a despotism was dispersed. The commonplace men who succeeded him had no conception of what was going on. Disbanded soldiers very rarely make good citizens, and Strafford's were not exceptional. Carew's prophesied rebellion came to pass. Dublin was saved by an accident or a miracle, but the tempest burst all over Ireland. At last, after nine years of turmoil, above which the figures of the patient Ormonde and the imperious Rinuccini are visible, Crom-

well's sword cut the tangle and peace was restored. Charles the First cannot be accused of complicity in the Irish rebellion. But the peculiar baseness of the Glamorgan treaty makes him one of the most guilty actors in it. He sent over a secret agent to undermine his own Viceroy, and when he found that the agent's work had increased his own unpopularity, he disavowed him. This affair alone would justify the men who said that a constitutional monarchy was impossible with such a monarch.

The chief blot upon Cromwell's name is of course Drogheda. There are some who think that a great man can do no wrong, and who defend him. No defence is possible unless the end shall be held to justify the means. But there is a palliation to be found in the practice of the age. Catholic generals were not a whit more merciful, either in France or Germany, and they were generally incomparably less wise. Even in Ireland, the proceedings of Rosen before Londonderry were quite as cruel as Cromwell's at Drogheda. And Rosen acted forty years later, and in cold blood. The Protector's civil policy was, as Macaulay says, "able, straightforward, and cruel." Had it been persevered in, Ireland would have flourished, with the Protestants in possession of three-fourths of the island; and Catholicism maintaining itself, like Dissent in Wales, in the most remote and least fertile province.

The Restoration Government fell between two stools. It neither reversed Cromwell's plan nor carried it out. The natural Protestantism of the colonists was repressed and Anglicanism restored. The Catholic religion was winked at, the dissolute and cowardly King not daring to protect boldly those with whom he sympathized. But those who had fought, nominally at least, for

the father, did not get back their lands from the son. The Cromwellians had taken too firm a hold of them. And in the multitude of broken gentlemen and of farmers reduced to labourers the materials for another first-rate conflagration were prepared.

Petty, who wrote under Charles the Second, and whose authority is extremely high, owing to the experience he had gained in the Down survey no less than to his insight and veracity, has given a very clear account of Ireland at this time. It deserves to be studied by those who think Irishmen radically different from other people.

"Their lazing (*sic*) seems to me to proceed rather from want of employment and encouragement to work than from the natural abundance of phlegm in their bowels and blood; for what need they to work who can content themselves with potatoes, whereof the labour of one man can feed forty. . . . when they can build a house in three days. . . . Why should they breed more cattle, since 'tis penal to import them into England? Why should they raise more commodities, since there are not merchants sufficiently stocked to take them of them, nor provided with other more foreign commodities, to give in exchange for them? And how should merchants have stock since trade is prohibited and fettered by the statutes of England? And why should men endeavour to get estates, where the legislative power is not agreed upon, and where tricks and words destroy natural right and property?"

Here we have the economical history of Ireland from the Restoration to the Union. Petty declares strongly the necessity of a united legislature. He had seen the advantage of Cromwell's short-lived Union, and he very truly says that there is no reason why Ireland

should be separate any more than the trans-Trentine counties of England. But Petty's advice had no effect against the dead weight of commercial jealousy and the influence of that class of politicians which in every age sets "English interests" above natural justice. When the question of prohibiting the importation of Irish cattle came before the House of Lords, Shaftesbury maintained "that if this Bill did not pass, all the rents in Ireland would rise in a vast proportion, and those in England fall as much; so that in a year or two the Duke of Ormond would have a greater revenue than the Earl of Northumberland."

"Which," says Clarendon, "made a visible impression on many, as a thing not to be endured." Achitophel must have laughed in his sleeve while using such an argument as this.

Petty calculated that there were 1,100,000 inhabitants in Ireland in 1672. Of these 800,000 were Papists, 200,000 Presbyterians and Protestant sectaries, and 100,000 "legal Protestants." Yet this miserable minority oppressed all the others. The Presbyterians fared no better than the Catholics, and they had not even the broken reed of Charles's sympathies to lean upon. Leslie, Bishop of Raphoe, imprisoned four ministers for *six years*, without trial, because they neglected to appear before his court. Nor was this case by any means singular, the "old rusty tool" of the Act of Supremacy being freely used against the men who had preserved Ireland to England. How far the rebellion had helped the Catholics may be judged from Petty's calculation—and he must have known—as to the religion of landowners. According to him, out of 7,500,000 of Irish acres of fertile land in Ireland more than five millions belonged to the Catholics at the beginning of

1641. At Christmas, 1672, after the Court of Claims had sat, the proportions were more than reversed, the Catholics having about two millions and a quarter, the Church and the Protestants all the rest.

Once more, under James the Second, the Catholics got the upper hand. Macaulay has told the world what use they made of their ascendancy. One does not blame them; but neither can one wonder at the reprisals which the victorious Protestants exacted. For a moment William the Third maintained some show of just government. But when he was gone the mingled bigotry and timidity of the ruling caste were allowed to have free vent. It is true that the keenest of intellects did not share their fears. Swift believed that a rising of the Catholics against the Protestants was as little to be apprehended as a rising of the women against the men. Swift's bigotry, or whatever it was, was occupied in reviling the Presbyterians. Yet the mass of the people, utterly beaten as they were, remained true to their religion. Berkeley, when he wished to get a hearing from the peasantry, addressed them through the Roman Catholic clergy. Berkeley was by far the brightest ornament of the Irish Bench in the eighteenth century, and was personally much beloved for his philanthropic exertions, which knew no distinction of class or creed. He held the Tory doctrine of Church and State, but he had tacitly abandoned Jeremy Taylor's position. Less than a century before the great Anglican doctor had thought a "Dissuasive from Popery" might still take effect; he had recited some of the popular superstitions which he saw about him, and had in all simplicity prescribed the remedy. The people ought to come to church and be taught. Yet he

acknowledged that the "Scriptures and service were in an unknown tongue." He uses this expression of the Latin Mass-book, but he also said the Irish "understand us not, and they will not understand us, neither will they learn that they may understand and live." Loftus, Bedell, Taylor, Berkeley—they all found the same thing; and the last being the most logical, if not the greatest, gave up the hopeless task. The people kept firmly to the old ways in religion. But they had suffered too much to fight for another half-century. In 1745, when the Pretender was at Derby, not a sword was drawn in Ireland. The Irish had had enough of the Stuarts.

Mr. Froude has lately taken the public over the ground of the penal laws, and however much we may differ with him in opinion there is no use in reviewing his facts here. These laws were of two kinds: those conferring disabilities, civil and political, of which the Protestant sectaries shared the weight; and those directed against the Catholics alone. The former were in unison with the spirit of the age; the Tory theory was still very generally received. The latter were peculiar, and were only too successful. The object was to prevent Catholics from having estates. By the operation of this eminently wise code, the religious and the communistic feelings of the people are united against the Protestant landlords. And with these the national dislike of England, whence came both landlords and Protestantism, is commingled. *Sassenagh*, once the name of the English stranger only, is now most generally used to express a Protestant. Dr. Joyce, one of the greatest living Irish scholars, has pronounced this usage to be "vulgar, and very modern," a fact which has a significance of its own.

The "inconveniencies of the Not-Union," as Petty expressed it, were strikingly shewn at the time of Pitt's famous commercial propositions. These would have given Ireland almost complete free trade; but they were rejected because the fathers of the utterly impracticable Constitution of '82 chose to consider them derogatory to the independence of the new nation. Soon after the Revolution the colony had asked for Union, and had been refused, and here was the consequence. England could no longer be just even when she wished it. There is a pamphlet written by some furious partisan which gives Pitt's arguments in the British Parliament in juxtaposition with those of the Chief Secretary in College Green. They answer each other, for it was Pitt's policy to educate his Protectionist followers by minimising the propositions; while Orde had to represent them as of the greatest possible importance, so as to induce the Irish patriots to postpone their pride to their interests.

The oppression of the people by the dominant faction became a public scandal. Sober English travellers openly sympathized with the White-boys. Arthur Young, usually so unsentimental, was moved by indignation to something like eloquence. It became the fashion among those who held or affected Liberal principles to represent the Catholics as immaculate, in order to prove that ascendancy was odious. The Rebellion undeceived these well-meaning people. It became clear that, badly as the Protestants had used their power, the Catholics would be even worse if they got the upper hand. Nor is this to be wondered at. The penal laws had been intended to degrade their victims, and they had succeeded to perfection. A Union became an absolute necessity. How the measure was carried all the

world knows; but the world is apt to forget that the Government measures for two generations, and more especially for the eighteen years of nominal independence, had been all carried in a similar way. Pitt wished, and probably intended, to emancipate the Catholics at the same time. But George the Third carried the day. Nearly thirty years of misery were necessary to achieve a reform which, if it had accompanied the Union, would have made men forget the means by which it was carried.

The United Irishmen and the movements springing out of their organization deserve careful study. The tree of liberty, to use the slang of the day, was originally planted in America, then transplanted to France, where it was watered with the blood of kings. The natural and laudable discontent of the Irish Catholics was the lever with which Wolfe Tone worked. How little he cared for religion may be gathered from his memoirs, in which allusions to the Catholic Bishops are numerous and exceedingly uncomplimentary. He was a very able man, and no doubt sincere enough at last. But it ought not to be forgotten that he was quite ready to give his services to Pitt as a projector. His overtures were neglected. He was equally ready to be a writer for the Whigs. But George Ponsonby treated him as an inferior, a useful tool not to be taken into confidence, and Tone threw over the Whigs. He is a typical man. Many Irish patriots are ready to take a place if they can get one. Those who get places early and easily seldom become agitators.

The Waterford election of 1826 jarred upon the nerves of the Iron Duke. He saw that the King's Government could no longer be carried on; and justice was done, not for its own sake, but for fear a worse

thing might happen. That sedition was the way to get things out of the Government was already well known in Henry the Eighth's time, when Sir James Fitzgerald reminded his nephew, Silken Thomas, that their house had always thriven by rebellion rather than by loyalty. To justify the taking up of arms things must be very bad indeed; but agitation is clearly allowable when there are great wrongs to be redressed. Only England cannot expect gratitude for favours so granted. Since 1829 there has been a constant movement in the right direction. All great grievances are now removed. The Church Establishment is gone. The reform of the Land Laws has not satisfied the tenants, but it has satisfied the ends of justice. Probably that is as much as Parliament need care for. The re-adjustment of educational endowments, and the reform of local government alone remain. These are not matters so high as to be beyond the capacity of a united legislature. Yet it is for such objects that Home Rule is demanded.

Outside of the Parliamentary Home Rule party there is a great body of extreme Nationalists who want to get rid of England altogether. They do not command the situation, for Rome, having squeezed the orange, has thrown it away. Fenianism claims to have disestablished the Church and emancipated the tenant. The claim must be allowed. England was not frightened, but she was aroused to a sense of how deep-seated Irish discontent was after all that had been done. Had the Elizabethan statesmen been able to entertain such a conception, they might have governed Ireland as India has been since governed. Instead of that they tried the colonising plan, and their successors trod the same path. Petty proposed to carry it further.

even than Cromwell. His notion was to transport 20,000 Irish girls into England and marry them there, replacing them by a like number of English girls who were to take Irish husbands. He gravely says that "the charge of making the exchange would not be £20,000 *per annum*, which is about six weeks' pay of the present or late armies in Ireland." Statesmen have not yet seen their way to dispense with an army in Ireland. The descendants of the colonists and of those whom they dispossessed are still living side by side; the problem is how to make them agree decently together. The local politicians exert their utmost energies to make any such *modus vivendi* impossible.

In the late Tipperary election the claims of Home Rule and Fenianism were put before the people. The clergy worked hard. In one case a priest used physical force against an obnoxious ballad singer. A prominent supporter of the Nationalist candidate is reported to have used these words:—

"Let the English Government keep Home Rule—they did not want it. (Cheers.) That measure was a sham! Let them pass a motion in the House of Commons to give the Irish arms, and if they did not get their rights from them, 'the devil a cutler in Cork.' (Cheers and laughter.) Let them give the Irish people the right to bear arms, to be volunteers, and to go about armed as Englishmen are—and then if they did not get Tenant-right, Denominational Education, and the Land Bill settled, 'the devil a cutler in Cork.' (Renewed laughter.) It was not the first land question that was settled in Tipperary with the rifle!" (Loud cheers.)

This is only a little more atrocious than some other speeches on the same occasion.

Mr. Gray, the successful candidate, in supporting the cry for denominational education, is reported to have said:—"The people of Ireland must have educational equality (the cant phrase for sectarianism), and to a certain extent religious equality without it is a sham. Catholics say, and I as a Protestant hold they have a perfect right to say it—for my children happen to be Catholics, and my wife is a Catholic." (Cheers for Mrs. Gray.) A simple-minded person in the crowd called out, "And you'll be one yourself." The mob laughed. It may easily be imagined how well Mr. Gray represents the Protestants of Tipperary. The fact is that there are a few Home Rule members of Parliament who are Protestants. But they are not elected by those of their own creed. It may fairly be doubted whether there are a hundred Protestant Home Rulers in the whole island. Protestant ascendancy was bad and it no longer exists. A Parliament in Dublin would mean Catholic ascendancy, and is there any reason to suppose that its yoke would be a light one? Not the slightest. Irish history tells us plainly that whenever those of one religion in Ireland have had the power they have oppressed the others. Agrarianism, Nationalism, Ultramontaniam are all united against the Protestants, especially against the Protestant landlords. The Union must be maintained as the only possible means of getting fair play for all.

R. BAGWELL.

THE DARK HOUSE ON THE MOOR.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

It is a wild winter's night, and the wan clouds hurry over the sky, as though the tempestuous wind that drives them were some cruel and terrible pursuer. Ever and anon, as these nebulous clouds separate hurriedly and are again re-formed, the fitful gleams of a pale moon cast their light upon a barren moorland.

A treeless, melancholy, and wind-ravaged waste it appears at this uncanny hour, and by this vague illumination. In all the space that lies within view there is only one spot that attracts the eye with any promise of shelter or human habitation, and even that, when closely viewed, is so dreary and disconsolate a shelter that a straying traveller might even prefer to spend the wild midnight hours upon the desolate and shelterless moorland rather than go for hospitality within its walls. It is a little farm-house, which stands cold and unprotected, with foundations which seem almost too frail to withstand the continually recurring wrath of the winds that attack it. The outbuildings are tumbling down, the few animals are ill-protected, and the whole of the little homestead wears a melancholy air that strikes passers-by with gloom even in the day-time, and under the genial light of the sun. It is not in accordance with the sights and sounds of a beautiful morning, and impresses the observer with the idea that it is out of place, and that it contains some-

thing which is antagonistic to the gay and the beautiful.

But now, visible only by this dim and fitful light, it bears so deserted and terrible an aspect that an individuality and character appears to have awakened in its ordinary features and a kind of consciousness to have come into existence within the inanimate bricks and mortar that compose this unearthly-looking abode.

The eye is attracted towards this little inhabited spot by a faint but steady light which shines forth from one of its lower windows. A dim lamp evidently burns within, though the night is far advanced, and in this lonely country place most of the scattered inhabitants, who have toiled arduously through the day for their scant subsistence, have long since gone to rest.

By this lamp there sits one person: alone, save for the presence of some guilty thoughts which appear to give him a terrible consciousness of company. No human being is likely to approach the house upon such a night as this: yet he now and again glances uneasily at the window, which has no curtain to keep out the chill air: no blind to screen him from the heavens without. He turns sometimes upon his chair to glance apprehensively at the creaking door, although he knows that no mortal being dwells in that house besides himself.

He appears to be doing nothing

which should make him ashamed—he sits, idly, his head resting upon his hands, save when some apparently involuntary action makes him start and gaze around. Why is he so nervous—so uneasy?

He is himself the farmer to whom this homestead belongs: he is young, strong, active, and there is abundance of work upon this neglected land for a hearty man to be busy at as soon as the early dawn breaks over the sky. Yet he takes no rest. He has toiled all through the foregone day with the pertinacity of one who is determined to wrest his livelihood from the unwilling and niggardly soil; and if he slept through these howling and unearthly hours of night, the bright morn would perchance still the unruly tempest and he might go forth to his labour with the friendly sun to aid and cheer him. The fight for existence which lies before this inheritor of a long-time ill-tended and naturally unfruitful farm is one which needs not only all his strength, but all the cheerfulness and hopefulness which health and vigour can give to the working man. Why then is he thus wasting in unemployed and sleepless hours, the energy which he needs for the morrow? Here he sits, brooding—his head in his hands: and then he rises, taking up the lamp, and pacing around the room with hurried and uncertain steps, as though he looked for something yet knew not where or how to look.

But a fortnight is passed since this solitary young man buried his father, the only relative or friend he had ever had, save his long-dead and dimly-remembered mother. A faint recollection would now and then mingle with his dreams, of a gentle face that had made his childhood endurable; and when he was younger and more tender, that fading vision had sometimes made

him sorrowful. But all that feeling had long since left him, and died away, in the years of hard and surly life alone with his father. And now he had laid that father in the dark earth, believing it to be his only eternal home, without a thought of personal grief, or even a regret for this utter blotting-out of a life—this final deep darkness which had engulfed the individuality he had known.

His father had been consistently cold and even harsh towards him—perhaps often enough unjust and unfriendly; yet at the same time he was the one solitary being to whom this young man had acknowledged any kind of tie or indebtedness. But he neither shed tears over the loss of this sole relative, or bemoaned the loneliness of his own lot, left, as he was, friendless in this solitary region. He felt no yearnings after the dead father; his eyes were not sleepless with sorrow; his body was not restless from grief. No: his trouble was not of that order.

When the hard old man lay, helpless at last, fighting with death, and yielding inch by inch to that silent but implacable power, the son lingered continually by his bedside. Not to wait upon him, or soothe his last hours by any tender services, but for some purpose of his own. He hovered around him, his eyes fixed upon his face: he listened eagerly for every muttered sound which came from the lips of the semi-paralysed, and almost speechless sufferer.

It was the night before his death that the old man, with a sudden agonised spasm, succeeded in pronouncing four distinct words. His son started to his feet, and flew to the bedside in the hope of obtaining something more than these four words: but they were the last that the father uttered.

No words of love were they, nor

yet of hope: but they penetrated to the very soul of the listening youth, and filled him with excitement.

“My money—down there.”

The old man's fiery eye had darted a look of infinitely cunning intelligence into the young man's face as he uttered the words, and he seemed to endeavour to point, as though he meant in one of the lower rooms; for he lay upon a hard and uninviting-looking bed in an upper chamber of this crazy tenement.

No more could the youth gather from the old man's inarticulate utterances, though he grew frantic with disappointed desire. The look of intelligence had vanished for ever from these dim and fast-closing eyes; no passion of the young man could again bring him into communication with that something which had been his father.

Satisfied of this he leaned his head upon his hand, and began to think intently. The words, unsatisfactory as they were, afforded him a sufficient text for long and absorbed reflection.

Long had he suspected his father of the sin of miserdom. Long had he watched and waited, hoping to gain some certainty of the fact, and to obtain some clue to the hiding place; but he had been unable to penetrate the well-guarded secret. Hours and days of suspicious observation had he passed, fixing on his father the eyes of a spy; following him from room to room, and listening with growing meanness at doorways and crevices; till at length this dream of hidden gold, which would release him from his hard and hated labour—which to him meant freedom and license—this dream became an absorbing idea, and all softer sentiments, all natural affections, were lost in selfish desire.

And now—he had got the half of the secret revealed—while the corpse of his dead father carried the

remainder with it into eternal silence.

This was all a fortnight ago. The body of his father lay in the chill and drear little graveyard where all the far-scattered country people of that district were gathered together in a grim society. Little intercourse ever existed among them; and they met finally only to lie silent and sullen side by side beneath the swift growing grass.

From the day of the old man's death—when at last he had no possibility of obtaining further clue from him—up to the present hour, the young man had continually passed and re-passed across the rickety and decaying floors of his house, searching each square inch of it. Every corner—every cranny of those rooms had he examined again and again. High and low, the boards, the walls—he felt and sounded, and tapped, and peered into. Bit by bit he had pulled up the floors to look under them, and had laid the boards down again in such a reckless fashion that walking about would have been dangerous work for any who did not know the anatomy of the house very intimately indeed. The few scant articles of furniture he had scrutinised so entirely that it was mere foolishness to spend more time upon them; but even yet he would now and then re-examine the old table which stood in the centre of the room; and an ancient writing-desk that leant up against one wall with a sort of wistful and apologetic inability any longer to stand upright, had been reduced to a final state of uselessness by his persistent search. He had torn out the drawers that were fastened, or that refused to move easily; he had broken up the interior with the idea that there might yet be some cunningly devised recess.

Perchance, had he found the gold, and gone forth from that

unhappy house, leaving behind him all the hard and crushing associations of his loveless youth, he might have entered upon some course of life which should have opened to him the possibilities of a more rational and joyful state. But the wealth which he searched for eluded him: as he grew more and more hopeless he realised continually that he was bound to the miserable existence he led. He had no spiritual courage or hope, which would have enabled him to work on fearlessly, in the midst of his poverty. He had too long given himself up to the intoxicating dream of unearned riches, for him to remain, even sullenly, contented without them. During his father's life, as he had crept after him and watched him, he had fully determined that when at last his eye should catch the gleam of the gold, that moment should his father die. And yet—now that his father was out of his way—now that he might tear the house to pieces in his searchings, undisturbed and uninterrupted—all was useless.

Useless—and worse than useless. For he was wearing out his body, his implement of honest labour. He was exhausting his forces and wasting his youth in this ceaseless and fruitless pursuit.

For the hundredth time he rose from his chair and went through the rooms, holding the flickering light in his hand, once more to look around them all, in the idea that he might just have omitted to examine the very nook that held his fortune. And again he returned and placed the light upon the rickety table, having come back to the old spot, empty handed, as before.

His face, as he stood there, in the centre of the room, looking fixedly at the ground, with a wild and absorbed expression, revealed the ravages of his passion. Deep

furrows, like those seen in the faces of old and world-worn men, were growing upon it and taking its youth away. His eyes were sunken and emitted a hard light that came forth like the flash of a dagger—evil, destructive of all but self. His hands trembled with the excitement of baffled desire, as he raised them to his head, and pressed his aching brows. The action seemed indeed to bring some illumination to his tormented brain, for a new idea appeared to arise within him.

“Can it be!” he exclaimed aloud, but in a low voice of horror, that came forth from the depths of his despair and degradation. “Can it be that my father lied to me? Or did himself but dream that he had money? Oh! God! I must despair!”

As he spoke the last words, which seemed to be forced out from his lips by his sudden realization of the completeness of his disappointment, he looked up, almost as though the involuntary utterance of God's name had impelled him to raise his eyes to those wild and distracted heavens. He might find there harmony with himself, if not hope: for nature seemed determined to play an appropriate accompaniment to-night to the part which the poor solitary mortal was enacting. But his gaze never travelled far enough to perceive the sympathy of the sky, for ere it could reach the rolling clouds it met a much more terrific sight—a sight to him whose eyes it riveted, so terrific that fear paralysed him and made him into a rigid statue of amazement.

He gazed—aghast and terror-stricken—he gazed at the window; his hands still uplifted and pressed to his temples, for the blood was frozen in his veins—his heart appeared not to beat, the breath was as if it had departed from his body, and he knew not how to move.

For there—at the window—just outside it—pressed almost against the glass—there he beheld his father's face. Not doubtfully—not vaguely—but plainly as any material fact. His brain dimly formed the thought that could he but close his eyes, the fearful thing might be gone when again he opened them, but he could not close them!—his eyes remained fixed, as though death had indeed come to him, in this extremity of his terror.

Was this hallucination? Was it a dream of distracted eyes or of distempered mind? No; it was horribly, fearfully distinct. Clearly, as he stood and gazed, could he trace the lines of the worn and furrowed face—he met the familiar look of the sad and clouded eyes; there was the gray tangled hair, tossed by the night wind—and around him—ah, yes, around him, clasped and held as if for protection—the shroud; the white and awful folds of the death-shroud clung about him. As every particular of this sight stamped itself upon his brain the unhappy youth gave vent to a horrid scream, a yell of fear, and sank unconscious upon the floor.

He never knew how long a time elapsed before his consciousness began to return, before he again struggled up from the floor and stared wildly about him. He sat silently, where he found himself, afraid to move further, lonely and terrified, fearful even of looking to the heavens above, so great was his dread of seeing that sight again. But he ventured to peer around with reluctant eyes, and then closed them with a sigh of relief that they had met with no form of terror in the dim half-lighted corners of the room.

Dare he move?—dare he rise and try to throw off the spell that lay upon him? Dare he face the shadows that would flicker on the

wall as he moved, and the deep darknesses of the silent house? How could he escape from his great dread to the world of realities?

He knew not; his house stood alone in the midst of a desolate tract, which contained nothing that would shield him from the weird and awful; if he ventured outside his door, he knew not but that he should find that terrible figure standing there, waiting for him. The thought curdled his blood. What should he do? Must he sit there, like a craven coward, daring neither to move or raise his eyes?

Whilst he thus debated within himself, a new horror stole upon his senses—a new amazement palsied the action of his brain. Motionless he sat and listened, motionless he submitted to the agony of fear that filled him; for the unseen power that thus alarmed him seemed to hold him with a hand of ice. Silently he listened; for indeed it was a voice that broke upon his ear; not in terrifying accents, but clearly,—slowly,—gently,—softly—the words dropped into his mind.

“My son, I would not have thus alarmed you had I realized how dread a sight to you would be that of your own father's face. It is I—I, your father,—it is no fiend that has taken my form. Do not fear me more than you used, although I only wear a semblance of a form rather than the reality.

“Flee from this house, my son; yield not to the haunting spirits that throng it, and are breaking your young spirit to their will! Do you not see them?—see how they crowd about you—see how they gather and come from all parts of the house, striving to hold you from me—striving to keep you for their own evil will. God be praised, you cannot see them! Yield not to them!

“They governed me, also. Yes,

it was here, in this house, that first the passion for gold became too strong for me! I was a grasping and a hard man always; I craved for money, but it was to gain advantages, wealth, position; I was not so meaningless in my desires as to love it only for itself! But here—here—I lost my hold on life, on love—on all but the vice of avarice. I see it all now. It was in me, as it is in you; but instead of fighting it, as *you must*, I yielded to the power of cruel, evil, unspiritual spirits, who helped me crush my better nature, and gave me food for my vices. They, too, have lived and died here—unprincipled, selfish wretches, who so loved their tangible, material world, that even after leaving the body behind, they endeavoured to cling as closely as possible to that part of their material surroundings, to which they had attached themselves. But I must hasten, for my time is short. So long, my son, has your body been obscured by terror, that I have but little time left for speech.

“I died—alas!—my last words were of that cursed money—my last thoughts dwelled upon it—and as my dim soul left the worn out body, I found myself, not looking up or entering on new life, but standing and gazing upon the spot where the money lay hid. I could not leave it—I had nothing else to turn to—and until my body was carried from the house I wandered about and around it, a lost and wretched being, bemoaning my store, which was lost, both to me and to you!

“Do not tremble so, my son—it fills me with grief, to be such a terror to the only being who has any bond of union with me. The only being—yes—your mother,—ah! I loved her once—I loved her always, only I was blind and dead—I have looked for her, but I cannot find her! I cannot find her anywhere—not anywhere!

“But I must tell you how, when they hid my body away, a chain seemed to have been cut, and I found myself straying—alone—in utter darkness. Such darkness as I have no words for.

“I taught you to have no faith in the fable of a future life; I had none myself. When clouded and veiled, and utterly bowed down by this intolerable darkness I thought—This is death. And yet I marvelled that I should still be able to think—that I could thus wonder at my own state. Did I still exist even in death? Was I to die to everything save consciousness? Was I to lose all save the knowledge of my own misery and want of life? At first I seemed to be a part of the darkness—quite negative, and blank, and hopeless. But afterwards these questionings arose in me, and I strove within myself, and began to cry for life, and forgot my past vices, in the yearning for a new creation of myself. New, yes—for I did not expect to return to earth life. A mysterious longing was growing within me, for something which I could not understand—a yearning, and a craving, and a reaching out—blind and melancholy yet passionate, for all my nature’s force was thrown upon it. I could not understand then, but I know now, that the first glimmering idea of life in the spirit had dawned upon me.

“When I was filled with this passionate desire I felt a gentle hand touch mine, so lovingly that my suspicious nature could not for shame arouse itself. Then it pressed my weary eyes, and bade me see.

“See!—oh, my son! the rapture that filled me when first that intolerable darkness began to be dispersed by a sort of gray gloom, which, though sad and mournful, was to me, by contrast, like a radiant light. I felt that once more I was alive—that death in some

inscrutable manner had been banished—that life had returned to me with sight, yet I could not pause to wonder at this mystery, for all my attention was riveted upon the world I found myself in. Was it Heaven, or was it Hell? I knew not.

“Dim, cowering forms I saw all around me, some with hidden faces, some with upturned eyes, empty of expression, unseeing. I gazed into the faces I met, in amazement at the emptiness of life expressed in them, the void of all save blank misery, and vague appeal. When first my surprise wore off, it went to my heart to see the shapes they wore, to observe the objectlessness of their attitudes, the doubtfulness and hesitation of their movements; and then, to hear the childish wail burst from the heart of some half-formed creature, who had worn out his physical body in idle sin and selfishness, giving his spirit no time or opportunity for growth.

“And I!—I was among them—I was one of these, and when I thought of this, I laid my head down and gave way to despair.

“But a touch then came again upon my hand, and looking up I saw, dimly, a form—a beautiful form—a form instinct with light and life and movement, glowing with its own internal loveliness and radiant with animation. How can I tell you what this form was? Oh, that you might see it, and be guided as I was guided! It was a dove, with broad-spread wings for flight—and yet a woman—how, I know not. I can only tell you how I was impressed. I saw that she was the foremost, and most distinct of a circling band of glowing luminous forms, that vanished far beyond my sight into those heavens above, which were invisible to me.

“She spoke—and told me I was wrong to despair, for I had already taken an upward step, and if I would

follow her, she told me she would prove this by shewing me the world I had just left. She spoke with such simplicity and commanding earnestness that unhesitatingly I obeyed.

“And what a sight she made visible to me! The language of earth is too puny to describe that which I saw. Beings who fought in the filth for a copper, like wild dogs for a bone. Creatures who fawned and flattered and licked the horrible dust with their black and blistered tongues, to gain but a particle of some possession from another. Solitary, intense forms, who grubbed and dug and scraped with their nails in some particular spot—some hideous hole—after a fancied hoard which they expected to find there. Not men, but beasts, were these, with their eyes always downwards—their bodies always bent, in some abject attitude; their faces turned away from such dim rays, not of light, but of lesser gloom, as could struggle into their atmosphere!

“And I, but a brief while before, had been one of these! Too self-absorbed even to see my own dreadful companions—fixing my eyes only on that horrid tie which had bound me to the earth—my hidden gold—I, unseeing, and unseen, had mingled with this sickening crew! Oh, could I but inspire you with the disgust and contempt which filled my breast, as I watched these selfish, unopened beings! Could I but picture them so vividly, that you would sooner die of starvation and poverty than suffer your spirit to be so depraved! *Die?* What is death? But the casting aside of a useless garment. I know now how small a thing it is, for I only appreciated the change by the fact that I could not reach my money—could not grasp it; and I could not speak to you. Moreover, I saw my body lying there, and was perplexed by its separation

from myself. Believe me, to die is nothing, beside the hideous degradation which men bring upon themselves by soul-murder—Yes! is it not murder to that inner and higher part of you, to give your life, your mind, your thoughts, yourself, to a something which has no existence save to the most external senses? something which is of no value, unless you exchange it for other things which also are tangible to the external senses? And these are things which vanish for ever when the poor mutilated, darkened spirit leaves the body; leaves it, to pass into some such state as I have tried to tell you of.

“While I gazed in wonder and horror, these other beings of some different world stood beside me:—different, indeed, for they were beautiful and full of light, instead of hideous and dark.

“Presently she that had already spoken before to me, spoke again. ‘Despair not,’ she said; ‘for I shew you what a mighty step in life you have taken. You now perceive the spiritual life—you are **AWAKE!** Only dimly awake, it is true; only as a child; but still awake. And now your eyes turn upwards to the light. . . . If, long ago, while on earth, you had yielded to your better nature, if you had not thrown aside your sweet wife’s influences,—if you had turned into the paths of goodness and truth, instead of letting yourself gradually grow harsher and falser, you would now have gained a spiritual life—you would be full of works, of loves, of hopes; you would have entered upon that life which ought to belong to you, when physical death freed you from your body, instead of finding yourself in darkness, and void of life. As it is, thank your Father that he has opened your eyes, and patiently persevere in your efforts to realize the world which is around

you. The more you endeavour to perceive spiritual existences, the more will they crowd upon you, and your life will momentarily become fuller. But look not downwards or back—Look not back! Your eyes are too faint and feeble yet to brave the sight of the evil which lies behind you!’

“And I did strive! Oh, God, how I prayed for light and looked to the dim sky and craved for the sun’s beams! But I dare not pause to tell you all, for the light of your earth’s sun will soon fill your heavens and you cannot then see me or hear me, though I still shall be beside you.

“They told me—these angel visitants—that a glorious light filled all the universe, and that I was blind, not the world dark. *They* saw it; they said it surrounded me could I but perceive it. I strove with straining eye-balls to see its all-pervading presence. I wandered through my gray and gloomy surroundings, regardless of where my feet strayed, thinking only that perchance in some new place I might catch the sight I yearned for—over the rough and pathless moors and mountains that stretched on every side, I toiled in this passionate hope—fancying that from each mountain top I should behold the sun rising—that in each valley I might look up and see the heavens, cleared from the pall of gloom that obscured them.

“I wandered on, with weary feet, bruised by the hard rocks, worn and faint with fruitless toil. Yet still my deep desire carried me on, and I would not yield to hopelessness. I strove continually, feeling sure that some way must lead out of the darkness. Then, as my spirit almost sank beneath its own struggles, help came to me; a wonderful presence crossed my path. I saw before me a strong and upright form, whose

white and sweeping robes wore on them the colour of light; and I could see that he carried within him a roseate ray of sunshine. It gleamed and glowed forth from him. I knew that it was his atmosphere, it was that which sustained his sweet life in the midst of the dull vapourousness that surrounded me. He came towards me, and gladdened me with his greeting; for he hailed me as a brother, and bade me only look forward, and hasten unwaveringly towards the true, the real life. And ere he left me he said, 'There is a work close at hand for thee to do, but thou must go back as even we must, when we endeavour to help others. Art thou strong enough, my brother, to face the old world of sin and weakness—to feel the material fetters almost on thee once again? Wilt thou not be tempted by their allurements?'

"My son, I told him so earnestly how deeply I felt the change—how great even this blind life of mine seemed in comparison to that in which I was satisfied only with the light of a physical sun—that he smiled as he passed away, leaving, methought, a stray sunbeam from the shining of his garments.

"My work soon came to me, and then I recognized his meaning.

"I *saw you*; and I, too, was terrified, as much as you were, by a terrible phantom! For I saw you, my beloved son, my only child—a youthful spirit who should have learned how to live from *me*—I saw you grovelling among the beasts, lowering yourself to them, instead of trying to rise even above humanity!

"I saw you, cowering and groping, searching for the paltry money which was the centre of your dark down-looking, and growing meaner and more miserable in your inner life. In your longing for easily-gotten gold I heard you curse me!

and thy avenging voice penetrated into my soul and awoke in me the horrors of remorse. I saw your spirit—your body I could not see—and its aspect struck me so deeply with grief and fear that in my longing I flung myself towards you—I strove to reach you—to speak—to warn you—to hold you back from the evil. And then, I know not how, I found myself in this shape—in the form that I last wore upon earth—and this—this familiar shape has so affrighted you that you cannot speak to me! Oh, answer me, my son!"

Silence fell, and the silence was more awful to the young man than even the sound of that weird, entreating voice. Wildly he cried aloud, "What would you have me do?"

"Do? Ah, let me strive to tell you! Look not down upon the material temptations and desires, which are only clogs and drags upon that life of man which enters into eternity. Oh, my son, if by these words I can undo the teachings of a life—believe me, you are immortal! Do not condemn yourself to that dread state which, by those who enslave themselves to earthly gain, must be experienced, when first their earthly existence is taken from them. Oh, my son, let me strive to shew you the way!"

As he spoke, in the greatness of his desire, the father forgot that the barrier of flesh lay between their spirits. He advanced from out the shadow that had concealed the form he wore, and held his hands yearningly towards his son.

He advanced but a step, yet that step permitted the wan moonlight to reveal him.

The youth sprang to his feet with a wild shriek of abject fear, and then, as though rooted to the ground, he gazed in silence at the figure before his eyes. For a

moment thus they remained motionless, each looking fixedly upon the other; and then the ghostly being made a gesture of deprecation—for overpowering fear and horror was plainly visible in the countenance of the unhappy young man.

He flung out his arms towards his son, and leaned towards him, striving to express the yearning, and desire to help, that filled him. But the apparent approaching of this unearthly form towards him, filled the young man's cup of horror to the full. He suddenly rushed to the window, flung it up, and sprang through it, while its rotten cords let it crash with a loud noise behind his flying figure. Blindly, but with the energy of terror, he fled across the dark moorland.

The weak mortal, terrified beyond endurance by a horrible and unexpected appearance, had escaped and hidden himself away from the very sight of the helping hand held out to him. His only thought is to get away—away—and to find some natural, physical thing which could re-assure and comfort the scattered senses of the body.

And what a dark house indeed is this which he leaves behind him, standing in its bleak solitude upon the moor, untenanted by any mortal! Its most tangible inhabitant a being from another world—out of another life, brought hither by remorse and the late effort to retrieve at least some of his errors!

There is no light within the house now, for the dim lamp has long since burnt out, and the fitful moon-rays as they gleam now and again through the window make the shadows more mysterious and suggestive. Are the rooms indeed tenanted by vague and unreal figures, that crouch and run and dance, and gibber in an unearthly merriment, as though delighted that the last mortal had gone, and left them free to hold their grim revel, or

are these fantastic forms but the mingling of the vague light with the dim shade?

Even that ghastly form which had proved so terrible a sight, grows dimmer; but still is visible the worn and haggard face, marked now with tears; and still is there power to give forth one cry of anguish.

"Lost! lost! lost! Oh, my son, thou couldst not believe though one rose from the dead! How could I hope that the fervour of a moment should undo the lessons of years? . . . My God, I have failed in my work! . . . I have done nothing! . . . What shall I do? Is there no hope for me!"

Fear and grief and sorrow encompassed him like a gray vapour, which gathered around him as a veil. His features grew blurred and indistinct and his form lost all physical outline. For he turned inward into the interior state of his spirit, that he might there find the privacy of solitude, in which to yield to his grief and disappointment. Forlorn and dim, he vanished from the earthly sphere, and from the vision of those dark beings that seemed to claim the dwelling as their own; for though enveloped in gloom as he was, yet their darkness was deeper still.

They could not perceive the sorrowful spirit even while it stood in their midst: but soon he left them altogether, passing away into another world, which though dim and melancholy, yet had a purer atmosphere and a less hopeless darkness.

And here, back once more in the state which had become familiar to him, he prepared to hide himself wholly within his gloom of disappointment until its bitterness should have worn away. But, ere the cloud had completely wrapped him round, there penetrated to his soul a sound which seemed to reach him

out of a far-off sphere. A voice—gentle and soft, as the tender voice of the dove, yet clear and audible, fell upon his ear, rousing and awakening his spirit by a new beauty and by a sweetness that seemed already known and familiar to the far-reaches of his memory.

“Do not thus despair! How hast thou striven! The dear angels already smile upon thee. I can perceive, by the increase of light that is about thee, the Divine approval that is elicited by thy impassioned act. Fear not: for soon thy unresting feet will lead thee into a brighter state, and thou wilt find the way into that peaceful home which I am permitted to prepare and keep for thee. Only look thou ever up, my love!”

Whilst he listened, and felt the tender words drop upon his heart like soft rain upon a thirsty land, there came across his sad, up-looking eyes a light. And as it came, gladdening his earnest soul with a delight as of new life, he beheld, within its centre of brightness, the features of his long-lost wife smile for an instant upon him.

The sound of the broad wings of heavenly messengers fell upon his ears, and his eyes dimly perceived glowing and majestic forms that moved in bright harmony where the light appeared. And his eyes gathered strength to gaze, and his ears power to hear, for he felt that those who dwelled and moved within that light breathed the atmosphere of love.

He knew that his eyes were opening to behold the Divine light which the dove-winged messenger had told him filled all the universe.

The majestic beings, clothed in light, and radiant with light, who swiftly passed him by, thrilling his new-born consciousness by their glowing presence, smiled upon him.

The darkness of night had fallen from him, and he felt that the cloud which made him dim was a mist of the morning.

And the earth too now flung off her brooding shadows, and awoke to welcome her own divinity—the sun. The storm was over, and the brightness of the dawn fell upon a deserted and decaying building—the dark house on the moor.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THAT "Art is long and life is short" is a truth which everyone feels, or ought to feel; yet surely those who were in London last May, and had in one week the opportunities of hearing Rubinstein play the Sonata Impassionata, of seeing Wagner conduct the Spinning Wheel Chorus from the *Flying Dutchman*, and of studying art at the Grosvenor Gallery, have very little to complain of as regards human existence and art-pleasures.

Descriptions of music are generally, perhaps, more or less failures, for music is a matter of individual feeling, and the beauties and lessons that one draws from hearing lovely sounds are mainly personal, and depend to a large extent on one's own state of mind and culture. So leaving Rubinstein and Wagner to be celebrated by Franz Huëffer, or Mr. Haweis, or any other of our picturesque writers on music, I will describe some of the pictures now being shown in the Grosvenor Gallery.

The origin of this Gallery is as follows: About a year ago the idea occurred to Sir Coutts Lindsay of building a public gallery, in which, untrammelled by the difficulties or meannesses of "Hanging Committees," he could exhibit to the lovers of art the works of certain great living artists side by side: a gallery in which the student would not have to struggle through an endless monotony of mediocre works in order to reach at what was worth looking at; and in which the people of England could have the opportunity of judging of the merits of at least one great master of paint-

ing, whose pictures had been kept from public exhibition by the jealousy and ignorance of rival artists. Accordingly, last May, in New Bond Street, the Grosvenor Gallery was opened to the public.

As far as the Gallery itself is concerned, there are only three rooms, so there is no fear of our getting that terrible weariness of mind and eye which comes on after the "Forced Marches" through ordinary picture galleries. The walls are hung with scarlet damask above a dado of dull green and gold; there are luxurious velvet couches, beautiful flowers and plants, tables of gilded wood and inlaid marbles, covered with Japanese China and the latest "Minton," globes of "rainbow glass" like large soap-bubbles, and, in fine, everything in decoration that is lovely to look on, and in harmony with the surrounding works of art.

Burne-Jones and Holman Hunt are probably the greatest masters of colour that we have ever had in England, with the single exception of Turner, but their styles differ widely. To draw a rough distinction, Holman Hunt studies and reproduces the colours of natural objects, and deals with historical subjects, or scenes of real life, mostly from the East, touched occasionally with a certain fancifulness, as in the "Shadow of the Cross." Burne-Jones, on the contrary, is a dreamer in the land of mythology, a seer of fairy visions, a symbolical painter. He is an imaginative colourist too, knowing that all colour is no mere delightful quality of natural

things, but a "spirit upon them by which they become expressive to the spirit," as Mr. Pater says. Watts' power, on the other hand, lies in his great originative and imaginative genius, and he reminds us of Æschylus or Michael Angelo in the startling vividness of his conceptions. Although these three painters differ much in aim and in result, they yet are one in their faith, and love, and reverence, the three golden keys to the gate of the House Beautiful.

On entering the West Gallery the first picture that meets the eye is Mr. Watts' "Love and Death," a large painting, representing a marble doorway, all overgrown with white-starred jasmine and sweet brier-rose. Death, a giant form, veiled in grey draperies, is passing in with inevitable and mysterious power, breaking through all the flowers. One foot is already on the threshold, and one relentless hand is extended, while Love, a beautiful boy with lithe brown limbs and rainbow-coloured wings, all shrinking like a crumpled leaf, is trying, with vain hands, to bar the entrance. A little dove, undisturbed by the agony of the terrible conflict, waits patiently at the foot of the steps for her playmate; but will wait in vain, for though the face of Death is hidden from us, yet we can see from the terror in the boy's eyes and quivering lips, that, Medusa-like, this grey phantom turns all it looks upon to stone; and the wings of Love are rent and crushed. Except on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome, there are perhaps few paintings to compare with this in intensity of strength and in marvel of conception. It is worthy to rank with Michael Angelo's "God dividing the Light from the Darkness."

Next to it are hung five pictures by Millais. Three of them are portraits of the three daughters of

the Duke of Westminster, all in white dresses, with white hats and feathers; the delicacy of the colour being rather injured by the red damask background. These pictures do not possess any particular merit beyond that of being extremely good likenesses, especially the one of the Marchioness of Ormonde. Over them is hung a picture of a seamstress, pale and vacant-looking, with eyes red from tears and long watchings in the night, hemming a shirt. It is meant to illustrate Hood's familiar poem. As we look on it, a terrible contrast strikes us between this miserable pauper-seamstress and the three beautiful daughters of the richest duke in the world, which breaks through any artistic reveries by its awful vividness.

The fifth picture is a profile head of a young man with delicate aquiline nose, thoughtful, oval face, and artistic, abstracted air, which will be easily recognized as a portrait of Lord Ronald Gower, who is himself known as an artist and sculptor. But no one would discern in these five pictures the genius that painted "The Home at Bethlehem" and the portrait of John Ruskin which is in Oxford.

Then come eight pictures by Alma Tadema, good examples of that accurate drawing of inanimate objects which makes his pictures so real from an antiquarian point of view, and of the sweet subtlety of colouring which gives to them a magic all their own. No. 32 represents some Roman girls bathing in a marble tank, and the colour of the limbs in the water is very perfect indeed; a dainty attendant is tripping down a flight of steps with a bundle of towels, and in the centre a great green sphynx in bronze throws forth a shower of sparkling water for a very pretty laughing girl, who stoops gleefully beneath it. There is a delightful sense of coolness

about the picture, and one can almost imagine that one hears the splash of water, and the girls' chatter. It is wonderful what a world of atmosphere and reality may be condensed into a very small space, for this picture is only about eleven by two and a half inches.

The most ambitious of these pictures is one of "Phidias showing the Frieze of the Parthenon to his Friends." We are supposed to be on a high scaffolding level with the frieze, and the effect of great height produced by glimpses of light between the planking of the floor is very cleverly managed. But there is a want of individuality among the connoisseurs clustered round Phidias, and the frieze itself is very inaccurately coloured. The Greek boys who are riding and leading the horses are painted Egyptian red, and the whole design is done in this red, dark blue, and black. This sombre colouring is un-Greek; the figures of these boys were undoubtedly tinted with flesh colour, like the ordinary Greek statues, and the whole tone of the colouring of the original frieze was brilliant and light; while one of its chief beauties, the reins and accoutrements of burnished metal, is quite omitted. This painter is more at home in the Greco-Roman art of the Empire and later Republic than he is in the art of the Periklean age.

The most remarkable of Mr. Richmond's pictures exhibited here is his "Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon"—a very magnificent subject, which, however, is not done justice to. Electra and her hand-maidens are grouped gracefully in various attitudes around the tomb of the murdered King; but there is a want of humanity in the scene; there is no trace of that passionate Asiatic mourning for the dead to which the Greek women were so prone, and which Æschylus de-

scribes with such intensity; nor would Greek women have come to pour libations to the dead in such bright-coloured dresses as Mr. Richmond has given them; clearly this artist has not studied Æschylus' play of the *Chœphoræ*, in which there is an elaborate and pathetic account of this scene. The tall, twisted tree-stems, however, that form the back-ground are fine and original in effect, and Mr. Richmond has caught exactly that peculiar opal-blue of the sky which is so remarkable in Greece; the purple orchids too, and daffodil and narcissi that are in the foreground are all flowers which I have myself seen at Argos.

Sir Coutts Lindsay sends a life-size portrait of his wife, holding a violin, which has some good points of colour and position, and four other pictures, including an exquisitely simple and quaint little picture of the "Dower House at Balcarres," and a "Daphne" with rather questionable flesh-painting, and in whom we miss the breathlessness of flight.

"I saw the blush come o'er her like a rose;
The half-reluctant crimson comes and goes;
Her glowing limbs make pause, and she is stayed,
Wondering the issue of the words she prayed."

It is a great pity that Holman Hunt is not represented by any of his really great works, such as the "Finding of Christ in the Temple," or "Isabella mourning over the Pot of Basil," both of which are fair samples of his powers. Four pictures of his are shewn here; a little Italian child, painted with great love and sweetness, two street scenes in Cairo full of rich Oriental colouring, and a wonderful work called the "Afterglow in Egypt." It represents a tall swarthy Egyptian woman, in a robe of dark and

light blue, carrying a green jar on her shoulder, and a sheaf of grain on her head; around her comes fluttering a flock of beautiful doves of all colours, eager to be fed. Behind is a wide flat river, and across the river a stretch of ripe corn, through which a gaunt camel is being driven; the sun has set, and from the west comes a great wave of red light like wine poured out on the land, yet not crimson, as we see the Afterglow in Northern Europe, but a rich pink like that of a rose. As a study of colour it is superb, but it is difficult to feel a human interest in this Egyptian peasant.

Mr. Albert Moore sends some of his usual pictures of women, which as studies of drapery and colour effects are very charming. One of them, a tall maiden, in a robe of light blue, clasped at the neck with a glowing sapphire, and with an orange head-dress, is a very good example of the highest decorative art, and a perfect delight in colour.

Mr. Spencer Stanhope's picture of "Eve Tempted" is one of the remarkable pictures of the Gallery. Eve, a fair woman, of surpassing loveliness, is leaning against a bank of violets underneath the apple-tree; naked, except for the rich thick folds of gilded hair which sweep down from her head like the bright rain in which Zeus came to Danaë. The head is drooped a little forward as a flower droops when the dew has fallen heavily, and her eyes are dimmed with the haze that comes in moments of doubtful thought. One arm falls idly by her side, the other is raised high over her head among the branches, her delicate fingers just meeting round one of the burnished apples that glow amidst the leaves like "golden lamps in a green night." An amethyst-coloured serpent, with a devilish human head, is twisting

round the trunk of the tree and breathes into the woman's ear a blue flame of evil counsel. At the feet of Eve bright flowers are growing, tulips, narcissi, lilies, and anemones, all painted with a loving patience that reminds us of the older Florentine masters; after whose example, too, Mr. Stanhope has used gilding for Eve's hair and for the bright fruits.

Next to it is another picture by the same artist, entitled "Love and the Maiden." A girl has fallen asleep in a wood of olive trees, through whose branches and grey leaves we can see the glimmer of sky and sea, with a little seaport town of white houses shining in the sunlight. The olive wood is ever sacred to the Virgin Pallas, the Goddess of Wisdom, and who would have dreamed of finding Erôs hidden there? But the girl wakes up, as one wakes from sleep one knows not why, to see the face of the boy Love, who, with outstretched hands, is leaning towards her from the midst of a rhododendron's crimson blossoms. A rose-garland presses the boy's brown curls, and he is clad in a tunic of oriental colours, and delicately sensuous are his face and his bared limbs. His boyish beauty is of that peculiar type unknown in Northern Europe, but common in the Greek islands, where boys can still be found as beautiful as the Charmides of Plato. Guido's "St. Sebastian" in the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa is one of these boys, and Perugino once drew a Greek Gany-mede for his native town, but the painter who most shews the influence of this type is Correggio, whose lily-bearer in the Cathedral at Parma, and whose wild-eyed, open-mouthed St. Johns in the "Incoronata Madonna" of St. Giovanni Evangelista, are the best examples in art of the bloom and vitality and radiance of this adolescent beauty.

And so there is extreme loveliness in this figure of Love by Mr. Stanhope, and the whole picture is full of grace, though there is, perhaps, too great a luxuriance of colour, and it would have been a relief had the girl been dressed in pure white.

Mr. Frederick Burton, of whom all Irishmen are so justly proud, is represented by a fine water-colour portrait of Mrs. George Smith; one would almost believe it to be in oils, so great is the lustre on this lady's raven-black hair, and so rich and broad and vigorous is the painting of a Japanese scarf she is wearing. Then as we turn to the east wall of the gallery we see the three great pictures of Burne-Jones, the "Beguiling of Merlin," the "Days of Creation," and the "Mirror of Venus." The version of the legend of "Merlin's Beguiling" that Mr. Burne-Jones has followed differs from Mr. Tennyson's, and from the account in the "Morte d'Arthur." It is taken from the "Romance of Merlin," which tells the story in this wise:—

"It fell on a day that they went through the forest of Brece-liande, and found a bush that was fair and high, of white hawthorn, full of flowers, and there they sat in the shadow. And Merlin fell on sleep; and when she felt that he was on sleep she arose softly, and began her enchantments, such as Merlin had taught her, and made the ring nine times, and nine times the enchantments.

* * * * *

And then he looked about him, and him seemed he was in the fairest tower of the world, and the most strong; neither of iron was it fashioned, nor steel, nor timber, nor of stone, but of the air, without any other thing; and in sooth so strong it is that it may never be undone while the world endureth."

So runs the chronicle; and thus Mr. Burne-Jones, the "Archimago of the esoteric unreal," treats the subject. Stretched upon a

low branch of the tree, and encircled with the glory of the white hawthorn-blossoms, half sits, half lies, the great enchanter. He is not drawn as Mr. Tennyson has described him, with the "vast and shaggy mantle of a beard," which youth gone out had left in ashes; smooth and clear-cut and very pale is his face; time has not seared him with wrinkles or the signs of age; one would hardly know him to be old were it not that he seems very weary of seeking into the mysteries of the world, and that the great sadness that is born of wisdom has cast a shadow on him. But now what availeth him his wisdom or his arts? His eyes, that saw once so clear, are dim and glazed with coming death, and his white and delicate hands that wrought of old such works of marvel, hang listlessly. Vivien, a tall, lithe woman, beautiful and subtle to look on, like a snake, stands in front of him, reading the fatal spell from the enchanted book; mocking the utter helplessness of him whom once her lying tongue had called

"Her lord and liege,
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of
eve,
Her god, her Merlin, the one passionate
love
Of her whole life."

In her brown crisp hair is the gleam of a golden snake, and she is clad in a silken robe of dark violet that clings tightly to her limbs, more expressing than hiding them; the colour of this dress is like the colour of a purple sea-shell, broken here and there with slight gleams of silver and pink and azure; it has a strange metallic lustre like the iris-neck of the dove. Were this Mr. Burne-Jones' only work it would be enough of itself to make him rank as a great painter. The picture is full of magic; and the colour is truly a

spirit dwelling on things and making them expressive to the spirit, for the delicate tones of grey, and green, and violet seem to convey to us the idea of languid sleep, and even the hawthorn blossoms have lost their wonted brightness, and are more like the pale moonlight to which Shelley compared them, than the sheet of summer snow we see now in our English fields.

The next picture is divided into six compartments, each representing a day in the Creation of the World, under the symbol of an angel holding a crystal globe, within which is shown the work of a day. In the first compartment stands the lonely angel of the First Day, and within the crystal ball Light is being separated from Darkness. In the fourth compartment are four angels, and the crystal glows like a heated opal, for within it the creation of the Sun, Moon, and Stars is passing; the number of the angels increases, and the colours grow more vivid till we reach the sixth compartment, which shines afar off like a rainbow. Within it are the six angels of the Creation, each holding their crystal ball; and within the crystal of the sixth angel one can see Adam's strong brown limbs and hero form, and the pale, beautiful body of Eve. At the feet also of these six winged messengers of the Creator is sitting the angel of the Seventh Day, who on a harp of gold is singing the glories of that coming day which we have not yet seen. The faces of the angels are pale and oval-shaped, in their eyes is the light of Wisdom and Love, and their lips seem as if they would speak to us; and strength and beauty are in their wings. They stand with naked feet, some on shell-strewn sands whereon tide has never washed nor storm broken, others it seems on pools of water,

others on strange flowers; and their hair is like the bright glory round a saint's head.

The scene of the third picture is laid in a long green valley by the sea; eight girls, handmaidens of the Goddess of Love, are collected by the margin of a long pool of clear water, whose surface no wandering wind, or flapping bird has ruffled; but the large flat leaves of the water lily float on it undisturbed, and clustering forget-me-nots rise here and there like heaps of scattered turquoise.

In this "Mirror of Venus" each girl is reflected as in a mirror of polished steel. Some of them bend over the pool in laughing wonder at their own beauty, others, weary of shadows, are leaning back, and one girl is standing straight up; and nothing of her is reflected in the pool but a glimmer of white feet. This picture, however, has not the intense pathos and tragedy of the "Beguiling of Merlin," nor the mystical and lovely symbolism of the "Days of the Creation." Above these three pictures are hung five allegorical studies of figures by the same artist, all worthy of his fame.

Mr. Walter Crane, who has illustrated so many fairy tales for children, sends an ambitious work called the "Renaissance of Venus," which in the dull colour of its "sunless dawn," and in its general want of all the glow and beauty and passion that one associates with this scene reminds one of Botticelli's picture of the same subject. After Mr. Swinburne's superb description of the sea-birth of the goddess in his Hymn to Proserpine, it is very strange to find a cultured artist of feeling producing such a vapid Venus as this. The best thing in it is the painting of an apple tree: the time of year is spring, and the leaves have not yet come, but

the tree is laden with pink and white blossoms, which stand out in beautiful relief against the pale blue of the sky, and are very true to nature.

M. Alphonse Legros sends nine pictures, and there is a natural curiosity to see the work of a gentleman who holds at Cambridge the same professorship as Mr. Ruskin does at Oxford. Four of these are studies of men's heads, done in two hours each for his pupils at the Slade Schools. There is a good deal of vigorous, rough execution about them, and they are marvels of rapid work. His portrait of Mr. Carlyle is unsatisfactory; and even in No. 79, a picture of two scarlet-robed bishops, surrounded by Spanish monks, his colour is very thin and meagre. A good bit of painting is of some metal pots in a picture called "Le Chaudronnier."

Mr. Leslie, unfortunately, is only represented by one small work, called "Palm-blossom." It is a picture of a perfectly lovely child, that reminds us of Sir Joshua's cherubs in the National Gallery, with a mouth like two petals of a rose; the underlip, as Rossetti says quaintly somewhere, "sucked in as if it strove to kiss itself."

Then we come to the most abused pictures in the whole Exhibition—the "colour symphonies" of the "Great Dark Master," Mr. Whistler, who deserves the name of *Ho skoteinos*, as much as Herakleitos ever did. Their titles do not convey much information. No. 4 is called "Nocturne in Black and Gold; No. 6A., "Nocturne in Blue and Silver," and so on. The first of these represents a rocket of golden rain, with green and red fires bursting in a perfectly black sky; two large black smudges on the picture standing, I believe, for a tower which is in "Cremorne

Gardens," and for a crowd of lookers on. The other is rather prettier; a rocket is breaking in a pale blue sky, over a large dark blue bridge, and a blue and silver river. These pictures are certainly worth looking at for about as long as one looks at a real rocket, that is, for somewhat less than a quarter of a minute.

No. 7 is called "Arrangement in Black No. 3," apparently some pseudonym for our greatest living actor, for out of black smudgy clouds comes looming the gaunt figure of Mr. Henry Irving, with the yellow hair and pointed beard, the ruff, short cloak, and tight hose in which he appeared as Philip II. in Tennyson's play of *Queen Mary*. One hand is thrust into his breast and his legs are stuck wide apart, in a queerstiff position that Mr. Irving often adopts preparatory to one of his long wolf-like strides across the stage. The figure is life-size, and though apparently one-armed, is so ridiculously like the original that one cannot help almost laughing when one sees it. And we may imagine that anyone who had the misfortune to be shut up at night in the Grosvenor Gallery would hear this "Arrangement in Black No. 3" murmuring, in the well-known Lyceum accents—

"By St. James, I do protest
Upon the faith and honour of a
Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your
Majesty.

Simon, is supper ready?"

Nos. 8 and 9 are life-size portraits of two young ladies, evidently caught in a black London fog; they look like sisters but are not related probably, as one is a "Harmony in Amber and Black," the other only an "Arrangement in Brown."

Mr. Whistler, however, sends one really good picture to this exhibition, a portrait of Mr. Carlyle,

which is hung in the entrance hall; the expression on the old man's face, the texture and colour of his grey hair, and the general sympathetic treatment, shew Mr. Whistler * to be an artist of very great power when he likes.

There is not so much in the East Gallery that calls for notice. Mr. Leighton is unfortunately only represented by two little heads, one of an Italian girl, the other called "A Study." There is some delicate flesh painting of red and brown in these works that reminds one of a russet apple; but of course they are no samples of this artist's great strength. There are two good portraits, one of Mrs. Burne-Jones, by Mr. Poynter. This lady has a very delicate, artistic face, reminding us, perhaps, a little of one of the angels her husband has painted. She is represented in a white dress, with a perfectly gigantic old-fashioned watch hung to her waist, drinking tea from an old blue china cup. The other is a head of the Duchess of Westminster, by Mr. Forbes Robertson, who both as an actor and an artist has shown great cleverness. He has succeeded very well in reproducing the calm beautiful profile, and lustrous golden hair, but the shoulders are ungraceful, and very unlike the original. The figure of a girl leaning against a wonderful screen, looking terribly "misunderstood," and surrounded by any amount of artistic china and furniture, by Mrs. Louise Jopling, is worth looking at too. It is called "It might have been," and the girl is quite fit to be the heroine of any sentimental novel.

The two largest contributors to this gallery are Mr. Ferdinand Heilbuth and Mr. James Tissot. The first of these two artists sends some delightful pictures from Rome, two of which are particularly pleasing. One is of an old Cardinal in the Imperial scarlet of the Cæsars, meeting a body of young Italian boys in purple soutanes, students evidently in some religious college, near the Church of St. John Lateran. One of the boys is being presented to the Cardinal, and looks very nervous under the operation; the rest gaze in wonder at the old man in his beautiful dress. The other picture is a view in the gardens of the Villa Borghese; a Cardinal has sat down on a marble seat in the shade of the trees, and is suspending his meditation for a moment to smile at a pretty child to whom a French *bonne* is pointing out the gorgeously dressed old gentleman; a flunkey in attendance on the Cardinal looks superciliously on.

Nearly all of Mr. Tissot's pictures are deficient in feeling and depth; his young ladies are too fashionably over-dressed to interest the artistic eye, and he has a hard unscrupulousness in painting uninteresting objects in an uninteresting way. There is some good colour and drawing, however, in his painting of a withered chestnut tree, with the autumn sun glowing through the yellow leaves, in a picnic scene, No. 23; the remainder of the picture being something in the photographic style of Frith.

What a gap in art there is between such a picture as "The Banquet of the Civic Guard," in Holland,

* It is perhaps not generally known that there is another and older peacock ceiling in the world besides the one Mr. Whistler has done at Kensington. I was surprised lately at Ravenna to come across a mosaic ceiling done in the keynote of a peacock's tail, blue, green, purple, and gold, and with four peacocks in the four spandrels. Mr. Whistler was unaware of the existence of this ceiling at the time he did his own.

with its beautiful grouping of noble-looking men, its exquisite Venetian glass a-glow with light and wine, and Mr. Tissot's overdressed, common-looking people, and ugly, painfully accurate representation of modern soda-water bottles!

Mr. Tissot's "Widower," however, shines in qualities which his other pictures lack; it is full of depth and suggestiveness; the grasses and wild, luxuriant growth of the foreground are a revel of natural life.

We must notice besides in this gallery Mr. Watts' two powerful portraits of Mr. Burne-Jones and Lady Lindsay.

To get to the Water Colour Room we pass through a small sculpture gallery, which contains some busts of interest, and a pretty terra-cotta figure of a young sailor, by Count Gleichen, entitled "Cheeky," but it is not remarkable in any way, and contrasts very unfavourably with the Exhibition of Sculpture at the Royal Academy, in which are three really fine works of art—Mr. Leighton's "Man Struggling with a Snake," which may be thought worthy of being looked on side by side with the Laocoon of the Vatican, and Lord Ronald Gower's two statues, one of a dying French Guardsman at the Battle of Waterloo, the other of Marie Antoinette being led to execution with bound hands, Queen-like and noble to the last.

The collection of water-colours is mediocre; there is a good effect of Mr. Poynter's, the east wind seen from a high cliff sweeping down on the sea like the black wings of some god; and some charming pictures of "Fairy Land" by Mr. Richard Doyle, which would make good illustrations for one of Mr. Alling-

ham's "Fairy-Poems;" but the *tout-ensemble* is poor.

Taking a general view of the works exhibited here, we see that this dull land of England, with its short summer, its dreary rains and fogs, its mining districts, and factories, and vile deification of machinery, has yet produced very great masters of art, men with a subtle sense and love of what is beautiful, original, and noble in imagination.

Nor are the art-treasures of this country at all exhausted by this Exhibition; there are very many great pictures by living artists hidden away in different places, which those of us who are yet boys have never seen, and which our elders must wish to see again.

Holman Hunt has done better work than the "Afterglow in Egypt;" neither Millais, Leighton, or Poynter have sent any of the pictures on which their fame rests; neither Burne-Jones or Watts shows us here all the glories of his art; and the name of that strange genius who wrote the "Vision of Love revealed in Sleep," and the names of Dante Rossetti, and of the Marchioness of Waterford, cannot be found in the catalogue. And so it is to be hoped that this is not the only exhibition of paintings that we shall see in the Grosvenor Gallery; and Sir Coutts Lindsay, in shewing us great works of art, will be most materially aiding that revival of culture and love of beauty which in great part owes its birth to Mr. Ruskin, and which Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Pater, and Mr. Symonds, and Mr. Morris, and many others, are fostering and keeping alive, each in his own peculiar fashion.

OSCAR WILDE.

Magdalen College,
Oxford.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Prayers : with a Discourse on Prayer. By George Dawson, M.A. Edited by his Wife. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1877.

—This little volume will doubtless be highly valued by the many persons who have either been regular members of Mr. Dawson's congregation or have only now and again listened to this great preacher; for to them this book of prayers will carry the stamp of his individuality, and will recall the author's living vigour and fervour. In the opening discourse upon Prayer, which is extremely beautiful, although perhaps not very original, Mr. Dawson himself shews the reason why prayers will scarcely bear printing.

"In friendship we prize but little that which we share in common with a crowd. That which the one we love can tell to the whole wide circle of his friends we care little to hear; that which he tells to myself alone is my true riches, the measure of his love for me. . . . And then to come from the love of friend and friend or of father and child, to that other and deeper love, so stained and soiled by our unworthy thinking of it, yet chosen by the Lord Jesus as the most fitting type of His love to us—the love of man towards woman. And he who has loved no woman has never learnt to speak truly of the love of God to man. . . . Of that love, then, which speaks our deepest life, how little is it seemly to tell but in secret. . . . So of the soul's life towards God. He beckons us into quietness and secrecy. . . . The Book of Common Prayer tells as much of man's needs as perhaps is well to be told in public, but he would be very unwise

who should say that that form, beautiful though it may be, tells all man's life, or speaks out all that he would say to God. . . . His real individual life can be uttered for him by no other lips, can be understood by no other heart (scarcely even by his own sometimes), but only by that Spirit whose deepest prayer within us is a groaning which cannot be uttered."

There must always appear something incongruous in the extempore prayer when seized and made permanent in printer's ink; it is no longer the outcome of the leader of a congregation, who by aspirational effort endeavours to carry with him the living beings who listen to him. It inevitably gathers a coldness from its new position.

Such prayers as these of Mr. Dawson's, when in this collected form, may rather be regarded in the light of brief essays for the purpose of conveying ideas with regard to the attitude of man towards God, and of God towards His world, than for use as prayers in the ordinary sense. Some passages, such as the following, somewhat recall the style of James Martineau:—

"Lord God, thou has given us to feel charity and mercy. Thou hast lighted within us that awful light of conscience, dim whilst passion prevails, silent whilst sin is a-doing, bright shining in the dark, clear speaking in the hour of repentance.

"We are akin to all things beneath us; we shape the life of the things around us; yet have we a strange power of mounting which they know not; for the trees of the forest are as they were, and the stars of the heaven know no changing. But man thy child

changes, and passes on, and standing in this wide world, asks strange questions of what thou hast made; and so we know him to be thine. O Lord our God! wake in us a deep sense of the highest life of man. . . . All powers of intellect may we gather, all powers of knowledge may we search for, all powers of genius may we be moved by; but above all things make plain to us the beauty of what is right, the beauty of what is tender and true."

The book is worth reading, for we find within its pages, given in good language and a style which, though sometimes commonplace, is often beautiful, the view of life which was held by that true and earnest spirit, George Dawson.

Essays on Mental Culture. By Professor G. D. Wood. Dulau & Co. 1877.—It is an ambitious thing to write an elementary book. It takes a wise man to write a child's story; and it would seem to us that a man needs a considerable storage of knowledge and experience, as well as great natural insight, before he writes essays for young women. We have two grievances with regard to Professor Wood's book. Firstly, that it contains nothing which entitles it to be called a book for "girl" students especially; secondly, that we can find nothing new or even newly-expressed in it. It contains plenty of good practical advice; but whether girl students are just the people to take good practical advice, when not made in any special manner attractive, or put in a fresh light by any originality or vigour of style, we may be allowed to doubt. An earnest and far-seeing treatise upon this subject of mental culture ought to be a valued work just now, when so many women are endeavouring not only to get educated, but to educate themselves; but "*Essays on Mental Culture*"

is hardly the book to satisfy or greatly assist these aspirants.

Lettres du Maréchal de Moltke sur la Russie. Traduites par Alfred Marchand. Paris: Sandoz and Fischbacher. 1877.—The light cheap style of the French bookselling trade enables them to bring forward subjects of special or temporary interest rapidly and opportunely. Here are some letters of the terrible Marshal, upon a topic that is now of intense military interest—Russia. But they were written in 1856, and are addressed to a woman, so that it would be hard to expect that there should be drawn from them any accurate measurement of Russia's strength or forecast of Russia's future. They were written by the Marshal to his wife and certainly not for publication. How they have come to the light is a mystery. Somehow or other they passed from the hands of Madame de Moltke into the office of a journal in Copenhagen, which promptly published them. At the beginning of the present year, German eyes fell upon them, and they were brought forward in the *Deutsche Rundschau* of February, from which they have been translated into French for the present volume. At the time of their composition, Moltke was First Adjutant of Frederick William, now Prince Imperial of Germany, and heir to the throne of Prussia, and the occasion of the visit to St. Petersburg and Moscow was the coronation of Alexander II. Has the Emperor's power waned since 1856, when Moltke said, "All power resides in the paternal authority, and all the theories relative to a representative constitution are simple folly in Russia." The "*batuchka*," as the soldiers call the Czar, said he did not want war, but over his will some other will has prevailed.

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ON ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN PHYSIOLOGY.*

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S.

THE chief ground upon which I venture to recommend that the teaching of elementary physiology should form an essential part of any organised course of instruction in matters pertaining to domestic economy, is, that a knowledge of even the elements of this subject supplies those conceptions of the constitution and mode of action of the living body, and of the nature of health and disease, which prepare the mind to receive instruction from sanitary science.

It is, I think, eminently desirable that the hygienist and the physician should find something in the public mind to which they can

appeal; some little stock of universally acknowledged truths, which may serve as a foundation for their warnings, and predispose towards an intelligent obedience to their recommendations.

Listening to ordinary talk about health, disease, and death, one is often led to entertain a doubt whether the speakers believe that the course of natural causation runs as smoothly in the human body as elsewhere. Indications are too often obvious of a strong, though perhaps an unavowed and half unconscious, undercurrent of opinion that the phenomena of life are not only widely different, in their superficial characters and in their practical

* This Paper is identical with that which formed the basis of a discussion on the 18th of July, at the First Annual Congress of the Society of Arts, held in Birmingham, when a gathering of Educational Institutions met to discuss the important question of the teaching of Domestic Economy as a branch of general education.

importance, from other natural events; but that they do not follow in that definite order which characterises the succession of all other occurrences, and the statement of which we call a law of nature.

Hence, I think, arises the want of heartiness of belief in the value of knowledge respecting the laws of health and disease, and of the foresight and care to which knowledge is the essential preliminary, which is so often noticeable; and a corresponding laxity and carelessness in practice, the results of which are too frequently lamentable.

It is said that, among the many religious sects of Russia, there is one which holds that all disease is brought about by the direct and special interference of the Deity, and which, therefore, looks with repugnance upon both preventive and curative measures, as alike blasphemous interferences with the will of God. Among ourselves, the "Peculiar People" are, I believe, the only persons who hold the like doctrine in its integrity, and carry it out with logical rigour. But many of us are old enough to recollect that the administration of chloroform in assuagement of the pangs of childbirth, was, at its introduction, strenuously resisted upon similar grounds.

I am not sure that the feeling, of which the doctrine to which I have referred is the full expression, does not lie at the bottom of the minds of a great many people who yet would vigorously object to give a verbal assent to the doctrine itself. However this may be, the main point is that sufficient knowledge has now been acquired of vital phenomena, to justify the assertion that the notion that there is anything exceptional about these phenomena receives not a particle of support from any known fact.

On the contrary, there is a vast and an increasing mass of evidence that birth and death, health and disease, are as much parts of the ordinary stream of events as the rising and setting of the sun, or the changes of the moon; and that the living body is a mechanism, the proper working of which we term health; its disturbance, disease; its stoppage, death. The activity of this mechanism is dependent upon many and complicated conditions, some of which are hopelessly beyond our control, while others are readily accessible, and are capable of being indefinitely modified by our own actions. The business of the hygienist and of the physician is to know the range of these modifiable conditions, and how to influence them towards the maintenance of health and the prolongation of life; the business of the general public is to give an intelligent assent, and a ready obedience based upon that assent, to the rules laid down for their guidance by such experts. But an intelligent assent is an assent based upon knowledge, and the knowledge which is here in question means an acquaintance with the elements of physiology.

It is not difficult to acquire such knowledge. What is true, to a certain extent, of all the physical sciences, is eminently characteristic of physiology—the difficulty of the subject begins beyond the stage of elementary knowledge, and increases with every stage of progress. While the most highly trained and best furnished intellect may find all its resources insufficient when it strives to reach the heights and penetrate into the depths of the problems of physiology, the elementary and fundamental truths can be made clear to a child.

No one can have any difficulty in comprehending the mechanism

of circulation or respiration; or the general mode of operation of the organ of vision; though the unravelling of all the minutiae of these processes may, for the present, baffle the conjoined attacks of the most accomplished physicists, chemists, and mathematicians. To know the anatomy of the human body, with even an approximation to thoroughness, is the work of a life; but as much as is needed for a sound comprehension of elementary physiological truths, may be learned in a week.

A knowledge of the elements of physiology is not only easy of acquirement, but it may be made a real and practical acquaintance with the facts, as far as it goes. The subject of study is always at hand, in oneself. The principal constituents of the skeleton, and the changes of form of contracting muscles, may be felt through one's own skin. The beating of one's heart, and its connection with the pulse, may be noted; the influence of the valves of one's own veins may be shewn; the movements of respiration may be observed; while the wonderful phenomena of sensation afford an endless field for curious and interesting self-study. The prick of a needle will yield, in a drop of one's own blood, material for microscopic observation of phenomena which lie at the foundation of all biological conceptions; and a cold, with its concomitant coughing and sneezing, may prove the sweet uses of adversity by helping one to a clear conception of what is meant by "reflex action."

Of course, there is a limit to this physiological self-examination. But there is so close a solidarity between ourselves and our poor relations of the animal world, that our inaccessible inward parts may be supplemented by theirs. A comparative anatomist knows that

a sheep's heart and lungs, or eye, must not be confounded with those of a man; but so far as the comprehension of the elementary facts of the physiology of circulation and of respiration and of vision goes, the one furnishes the needful anatomical data as well as the other.

Thus, it is quite possible to give instruction in elementary physiology in such a manner as not only to confer knowledge, which, for the reason I have mentioned, is useful in itself; but to serve the purposes of a training in accurate observation, and in the methods of reasoning of physical science. But that is an advantage which I mention only incidentally, as the present Conference does not deal with education in the ordinary sense of the word.

It will not be suspected that I wish to make physiologists of all the world. It would be as reasonable to accuse an advocate of the "three R's" of a desire to make an orator, an author, and a mathematician of everybody. A stumbling reader, a pot-hook writer, and an arithmetician who has not got beyond the rule of three, is not a person of brilliant acquirements; but the difference between such a member of society and one who cannot either read, write, or cipher is almost inexpressible; and no one now-a-days doubts the value of instruction, even if it goes no further.

The saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, is, to my mind, a very dangerous adage. If knowledge is real and genuine, I do not believe that it is other than a very valuable possession, however infinitesimal its quantity may be. Indeed, if a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?

If William Harvey's life-long

labours had revealed to him a tenth part of what may be made sound and real knowledge to our boys and girls—he would not only have been what he was, the greatest physiologist of his age, but he would have loomed upon the seventeenth century as a sort of intellectual portent. Our little knowledge would have been to him a great, astounding, unlooked-for vision of scientific truth.

I really see no harm which can come of giving our children a little knowledge of physiology. But then, as I have said, the instruction must be real, based upon observation, eked out by good explanatory diagrams and models, and conveyed by a teacher whose knowledge has been acquired by study of the facts; and not the mere catechismal parrot-work which too often usurps the place of elementary teaching.

It is, I hope, unnecessary for me to give a formal contradiction to the silly fiction, which is assiduously circulated by fanatics who not only ought to know, but do know, that their assertions are untrue, that I have advocated the introduction of that experimental discipline which is absolutely indispensable to the professed physiologist, into elementary teaching.

But while I should object to any experimentation which can justly be called painful, for the purpose of elementary instruction; and while, as a member of a late Royal Commission, I gladly did my best to prevent the infliction of needless pain, for any purpose; I think it is my duty to take this opportunity of expressing my regret at a condition of the law which permits a boy to troll for pike, or set lines, with live frog

bait, for idle amusement; and, at the same time, lays the teacher of that boy open to the penalty of fine and imprisonment if he uses the same animal for the purpose of exhibiting one of the most beautiful and instructive of physiological spectacles, the circulation in the web of the foot. No one could undertake to affirm that a frog is not inconvenienced by being wrapped up in a wet rag, and having his toes tied out; and it cannot be denied that inconvenience is a sort of pain. But you must not inflict the least pain on a vertebrated animal for scientific purposes (though you may do a good deal in that way for gain or for sport) without due license of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, granted under the authority of the Vivisection Act.

So it comes about, that in this present year of grace 1877, two persons may be charged with cruelty to animals. One has impaled a frog, and suffered the creature to writhe about in that condition for hours; the other has pained the animal no more than one of us would be pained by tying strings round his fingers, and keeping him in the position of a hydropathic patient. The first offender says, "I did it because I find fishing very amusing," and the magistrate bids him depart in peace; nay, probably wishes him good sport. The second pleads, "I wanted to impress a scientific truth, with a distinctness attainable in no other way, on the minds of my scholars," and the magistrate fines him five pounds.

I cannot but think that this is an anomalous and not wholly creditable state of things.

SOME CONTEMPORARY POETRY.*

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

PERHAPS the most salient characteristic of the present age is its over-muchness of literature. From the cradle upwards the process of mental gorging begins, and so persistently and with such evil results is it carried on throughout every stage of existence, that those who have attained the art of not reading may be pronounced as the wisest and happiest of mortals. It was Schopenhauer who penned those memorable words, "I am learning not to read;" and indeed there came a period of his life when he virtually ceased reading; that is to say, he re-read only, wrote, and meditated. In these days the art of not reading has become almost superhumanly difficult, chiefly in consequence of the restlessness of the modern mind, induced by a highly-advanced and complicated civilisation, and also on account of the extraordinary, rapidly-increasing, and overwhelming supplies of new books. We can hardly conceive of livelier gratitude than that felt by a sincere lover of literature towards the writer of a good book, but unfortunately bad books have so vitiated the public taste that sincere

lovers of literature are few, and it becomes matter of surprise that poetry should be relished at all. Considering the unpoetic and artificial shapes into which modern life has moulded itself, we are even brought to wonder that poets exist. And there is little enough in our educational system to foster a love of imaginative literature of the highest kind. In France and Germany far greater stress is laid upon the inculcation of national literature than with us, and the former country has been reproached with an exclusiveness in education, which at least was an exaggeration on the right side. A French boy or girl, after passing their first and second public examinations — answering somewhat to our Junior and Senior Local Examinations — might know nothing of English or German, but would necessarily be well versed in the history and letters of their own country. Since the war, however, of 1870-1, material interests have stepped in, and French educationalists have so far modified this scheme that foreign languages are now obligatory in the Lycées, and are being taught

* Songs, Ballads, and Stories. By William Allingham. Bell. 1877.

Laurence Bloomfield. Third Edition. Macmillan.

Songs of Two Worlds, 1st and 2nd Series. By a New Writer. King & Co. 1871-74-76.

The Epic of Hades. 1877.

much more widely and generally than before. There can be little doubt that the former state of things is accountable for the pre-eminence of French writers in style, and the habitual familiarity of French people with their own classics. Amongst our neighbours on the other side of the Channel there is nothing like the omnivorous public that depends on Mr. Mudie for its supplies; at the same time, we have not to lament there that woful unfamiliarity with national literature so common in England. Excessive bookmaking and its dire results has only reached its culminating point here. Reading, for the most part, may be described as a kind of mental chloral, resorted to by the idle for the sake of beguiling the time, and by the over-worked for the sake of recreation. By the vast majority of readers the poets are ignored altogether. Yet what would life be worth without their teaching? How refreshing to turn to them from the bitterness and turmoil of the present political crisis, and from the sordidness, littleness, and care of everyday existence! We recall, as we dwell upon this theme, the eloquent but melancholy words with which Michelet closes the third volume of his great work. He is speaking of liberty, but supply the word poetry, and the passage gains rather than loses in force.—“*Ainsi vacille la pauvre petite lumière de la liberté morale. Et cependant la tempête des opinions, le vent de la passion, soufflent des quatre coins du monde . . . Elle brûle, elle, veuve et solitaire, chaque jour, chaque heure, elle scintille plus faiblement. Si faiblement scintille-t-elle, que dans certains momens, je crois, comme celui qui se perd aux catacombes, sentir déjà les ténèbres de la froide nuit. Peut-*

elle manquer? Jamais, sans doute. Nous avons besoin de le croire et de nous le dire, sans quoi nous tomberions de découragement. Elle éteinte, Grand Dieu, préservez-nous de vivre ici bas!”

We may paraphrase this noble passage and say, “Creeds lose their hold on the human mind, religion becomes a name, a refined materialism deadens the imagination and chills the intellect. Will the flickering ray of poetic inspiration be snuffed out altogether? Will no sympathetic voice be left to remind us of our highest duty, our immortal part? Will poetry—that is to say, Sympathy, the culture of intellectual Beauty—be dead within us? Heaven preserve us from the life of opaque, unmitigated prose left behind!”

All pensive thoughts are dispelled the moment we open Mr. Allingham's delicious volume, “Songs, Ballads, and Stories.” Here, at least, is a book to make us in love with life and one with Nature. We feel the breath of the spring about us as we read; we seem to hear the merles and thrushes singing in the woods, to smell the fragrance of the primrose and violet among the mosses, to have above our heads the wide blue sky and fleecy cloud. The grinding cares of daily life, the tumult of the unpicturesque streets, the glare of fashion, the ache of poverty, vanish by magic, as we lose ourselves over these most musical and music-making songs. Take, for example, the following:—

TO THE NIGHTINGALES.

“You sweet fastidious Nightingales!
The myrtle blooms in Irish vales,
By Avond’hu and rich Lough Lene,
Through many a grove and burnlet
green,
Fair-mirrored round the loitering
skiff.

The purple peak, the tinted cliff,
 The glen where mountain torrents
 rave,
 And foliage blinds their leaping wave,
 Broad emerald meadows filled with
 flow'rs,
 Embosom'd ocean-bays are ours,
 With all their isles ; and mystic
 towers,
 Lonely and gray, deserted long,—
 Less sad if they might hear that
 perfect song !

What scared ye ? (ours, I think, of
 old)

The sombre Fowl hatched in the cold ?
 King Henry's Normans, mailed and
 stern,

Smiter of gallowglas and kern ?
 Or, worse and worse, fraternal feud,
 Which sad lerné long hath rued ?
 Forsook ye, when the Geraldine,
 Great chieftain of a glorious line,
 Was hunted on his hills and slain,
 And one to France and one to Spain,
 The remnant of the race withdrew ?
 Was it from anarchy ye flew,
 And fierce oppression's bigot crew,
 And wild complaint and menace
 hoarse,
 Mised, misleading voices, loud and
 coarse ?

Come back, O Birds,—or come at last !
 For Ireland's furious days are past ;
 And, purged of enmity and wrong,
 Her eye, her step, grow calm and
 strong.

Why should we miss that pure delight ?
 Brief is the journey, swift the flight ;
 And Hesper finds no fairer maids
 In Spanish homes or English glades.
 No loves more true on any shore,
 No lovers loving music more.
 Melodious Erin, warm of heart,
 Entreats you :—stay not then apart,
 But bid the merles and throistles know,
 (And ere another May-time go),
 Their place is in the second row.
 Come to the West, dear Nightingales ;
 The rose and myrtle bloom in Irish
 vales."

The charm of everything Mr.
 Allingham writes is its extreme
 naturalness. He belongs neither
 to this school nor that, but to
 himself, and he sings sponta-
 neously, joyously, uncritically, as
 a true poet should. Were he to

prune his verses more, he would
 please the bulk of his readers less,
 although, perhaps, a delicate-eared
 critic might approve. He does
 not poetize classic or philosophic
 themes, but is brimful of the life
 of to-day—its joys, its sorrows,
 its aspirations — especially Irish
 life. The touches of Irish humour,
 so plentiful alike throughout
 the pages of "Songs and Ballads"
 as well as "Laurence Bloomfield,"
 fascinate all the more because
 humour is the rarest characteristic
 of imaginative writers in these
 days ; and humour offers, perhaps,
 the easiest and at the same time
 intensest intellectual relief we
 have. The "Venus of the Needle"
 we cannot resist quoting entire as
 a specimen of Mr. Allingham's
 lighter mood.

"Oh ! Mary Anne, you pretty girl,
 Intent on silken labour,
 Of sempstresses the pink and pearl,
 Excuse a peeping neighbour.

Those eyes, for ever drooping, give,
 The long brown lashes, rarely.
 But violets in the shadows live—
 For once unveil them fairly.

Hast thou not lent that flounce enough
 Of looks so long and earnest ?
 Lo ! here's more 'penetrable stuff,'
 To which thou never turnest.

Ye graceful fingers, deftly spread,
 How slender and how nimble !
 Oh ! might I wind this skein of thread,
 Or but pick up this thimble !

How blest the youth whom love shall
 bring,
 And happy stars embolden,
 To change the dome into a ring,
 The silver into golden !

Who'll steal some morning to her side,
 To take her finger's measure,
 While Mary Anne pretends to chide,
 And blushes deep with pleasure !

Who'll watch her sew her wedding
 gown,
 Well conscious that it is hers ;
 Who'll glean a tress, without a frown,
 From those so ready scissors !

Who'll taste those ripenings of the
South,

The fragrant and delicious —
Don't put those pins into your mouth,
Oh ! Mary Anne, my precious !

I almost wish it were my trust,
To teach how shocking that is,
I wish I had not, as I must,
To quit this tempting lattice.

Sure aim takes Cupid, fluttering foe,
Across a street so narrow ;
A thread of silk to string his bow,
A needle for his arrow ! "

This little poem is irresistible ; and irresistibleness we take to be a pretty safe criterion in matters of taste. The same may be said of "The Fairies," a poem which every child of our acquaintance knows by heart, and also of the ballad entitled "The Dirty Old Man; a Lay of Leadenhall Street," which originally appeared in Dickens' *Household Words*, and suggested to the great novelist a leading incident in "Great Expectations." As a sample of Mr. Allingham's soberer mood, let us cull the following, as dainty and poetic an inspiration as Goethe's well-known lines pencilled in the hut at Ilmenau.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

" Pluck not the wayside flower,
It is the traveller's dower ;
A thousand passers-by
Its beauties may espy,
May win a touch of blessing,
From Nature's mild caressing.
The sad of heart perceives
A violet under leaves,
Like some fresh budding hope ;
The primrose on the slope,
Like spots of sunshine dwells,
And cheerful message tells
Of kind renewing power ;
The nodding bluebell's dye
Is drawn from happy sky.
Then spare the wayside flower !
It is the traveller's dower."

These are the trifles that nestle
in our memories, without invita-
tion ; that occur to us when

we have put aside toil and care,
or it may be the pleasures that
clog, and the unrest, born of
resting overmuch, and live for
awhile with Nature. And appeal-
ing as they do alike to the sad
and the happy, the step-children
and spoiled darlings of fortune,
they gradually find an abiding-
place in literature, or, as Mr.
Allingham expresses it, are
added—

" To that fair treasure-house of wit,
That more than cedarn cabinet,
Where men preserve their precious
things."

We should like to quote two or
three more poems from this volume,
in which we find old favourites
and new friends. Here we find
those beautiful lines, now, we
fancy, tolerably well known to
readers of modern anthologies,
beginning—

" What is it that is gone, we fancied
ours ?
Oh ! what is lost that never may be
told ? "

And in striking contrast the
familiar "Adieu to Ballyshanny"
and "The Winding Banks of Erne."
The title has been altered in this
new edition, and if anything could
sound more Irish than Bally-
shannon, it is surely Ballyshanny;
certainly no alteration was needed
by way of still more strongly
characterising the song, which is
full of pathos and picturesqueness.
But we must turn to the longest
and most important of Mr. Alling-
ham's works, "Laurence Bloom-
field," in Ireland, a work already
published in a popular form, though
not nearly so popular as it de-
serves to be. It is indeed a noble
poem. All English readers should
be familiar with it, and such
familiarity would help them to a
clear understanding of "sad
Iérne" and her history. The
theme is simple, yet dignified,

and the treatment is in harmony with it, every line, nay, every word, serving to develope the story. Irish wit is scattered abundantly through these pleasant pages, whilst as a background to the warm, living, human life, we have the bright, poetic, richly-coloured Irish landscape. The central figure in the story is Laurence Bloomfield, the high-spirited, aspiring young owner of an estate in an Irish county, at that time (some twenty-five years ago) "the worst in fame, for agitation, discord, threats, waylayings," and the like evil kin. Then we have his neighbours, one of whom, Sir Ulick Harvey, is thus graphically suggested:—

"No small man sees a brother in
those eyes,
Of calm and frosty blue, like winter
skies ;"

his agent Pigot—

"Kind to his household, jolly to his
friends,
Business begun, all Pigot's fee'ing
ends."

the Curate,

"Much milk of human kindness too
he carries,
A little soured with dogma, through
the parish."

The priest, the peasant, the agitator, the tinker, the village beauty, orator, hero, all these are mirrored before us, alike without exaggeration or caricature. We are entertained at Sir Ulick's dinner party, whither Laurence wends his way one bright autumnal day, and

"Twice, a well-armed police patrol
he met,
To guard the dinner party duly set."

We are taken to a Ribbon Lodge, a fair, a wake, a shillelagh fight, a raffle, and, find ourselves gra-

dually made familiar with subjects upon which our notions hitherto had been of the vaguest. Perhaps they were uninteresting before, but the poet has made them live for us, and we realise the poetry interwoven with the sombre threads of Irish life. The picture of pretty Bridget, the belle of Lisnamoy, is charming; and there is a deep and moving tenderness in the sketch of her friend, the sick girl, Rose Muldoun, and the attachment existing between the two, one on her dying bed, the other full of health, joyousness, and promise. Equally true to nature is the description of the village orator, Dan Mullan—"Daniel's chief joy is hearing Daniel speak"—of whose rhetoric we give a specimen:—

"Drink, ye pathriot crew,
Our friends in sweet Ameriky and
France,
To liberate us, may they quick advance,
And with five hundre' thousan' Paddies bould,
The sun burst on their great green flag unrcwled,
Sweep every Englishman from say to say,
Into perdition!—O, trice glorious day!—
Immortal cause of Ayrin—broad-sword, pike,
'An faugh-a-ballagh,* boys! we'll nobly strike
For liberty."

How Laurence Bloomfield, by virtue of his sweet temper, high spirit, and ambition for good, vanquished one enemy after another till the wilderness was made to blossom as the rose; how little by little, he triumphed over prejudice, tyranny, vice, and ignorance, till the people about him were enlightened, hopeful, content, is admirably told, the clear-

* Clear the way.

flowing narrative often rising to a dramatic climax, and never for a moment losing its hold on the reader's attention. It draws to a close with these words, spoken by Laurence to his wife on the eve of their departure for a foreign trip.

"'Tis sad to leave,
One's home, on gayest journey. Shall
we find
Again the very things we left be-
hind? . . .
This mild green country in the western
sea,
With guardian mountains, rivers full
and free;
Home of a brave, rich-brained, warm-
hearted race—
This Ireland should have been a noble
place."

"It will be," his wife Jane replied, and echoing the prophecy of happy omen, we close the volume, certainly as full of charm, interest, and true poetic insight as any published in our day. It is the reality of "Laurence Bloomfield" that pre-eminently characterises it—a quality so rare in this age of literary cleverness and mere achievement that to praise a work for its genuineness is to award high praise indeed. Our young writers, whether in prose or verse, might learn much by a careful perusal of this work, whilst to lovers of literature in the true sense of the word, it offers a rare gratification.

The New Writer—whose "Songs of Two Worlds" and "Epic of Hades" have rendered this pseudonym long since inappropriate—has enjoyed the happy lot of a speedy and wide recognition. The first series of the "Songs" appeared in 1871, the second in 1874, and the third in 1876, while the "Epic of Hades" in its completed form has quite recently made its appearance. Thus within a few years an unknown writer has won for himself an honourable place among Victorian poets, and as very rarely

happens, without encountering the common fate of adverse criticism. These little volumes of lyrical pieces, songs, and verse in great variety of form, have long since passed into new editions, proof in itself that there is a poetry-loving and poetry-buying public somewhere, in spite of circulating libraries and penny newspapers.

What is the charm of the New Writer's verse? By what claims has he attained such enviable distinction? As we turn over the pages of his volumes, we are quickly answered. Some poets take hold of us by the irresistibility of their ringing numbers rather than the loftiness of their theme, by the melodic fascination rather than the intellectual quality of their verse. No matter what subjects they single out, or rather what subjects single them out—for their gift is of direct inspiration, untouched by art—they make it, if not divine, at least memorable, and as far as human life is concerned, undying. A little poem of one of the lesser known German poets, Lenau, is an instance in point. Nothing can seem less poetic than a village postilion, yet "Der Postilion," which consists of sixteen verses only, is a gem of purest water. The more spiritual and thoughtful poets naturally in the present unequal condition of mental advancement, write for the educated and thinking few rather than the careless many. Longfellow in America, and Mrs. Hemans in England, share the enormous popularity of writers like Emerson and Tennyson, but their public is of a wholly different kind.

The New Writer, like Matthew Arnold, Arthur Hugh Clough, indeed, we may still say Wordsworth, and even Tennyson, sings for his peers rather than for the world. A day may come when the masses will be educated so as to compre-

hend the more complex social and intellectual problems and classic themes with which these poets deal, but as yet it is far off. Intellectual verse, like art and music, is the happy privilege of the cultured and leisurely. Nobility of purpose, a wide range of sympathies, a thorough mastery of language and rhythm, characterise every page of these "Songs of Two Worlds." The writer touches commonplace subjects, bringing out pathos and poetry from the most unpromising sources. The streets of London afford themes for some of his charming lyrics. Very pathetic, though much less poetic in treatment than the rest, is the history of Frederick, the printer's boy, who—

"Died of consumption, they said,
sir,
And he earned sixteen shillings a
week."

"To the Tormentors," with its playful beginning and deep moral lesson, deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and should surely win for the writer a noble recognition at the hands of those who set humanity above science, and Nature above knowledge. We should like to quote the poem entire. Never before in verse have our domestic pets been more poetically apostrophised, and as far as we know, the New Writer is the first poet who has launched forth a noble protest against Vivisection. We give a few lines:—

"Great Heaven! this shall not be,
this present hell,
And none denounce it; well I
know, too well,
That Nature works by ruin and by
wrong,
Taking no care for any but the
strong—
Taking no care. But we are more
than she;
We touch to higher levels; a higher
love

Doth through our being move.
Though we know all our benefits
bought by blood,
And that by suffering only reach we
good—
Yet not with mocking laughter, nor
in play,
Shall we give death, or carve a life
away."

We must pass over the "Organ Grinder," a graceful poem, also with a deep undercurrent of thoughtfulness, and many others we would fain single out for quotation and analysis, to the "Epic of Hades." It was a happy, and at the same time, a bold conception of the author to connect the leading facts of Greek mythology with the loftier and broader ethics imparted by Christianity. Certainly, as far as outsiders can judge, he has been singularly successful in carrying out his plan, which in no respect is more striking than its completeness. The most attractive of the legends so familiar to us are here embodied in a new shape, and are endued with a new and deeper meaning. We are led from story to story without a break or ruggedness in the smooth, clear, flowing verse. The New Writer is pre-eminently classic in spirit and style. He is saturated with the poetry of old Greece, so much so, indeed, that sometimes he unconsciously echoes it. Thus, in page 49, he has—

"The innumerable laughter of the
sea—"

which is an elegant rendering of the "anērithmon gelasma" of Æschylus. Throughout the volume this sustained, finished, and truly artistic diction is never swerved from; every page shewing the exercise of a critical faculty, and a close attention to those almost indefinite trifles on which style so much depends.

Here is a specimen taken from the first book of the poems, called

“Tartarus.” It is Clytemnestra speaking:—

“Oh! it was strange
To see all happen as we planned! as
’twere
Some drama oft rehearsed, wherein
each step,
Each word is so prepared, the poorest
player
Knows his turn come to do—the
solemn landing—
The ride to the palace gate—the
courtesies
Of welcome—the mute crowds without
—the bath
Prepared within—the precious cir-
cling folds
Of tissue stretched around him, shut-
ting out
The gaze, and folding helpless like a
net
The mighty limbs—the battle-axe
laid down
Against the wall, and I, his wife and
Queen,
Alone with him, waiting and watching
still,
Till the women shrieked without.
Then with swift step
I seized the axe, and struck him as he
lay
Helpless, once, twice, and thrice—
once for my girl,
Once for my love, once for the woman,
and all
For Fate and my Revenge.”

We pass on to the second book,
called Hades, for our second ex-
tract. Now it is Actæon who tells
his story:—

“’Twas one hot afternoon
That I, a hunter, wearied with my
day,
Heard my hounds baying faster on
the hills,
Led by the flying hart; and when the
sound
Faded, and all was still, I turned to
seek,
O’ercome by heat and thirst, a little
glade,
Deep in the cool recesses of the wood,
Where the cold crystal of a mossy
pool
Rose to the flowery marge, and gave
again
The soft green lawn, where oft-times,
over-spent,

I lay upon the grass and eager bathed
My limbs in the clear lymph.

But as I neared
The hollow, sudden through the
leaves I saw
A throng of wood nymphs, fair,
sporting undraped,
Round one, a goddess. She with
timid hand,
Loosened her zone, and glancing
round, let fall
Her robe from neck and bosom, pure
and bright,
(For it was Dian’s self; I saw none
else,)
As when she frees her from a fleece
of cloud,
And swims along the deep blue sea
of heaven
On sweet June nights. Silent awhile
I stood,
Rooted with awe, and fain had turned
to fly,
But feared by careless footstep to
affright
Those chaste cold eyes. Great awe
and reverence
Held me, and fear; then Love with
passing wing
Fanned me and held my eye, and
checked my breath,
Sighing—‘Beware!’”

There is no more charming
episode in the volume than that of
Eurydice. The story of Andro-
meda also is well told, and
we prefer it in many respects to
the favourite Hexametric poem of
Kingsley. But space does not
permit of more than one extract
more, which is taken from the
closing pages of the volume, and
is put in the mouth of Apollo:—

“Waft yourselves, yearning souls,
upon the stars;
Sow yourselves in the wandering
winds of space;
Watch patient all your days, if your
eyes take
Some dim, cold fire of Knowledge.
The dull world
Hath need of you—the pur-blind,
slothful world!
Live on, brave lives, chained to the
narrow round
Of Duty; live, expand yourselves,
and make

The orb of Being wheel onward steadily
fastly

Upon its path—the Lord of Life alone
Knows to what goal of Good ; work
on, live on,
And yet there is a higher work than
yours.

* * * * *

To be fulfilled of Godhead, as a cup
Filled with a precious essence, till the
hand,

On marble or on canvass falling, leaves
Celestial traces, or from reed or string
Draws out faint echoes of the voice
Divine,

That bring God nearer to a faithless
world.

Or higher still, and fairer, and more
blest,

To be His Seer and Prophet ; to be
the voice

Of the Ineffable Word ; to be the
glass

Of the Ineffable Light, and bring
them down

To bless the earth, set in a shrine of
song."

With these musical and inspiring
words we close our brief indication
of the good things to be found in
contemporary English poetry.

EPIGRAM.—HONEST DOUBT.

My husband is a Sadducee,—

No angel will he see in me ;

My faith, like his, is waxing dim ;

No spirit can I find in him :

So dead is grown our heart's affection,

Neither believes in resurrection.

K. C.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 43.

TOM TAYLOR.

BY

JOHN SHEEHAN, *of the Inner Temple.*

It is now not far short of forty years since I first made the acquaintance, at Trinity College, Cambridge, of one of the most brilliant and agreeable men I ever met in my life, in the person of my worthy and valued friend, Tom Taylor. Without being aware of his antecedents, or being told that he had been at that time within a year or two of taking his B.A. degree, you would not say that anything bordering on half a century was the span of his life altogether. He has the same pleasant, open countenance, the same upright figure, above the middle height, not too spare, but muscular and *élancé*, that characterised him in the opening of his manhood; the same bold and elastic gait, the same shrewd, intelligent eye, the same everything, so to speak, as regards his fine physique, with the exception of his bushy hair and ample beard, the former of which has only recently become tinged with grey, whilst the latter has long since stolen before the steps of time, and, like many a younger man's, whitened prematurely. Charles Phillips, the Irish barrister, one of the readiest and most flowery speakers of his day at our English Bar, talking once to Brougham after dinner on circuit, said it was an extraordinary thing that, whilst he had not a hair turned on his head, his whiskers were as grey as a badger. "Oh, Charley," said the future Whig Chancellor, "the reason is plain enough—your jaws have had far more work than your head-piece." This could not be said of the subject of our present biographical sketch; for if ever a head of our time has done an exceptional quantity of work, and that of the highest description, that head is Tom Taylor's.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1877.

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

Tom Taylor

They have a renowned hero in ancient Irish history called "Con of the Hundred Battles," in every one of which he came off victorious. Taylor's biographer can speak with equal confidence of Tom of the Hundred Dramas, not one of which was a failure or a bad one.

As Ovid lisped in numbers,

"*Et quod tentabat scribere versus erat!*"

so did our predestined dramatist shew almost from his infancy a genius not only for the poetry and literature of the drama but for the practical details of play-craft and the stage itself. He too, shewing the natural bent of his inclination, lisped in numbers, if we may fairly allot a mode of the lyre to dramatic declamation.

"From his earliest years," says one of Mr. Taylor's biographers, a few years back, in *The Illustrated Review*, "he had evidenced a strong predilection for the histrionic art, and—even as a child in the nursery, and still more as a schoolboy, who, among his mates, was always Master of the Revels—for dramatic composition. As a mere urchin, before he had come to be pinned down to his *Delectus* or his *Gradus ad Parnassum*, he had been fond of writing and acting little plays for the delight of his sisters and brothers. The paternal cow-byre, the loft over the stable, or the saddle-room used to be the scene of their mimic theatre—Tom Taylor himself always holding the double office of manager and playwright. Thunder and lightning played no unimportant part in these highly sensational and melo-dramatic entertainments, insomuch that they were at last suppressed by authority, through a not unnatural fear that the crackling rosin of the thunderbolts discharged in such near neighbourhood to the straw and hay and other cattle fodder might end, one of these fine evenings, in a conflagration. Like Hans Christian Andersen, again—only at an earlier date, when Tom Taylor was a mere child, instead of, as was the case with poor unlettered Hans, as a hobbledehoy of eighteen—he had a passion for making and dressing puppets and for composing plays for them, in which these rudely contrived marionnettes took the parts of the various *dramatis personæ*. Here, once more, was a verification of Wordsworth's oddly inverted phrase about the child being father to the man. Here was another Wilhelm Meister in miniature, serving his apprenticeship. A literary or a dramatic turn was somehow always discernible in Tom Taylor's childish or boyish amusements. Among the Grange schoolboys he would often take his stand in the midst of a laughing circle as the pretended showman of a suddenly improvised museum. Whatever rubbish was brought to him by handful, he would define, article by article, with some aptly comic description, or

ludicrous running commentary. Whenever a schoolboy play was got up, he, be sure of that, was there among the actors very prominently. Several of these classic pieces, ancient or modern, Latin, French, or English, were prepared from time to time with admirable completeness. The *repertoire* included Terence, Molière, and Shakespeare. Among Tom Taylor's most successful impersonations, it may be here mentioned, were Parmeno in the *Eunuchus* of Terence, and L'Intime in *Les Plaideurs* of the inimitable Poquelin."

Taylor was in fact a born dramatist, playwright, and actor; and when you add to this his natural bent and genius, his large and liberal mental acquirements, you have the meaning and measure of the mark which he could not have failed to make on his time, and the important space which he fills in the modern history of the British stage. To form a just idea of those mental acquirements, one has only to glance at his fine early training, and his distinguished academic career.

Tom Taylor is a North-countryman, *au bout des ongles*, and from a part of the North where the character for shrewd common sense and manly straightforwardness of its inhabitants has become proverbial, and no one has heard of a craven, still less of a fool, ever coming out of it yet. He was born at Bishopwearmouth, an outskirt of Sunderland, where his father carried on business as an extensive brewer, and was a man so very much liked and respected by his fellow townsmen that, when Sunderland was incorporated under the Municipal Reform Act, he was chosen amongst the first of its Aldermen—a result which could scarcely have been otherwise when his extreme popularity with every rank was taken into consideration. Indeed, he seems to have been a man of that genial and lovable nature which is born to be at ease with all the world, and to make all the world at ease with itself. His son would seem to have inherited his good-natured temperament from his father, whilst, like many a singularly intellectual man before him, he derives his spirituality from his mother. The latter was German born, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine (maiden name, Arnold), although English bred, and a woman universally looked up to for her refined and rare accomplishments. Both parents, fortunately for the pride of the family, entertained the laudable ambition of affording their eldest son not only a liberal but the most liberal education. They were thoroughly convinced from his early promise that the precious seed would not be thrown away on an ungenerous soil, but produce the rich fruit of honour and greatness. He learned his classical rudiments at the Grange School at Sunderland, and that he learned them accurately and

thoroughly may be assumed from the fact that he has been through life thorough and *au fond* with everything he has undertaken, as well as from the particular fact that at Glasgow University, where he entered very young, and remained but two sessions, he won during that time from a number of brilliant competitors three gold medals, besides a number of minor prizes.

The subject of our memoir on leaving Glasgow went up immediately to Cambridge, where he entered at Trinity, from time immemorial the most distinguished College of that University. It was here, as I have already stated, that I became first acquainted with my friend, where, although my junior by some years, he had entered some time before me. I was admitted of his College *ad eundem gradum* from Trinity College, Dublin, where, before I became a very youthful journalist and went to Spain for a London morning newspaper, I had been in my second year's standing. *The Cambridge Independent*, still in existence, and as flourishing and influential an organ as ever of the Liberal party, being at the time I speak of in want of an editor, I applied successfully for the post, having been recommended for it by my friend Thackeray to his uncle by marriage, Mr. George Pryme, Fellow of Trinity, University Professor of Political Economy, and M.P. for the borough. Mr. Pryme had a large pecuniary claim on the Whig newspaper, which, with one or two other leading members of the party in the town and University, he had helped to found. The proprietor having just died, leaving behind him a family of minors, the Professor was obliged, in order to secure his own interests, to look after the management of the concern. Under such favourable auspices, therefore, I had the advantage of being put at once on friendly terms with not only the chief Liberals in the borough, but with those leading men of our party in the University who went by the name of "the Glorious Sixty." Amongst other advanced views, they advocated the admission to University degrees without religious distinction—a very burning question between the Cambridge Whig and Tory Dons in the days I speak of. Through Mr. Pryme I became acquainted with the Rev. George Peacock, the Dean of Ely, and Mr. Thomas Borrow Burcham, the former a Senior and the latter a Junior Fellow of Trinity, and both great authorities in their separate departments connected with the education of the College. I entered under the Dean's tutorship, in the language of the place, "on Peacock's side." Burcham was, during my three to four years' residence at Cambridge, one of my greatest friends. He was one of the most distinguished classics since Porson, and Taylor read with him about a year before he went in for his B.A. degree. He

was appointed, after he finally came up to London, Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy at London University College; went the Norfolk Circuit as a barrister; and died a Metropolitan (Thames Street) magistrate some seven years ago. It was at Burcham's rooms in the Trinity Cloisters that I first met Taylor at a wine-party given to inaugurate my donning the blue gown. Taylor very soon gave another, and presented me to all his set, who were the *crème de la crème* of the undergraduate intellect of the University. It may not be uninteresting to know that the Editor of *Punch*, who must be considered in the front rank of the enlightened Liberals of England, has stuck to his colours all his life, from the days when first he knew what parties and politics were to the present, when he is looked upon as one of their best illustrations and exponents. In his youthful days at Cambridge, to be a Liberal was not to take the fashionable or the profitable side of politics. We had a University Reform Club, with rooms in the Market Hill, to which my friend Taylor and myself belonged: indeed I had the honour of being its secretary. Lord Napier, of Trinity, at present our Ambassador in Paris, was our President, and Edward Crawford, of Auchanames, so many years member for the Ayr Burghs, was our Treasurer.

A vacancy having occurred in the list of the Trinity Scholarships, Taylor went in and won it the first time from a number of competitors, some of them highly distinguished in their subsequent University career. Going in for his B.A. degree in 1840, he took a Junior Optime's place in the Mathematical Tripos, but attained a high place in the First Class Classical Tripos, at the head of which Messrs. Goodwin and Vance were bracketed first, Messrs. Hodson and Wood bracketed second, Taylor coming third. This year, 1840, was considered an excellent one as regards the Mathematical and Classical Triposes, the *concursus* shewing many famous names who contended for honours in both. Leslie Ellis, the Senior Wrangler, who was afterwards elected a Fellow of Trinity with Mr. Taylor, was one of the most remarkable men of his day. His accumulation of knowledge for his years was marvellous, and he possessed a mind of the highest calibre. He was never known, however, to be otherwise than in delicate health. Even in his best or least afflicted days he was a confirmed invalid, and for years before his death a bed-ridden one, confined and crippled with rheumatism. Although incapable of scarcely any bodily exertion, his brain was always clear and active, and during his severe physical prostration he edited a considerable portion of the famous edition of Lord Bacon's works bearing the names of H. J. Spedding, R. L. Ellis,

and D. D. Heath upon it, the preface being by Ellis, and the Life by Spedding.

In October, 1841, Mr. Taylor went in for a Trinity Fellowship and won it. About this time, too, he became a member of the celebrated "Cambridge Apostles" (a name first given to them in derision), an eclectic society of the choicest and most liberal intellects in the University, which has now existed upwards of fifty years. It was limited to twelve actual members in residence, undergraduates or Bachelors of Arts, besides a number of College tutors and lecturers, who, having taken high University honours, were, by the rules of the Society, admitted from time to time as honorary members. In its day it has reckoned amongst its actual members such names as Alfred Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, Monckton Milnes, Dean Alford, Charles Buller, Dean Blakesley, Venables, Edmund and Henry Lushington, Maitland, Sterling, Maurice, Charles Merivale, Trench, and Thompson—the last two elevated to the Episcopacy. Mr. Christie, himself a member, writing of the "Cambridge Apostles" in a most interesting article contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1864, says that—

"Some fifteen generations of young 'Apostles' have passed from college into life. A few have gained eminence, several distinction. The just pride of members of the Society in the fame of its greater ornaments cannot surely be proscribed by the most cynical. Within the Society itself there is no hierarchy of greatness. All are friends. Those who have been contemporaries meet through life as brothers. All, old and young, have a bond of sympathy in fellow-membership. All have a common joy and a common interest in the memory of bright days that are gone, of daily rambles and evening meetings, of times when they walked and talked with single-hearted friends in scenes hallowed by many memories and traditions—or by the banks of the Cam, or in the lime-tree avenues of Trinity, or within sound of the great organ of the great chapel of King's, or in the rural quiet of Madingley or Grantchester—sometimes perhaps

'Yearning for the large excitement which
The coming years would yield—'

but all, as they stood on the threshold of life, hopeful and happy, gladdened by genial influences which are never forgotten, and sunned by warm friendships of youth which never die."

Amongst the "Apostles" of Mr. Taylor's time were included Lord Derby, Vernon Harcourt, Charles Spring Rice, Sir FitzJames Stephen, Sir H. Sumner Maine, the last a member of the Council of India.

Amongst Mr. Taylor's general contemporaries at Cambridge were the three present Metropolitan police magistrates, Cuthbert Ellison, Alexander Knox, and Thomas Barstow; Beresford Hope; Baron Anthony Rothschild; Lord Napier; Crawford of Auchanames; A. H. Novelli, the eminent Manchester merchant, and Director of the London Consolidated Bank; Lord John Manners and Baillie-Cochrane, the founders of the Young England party; J. C. Bailey, a *Times* thunderer, who wrote the "Great Fact" leader which appeared in that newspaper the morning it announced the doomed abolition of the Corn Laws by Sir Robert Peel's Government; Lord Stratheaden; the Right Hon. G. Cavendish Bentinck, Judge Advocate General; the Hon. Justice Denman—all Trinity men, besides a host of others who have since achieved distinction at the Bar, in the Church, and in Parliament.

Those were the happy days when our most versatile and ever-active friend sought "full many a time and oft," relaxation from his more serious honour work in such opportunities as the local literature and drama could afford him. Many a "slashing" article did he throw off in "less than no time" in my little editorial sanctum the night before publication, when I was hard pressed to get through my work for the printer. Many a Shakespeare reading and private theatrical entertainment, extempore, or at incredibly short notice, did he get up. He was the life of his College, and at the head of the intellectual fun of Trinity.

I remember on one particular occasion, and shall remember it all my life, when he got up a capital dramatic entertainment consisting of *Bombastes Furioso* and *The Irish Tutor*. Novelli and Cavendish Bentinck (both already mentioned among Taylor's contemporaries) played in both pieces. Two special wags, who turned out eminent lights of "the Faculty" in after years, Day and Wheately, also took part in the performance, and Stevenson, a handsome little flaxen-headed youth, was dressed up for us by the best artiste on the King's Parade, to act the Doctor's sweetheart, and he played up to my O'Tool to perfection. Taylor, as Flail, put me through my facings in what may be called the competitive examination scene with as much *verve* and confidence as if he had been on the boards of the Haymarket or Adelphi for twenty years. I sang "The Groves of Blarney," which being encored, I gave my audience Lover's "Molly Carew." But the drollest incident of the droll evening occurred at the fair scene, when I was hoisted on the top of an empty beer-barrel (from "The Hoop"), in tights and black silk stockings, to dance an Irish jig, which I did to the music of my own fiddle, without any help or interference on the part

of our little orchestra. It being my duty to continue with "Sir Roger de Coverley" for the dance of the lads and the lasses, one of the performers, a member of our Metropolitan magisterial bench, already mentioned, dressed in a rustic smock frock and hare-skin cap, threw the performers and the audience into the most inextinguishable laughter by kicking the barrel from under the Doctor and landing him and his inspired instrument amongst the foot-lights. Stage-manager Taylor had no small task in assuaging the storm which followed, but he accomplished it triumphantly and with the finest tact, conducting the performance to the end without another hitch. We played in a large stable loft belonging to Ben Jordan, who was as famous a job-master in his day as Milton's old Hobson himself, whose stables, or at least the site of them, he inherited, although Ben's "Choice" was not allowed by his customers to be the same rule of the yard as that which was submitted to by those of his prototype—the builder of the old Town Conduit.

We had a Cambridge University Magazine at the time, price two and sixpence, which I was guilty, I believe, of inducing one of the chief University publicists to bring out, and which came to an untimely end with the second or third number. It ought to have been saved from such an unworthy fate, if only for the merits of an exquisite little romance which it contained, written by Mr. Taylor. This, I think, was his *début* in periodical literature. It was entitled "The Maiden of the Rose." The incidents which it contained took place in and about the Rose Inn, a famous and flourishing hostelry of the very old time, standing where the Rose Crescent is built. The very clever story described, amongst other stirring scenes, a town and gown row, worthy of a place in the pages of *Blackwood* or *Bentley's Miscellany*. Shortly afterwards appeared in the latter of these magazines Mr. Taylor's first poetic squib, on a subject which was talked a good deal about at Cambridge as well as in the Temple at the time; and everybody deemed it a good joke and capitally treated. The story told in this admirable English ballad of the old style is strictly true in every particular. Lord Denman, one of the Judges of Assize for the Norfolk Circuit, and the celebrated Doctor Whewell, the Master of Trinity, were the chief characters of the little drama, which was very interesting while it lasted. The Master's Lodge at Trinity has been, since Henry the Eighth's time, the home of the judges of the Cambridge Assizes. Lord Denman, on this celebrated occasion, thought that he had good right to return from Court to his lodgings through the back or front gate of Trinity as he might think proper, and took it into his

head to choose the former course. Doctor Whewell, the greatest man in the world within the precincts of his own domain, and certainly anything but the smallest beyond it, had given orders that the judges were to enter by the front gate ; and in order that his mandate should not be misunderstood, he went himself and saw that the porter should fasten and secure the back one. The Lord Chief Justice, however, made his way in by the mere force of will, to say nothing of his magnificent presence, his mighty voice, and awful authority. Who can ever forget any of the three who has ever seen and heard Lord Denman ? Porters Watts and Moonshine were living entities, and Green was High Sheriff of Cambridgeshire at the time.

A DELECTABLE BALLAD OF THE JUDGE AND THE MASTER.

The stout Master of Trinitie
A vow to God did make,
Ne Judge, ne Sheriff, through his back door
Their way from Court should take.

And syne he had closed his big, big book,
And syne laid down his pen,
And dour and grimly was his look,
As he called for his serving men.

“ Come hither, come hither my porter, Watts !
Come hither, Moonshine, to me !
If he be Judge in the Justice Hall,
I’ll be Judge in Trinitie.

“ And Sheriff Green is a lordly man
In his coat of the velvet fine ;
But he’ll rue the day that he took his way
Through back gate of mine.

“ Now bolt and bar, my flunkies true,
Good news is ours, I ween ;
By the trumpet so clear the Judge is near,
And eke bold Sheriff Green.”

Oh a proud, proud man was the Master to see,
With his serving men behind,
As he strode down the stair with his nose in the air,
Like a pig that scents the wind.

And they have barred the bigger gate,
And they have barred the small,
And soon they espy the Sheriff’s coach,
And the Sheriff so comely and tall.

And the Sheriff straight has knocked at the gate,
And tirlèd at the pin ;
“ Now open, open, thou proud porter,
And let my Lord Judge in ! ”

“ Nay, Sheriff Green,” quoth the proud porter,
“ For this thing may not be ;
The Judge is Lord in the Justice Hall,
But the Master, in Trinitie.”

Then the Master smiled on Porter Watts,
And gave him a silver joe ;
And as he came there with his nose in the air,
So back to the Lodge did go.

Then outspoke the grave Lord Justice : “ Ho !
Sheriff Green, what aileth thee ?
Bid the trumpets blow, that the folk may know,
And the gate be opened free.”

But a troubled man was the Sheriff Green,
And he sweated where he did stand ;
And in silken stock each knee did knock,
And the white wand shook in his hand.

Then black grew the brow of the Judge, I trow,
And his voice was stern to hear,
As he almost swore at Sheriff Green,
Who wrung his hands in fear.

“ Now out, and alas, my Lord High Judge,
That I this day should see !
When I did knock from behind the lock,
The porter thus answered me :
‘ That thou wert Lord in the Justice Hall,
But the Master, in Trinitie.’ ”

“ And the Master hath bid them bar the gate
’Gainst Kaiser or ’gainst King.”
“ Now by my wig ! ” quoth the Judge in wrath,
“ Such answer is *not the thing*.

“ Break down the gate, and tell the knave
That would stop my way so free,
That the wood of his skull is as thick to the full
As the wood of the gate may be ! ”

That voice so clear, when the porter did hear,
He trembled exceedingly ;
Then soon and straight he flung open the gate,
And the Judge and his train rode by.

During the latter part of his academic career, and whilst he was engaged in successful tutorship at the University, he kept his terms at the Inner Temple for the Bar, to which he was called by that Society in the year 1846. It was then he bade farewell to Cambridge life altogether, apportioning the proceeds of his profession (to his honour be it spoken) for some considerable time to come towards the discharge of liabilities which had imperceptibly crept upon him since the time of taking his B.A. degree in 1840. That year he took the generous resolution to live by his tutorship, and give up the allowance made him by his father in favour of other children of the old home in Sunderland, who had to be pushed forward and settled in life, and upon whose early training, although respectable, the same outlay had not been expended.

Coming up to London with the Cambridge reputation which he had won for himself, he soon got employed as a leader-writer on the *Morning Chronicle* and *Daily News*. I remember also being with him on a really very clever and plucky publication in those days, called *Puck*, or *The London Chari-vari*, which came out upon the town with poetical illustrations of a comic character, and a wealth of pasquinade against the Tories, in prose and verse. The owners and managers, essaying (the old story) to do too much, and there not being a man of capital amongst them, made the fatal experiment of a daily issue, in imitation of the *Paris Chari-vari*, whilst *Punch*, then beginning its career, was creeping upwards as a modest weekly publication. Palmer, still alive, I believe, was our printer, and the elder Landells, long dead, our engraver. Chatto, a most painstaking and judicious editor, father of Mr. Chatto, the publisher, kept our little team together for about six months, after which *Puck* went to "the Tomb of all the Capulets." Mr. Taylor was very shortly afterwards engaged to contribute to *Punch*, on which he remained ever since as one of its leading writers, until, at the death of Mr. Shirley Brooks, a few years back, he succeeded to the chief management and editorship of the publication. Whilst he attended to journalism and all descriptions of literature as his chief means of living, he did not neglect his profession of the Bar, but went the Northern Circuit regularly for four years, realising one year with another between three and four hundred a year.

About a year after he had left Cambridge to settle permanently in London, his high University standing and scholarly reputation caused him to be elected to a vacancy in one of the Professorships of the University College, London, that of English Language and Literature,

which had been caused by the retirement of Doctor Robert Gordon Latham, the last and ablest editor of Johnson's Dictionary. This chair Mr. Taylor filled for two years, with great credit, till he resigned it to enter the Civil Service of the Crown, and was succeeded by Professor David Masson, the biographer of Milton, and afterwards Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh.

It was during his journalistic labours as an editorial writer, and chiefly for the *Daily News*, that he began to take a very earnest interest in the great social question of sanitary improvements, then coming rapidly in front and challenging public attention in London and throughout the provinces.

About twenty years previously Dr. Southwood Smith had commenced this humane and enlightened movement in favour of sanitary legislation, which had for its result the Nuisances Removal Act of 1845 and other enactments passed during different sessions down to 1860, most of which were repealed as inadequate. The Public Baths and Wash-houses Acts were passed in 1846 and 1847. Then came the Public Health Act of 1848, under which the General Board of Health was called into existence during the great eventful year of continental revolution. In connection with this great national Board, Mr. Taylor entered the Civil Service, and a couple of years afterwards (in 1850), became its Assistant Secretary. Four years afterwards the Board was reconstructed, Sir Benjamin Hall—afterwards Lord Llanover—receiving the appointment of President at £2,000 a year, simultaneously with which Mr. Taylor was advanced to the position of Secretary, with a salary of £1,000 a year. He continued to hold this high and responsible position during Sir Benjamin's period of office, as well as during that of his two immediate successors, the Right Hon. William Cowper—afterwards Cowper-Temple—and the Right Hon. Charles Adderley. In 1858 the General Board of Health became incorporated with an important division of the Privy Council Establishment. In point of fact, it was transferred to the Local Government Act Office and became an integral portion of the Home Department. With the new order of things no change took place in Mr. Taylor's position. He was still retained Secretary, although he was now one of higher rank, being under a Secretary of State instead of the President of a public Board. Finally, after passing most honourably the usual number of years in this capacity, he retired from the Civil Service on a pension of £650 a year, not to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, how dignified soever his past and present position may be considered, but to lead as active a life of intellectual usefulness as ever. He is still proving his untiring

devotion to his first and early love, the dramatic Muse, and still the conductor and leading contributor of the most highly organised, the most spiritual, and most manly publication, not of England alone but of all Europe—an organ which has become with the growth of years, as it were, an honoured institution of our country, keeping our literary tastes within legitimate bounds, and whilst enabling us to enjoy a wholesome laugh at the public fools and to take the true dimensions of the public charlatans of the day, reverencing the sanctities of private life, even in dealing with the bitterest political opponents.

The shrewd and always liberal conductors of the *Times*, who, generally speaking, have the knack of filling the various departments of their newspaper with the best men, made an excellent choice when they selected Mr. Taylor as representative of their art criticism some twenty years ago; a position which he still maintains, and for which he was from the first most singularly qualified. Besides rare literary powers he brought to his task a very high taste, long and legitimately cultivated, besides a thorough technical knowledge of his subject. He had a pencil in his hand and drew and sketched from his boyhood. After he had taken his B.A. degree, and whilst a resident Fellow, engaged in tutorship at Cambridge, he devoted the best portion of his leisure hours to art studies of a practical nature; his easel and his models being as prominent objects in his college rooms as his books. It was always with him a matter of pride to be surrounded by works of art; they were his *Lares et Penates*; his first loves; his types of the beautiful. His chambers in Trinity and the Inner Temple always shewed, when you entered them, the man of cultivated taste, who loved and enjoyed the pleasant and elevating objects he had gathered about him. His beautiful home at Wandsworth (Lavender Sweep), which, with its grounds and gardens, is the purchase of his honourable and successful life, is, as all his friends acknowledge, a little temple of art in its way. Independently of his intimate knowledge of his subject of art criticism, Mr. Taylor's honour and impartiality have never been questioned. "Keeping himself aloof from cliques and coteries," says the writer in the *Illustrated Review* already quoted, "he has contrived to preserve his judgement, as a rule, in a state of honest and dispassionate equilibrium." Whilst John Ruskin lives, it were unjust to speak of any other writer in his line as the *facile princeps* of art criticism; but were he to be called away before our gifted friend one knows no other alive more worthy to succeed him. Whilst on the subject of art, it may be the proper place to notice that in 1853 he

brought out, in two picturesque volumes, published by Mr. John Murray, his "Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon," the unhappy illustration of our native school of painting, of whose genius there are many opinions, but of whose overweening ambition there has never been but one. In 1860 he produced also, from the Albemarle Street publishing house, his "Autobiographical Recollections of the late Charles Leslie," the Royal Academician; and in 1865 he completed for Mr. Murray what Leslie had only faintly outlined, "The Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with Notices of some of his Contemporaries." All three works stand high in the world of art, as well as in general public estimation.

As an instance of the high respect in which the Secretary of the Board of Health was held in the Civil Service, he had not long joined our patriotic force, when the national enthusiasm set it first on foot, until he was chosen Captain of the Whitehall Corps, in which he held his commission until he finally retired from it five years afterwards.

Mr. Taylor was for years a prominent and leading member of the Canterbury Theatricals, an amateur society which rivalled in its day the famous Kilkenny Company amongst whom Miss O'Neill played some of her best parts, and Tommy Moore met and married his Bessy. Amongst the Canterburies were the two Ponsonby's (Spenser and Frederick); G. Cavendish Bentinck (at present Rt. Hon. and M.P.); W. Bolland, son of the late Judge; Sir William de Bath, of the Fusilier, and Lord M. Bruce, of the Grenadier Guards; Alfred Mynn; Thomas Knox Holmes, Son of Old Billy, the Parliamentary whipper-in, and one of the most versatile and agreeable men alive; Cuthbert Ellison (at present on the Metropolitan Bench), and Charles Taylor, and Felix, the famous cricketers.

From Mr. Taylor's doings on the stage, where he has won not only the reputation of being one of the best private theatricals in his day, but of having run, in some instances, professional eminence very closely, we naturally digress to his higher triumphs, as a distinguished writer of the drama itself, and considering the space already occupied with the details of his intellectual and interesting life, it is fortunate that, how numerous soever those triumphs have been, it is not necessary, in concluding our memoir of Mr. Taylor's career, to dwell elaborately upon them.

Mr. Taylor began his career as a dramatist with the *Trip to Kissingen*, his partner in the clever little farce being Mr. A. A. Knox, the present Marlborough Street Magistrate, then a student in the Temple, who had also been previously with him at Trinity. It was brought out at the

Lyceum under the management of the Keeleys, who gave the joint authors £50 for it. Mr. and Mrs. Wigan played the chief parts in it, and it attained great popularity. About this time he commenced to write burlettas, collaborating separately with Albert Smith and Charles Kenny, and produced *Whittington and his Cat*, *Valentine and Orson*, *The Enchanted Horse*, and *Cinderella*. The Keeleys were then in great force; Madame Vestris, the paragon of stage princesses, still looked and warbled to perfection. Harley of the quaint eye and jerking tread, and Drinkwater Meadows, whom a judicious critic called "a madrigal in himself," were in all their glory; and James Bland was the king of burlesque. Our author's first original drama, *To Parents and Guardians*, was brought out also at the Lyceum under the same management. It was of a half comic, half pathetic character, and those who have seen it can never forget Alfred Wigan in the character of Monsieur Tourbillon, the Parisian usher, with his tasselled Hessians, white hat with mourning band, long skirted drab surtout, so threadbare but so scrupulously brushed, his grey hairs and his bald crown, the butt, alas! of the school, but looking, through all his poverty of costume, through all his misfortunes, the polished and born gentleman. Next we had *A Sister's Penance* and *New Men and Old Acres*, two pieces of great merit and popularity, in conjunction with Mr. A. E. Dubourg; another very successful one called *Slave Life*, in partnership with Mark Lemon, then Editor of *Punch*; and the tender and most charming little comedy of *Masks and Faces*, brought out with Charles Reade, the novelist, and which had a most extraordinary run, being played at two theatres, the Adelphi and the Haymarket, Madame Celeste appearing as Peg Woffington at the former, and Mrs. Sterling personating the heroine of the piece at the latter, whilst Webster (manager of both theatres at the time) played Triplet in his unrivalled fashion at each house for 103 nights alternately. *Two Loves and a Life*, *The King's Rival*, and *Plot and Passion* were also joint productions, and all three successful—the last mentioned especially, which came out with the splendid *caste* of Emery, who played Fouché, Robson, Desmaret (head of the Secret Police), Alfred Wigan, the secretary of the Marquis of Cevennes, and Mrs. Sterling, Madame Fontanges. *Diogenes and his Lantern*, an exquisitely Aristophanic *morceau*, tickled the town very much, all the world going to see Emery playing in a tub for a house and with mankind for his butt. The *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Sir Roger de Coverley* brought out William Farren, as the Vicar and the Knight, in two of his most charming characters. A year after Sir Roger had charmed

the town appeared *Our Clerks*, in which the incidents, exquisitely droll throughout, were connected with the sayings and doings of a pair of scampish young barristers in the Temple, if not very "seedy" and out at elbows, certainly at their wits' ends to get along, and a pair of clerks in every way worthy of them; Alfred Wigan appearing as one of the barristers, Keeley, as John Piddicombe, and Mrs. Keeley, as Edward Sharpus, admirably got up as the attendant ministers of the future Lord Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice, and Meadows as Moldicott, the Sheriff's Officer. This farce has always been considered one of our author's best. Very comic and replete with wit and humour too was his comedietta, *To Oblige Benson*, in which Emery and Robson used to keep the house in a roar, and, as has been well observed, "played into each other's hands so hilariously that the laugh was kept up without once dropping, like a shuttlecock between two adroitly handled battledores." In his *Blighted Being*, which came out in 1854, who that has seen it can forget the Byronic collar, the long poetic black locks, the red striped pants, the melancholy face, and the entire get-up of Robson? On the 14th May, 1855, came out one of Tom Taylor's most remarkable and popular productions, *Still Waters Run Deep*, with a striking set of characters, and Alfred Wigan's John Mildmay the most striking of them all. Then we had in quick succession, *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing* and *Retribution*, both exceedingly clever adaptations from the French; *Helping Hands*, a domestic drama, in which we have a lively recollection of Mrs. Keeley's Tilda, and Keeley's William Rufus of the Shoe Black Brigade; *Victims*, an original three-act comedy, in which Buckstone was quite at home in John Butterby; *Going to the Bad*, in which Mr. Taylor hit off one of the most Robsonian of all his dismally droll characters in Peter Potts for the most peculiarly comic actor of his day; and *Our American Cousin*, the world-famous comic extravaganza, brought out at Laura Keane's New York Theatre on the 15th of October, 1858, in which Mr. Sothorn gained his imperishable laurels as Dundreary; *Nine Points of the Law*; *The House and the Home*; *Payable on Demand*; *The Fool's Revenge*; *The Tale of Two Cities*, an acting version of Charles Dickens' romance of the Great Revolution; *The Overland Route*; *Up at the Hills*; *The Babes in the Wood*; *Sense and Sensation*, a morality about the seven sisters of Thule, in which the characters were the virtues and the vices; *The Lesson for Life*; *An Unequal Match*; and *A Nice Firm*; besides several other dramas of various schools and sizes, from one to three and four acts, too numerous to particularise here, all of which came

out during the fifties and sixties. Of his famous *Ticket of Leave Man*, brought out the 27th of May, 1863, there has never been but one opinion; and we may fairly place it in the first rank, and second to none of them, of the great realistic dramas of our age. It is said that *George Barnwall* kept many a London apprentice who went to see that sensational drama from the way that leads to the gallows. In like manner the sound morality inculcated in Mr. Taylor's play, and perceptible through all his dramatic productions, has preserved from despair and a recurrence to his former evil courses, many an unfortunate just emancipated from penal servitude, of whom it might be said—

“ The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide ;—”

sorely tried by the *méfiance* and neglect of our modern Pharisees, and cruelly rebuffed by too many of those whose pride would be insulted if we were not to consider them enlightened and charitable Christian English men and women. It has not only brought balm to the disconsolate and given courage to the outcast to regain an honest position once more, and at last; but there are authenticated instances where it has stirred up the consciences of guilty, and as yet undiscovered culprits, to restore stolen property.

'Twixt Axe and Crown and *Joan of Arc*, which were brought out, the former in January, and the latter in April, 1870, deserve to be set apart from all Mr. Taylor's other dramatic works, as they are of a higher order of the drama, and more essentially noble productions. They are written in blank verse, the choice phrasing and fine metrical run of which have won the approbation of our best critics; they rise, and they have successfully risen, to the height of the noble school of the historic drama, consecrated by the genius of our own Shakespeare, and illustrated by the most classic French dramatists of the last century.

Mr. Tom Taylor is married to one of the most accomplished (as a musician especially) and charming women of our day; and has two children, a son and daughter, the former intended for the Civil Service, and the latter rivalling her mother's musical talents. He is in fine health, and in the strongest vigour of mind and body, which, with the ample fortune he has realised by his honourable and indefatigable intellectual exertions, his numerous friends sincerely wish he may long live to enjoy.

TWELVE OUNCES OF BLOOD.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

A SUMMER dawn was creeping over smoke-clouded London and lending an unusual beauty to those quarters most easily beautified; old Father Thames looked laughing and radiant as he glided past the sombre wharves.

A few gleams of this early light, struggling through the nastinesses of a narrow and unwholesome riverside street, found their way into a small, close, and altogether undesirable bed-room. They fell upon the figure of an old man, who, sitting up in his bed, his straggling white locks falling dishevelled upon his face, appeared to be listening intently.

Perfectly motionless, scarcely breathing, he sat and listened to certain faint and only just perceptible sounds which appeared to come from the room below the one he occupied.

Suddenly—yet quite quietly—he slipped his bare feet on to the floor, and creeping across it, essayed to open his bed-room door soundlessly.

He was not successful in this. The ill-constructed and unoiled hinges emitted some distressing noises.

He emerged upon a small, dark landing, upon which two other doors opened. He looked at both; they were shut. Moving with the utmost caution, he opened one door after the other, each a little way,

and peeped in. In each room he saw a slumbering form lying upon a narrow and unattractive bed.

Apparently satisfied so far, he then proceeded to creep down the little dark stairs. At their foot he opened a door and admitted himself into a small and gloomy shop.

The morning rays could not yet penetrate so low in the narrow street as to light this unpleasant little dungeon. Nothing was clearly discernible, but all the same, the old man knew well where each article lay. This place had been his world for some forty years, and he was not likely to make a mistake if he were blindfolded.

He proceeded straight to the counter, and quickly put his hand, unerringly, upon the till. It was unlocked! He opened it, and one touch within was enough to tell him all.

Of course! how could he expect anything else? His ear could never have deceived him. In his dreams he had distinctly heard the lock picked—the chink of the money when extracted from its hiding place had entered his slumbering ear. And waking, as from a nightmare, the scarce audible movements underneath his room had told him that his dream was reality.

The thing was old to him now. He had expected it for some ten years, and now it had come. He was insane enough to keep a roll

of his precious hoarded bank-notes there—fool! Why had he not obeyed his many doubts, and hidden them in some more cunning place?

But he did not pause to curse his folly, or bemoan his loss. He uttered no exclamation. He quietly shut the till down, and then looked at the windows and door. All was right there.

"'Tis Jacob then, as I knew it would be; well, I'll undo him yet," he said to himself, as he turned and proceeded with the same quiet caution to find his way in the dim light upstairs again.

He went straight to the door of one of the bed-rooms that he had before peeped into; entering, he with some difficulty secured the door behind him and looked round the room.

It was a meagre enough place as to its general aspect, but it contained a few articles almost out of keeping with it. The slanting sun-rays fell upon a very miserable dressing-table and revealed some rather luxurious toilette requirements which lay upon it. The old man poked about among these. He then opened a travelling trunk which stood near, and felt cautiously among its contents.

"Halloa, uncle!" remarked a wide-awake voice from the bed, just as the old man had about finished his inspection. "What are you after?"

He rose from his stooping position, threw back his grey locks, and looked round with a sudden rage rising in his eyes.

"Jacob," he cried, "you have robbed the till!"

The words came forth like a burning and terrible accusation, but the only reply to them was a prolonged laugh, hearty enough, though with a peculiar snigger in it.

When it was over, the voice again came from the bed.

"Why, uncle, don't you know me yet? As if I'd be such a fool as to rob your precious till! I should expect you to find me out if I ran to the other end of the world, and hang me with your own hands. Besides, it wouldn't be worth my while. It's one of those street urchins that are always hanging round the shop, because they think you're a millionaire. I hope you'll catch him, only don't wake me again."

And the speaker tossed himself over, rolled himself up in the bed-clothes, and soon began to snore, leaving the old man full opportunity to continue his search if he chose.

But he did not choose. He was convinced by Jacob's words, and the thoughts they gave rise to in his mind that the money was not to be found here. So he turned to the door, thinking to go down and examine the shop again.

But an idea struck him as he approached the landing. He stood irresolute upon it a moment, and then, very quietly, opened the opposite door and entered.

"It couldn't be Tim," he said, apologetically, in a whisper, as he closed the door behind him, "but I'd best look round everywhere."

He stepped towards the bed first, and saw there a slumbering young man, flushed and breathing heavily. He moved about uneasily from side to side. The old man watched him a few moments, and was about to turn away, and examine the room, when he was arrested by a half-waking movement of the sleeper. He stirred in a disturbed way, and then drawing his hand up from under the clothes, thrust it out, and, extending it, let fall a handful of money on the floor.

The old man rushed towards the bed, and dragging the clothes away, beheld bank-notes, gold,

silver, and copper, all lying around the youth's limbs, while clutched in one hand was a tool for lock-picking. This Tim flung after the scattered money on to the floor; and then, probably aroused by the cold air which was chilling him, opened his eyes suddenly. He reviewed the scene before him for a few seconds; and struck by the look in his uncle's face, opened his mouth to speak. He was extremely bewildered, and failed to articulate anything, so he sank upon the pillow again.

"And it is you," cried the old man, "you, my boy Tim, that have robbed me? Fool! Fool! You would have had all my money—I meant you to be a gentleman, but never a penny shall you have now. And you have lost it all for the sake of these few bank-notes. Curse you—to pay me back this way for all I've done for you,—kept you in idleness and let you do as you liked, and be as lazy a hound as you wanted to be—and this is my reward."

The old man trembled with passion and his voice had risen to a scream. All the while he was gathering up the money from the bed with shaking fingers.

Tim, meantime, had once or twice tried to articulate, but he was so confused that it seemed probable he had not gone to bed quite sober. At last he succeeded in bringing out the words—"I didn't do it!"

"Didn't do it?" echoed the old man, with the bitterest contempt in his voice. "My God! What lies will you tell me? Am I not to believe my own eyes?"

He had gathered up all the money he could see, and holding it in his trembling hands he left the room, kicking the door to behind him. He went into his own room and hurriedly threw on some clothes. Then he quickly

went downstairs, locking the door at the foot of the stairs and putting the key in his pocket. He opened the shop door and emerged into the now sunlit street.

Meantime Tim sprang out of bed, and tried to clear his head by plunging his face in water. But he was not much better after the process than before it; and he stood disconsolately in the midst of the room, mopping his wet hair. Presently his eye fell upon something. A bottle of particularly nice brandy, which he knew was the property of his brother Jacob, stood temptingly upon a table close by. For a moment he merely wondered how it came there; the next he wondered whether a little drop wouldn't make him feel better. And the next he was in the act of drinking off a good stiff glassful of brandy and water, unaware that an eye was fixed upon him through a crack in the door.

Jacob, when his uncle had safely locked the street door, had leaped out of bed and applied his eye to the crack. When he saw how Tim was employed he returned to his bed, saying, as he composed himself once more, "Just as I expected."

In about a quarter of an hour the street door was cautiously unlocked, and then the one at the foot of the stairs. A moment after Tim's door was pushed open, and the old man entered the room, followed by two stalwart policemen.

"There he is!" he cried, in a voice still tremulous with excitement.

Tim was now lying on his bed again, fast asleep, and breathing stertorously. The policemen grinned as they approached him.

"The chap's drunk," said one.

"Take him," cried the uncle, furiously, "don't delay."

"He must have been clever to pick a lock in this state," said the other.

"Bah!" cried the old man, "can't you see the brandy? He's drunk himself foolish since, to drown his wickedness."

"Like enough," said policeman No. 1. "Anyway the lock's picked."

So they pulled him up, and with some difficulty made him wake sufficiently to walk between them. He appeared too stupified to realise his position, and so was taken quietly away. There was a good deal of stumbling on the stairs, and some bad language on the part of the policemen, while the old man stood on the landing, and cursed the ungrateful youth; but Tim himself was dazed and silent.

Only, when they reached the street he shook the men off and tried to run away. They raised the cry of "Stop thief" and soon caught him: while half the neighbourhood either came out of doors or hung out of window in scant morning attire, to see, much to their surprise, young Tim Turner caught by two policemen, handcuffed, and led away. Curiosity and conjecture ran high and raged around.

"Well," cried one slipshod matron to another, across the narrow street, "I ain't surprised. Idleness leads to wickedness: and that old man's been a fool to spoil the young one so."

The street soon after went about its ordinary business: for there was nothing more to be seen.

The next phase of this history need not be dwelled upon; for we get a sufficiently disagreeable daily dish of police reports to know all about how such things are managed. The evidence was conclusive against him; and Tim got six months' hard labour. He

made several speeches, which had no effect but that of causing unseemly laughter in the court. He pointed out that he was entirely incapable of doing anything whatever on that night, in consequence of various "treats" of which he had partaken on the previous evening. He made several similar observations, but finding he carried no weight, subsided into a sullen silence, clenching his hands as they lay upon his knees, with a suppressed savageness that was new in him.

He performed his punishment, and came out of prison, looking healthier than when he went in; but with a sullenness in his face that took the place of a pleasant joviality which used to make him a favourite.

He wandered back into his old haunts but he did not find any welcome. Those who had known his uncle as well as himself regarded him in the light of a hopeless ingrate and criminal; while the friends who had been chosen after his own heart, in the old jolly days, did not much care to resume the acquaintance when they saw how the jail-bird carried the mark of the prison in his face. He was soon sufficiently conscious of the fact that life was a different thing for him now.

He succeeded in finding out that his old uncle had died not many weeks after his imprisonment, and that his brother Jacob, who, it appeared, had been made the heir, had shut up the little shop, and was only to be seen in that dismal neighbourhood now and then.

He haunted the street where the old shop stood from that time. He lived somehow, by the doing of odd jobs, for he could get no regular work where he was known; and yet he seemed to have some fascination for the place. The little

street urchins soon grew accustomed to see him skulking in the dark corners round the shop of an evening, and gave up taunting him; while the sage elders would shake their heads and avow their conviction that he was after no good.

Tim was a brawny, handsome fellow, and if he had not learned to slouch and skulk would have looked manly enough even in the tattered garments which were now his only ones. He throve in some mysterious way upon the scant, irregular food he obtained, and grew more sturdily muscular than of old. Possibly this might be owing to his general inability to obtain stimulants. He was continually sober now, from grim necessity.

At last, one evening, as Tim stood in a dark corner opposite the closed shop, idly, his hands, from the force of habit, thrust through holes, beyond which no pocket remained. he gave a great start, and a terrible look came over his face.

Stepping daintily down the street came a slight and dapper figure, apparently that of a gentleman and a candy.

What an unusual sight in this dirty street; surely Tim could have no interest in this apparition beyond mere curiosity?

Yet Tim trembled a little with the sudden excitement, for something in the gait of this gentleman was familiar to him,

He felt certain that the fastidiously-picked footsteps down the street would pause at the door of the little old shop, and he was not mistaken.

Hastily he stepped across; and just as the gentleman had inserted the key, presented himself at his side. But he was not noticed till, the door open, the man turned a little as he entered, and his eyes fell upon Tim's face.

And Tim saw, as he suspected,

the familiar features of his brother Jacob.

Familiar, yet unfamiliar. They had changed, in many ways, most conspicuously by that of ill health. Jacob had always been a weakling, and was, physically, about half the size of his brother Tim; but now his face shewed signs of positive sickness. The two men contrasted oddly under the circumstances; Tim, the jail-bird, just out of prison, looked a muscular hero by the side of his brother, who had evidently been living in luxury while Tim suffered.

"Jacob," remarked Tim, after they had looked at each other in silence for a second or two, "you are a devil."

Jacob stepped inside the door, so as to be able to shut it quickly if he wanted to; and he drew himself up to the utmost of his small stature, and smiled at Tim.

"And have you really come here to tell me that?" was all his reply.

"*You did it*," cried Tim, his indignation suddenly rising to boiling point. "I had time to think in that nice place you got me into, and I saw it all. I know you did it yourself, just to make the old man leave you all my money—!"

"Really," said Jacob, "you are getting clever. I thought my trick had been too simple even for you to find out—and yet you've done it! I congratulate you. Good night."

So saying, he quickly shut and barred the door. Tim had not had the wit to intercept him in time; and so he was left outside, impotent; all his blood at fever heat, the veins swelling on his temples, his hands clenched fiercely, and his heart heaving tumultuously within him. He waited and waited outside that door, but though he lingered there all through the night and on into the next day, it was useless. No Jacob came out;

and at last Tim came to the reluctant conclusion that once more Jacob had outwitted him and had escaped unhurt. Tim's mind was becoming capable, by his late experiences, of understanding something of what unjust suspicion is, and of the cruel cowardice which must prompt any man who can throw it upon another. His soul was filled with horror and disgust at his brother's deed; but that soul was only a poor, blind, half-developed existence, and was capable of no loftier result from this horror and disgust than an abandonment to rage. Blinded, absorbed by his burning desire of revenge, he lost the reins over himself; and when, in the noon-day sun he left his lurking-place at last, and staggered up the street with wild eyes and burning head, the people stood aside from him, remarking that Tim Turner was either mad or very drunk indeed.

He was neither, according to their meaning. He was both in another sense. He was mad with impotent rage, he was intoxicated by the surging of the highly vitalised blood that boiled in his veins. His was a physical frame that, once excited, was exceedingly difficult of control, because of its great vigour. With a powerful mind to govern it, poor Tim might have been a hero, but as it was, he only belonged to that class of mankind whose bodily powers are out of proportion with their spiritual strength.

Tim, in his present state, had no resource. He had no home to go to and get quiet in, no friend to reason with him and help him to govern himself. His pockets were empty and he was not in a condition to turn to and earn even enough for a bed; so that he had no choice but to slouch through the streets, under the hot sun, during the day,

with no prospect of any more pleasant mode of passing the night.

He wandered into Regent Street and Piccadilly, and looking at the fine ladies and gentlemen, cursed them from his soul, because Jacob, to his understanding, had become one of them. But soon, feeling out of his element, he slunk back into regions where beings not unlike himself were to be found.

The whole day there was no thought in his mind but of the wrong he had suffered, and of the wrong-doer, Jacob. He did not know he was hungry, though he had had no food since the previous day; he did not know he was thirsty, until, in the evening, a carter offered him "a drink" if he would hold his team a moment; then he discovered that he was parched.

That draught of ale had a surprising effect upon him. His brain reeled; he no longer distinguished persons or things. Jacob was everybody, and everybody was Jacob; and he was prepared to fight everybody as Jacob. A firebrand when cast among inflammable material is apt to create a fire; therefore it is easy to imagine how, some half-hour later, Tim had become the hero of a street fight. Two adversaries had been demolished, and a frantic crowd of admirers had laid their money on Tim, when the police appeared. But there were only two: and Tim, game still, though his head was bleeding and his nose had suffered, defied two policemen contemptuously.

Every nerve in his body was alive: he was like a lion at bay. While the police shrilly whistled for aid, the crowd parted, and hustled Tim through: their favourite should not end his triumph in a police-court. A doctor's carriage which was passing had been stopped by the crowd.

Tim, as, in his half-stupid way, he suffered himself to be hidden behind it, looked up and seeing the doctor gazing out of his carriage window at him, was startled in recognising a look of interest upon his face that was of a very different kind from that shewn by his surrounding admirers.

The crowd was dispersing as rapidly as might be, so the carriage drove off, and Tim, being told to run for his life, for some mounted police were coming down the next street, took to his heels and followed the carriage, much as a stray dog might have followed it, merely because it was something to run after; partly, perhaps, because the Doctor's face had impressed his now cooling mind.

Dr. Featherstone had indeed admired the physique and pluck of the street hero; but still he might not have cared to think of Tim sleeping that night in his wood-yard. Tim did it though, and the following night, too; but on the third morning, seeing the Doctor walking about in his little garden, he came innocently to the front gate and asked for work.

Dr. Featherstone recognised him, and was interested. Tim, looking into his face, thought he was sympathetic, but he was mistaken. Dr. Featherstone was always interested in everything on principle, but he had scarcely a grain of sympathy in his composition. He was a "clever" man, rising into notice principally through his wide and ruthless experiments for the obtaining of medical and surgical knowledge. He drew from Tim his whole history; and saw, by his emotional face, that the tale was a true one. He heartily despised the great stupid fellow, but it occurred to him that such a brawny martyr might be of use to him some day.

He was a bachelor, and reigned supreme in his little demesne; so there was no one to object to his making Tim temporary undergardener, wood-chopper, &c., &c.

Tim had the making of an excellent servant in him. He could get through a wonderful amount of work: and was of a grateful, humble, dog-like disposition towards anyone who treated him fairly. He slept like a king on a straw bed in the wood-shed; and for a while he contentedly received some old clothes and his food as wages: so he kept sober perforce.

Dr. Featherstone soon found he had made a good investment. Tim would do anything; having given his allegiance to the Doctor, whose intellectual powers oppressed and awed him, he obeyed like a well-trained Newfoundland. At the same time there was a sullenness still upon him, a manner as if an angry temper and a desperate abandonment were only held in reserve, which made the Doctor think it wise to keep him as far as possible without any money in his pockets.

Six months of Tim's life passed quietly away in this fashion. He had then become such an invaluable factotum to the Doctor (who had found he could so train him as to save himself many disagreeable portions of his various experiments) that he raised him a step in the domestic world, and Tim became a quiet, respectable servant, with a bedroom and a suit of clothes of his own. Dr. Featherstone could not discover that he had any other ambition. A certain sullen sobriety appeared to have come upon him as a final state, in place of his old joviality and happy tempered recklessness. And so the months passed by and gradually added themselves up: until the lapse of a couple of years made Tim's presence in the Doctor's

queer household an old and recognised fact.

One dreary autumn evening the Doctor came home from his rounds, and passing Tim, who was sweeping up the fallen leaves in the garden, paused.

"Tim," said he, "I want to speak to you. Will you come into my study in a few minutes?"

"Yes, sir," said Tim: and went on sweeping, as Dr. Featherstone proceeded to the house.

Tim's dull brain was not set working by this request. Dr. Featherstone often had him in his study, to explain something which he wanted done. So he quietly completed his leaf-heap, and put by his broom and went in.

Dr. Featherstone looked at the big fellow with more interest in his eyes than usual, as Tim entered the room,—Tim, by-the-bye, had given up slouching now he had taken up a respectable avocation, although he had not regained the expression of face that had been his before he had seen the inside of a prison,

"Tim," said Dr. Featherstone, with an air of wisdom which he had found out impressed the man greatly, "Tim, I am going to try and explain something to you, because you can be of great use to me, and to a patient of mine, as well as to yourself, if you are willing."

Tim placed himself in an attitude of attention and the Doctor proceeded.

"A gentleman who has been under my care for some little time is now in such a state of weakness that medicine is useless. He seems to have no living blood in his veins, no vitality in his body. There is no life in him to be aroused; he is now in a state of syncope—that is, he is quite unconscious—and I am afraid he will

hardly live even another day, unless I am enabled to try a last resource. This resource is the actual introduction into his veins of some blood from the arm of a living man—such a man as you, Tim," said the Doctor, looking at him with some admiration in his cold eyes, "a man whose blood has plenty of life in it, and who has plenty of it to spare. I think a little blood-letting might improve your health, Tim; you haven't indulged in it, I think, since that memorable day on which I first saw you."

The Doctor smiled, but Tim did not: he only looked attention; so the Doctor proceeded.

"Now it struck me you were the very man for the purpose; twelve ounces of that red blood of yours ought to give my patient a fresh lease of life. You shall have ten pounds down, Tim, if you will be ready to go with me to his house in a couple of hours."

"Certainly, sir," said Tim.

Ten pounds! when had Tim possessed such a sum all at once? Not even in the old days when he was his uncle's favourite. But the Doctor could afford to appear generous, in a small way, in the face of the fee which was held out to him by his rich patient, who, in agonised terror at the thought of approaching death, would have bartered his whole possessions for the chance of life.

The Doctor knew very well that a ten-pound note would be an event in Tim's existence, and would put him into a propitious mood. And in this he calculated well. While the Doctor had his dinner quietly, Tim went into the kitchen and regaled himself with unwonted joviality, and about seven in the evening, when the brougham waited at the gate of the little suburban garden, both were ready.

They drove into London, and

stopped at a house in one of the more fashionable streets.

Dr. Featherstone and Tim entered; the Doctor turned into the open dining-room, which was lighted, and apparently occupied by several gentlemen who were laughing and talking and drinking wine. This seemed a little odd to unsophisticated Tim, in the house of a dying man, as he stood in the hall and listened.

Presently, Dr. Featherstone and these gentlemen came out of the dining-room and went upstairs, toning down their demeanour a little as they ascended. Dr. Featherstone told Tim, as he passed him, to sit down till he was sent for, so he sat himself upon a hall chair, while the company of doctors went up to the sick man.

In a very few minutes, a manservant summoned him, and Tim, feeling considerably abashed by the grandeur of the surroundings and the oddness of his own position, followed him up the soft-carpeted stairs.

He seemed to enter into a subdued and almost oppressive atmosphere. It was quiet and all the lights were low, and when the servant gently pushed open a door and whispered Tim to enter the dim-lighted, gorgeously furnished room, with its heavy sense of sickness upon the air, he scarce dared raise his eyes as he stepped in.

One glance he gave, and seeing Dr. Featherstone beckoning, he made towards him without looking round any further, feeling him to be a refuge from all this strangeness of surroundings.

In that one look he had just caught that Dr. Featherstone and the other doctors were gathered in a circle by the side of a heavily curtained bed. The curtains were only partially drawn back, revealing merely a faint outline of a human form lying within it and

just indicated by a sort of stiff ridge under the white coverings.

Poor Tim, quite overcome by all this solemnity of behaviour, stood humbly at Dr. Featherstone's elbow: and, at his bidding, bared his brawny arm. One of the doctors leaned forward and felt the firm biceps with a kind of amused interest, while Dr. Featherstone tightly tied a bandage high up on the arm.

This was a much beloved experiment of Dr. Featherstone's, one which he had often tried with animals; but he had seldom had the opportunity of witnessing its effect upon a human subject. Only one of the other doctors present understood the operation besides himself; this man now stepped forward to place the cucurbitula upon Tim's arm, while Dr. Featherstone turned to the bed and uncovered the patient's thin and fleshless limb.

Tim saw the arm, as Dr. Featherstone bent over it, deciding where to cut the skin with the bistoury he held in his hand. That arm made Tim uncomfortable: he felt a sort of surging within him, but he only said to himself, "Poor chap! what a pass he's come to!" He looked to see the sick man's face, now that he felt interested in him, but his head lay heavily back in the soft pillows, and from where Tim stood, a little behind the heavy bed curtain, was invisible. He was afraid even to bend his head to look round the curtain, with the strange doctor doing mysterious things to him; so he dropped his eyes to see what was going on. The doctors all brought their wise heads in a circle to watch, and so Tim watched too.

The strange doctor took the apparatus from a vessel of water in which it was immersed. "See," he said to the others who stood

round him, "this is the grand principle of Roussel's method. I keep the apparatus full of water, and by that means prevent any contact of the precious highly vitalised blood with the air: the water drives the air before it when I let it escape. Everything depends on introducing the blood in a living state from one body to the other; the animal fluid must be in an unaltered condition. This transfuser being formed of natural caoutchouc, the blood is uninjured by its contact; so that if our operation is as successful as it promises to be, we shall send the blood of this fine fellow as a stream of actual life, uncooled, unmedicated or altered, into our patient's veins. This case looks likely to be as interesting as that remarkable one conducted by Professor Leidesdorf, at Vienna. 300 grammes of blood were used then, you will remember: I think we may venture on an equal amount. Are you ready, Dr. Featherstone?"

"In another moment," said Dr. Featherstone, without moving from his stooping posture over the bed. "The veins are so contracted in this case as to make the operation particularly delicate. Are you ready?"

"Yes," said the other; and selecting a swollen vein in Tim's arm, just above the bend in the elbow, he placed the cupping-cup upon it.

"I cannot imagine," said a young doctor who was watching everything intently, "how anyone could dare to introduce the blood of a sheep into the veins of a man. It seems to me inevitable that you take upon you the characteristics of this living fluid."

"Oh, that was a grand mistake," said the other; "as long ago as 1666, old Robert Boyle questioned whether the blood of one species of animal might not produce a

change of characteristics in the frame of another. But we find now that it only produces a blind struggle in the body to be rid of its unwelcome presence. The life must necessarily be of the same order. Bearing that in mind, we may make this little instrument one of the greatest of life-giving powers. Any man may save the life of his brother, or his wife, by this means."

"Yes, any man may save the life of his brother or his wife," said the young doctor, who was evidently of a speculative turn of thought; "and there you have indeed a beneficent power; for you will only produce a closer bond between minds and bodies already akin; but I doubt whether any man may save the life of his enemy. The blood of a man foreign and hateful to me by nature would, I imagine, be as disturbing in my body as the blood of a sheep or a dog."

The operators smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Such things are a little out of our range," said he; "if we are satisfied that the physical state of the blood-giver is all that can be desired, we do enough."

"Now!" said Dr. Featherstone, "I have opened the vein—it was surprisingly obscure; hand me the canula."

The end of the strange little instrument (as it seemed to Tim) was handed to him. He inserted it in the vein, and holding it in its place, motioned to another doctor that the patient was not sufficiently exposed to view. The latter came and fastened the curtain back and raised the man's head upon his pillow; meantime the operator, by a sharp blow, depressed the lancet into the turgid vein in Tim's arm and emptied the instrument of a mingling of blood and water. Tim, feeling the prick upon his arm,

watched the whole thing in much wonder. The water emptied, the escape canula was closed, and the communication into the patient's vein opened, the operator holding firmly in his hand the balloon which pumped the blood and regulated its flow.

"Now," said he, "stand back a moment, Montagu, and let me see the patient."

"The blood has already penetrated a long way up the vein," said Dr. Montagu, who, having been arranging the patient, stood between the operator and the bed. He moved back, and Tim and the Doctor simultaneously looked at the patient.

"The face is changing colour," exclaimed the operator, "the full action of the heart and lungs has recommenced."

All leant forward to observe the phenomena, and a second or two of silence fell upon them, out of which they were inexpressibly startled by the sound of Tim's voice. It seemed more like a tiger's growl than human speech, and fell upon their ears with an effect such as the first clap of thunder on a quiet summer night produces.

"Out of the way!—let me get at him!"

They all turned with a start, and beheld Tim as a changed being. The veins had swollen upon his forehead: his face was transformed by rage: and his whole frame appeared to be electric, and just gathered up for a spring. He was wholly unconscious of the doctors, except so far as they were in his way; his eyes were riveted upon the ghastly face which lay upon the lace-edged pillow.

"What's the matter?" cried Dr. Featherstone, testily; "for God's sake hold him, gentlemen! He'll spoil the whole thing if he moves now!"

In a second the doctors (who had each a nice plump fee in view) were round him; and before Tim could stir, three or four strong men had fastened upon some part of his body. He was in chains.

"For the love of Heaven, let me go!" he cried, cold drops of intense excitement standing on his brow. "Dr. Featherstone, do not let them hold me! *It is my brother Jacob*, and I have waited all these years for revenge!"

"Tim," exclaimed Dr. Featherstone, absorbed in observing the patient, "I'll give you twenty—thirty—forty pounds, if you'll only keep still!"

"I cannot!" cried Tim, in a voice such as is wrung from those who are under torture; "I must kill him! I will! It is my brother Jacob!"

"Well, Tim," said Dr. Featherstone, in a tone half cynical, half commanding, "if he is your brother, instead of killing the unfortunate man, you are pouring your blood into his veins, and saving his life. Be grateful that you are enabled to perform such a Christian act of forgiveness—and for God's sake, stand still!"

"Pouring my blood into his veins and saving his life!" repeated Tim, with such a shudder of horror and anguish throughout his strong frame that it went hard with the doctors to hold him; "I would I were pouring poison into his veins instead. If curses—if hatred can turn blood to poison, then is it poison that you suck from me."

And poor Tim, swollen with his blind fury, transformed by his burning horror at the deed he was doing, growled and struggled like a wild beast. At last by a furious effort, after some two or three minutes, he displaced the instrument.

"Twelve ounces have been passed, gentlemen," said the oper-

ator's calm voice; "the patient could not have borne a larger dose in his extremely weak state. The subject had better be removed, Dr. Featherstone."

"Call the servants," said Dr. Featherstone, whose hand was on his patient's heart; "the heart beats well, and the pulse is growing strong. The face is gaining colour more rapidly than I could have hoped."

There were men servants waiting at the door, who came forward. A moment's delay occurred, while one of the doctors removed the bandage from Tim's arm, the others still holding him forcibly in their midst. He simply stood, still looking in the act to spring when he should get the chance, with his eyes fixed upon the sick man's face.

Dr. Featherstone was rapidly bandaging the patient's arm, when suddenly—so suddenly that the Doctor started back a step—Jacob opened his eyes—sat up in his bed, and looked at Tim.

An awful look!

It seemed to strike Tim to stone. while it evoked a murmured exclamation from those surrounding him.

The eyes shone with an indescribable light, as of one aroused from the dead. But with that appalling look, another expression, even more dreadful, mingled. For those shining eyes wore a triumphant malice so horrible that it could only appear maniacal to the astonished lookers-on; and a sneering smile, ghastly indeed upon that emaciated countenance, trembled over the thin lips.

With an involuntary movement Dr. Featherstone drew the bed-curtain, and so released the others from the spell of horror that had fallen upon them. Hastily they united their forces, and got Tim out of the room.

"And you will not let me kill him!" cried he, looking round upon them as he stood in the hall, his form distended, and his eyes glowing like burning coals, with the rage that he held in his breast.

The hall door was opened, and Tim was pushed towards it, with threats of the police. He placed his hands against the lintels of the doorway and planting his feet, made a stand.

"I'll tear the house down stone by stone till I get at him!" he cried, savagely.

Dr. Featherstone came downstairs, a bank-note in his hand.

"Tim," he said, making through the others and going close to him. Then he forced the man to look at him, and by the superior power of his cold eyes, gained attention.

"You know you are making a fool of yourself, Tim. Now, here is a note for twenty pounds. Will you go away and leave us in peace if I give you this?"

Tim looked into the Doctor's face and saw no sympathy. His master stood revealed at that moment—cold, critical, heartless, the man of science and knowledge.

"Why, Tim," said he, "this will set you up in life. A man like you is king of the world with twenty pounds in his pocket. You need not envy that poor sick wretch upstairs, whose money is useless to him except to pay doctors with. Now take this and go home quietly, and let me see you looking yourself to-morrow morning."

Without a word of answer Tim took the money, pocketed it, and walked down the steps. The door was immediately closed behind him, for those inside were only too glad to be rid of him at any price.

And Tim, with a twenty-pound Bank of England note in his pocket, and rage and fury in his heart,

walked through the streets aimlessly.

He took the note out again and again and looked at it; that money must somehow be the key to Jacob's presence. It was an added power: he must consider how to use it for his own great purpose of revenge. In the meantime, parched with thirst, and having a lordly feeling that he need not grudge a few coppers out of his great wealth, he turned into the first public-house he came to, with the idea that a deep draught from a foaming tankard would clear his brain.

Dr. Featherstone, meantime, was fully occupied at the bedside of his patient. The sick man had aroused himself, and flung that demoniacal glance upon Tim, but then he had sunk exhausted upon the pillow. Soon, however, he again rallied: Dr. Featherstone saw, with delight, that a new vigour had indeed entered his veins. The other doctors dropped off one by one, congratulating each other upon the remarkable success of the experiment; for the face which had worn the pallor of death was faintly coloured now with the slowly deepening red of returning life.

Late in the evening, Jacob fell asleep, and Dr. Featherstone, feeling that he might now safely leave him until the morning, summoned his carriage and returned home to obtain his own much needed rest.

In the morning he inquired before he set out, whether Tim had returned: but there had been no sign of him.

"Run off," thought the Doctor; "well, perhaps I am best rid of him; he might prove difficult to manage some day. But I shall miss him."

The Doctor did not give him another thought (except now and then, when he felt the need of his useful factotum), for Tim, from his

point of view, was quite big enough to take care of himself. He went on his rounds without any qualms as to where Tim's unappeased passion might lead him.

It was the middle of the morning before he arrived at the door of Jacob's house. The man who opened it to him wore a scared look.

"Sir," he said, in answer to the Doctor's inquiry, "I don't know what's come to the master. We were pretty well scared last night, and the nurse says he won't stay if it goes on. We was all frightened out of our beds with the master halloing, and then he sat up, cursing and swearing and would hardly keep in bed."

"Humph!" said Dr. Featherstone, and quickly went up to the sick room.

"I am perfectly well now, doctor," cried Jacob, the minute the door opened, "I am a new man. I never felt like this in my life before! Why, I could spin like a top, I'm so full of—I don't know what. I'm d—d if I stop in this bed any longer. Why, I got up and danced last night, and if those—men didn't come and put me back here again. I dismissed them all on the spot. I wish you'd get me my cheque-book, doctor, if you won't let me go and get it, and I'll pay their wages and send them packing this very day, the impudent dogs!"

"Feel my pulse," he went on, apparently forgetting all about his request; "why, it's beating like ten thousand furies. I tell you, last night I could hear my pulses beating all over my body, quite loud, and I felt the blood rush through my veins like living fire—aha! it is glorious! I say, doctor," more quietly and fixing an eye of intense cunning sidelong on the Doctor's face, "I say, just tell me, did you take enough blood out of that

hulking fellow to kill him? Tell me—tell me—did you?

Dr. Featherstone, who was making notes hurriedly, was aroused by the furious peremptoriness of this inquiry.

“Oh dear no!” he said.

“Not!” and Jacob threw up his arms with a wild gesture. “Then bring him back and take more—I must have more—more—all the blood out of his body I must have. Do, dear doctor,—go, go and fetch him. I will make your fortune if you will. And then—then I shall have my brains, and all the strength of that brute’s body as well. Make haste, Doctor Featherstone—I must have all his blood!”

“But I do not know where he is,” said the Doctor, quietly. He was writing a prescription, bending over a small table near the bed. In almost the same instant that he uttered the words, he experienced a shock, the suddenness of which nearly knocked the breath out of him. Jacob, in a furious paroxysm of insensate rage, had leaped from the bed right upon him, and with all his might endeavoured to strangle him.

Luckily Jacob, though filled with a fire that seemed to himself to give him the strength of a Hercules, was in reality weak enough, and Doctor Featherstone, when he recovered from his surprise found it no very difficult task to disengage the clutching fingers that grasped him. The frantic resistance to this utterly exhausted the sick man, and Dr. Featherstone had to lift him bodily into his bed, where he lay with closed eyes like one spent.

Just then the attendant entered the room. He saw the position at once.

“Has he been at you, doctor?” he asked. “Why, he flew at me several times last night, and he’s

more like a lunatic than anything else. If this goes on—and I think it will, for it aint delirium like I’m used to—you’d better get somebody as understands mad folk to nurse him.”

“Well, well,” said Dr. Featherstone, who was a little put out at having the breath startled out of his body and the second half of his prescription bothered out of his brain, “wait till to-morrow, my good fellow, and see how he gets on. I hope he’ll be much better. Only do see that he is quiet while I finish this.”

Jacob was quiet enough, for he was exhausted. But he recovered only to repeat a similar scene; and when the Doctor had gone, the servants openly called him mad, which infuriated him to such a degree that they were thoroughly frightened.

“What,” he cried, “because I’m a new made man, and my blood boils in my veins so that I’m driven to dance for sheer joy—you——lethargic fools that don’t know the meaning of life, you think I’m mad!”

He continually tried to dress and go out, in search of pleasure; and they had to lock him in. The Doctor, coming in the evening, found the room locked; the patient singing and swearing inside; while the attendant sat outside, “just to hear if he did any harm to himself.”

Dr. Featherstone did not wonder that the man’s patience had given way, when he went in. It was evident that, at all events for the time being, Jacob’s mind had lost its balance.

He sent for the other doctors; two came; one, the young doctor of speculative mind, who had observed Tim’s sudden rage with wonder and interest.

“Gentlemen,” said this young man, when they had seen Jacob,

"you have just put his brother's passion into him; you have made Tim's wish a true one, for the blood, heated with a sanguine man's rage, has become a poison to this differently tempered body."

But the others smiled and paid but little attention, while Dr. Featherstone went on with what he had been saying.

"Well, gentlemen," said the young doctor, "you may laugh at the idea, but I have known the milk of a mother thrown into violent excitement poison her babe, and I believe that this case is analogous."

"But," said Dr. Featherstone, impatiently, "the man is not dying," which silenced the younger doctor.

They decided to obtain an attendant accustomed to the insane, to take charge of him, which was done. But Jacob's shrieks and terrible cursings during the night made it impossible to keep him in a private house. In a few weeks he was sent to a private lunatic asylum, Dr. Featherstone still hoping he would recover. But the physical frame was entirely unequal to support the frenzied life that coursed through its veins, and the Doctor was not surprised to receive an announcement of his death, about a fortnight after his removal.

The case was dryly marked, "Successful for eight weeks," in Dr. Featherstone's note book, and the thing was done with.

A short time after, he noticed in the daily papers advertisements for Jacob's next of kin, Jacob, it appeared, having died intestate, and possessed of considerable property.

The Doctor, who had had no news of Tim, thought it his duty to put in a brief advertisement which would be more likely to catch Tim's eye. But neither advertisement had any result, and Jacob's ill-gotten wealth went to the Crown.

One day—perhaps about a month after his useless advertisement—the Doctor, in passing through the wards of a hospital at which he was a consulting physician, was struck by the back and shoulders of a patient who lay with his face to the wall. There was something—he knew not what—familiar in the outline. He hesitated—then turned back and looked at the face.

It was Tim.

Tim, and seemingly unconscious. But when the Doctor touched him, the man opened his eyes and recognised him.

"Why, Tim," said the Doctor, "do you know I've been trying to find you?"

"Where's Jacob?" cried Tim, feebly. "Oh, doctor, why did you give me that money? Didn't you know I could never keep from the drink!"

"Well, you must get better, Tim, for Jacob is dead, and there's all your money for you at last."

"Dead!" cried Tim, starting up in bed, and then falling suddenly back.

"Has he escaped me?" he exclaimed, feebly.

"Come, Tim, forget all that now," said the Doctor. But he said no more, for a change in the man's face shewed that he was dying, and in a very few minutes all was over.

"Well, he was determined to be after Jacob as soon as he could," said the Doctor, grimly, as he turned away. The doctor of the ward stood at his elbow.

"A pity a fine fellow like that should drink himself to death," he said. "These men of fine physique so often lack the moral character which would make them valuable."

"True," said Dr. Featherstone, and walked on in a brown study.

THE LABOURER'S LEISURE.

THE extremes of greatest and smallest inevitably meet; any true sociology, however extensive a domain, finds its reflection in the disk of the individuality of the most unimportant person, and conversely, in the study of ordinary lives rather than in speculative theory, are laid most surely the foundations of the largest knowledge of national life and progress.

Whether humanity, viewed as a genus existent upon earth, ever changes its plane, or from the misty dawn of immemorial time rises ever into fuller light and nobler stature, we will not here inquire; suffice it that there are periods of progression, and epochs of particular kinds of development. Strange and mysterious as are the lives of men and the missions of heroes, are the growths of nations, and the special positions and attributes, as shewn to us by history, of the races that lead the world.

Disregarding for the moment the special glories and graces of the peoples that are gone, we may stigmatise the ancient systems of society as partial or imperfect—slave systems, feudal systems, caste systems. Though we may look back on patriarchal families, village communities, well-ordered and homogeneous households, each a hierarchy and kingdom in itself, with a kind of idyllic regret, yet we look to them no more for our guidance for the future. We do not expect of them to evolve any

higher plane of development; they are, as it were, crystallized and stationary in their ancient beauties and deformities alike; we feel ourselves superior to the stirless multitudes of those races that for thousands of years have maintained their antique existence unchanged. They are to us as rust, while we would be bright steel. It is not to the point if they, from the depths of their calm, complacent contemplation, should despise our lack of philosophy, our mechanical bias, our bustle and restlessness. It is not to the point if we should fail and fall as great endeavourers have failed and fallen ages ago; we are bound to our purposes, we must “dree our weird,” fulfil our national fortune and natural destiny. There is no hurry, but we must go on.

The great coming puzzle is that of the moralisation and regulation of the mighty factor wealth, which, unless it be made to flow downwards in some orderly and equitable manner during the next five hundred years, will make modern civilisations not unlike the old, superb edifices borne upon the shoulders of a helotry;—above, luxury, power, refinement, amplitude of life; below, bare poverty, crippling large masses of educated persons bound to the stake in the market place of labour, a commodity treated on the principle of supply and demand. A grimy crowd taught to feel the large pulse

of modern life, pining for freedom and expansion, yet bound to small exigencies, and toiling only by the side of the great enginery of steam and electricity and mechanical power;—by its side as its brother, and not above it as its lord; toiling to make ten thousand palaces, and then give the leavings of its labours to the manufacture of cheap worthlessness for itself.

The other dangerous extreme is the possibility of anarchy from the incursion of Gothic hordes, not of the North, but of our own lower strata, upon the painfully built fabric of civilisation.

We are midway between this Scylla and this Charybdis, and may we long remain so, plying our strenuous oar upon a rough and healthy sea, not upon a maelstrom.

The races that are so far advanced as to partake in the grand humanitarian experiment which is called "Progress," are so few as to be countable on the fingers of one hand; by the side of potentates still ruling with unswerving autocratic hand of iron are the representative governments swaying to the difficult flux of popular opinion. Diplomats and personages in office may appear to hold the reins, and kings in these most modern regions may blandly preside over fountains of honour that were once fountains of terror, but there is a new voice in their midst that is anxiously listened for, if there be the least prospect of its being loudly raised; and this voice is the voice of the people, the articulation of the average, crying out the greatest common measure of the crowd. Instead of being as the boy that hangs on the carriage behind, and is whipped off by the driver if caught sight of, the mass is accommodated with the box seat on the political car, and allowed to jog the elbow of the coachman; under which pecu-

liar circumstances there is cause for thankfulness that he is able to hold the reins with even the firmness that he shews.

More and more, year by year, does every earnest thinker turn with anxious eye in the direction of the people, the people that is so little and yet so great. No novel suggestion of sociology commands the attention of our highest minds unless it be generally applicable over extended areas, unless it treats of human life in the mass; and the signs by which true judgments can be formed are to be found best, not on the vague horizon of metaphysical fancy, but by careful study of small homely pictures. More than ever is the responsibility great of the individual and the importance of the so long unconsidered unit, for now governments are based upon the suffrage of the popular bias, without any section whatever of the crowd being thrust aside with the implication, You need not meddle; yours is not the responsibility; you are only a servant, a slave, a chattel.

There is a great economic puzzle which we should like to see unlocked. What are called "bad times" are prevailing just now after years of unexampled prosperity. Merchants say over-production is the cause. Before the good times ended we had strikes among the workmen for higher wages and shorter work, and a disposition towards idleness developed i'tself among the more highly paid artisans. This was much blamed by manufacturers, but how does such blame consist with the merchants' cry of over-production? Must the labourer work vehemently and produce an overplus of commodities, or must he be blamed for lagging behind and lazing until the demand catches up the supply? Were a nation self-centred, the

question would be simpler; the international competition complicates it.

In any case, and whatever be the philosophical upshot, the labourer has begun to act for himself. During the last ten years he has claimed and obtained, in this country, in addition to many advantages of larger seeming, a considerable abbreviation of his hours of toil.

Without any doubt, this is a most important act, and whatever be its result, a notable mark of that movement which is life.

The labourer's leisure! it may be thought an insignificant matter, a detail of trifling importance. It is quite the reverse. Let us learn of a man's leisure, and it will require no fortune-teller to describe him. Leisure is life; for it is the door of a man's free work or free play; where work is uncongenial or painful, it is but the means to the end of that emancipated leisure-life with its opportunities of what is congenial.

Says Carlyle:—"One man, in one year, as I have understood it, if you lend him earth, will feed himself and nine others." If you lend him the slave steam then also, it may be affirmed that he ought to be able to clothe and shelter himself and fifty others. The introduction of our vast apparatus of mechanical service has fairly entitled the hand worker to do less labour than before in order to earn his subsistence. The world can be filled with wealth without more than a reasonable task being exacted from the hard hand. Nevertheless, if a cry for shorter hours of labour proceeds from mere idleness, and not from any appreciation of the value of time to its possessor, it were better unheeded. The moral law over-rides the physical; if it were best for us to be without the stimulus of necessity, and we lived most nobly when most free of phy-

sical exigencies, we should be even now in an idle Eden.

Given the suggested possibility in the mind of the labourer of the reduction of the hours of toil, it is obvious that such reduction may be urged from widely different motives. One may be aversion from work altogether, another aversion from a particular kind of work, another the perception of pleasures dependent on leisure, another an intuition of the uses and power of unfettered time. Whichever of these impulses may be at work, it is evident that new systems of life are opening out among the bulk of the community. From being machines, fit only for machine-work or inert quiescence, the masses are given the liberty of being men—gentlemen indeed, if in that term be implied the possession of leisure, the power of being "at large." That this is a coveted attribute of gentility, as regarded by classes working for wages, may be argued from the common use of the expression "a gentleman at large."

Progress, the great modern idol, walks with two-fold face. Concurrently with the demand for shorter hours of labour which has proceeded from most classes of time-workers,—clerks, warehousemen, artisans, operatives, labourers, there has of late years been an evident tendency towards careless or "scamped" work, a slipping from the ancient pride of workmanship into the regions of the slipshod, the "shoddy," and the perfunctory. The omen is bad, but granted that a great social development be working itself out, it is unfair to criticise overmuch initial stages that shew all the attendant evils of change, and none of its gradual benefits.

A certain curtailment of the hours of labour being now, as regards most trades, an accom-

plished fact, we may consider in a few words some of its effects. A difficulty which we meet with at the outset lies in the fact that these effects are of two kinds which it is not easy to dissociate in the mind—the actual and the probable; and it is possible that they may seem to contradict one another. Transitions are slow, and transition periods often shew worse results than times of stagnation; just as courtship is found by lovers to be a restless, unsettled, disappointing state until it merges in the assured calm and content that attends fortunate matrimony.

Leisure-time for working men is a new idea; hence the time afforded for the study of the mode of employment of that leisure has been too short to enable effects to manifest themselves in a sufficient mass, or with sufficient stability and distinctness, to measure out conclusions with any certainty.

Moreover, there is a bias in men's views which only time and its results can set right. We will give as an instance a petty case brought before the justices a very few years ago. Two apprentices were charged with a breach of their indentures. Instead of working thirteen hours a day as therein specified, they had ceased work at six in the evening instead of seven, and on Saturdays at four. They were in the tailoring trade, and had innocently harboured the opinion that the Factory Acts, which applied to operatives generally at certain ages, applied also to themselves. The custom of the trade and the contracts entered into being the law, the magistrates rightly enough ruled in favour of the master. But the Chairman of the Bench did not stop here; instead of allowing the lads the reasonable right of trying a doubtful point by a harmless action, he went not only beyond

law, but outside of charity, for he added, "It was evident the defendants had fallen into that state of mind which was distracting the whole industry of the country—very little work and high pay—and the sooner they got rid of that idea the better." So the lads were fined, had to pay costs, and find sureties for their future good behaviour. They were mistaken and wrong in subverting a written contract, but it was insulting to stigmatise them as idle for wishing to sit and stitch only seventy hours a week instead of seventy-eight. They represented "industry distracted" by lotos-eating because they sought to take to themselves one hour out of thirteen per diem, and have only ten hours' confinement on Saturday! A judge free from bias would surely have been led rather to excuse the law than to aggravate it.

Again, with regard to the immediate results of any change of life, it should be borne in mind that old habits are not any the more easily cast aside, or new ones formed in a briefer space of time, because these are days of speed and high pressure. Indeed, were a gift of enhanced independence made to a man with any bad habit, with a view to his slipping it off from him under his improved conditions, it is likely that he would but hug it to him all the closer for his enlarged power; the habit would have the more room to grow in.

Hence, though facts are most important, yet as they are conflicting in the matter before us, and at variance with the "time spirit" that we may imagine to be working through them to something better, we are almost bound to mingle something of the hope and glow of the ideal with our consideration of the real.

We may point, by the way, to

a very difficult but interesting question. How far do the units of a mass realise individually any movement that may be seen working generally in the whole, and is visible, so to speak, to the historic eye? The curious possibility of the ignorance of the individual of the larger issues in which, as one of a class, he may be involved, offers a certain bar to our arguing directly from the present conduct of the individual to the general progress of the class.

To take an example: How did the idea spring up among the trades-unionists—was it from each individual's reflection?—that the clever worker must not be allowed to run down the slow one? All the time the tempting bait was held out by the employing classes, that in this freedom of rivalry lay the only chance for the sharp men to better their position. The ideas that govern masses do not commonly emanate from the stupid bulk of them, but from the leading few; but here an idea was dominant that either proceeded from the more incapable men, or was an instance of marvellous power of self-abnegation on the part of the capable men. There is a certain idyllic beauty in the idea that the strong must not outdo the weak, but it is a delusive dream; it is reducing human power to the level of its greatest common measure, which is its average of mediocrity. Far finer indeed, even as an ideal, would be the doctrine that all should do their best and utmost, weak and strong alike, and that then if the weak needed help, the strong should give to them from their strength. In face of all fraternal dreams, beautiful though they be for beings more advanced than ourselves, it may be doubted whether the average man would not gradually become listless and dead-alive—

indeed slowly dwindle into imbecility, if the keen stimulus of competition and hard-won success, replacing the old vivid sense of dire necessity, were done away. We are not now face to face with stubborn nature and the unmistakable lesson of the uncaptured game, or the untilled soil. The voice of necessity calls to us more dimly from a distance. If something sharp be not left to rouse us, we may be lulled to a sleep of very disagreeable waking.

This is a small instance of our theory that ideas may govern classes which an average individual of the class might scarce be conscious of, much less be able to explain or justify. This attaches a difficulty to a study of the individual, for there is something in him, as one of his class, which is beyond reason, without having the infallibility of instinct. Class-prejudices belong to an order of ideas that in their nobler aspects become the chivalrous power which we call *esprit de corps*.

In discussing any class of men a difficulty will be found in the fact that there are ideas working in the minds of the members of any special class or race, which any person outside that special class or race cannot easily come to apprehend. A man's true aims and shibboleths may be very different from those which the outside observer fancies he has discovered.

The general effect upon the labouring classes of the gradual shortening of the hours of labour is considered, as a rule, from two very different points of view. Observers of one class point to free libraries, to Literary and Mechanics' Institutions, to science lectures, to night schools and lecture halls, to tea-parties, and penny readings, and say, These are the signs of life, hope, and progress; these

institutions of culture are already frequented and appreciated, thus involving the certainty of their becoming more frequented and better appreciated, as a snowball grows by rolling. Let opportunities be further enlarged, and time be given to realise them, and good results must be proportionately increased. No one can wholly gainsay this argument. It is that of idealism, sympathy, and philanthropy. For a man to become a moral being in any extended sense, he must have a certain amount of free time at his disposal, in which, so to speak, he may stretch himself. In a simpler state of life than ours, when man depended on agriculture for his subsistence, nature herself provided the necessary pauses between work, by giving recurrent seasons impossible for out-door labour. The modern operative is protected from the weather by his factory walls, within which there is summer heat in winter. In return for these advantages, his work has been, until late years, almost without intermission. There was not made for him any season of rest. However unhopeful the first results of leisure may appear, it is hopeful that it should be a thing desired. The agriculturist in the enforced comparative idleness of winter was by no means necessarily led to the enlargement of his faculties thereby. Culture is not gained by a chance holiday; development must first be sought for, and then pursued by systematised effort.

But without the chance of leisure, such efforts must be superhuman to avail. The ploughboy, up at dawn and helplessly sleepy from toil by the time he has finished his evening meal, has scarcely a chance of learning the meaning of the words "a moral being," much less of becoming one. Three months' idleness in the midst of a year of

such existence as this could not be productive of much benefit to him, unless the time were improved to him by special external influences. The slave who is always at his master's beck and call is retarded from developing into a responsible being because he has no independence. There are, then, several requisites before a man can arrive at any enlightenment; a reasonable amount of regular leisure, the power of employing that leisure as he thinks fit, and the desire of employing it to advantage. The shortening of the hours of labour within certain limits is, therefore, one necessary agent in the growth of the people. It ensures a certain amount of power of independent action, without which no progress can be expected, and its effect is, so far, good.

Before we proceed to the other class of observers of the effects of the shortened hours of labour, there is one point which we may briefly refer to. It has been stated that the "each for himself" system which is growing up alongside of the upheaval of the working classes, is an immoral one, and due to their influence and selfish demands. The classes of to day, instead of being linked together by sympathy and mutual benefit, have, it is true, entered upon a somewhat anti-human and go-to-market-for-everything system, in which moral relations are very largely ignored, and class and class are dissociated from one another's affection, being connected only by the slender tie of commercial self-interest. If this be an effect of the change in the position of the working classes, it may well be questioned whether it marks a moral advance, or a desirable kind of progress; and those may be pardoned who from this view use all their force to maintain the *status quo*, and to prevent any

further movement of the terrible masses. This change certainly has relation to the working classes, but they are scarcely to be blamed for it. The old systems are dying out; the paternal or patriarchal relation constituted the beauty and strength of the village community system, and the main strength of feudalism, albeit in the latter deteriorated in form from the ancient family prototype. But these relations are falling away, being evidently subject to some law, and proved insufficient to the event that is slowly unfolding itself into the future. A system in decay is in deterioration, and into the old oligarchical constitution had crept much that was unlovely, much of keen-eyed self-interest assuming the guise of patronage and charity. The movement of modern societies, says Sir Henry Maine, is one "from status to contract." In other words, a man was formerly born to his own place in an aristocratic or patriarchal hierarchy; now he fights for his own on the free platform of bargaining. The gain is the freedom of the individual; but with the old current down which flowed perquisites and patronage, autocratic rule, and the affections of lord for slave, has vanished also some channel by which sympathy went gently to and fro. The matter-of-fact middle classes have come up from the soil and stand between the highest and the lowest. As the old state produced its virtues, so should the new in due time; and if the people, following their stimulating instinct, are not taking a step in the direction of a fruitful independence, then indeed we may look with dismay over the crest of our Niagara, for there is being pushed into history a grand experiment of result black-looking and unknown, and above all tremendous.

We neither wonder at the enthusiasm of those who see a new and grand era of history now coming on like dawn, nor at the fears of those who see in the tendency to irreverence for superiors and general independence, a leveling of true distinctions, a revolt against rule, a state as bad in its way as that of autocracy and servility.

Whilst changes of doubtful character and little understood are in a state of early progress, it would be too much to expect them to produce their crop of ripened fruit. So soon, however, as the independence of the people is more fully and seriously realised, and the remains of old jealousies and distrusts are put away, then the boons which the bulk of our community have gained will be more fully appreciated, and instead of the unsocial severance of classes being intensified, we ought to find the moral and social virtues springing up in pleasant natural ways, and bearing their due fruit in an improved and improving social system.

Those who deny that any good effect is being produced by the abbreviation of the daily term of the labourer's toil are not usually idealists, but either minute realists or persons with bias. The close observers argue that the percentage of working men at present able to make a good, wholesome, and reasonable use of leisure, or disposed to frequent any of the avenues of self-improvement, is exceedingly small; that those who rejoice in the thought of spare time on account of the opportunities for mental and moral culture which it affords are relatively very few; that on the other hand a large proportion of men are utterly demoralised by having spare hours at their disposal, if accompanied by spare cash. At the time of great

prosperity some four years ago answers to the question as to the effect upon the people of the shorter hours and increased pay, just then being realised, were constantly being brought forward in such forms as we quote:—"They eat and drink more, and create greater disturbances, furnishing more cases for magistrates;" or, "They spend all they earn and shirk their debts whenever they can." Another answer ran, "The highest waged men are the worst off;" another, "The high wages and shortened hours tend chiefly to brutalise;" another, "Those who are obliged to be industrious and economical are the best off." The class of workers in any factory or workshop of whom such gloomy statements as the above were made, were always said to be "in the great majority." Another opinion was given thus:—"The working classes are not in themselves more depraved than before the shortening of the working hours, but they have more opportunities of gratifying their depravities."

These statements cannot be put down altogether to bias; there must be a substratum of truth in them. The stories too current in the inflated times could not have been all fabrications;—that there were colliers regularly buying prime cuts of beef and mutton to support their fighting dogs, their wives and children the while being neglected or ill-fed. Champagne too, picturesquely known as "Silver-nob," was, it is said, held in much esteem by these fighting-dog lords. These no doubt were isolated instances, but can extremes be wondered at in the case of men just emancipated from a race of worse than slaves, and allowed to taste for the first time freedom and power? Before legislation on the labour question began, by Sir

Robert Peel's Bill of 1802, not only grown persons but children of six years old were given in the factories the more than Egyptian task of ninety hours of toil a week. The Act referred to brought down this figure one-ninth, seventeen years later there was a further reduction of a tenth, and in 1825 of a twenty-fourth part from each reduced amount. But civilisation and reason had not yet done with this terrible abuse that unchecked would have worn out our workers; in 1833 the limit of factory work for children was reduced to ten hours a day; and in 1844, 1847, and 1856 were further ameliorations of these horrors of the nineteenth century; the half-time system was instituted for children under thirteen, and now at length the workman has a task not more severe than that of a plantation slave, whose value as a property depends, like that of a horse, upon not being overwrought.

Can it be wondered at, in face of such facts as these, that there should still be thinkers among the working men somewhat passionate under opposition, or too severe a criticism? What wonder that there should be strikes and mistrust? For these beneficent changes were accomplished in the teeth of strenuous agitation and contemptuous opposition, physicians giving evidence before the House of Lords, as they did in 1819, that in their opinion fifteen hours' work a day was not necessarily harmful to a child of six years. Here indeed was bias with a vengeance.

Can it be wondered at, too, if the labourer, on his first emancipation from his soul-crushing thralldom into a state where he is given at least room to grow, should at first grow somewhat awry? It is something to be thankful for that he is relieved before he has grown stunted, as must in a few genera-

tions have been the case had little children been forced to work for ninety hours a week.

There is thus, when we examine our facts, however disappointing they may seem at first sight, more hope in them than despair. England was engaged in her violent struggle to be rich when her workers were put to such a strain, and she had not yet learned so fully as now to put the slave Steam into the lowest class to bear the brunt of the hardest toil. Historic details are too easily forgotten, and we are apt to judge too much by present appearances. If we could raise a few patriarchs of the legendary millennarian span of life, how useful they might be in reporting on the comparative circumstances and progress of our generations of ephemeræ.

A dweller among the Staffordshire coal-pits (the Rev. James Paxton) drew a most pathetic picture of the first effects of the shortening of the hours of labour:—"At first when the shorter hours came into operation it would have been ludicrous, but that it was painful, to see the many shifts the working men were put to to spend the time they had been so anxious and resolute to gain. In the Black Country it was no uncommon sight to see groups of men playing marbles at the corners of the roads with all the *abandon* of schoolboys. They hung about everywhere in knots and groups, looking intensely weary of their gain of time."

To whom does not this recall the picture of the prisoner immured so long in a dark dungeon that when let out he prayed to be sent back, for he could not bear the light?

Anyone would naturally be disposed to expect that, consequent upon a definite curtailment of laborious hours, there would have resulted a greater punctuality in attendance during the working

time. There are facts, however, which lead us to quite an opposite conclusion to this one, however reasonable in seeming. We have collected some data upon this point, the figures being derived from the books of a large firm employing labour in Lancashire. The class of employment is mechanical engineering, at which high wages are earned. The *employés*, we are informed by the head of the firm who furnishes us with the facts, have had full time work for the years specified and those immediately precedent and consequent, and neither short time nor overtime to disturb the regularity of their habits. Very slight changes took place in their ranks during the interval between the periods compared, and the individuals concerned were almost wholly identical at the two dates specified. The portion of the works to which the figures have reference is detached from the rest, and quite independent. The figures are as follows:—

In the first 8 weeks of 1871 there were 403 men employed, and in the corresponding period of 1872, 402.

The full time for the men to work in 1871 was 176,514 hours; the actual time they made was 161,931 hours.

The full time for the men to work in 1872 was 165,624 hours; the actual time they made, 149,504 hours.

The full time rate of work in 1871 was $54\frac{1}{2}$ hours per man per week; in 1872, $51\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

If we work the figures out, we find that in 1871 the loss of time was 14,583 hours in eight weeks, with 403 men, and in 1872, 16,120 hours in the same period, with 402 men. That is to say, there was 1,537 hours more loss of time in 1872 than in 1871, the weekly loss per man being in 1871 four hours and a half,

in 1872, five hours. There was no epidemic or any disturbing cause which could account for the phenomenon. If every stipulated curtailment of working hours is thus to lead to a voluntary additional abstention from work on the part of our mechanics, in a geometrical ratio, then the results to be anticipated from the shortened hours cannot be of the most favourable.

In the case before us we are invited to form the conclusion that increased dissipation on the part of the workmen, consequent upon the temptations of a larger spare time, is the cause of the increased irregularity. We cannot, however, quite accept this conclusion, although we readily admit the force of the observation made with reference to the case, that the older men are those who most readily succumb to the temptations accompanying an enlargement of leisure. We can well understand that the old type of workman, brought up in ignorance and under inferior conditions, might not be prepared to utilise a newly acquired leisure time in any enlightened fashion, but would rather find in idleness an opportunity for mischief. The old type of working man is, however, passing away with the old systems, and the statistics of the new are not yet fully available. After all, even though an unusual holiday time should offer irresistible temptations for a "spree," and it be argued that the old system of long hours led to no such result, we may reply that the old system was one of inhuman repression, and acted in like manner to the hobble that pickets a vagrant sheep; and that a more enlightened, as well as more efficacious civiliser could surely be devised than unnatural burdens of over-onerous daily toil.

With regard to the figures above quoted, we ought to note that they

traverse so small a statistical area that we are unable to form any positive general conclusions therefrom. We communicated on this subject of wasted time with the manager of a very large establishment near London, noteworthy from presentation by the *employés* to the heads of the firm, at the time of the alteration of the length of the working day, of a memorial expressing their gratitude for an unsolicited concession of reduced hours of labour "as giving them more time for recreation, education, and self-culture, which is an advantage of much importance to them." The reply from this favoured quarter seems to embody the common sense of the matter, namely, that whether hours be long or short, the punctual are still punctual, the sluggards are sluggards still.

The thought presses itself on the mind—What a field for education is there now! Not education of mere book learning, which taken by itself and in a limited way rather thins the mind and makes it restless than gives it strength. Education is indubitably making vast strides, but how defective, conventional, unimpressive it still is! The boy learns his rules of arithmetic, his scrap of history, gets over his first difficulties of reading and writing, but how much does he remember? If he were taught, in the rudest and readiest manner, the nature of his physical being, the regulation of his senses and passions, the plain rudiments of social science, the necessary laws of economics, the simplest and grandest truths of morals, would he so readily forget these when shewn to him in their immediate relation to himself and his surroundings, as he forgets his catechisms, which are learned only by rote and not by sense by those in too early a state of development

for the understanding of metaphysics? The mutual inter-relation of work, recreation, sleep, food, temperance, health; the ideas of duty, virtue, courage, and also of selfishness, cowardice, vice,—are these too difficult to be taught, or too simple? All the literary forms of ages are at the teacher's command; he has parable for giving a truth a living contour, humorous illustration for making it interesting, gathered stores of facts at hand from which to draw. When will education find its province to be the man, and not merely his brain or memory?

The working classes are still in the midst of adverse circumstances and unpropitious surroundings. They are but now emerging from a state of helpless dependency and bondage; they are scarcely able yet to realise that they are responsible beings; and the tendency of the first realisation of power is toward arrogance. The labourer, moreover, who during the whole of his experience has looked upon a political election solely through the fumes of drugged liquors with which crafty wire-pullers have plied him, has scarcely had reasonable opportunity allowed him of realising the merest rudiments of responsibility. How confusing, with such lights before him, must it be to try!

So with all branches of moral, political, or social science. The aim of ancient society has been selfish—to legislate for the people for good uses to itself, not to teach them to legislate rationally for their own, or for the national good. How strong even at the present time is the indisposition even to acquaint the working classes with their responsibilities, and the readiness to do their work for them—for a consideration—may be gathered from the debates of a few years ago on the Licensing Bill.

Among the weary waste of conflicting theories upon this question, one suggestion was conspicuous by its absence, viz., to press the matter upon the notice of the classes interested, and for whom it was proposed to legislate; to take the opinions and the experiences of the best men among the working classes, and to throw them upon their own resources, with the implied responsibility of devising means of cleansing themselves, as a class, from a stain, and freeing themselves from degradation and danger affecting their own body. It would be no argument against such a course if it failed at first to produce any sterling result; it would be an education.

It is, no doubt, a great and trying labour to take the opinion of great masses of men on any given point; but here again the mistake is made of trusting to agents and canvassers, instead of to the masses themselves, to do the work of evoking opinion. Where an interest can be aroused—and it soon springs forth in any real question or matter that strikes home—the people would soon learn to organise their own method of conveying their views and suggestions. But before they could so far exert themselves they would require to feel certain that they were not taking trouble idly, and for nothing; they would require to know that their help was wanted.

There are many instances in legislation where the question to be treated is out of the range of the sympathies or experience of the members of the legislative body, when that body belongs to a special class or caste. So long as in such emergencies the last thing thought of is to call forth the voice of the masses to whom the question may be a vital one, it seems irony to expect of these masses any moral responsibility. They are driven

thus to raise their voices only in self-assertion, and on questions of material self-interest; and under such a system of things no moral effects ought to be expected from any shortening of the daily period of toil.

A well-known schoolmaster, now Bishop of Exeter, but always a working man, knows well that there was a singular moral improvement manifested by his Rugby boys on their entering the "sixth form," or highest class; and why? They were invested with certain responsibilities, and these responsibilities elevated and steadied them by making calls upon and evoking their manlier faculties. The working class has been at the bottom of the school for a long, long time,—the very "fag" of the upper classes. Now that, so to speak, they are entering the sixth form, and have a due share of responsibility attaching to them, if a fair example be set them by the other sections of society they may be expected to develop their moral powers, which at present lie dormant, since the organs whereby they would act have been left unevoked, and consequently in the state which scientists would designate as "rudimental."

We have by no means exhausted the list of influences upon the moral growth or decadence of the people, the channels of which vital movements increased leisure opens so widely. Let us suppose that a plain working man, endowed with some faculty of reflection, and possessing a simple education, were to desire to effect his moral culture by the experience to be derived from serious study of the world around him. Abstracting his gaze from the working classes, he would find two huge establishments waiting his consideration, and apparently fitted to afford him instruction,—the middle class so-

cial system and the political world of action. What enlightened moral principles might he not expect to acquire by the contemplation of such lofty institutions as these? Also, he would find after a time that he had before him two gigantic puzzles. Among the classes to which powers and faculties both good and bad had allotted a higher rank in the social scale than to his own, he would search for standards. He would behold prodigious rivalries of wealth and power; he would witness sovereign fashions and feeble frivolities; he would see ignoble prides, feverish jealousies, and false ideals; he would see dense materialism passing itself off for faith, and gluttonous selfishness struggling to assume the counterfeit semblance of charity. This side of society he would probably realise the soonest, for human virtues are more modest than human vices, and instead of sunning themselves upon the highway, retire remotely and hide themselves, often where least suspected. He would see men and women of his own class ruining themselves by a bastard imitative life of these very upper classes, and forming under that bad influence and example no vital social fabric of their own. He would see these wretched copyists looked down upon by those whose habits they aspire to as "common people;" he would despair in seeing how readily the vices of one class are reproduced in another; how easily the working man, following the selfishness of others, is corruptible by material advantages, and becomes an obstructive to the progress of those beneath himself directly he has managed to reach a position ever so little above that of his fellows. He would think sadly, almost hopelessly, upon these things; and would wonder whether, if the popular system

were to be less noble than the feudal, it was likely to endure, or was worth struggling for. He would be tempted to yield to universal scepticism, and his own moral nature would give way beneath the want of faith in the moral nature of others. He would wonder whether ever any new invention could possibly be made to replace unmoralised or demoralised capital, of whose effects in its greedy eagerness after its gains he would have a lively example before him every day while journeying home from work with his fellows. For he would see the open doors of bright palaces, tempting, with a splendour beyond all realisable at home, his jaded companions in toil to enter and partake of adulterated "refreshment." He might even meet with the publican's agent in the street with a huge pewter can, proffering temptation with a leer, and holding out a dexterous snare to all the weak among the passers by. Said a correspondent of the *Times* on this spectacle:—"Men and boys stop their work, young women, girls, and, in fact, passers by of all sorts join the party, and stand round drinking. Those who are known to the hawker are allowed to run weekly scores, and so forestall their wages." Our thoughtful workman, after such scenes as these, would probably not be enthusiastically sanguine about the beneficial results of shortened hours of labour. Such a man as we are speaking of has been heard to say that those unacquainted with facts "could form no idea what thorough blackguards the great majority of working men are." These words are not our own, but even uncharitable sayings have oftentimes a basis of truth. Whilst labour is looked down upon with high-bred contempt, whilst honest

poverty is deemed a crime, and bank-notes, howsoever unkindly acquired, a virtue, society has no right to expect the working class to make any moral progress whatever, or indeed to be anything but criminal. That it is not so, but that starry lights of hope flash over the dark and lugubrious picture, is owing to the fact that wherever there is evil there is also some leaven of truth, and love, and goodness.

Our social vices will inevitably declare themselves in their plainest lineaments and most vehement manifestation in the life of those classes who have been favoured with the poorest and meanest opportunities of improvement—those that are at the bottom of the social ladder, and have not been educated into the power of decorously veiling the realities of their lives, like the well-bred beings above them.

Another opinion upon the working men of the present day is as follows:—"They spend all they can, and shirk their debts whenever they can." This is just what ought to be expected. The very moralists of our modern economic system permit, nay, enjoin upon every man to gain as much and give as little as he can,—to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. The servant caricatures his master. It may be said that we are laying too much stress upon the influence of circumstances in endeavouring to analyse the reasons for the retardation of the moral progress of the people. It would, however, be absurd to suppose that the moral nature of a working man is in anywise different from that of human beings in general. Let others be placed in his circumstances, and they would act not very differently from their brother in class. The greatest saint, says Wendell Holmes, is he that never got down to "hard pan."

We will now imagine our reflective working man endeavouring to gain good by the contemplation of the political system of the present day. He will find himself here in face of a puzzle and a perplexity that cannot be surpassed elsewhere. He will see statesmen of repute following no large policy, but living, so to speak, from hand to mouth, and toiling laboriously in the midst of a legislative labyrinth of expedients, the hammers and the trowels moving busily, and much mortar being flung about, but few noble architectural forms rising into view.

We have shewn some of the adverse circumstances surrounding the working classes, and acting as a drag upon their moral growth,—a drag that opportunities of improvement afforded by an enlarged leisure will scarcely enable them to shake off. "Circumstances are not everything," it may be objected, "the higher nature has power to rise above them." Questionless; but circumstances are fearfully strong: of rare nature those who do not succumb to them. Proudhon, the son of a cooper in Besançon, worked his way up to a high position as an author in Paris, and amid the gay frivolities of the city, lived a life of stern morality as an intellectual hermit. When he was asked to a banquet by a club of the rich votaries of fashion, he replied that he eat but simple food, and was accustomed to go to bed every night at nine o'clock. Still, circumstances press heavily on mankind generally, and the man who can successfully battle with adverse circumstances, and establish himself in good in spite of them, gives proof of a far stronger soul than the respectably behaved man to whom circumstances have been more favourable. It is too much to expect that a large proportion of mankind should

not succumb beneath constant evil influences. Let their circumstances be ameliorated, and some improvement in their conduct must gradually manifest itself.

The shortening of the hours of labour, although from a moral point of view but a small matter in face of the larger influences to which we have been adverting, may yet be reckoned among improvements in circumstances. Though some natures, owing to a larger leisure, will be exposed to greater temptation, and so have a tendency to deteriorate, others will acquire opportunities of improvement never before in their power.

The wonder of the present day is that in certain respects progress is unprecedentedly rapid. Two generations ago the educational facilities offered to the humbler classes were very slender indeed. It is really quite recently that the tide has turned and the voice of public opinion has uttered its fiat, that for the lowest as well as the highest in the land nothing is more to be striven for than emancipation from ignorance. There are individuals yet alive who were brought up in the old creed that education is the ruin of a servant, persons that have never realised the fact of the modern advance of thought with regard to this question. In eras gone by it has oft-times taken five hundred years to develope so large an overthrow and reconstruction of ideas as is now brought about in half a century. In this fact there is certainly great hope; but changes so rapid are naturally accompanied by great disturbances and inversions of their own, as well as productive of difficulties in forming a judgment upon events as they are. Education is a machine that multiplies and sublimates its powers by going on. The chief danger is

lest it should be turned in a wrong direction.

When people are raised to a certain intellectual level, provided the opening of the faculties do not lead to a self-seeking restlessness, they find themselves in the midst of a multitude of friends of whose existence they were unaware before. Thinkers have thought for them, statesmen, reformers, philosophers have worked for them, poets have sung for them, and all are ready to meet them in a friendly way at their own fireside, or by their path, until the universe expands for them and nature opens out hidden stores to which before they were without the key. Waiting in the home of the poorest, waiting with their bright congenial messages until called upon, may stand a circle of the most good-natured souls in the world. They are never tired of their host, and when he becomes tired of them they retire without a word, saving their sweetest whisper of enchantment. There is no noisy wrangling possible with them. These friends were entirely out of the people's reach in the old dark days. To-day can be found a working collier with a piano in his room, and a copy of Browning—his own purchases—upon his shelf. May he not balance the man that finds only opportunity for degradation from his new-found leisure? The one need of the working classes is to form a life of their own, that shall not be an imitative one, but possess a recognised standard, a genuine and distinct *esprit*.

With the best intentions, the leaders of the working classes, both those within and without their ranks, may make a great mistake about the employment of leisure. Feeling in themselves the boon that comes from the awakening of the intellect, they may be led to imagine that nothing

is wanted for progress but to intellectualise. Now as to the majority of the middle classes new or unfamiliar thought is for the most part a positive pain to the mind, so to many an uncultivated nature, perhaps to more than is supposed, thought of any kind is rather a strain and weariness than a recreation. "Sir," said a workman who formed one of a science class to his teacher, "the truth is I have come direct from work, and feel more fit for the smoking-room than the class." After only ten hours' work, would more than one in ten of the superior middle classes be ready to turn for recreation to intellectual pursuits? Herein may we find the secret of the comparative want of success of the noble efforts that have resulted in reading-rooms, libraries, Mechanics' Institutes, science lectures, and the like. Who that is fond of study cannot recall how often he is too tired, or nervous, or disturbed, to turn to any serious reading, but takes refuge in the lightest novel he can find, content with very trash if it will but amuse for an hour. Now to a partially developed intellect there is no such harmless idle resort as this; with the semi-educated all reading is heavy reading; brilliant paradoxes would be pernicious to a slowly moving brain; playful nonsense would have no light and momentary charm, easily to be thrown off; trash would be trash, and bad in its effects.

If the educated classes cannot find pleasure in intellectual pursuits alone, but require something more than art and philosophy, poetry and music, and the higher walks of the mind, to make their hours of leisure hours of recreation, can the factory operative be expected to find the be-all and end-all of leisure in a lecture-room or Mechanics' Institute? How now

do his fortunate superiors take their pleasure? In balls, dinners, hunting, shooting, coursing, betting, polo, croquet, billiards, cards, and the indulgence of other *penchants* too numerous to name, according to their tastes. The adventurous spirits, perhaps, are not content with all these tame delights of home, but seek excitement in facing elephants or tigers, in exploration, in speculative enterprise, in war. If we take these tendencies into the corresponding lower plane, what do we find them? The legitimate field of operation being denied, as in hunting and shooting, and the less cultured nature being less subject to control, these pursuits are counterparted in drinking bouts, sprees, brawls, fights, poaching, dog-fighting, dog-racing, pitch and toss, vacancy, mischief.

The social life of the people in this country develops slowly. Perhaps when developed it may surpass the gentle German's beer-garden, where the domestic circle forms itself round the father's placid pipe, but at present its disposition is uncertain. There is a restless element in British blood which requires a different kind of feeding from that suitable to the passion-varied calm of many a foreign race. This restless element becomes a mighty vigour when well-directed, but leaders after Mr. Carlyle's heart, ready to take up this task of direction, are few.

There is a great truth in the principle of homœopathy; not in its pilules being small, but in their being suitable to their occasion, according to law. And the law is that for irritation the remedy is irritation; excitement finds its relief in a counter-excitant; fever is conquered by heat.

The state of restlessness is one not unknown to the gentleman of intellect and culture; he gets tired

of his room, "so full of books," complaining of them as of enemies—

"Whose serried ranks hold fast,
forsooth,
So many captive hours of youth,—
The hours they thief from day
and night
To make one's cherished work come
right,
And leave it wrong for all their
theft,
Even as to-night my work was left;
Until I vowed that since my brain
And eyes of dancing seemed so fain,
My feet should have some dancing
too."

In the mild little reading or lecture rooms, ministered after by a timid and undecided curate, well-meaning and genteel, what would be done with a workman who strolled in in this kind of mood? He would be regarded as most objectionable, and in most instances would be relegated to the vast crowd that have wandered out of the narrow way. What wonder if the institution where sleepy dominoes or the Parish Magazine are, may be, the only pabulum, does not flourish as hoped?

There is an equal excitement in the good or the harmless as in the harmful, if only the right pilule can be found; and whoever will devote himself without prejudice or namby-pambyism to the study of exciting interests suitable to all classes of men, will aid in the solution of a problem the discovery of which will lead to enormous practical good. One thing to be learned is that pursuits to which associations may have given a bad name are not necessarily bad in themselves. There is no doubt many an honest workman whose "Berserk" element would be satisfied by no more fearful a plunge than into a game of skittles, in some place where he could relieve himself of the excitement of the game in a good healthy noise, and where the betting was limited to a

quarter of a glass of ale per game; or "Aunt Sally" might fix his vagabond blood with her charms; or the mock tourney, with the bag of sand hanging from the bar or pivot and ready to whirl round upon the tilter not alertly enough out of the way; or single-stick practised with bare arms, and an understanding that a fencer's temper is never lost, might equal in interest for both combatants and lookers on that which the rapier had for centuries. Deplorably low, and "physical," and unedifying these things might seem to many a lady district visitor, bent on the regeneration of her kind, but she might convert her brother first, who has just realised his ideal in a pony he is going to train for polo, or in a new breech-loader destined for great deeds.

"Why should the devil have all the good tunes?" was a question once asked by a singer of psalms, and his majesty has been made to disgorge in quantity since. Why should innocent enjoyments be tabooed because they are tainted with bad associations or with prejudice? and why should men who are more boys than men be expected to comfort themselves like divines well stricken in years, or like ladies of more ladylike delicacy than womanly power? Those who are interested in the average working man of this country and will take the trouble to find out what will really interest him or stir him to some vigorous excitement, can, in these interests, lead him where they will.

Why do political organisations lead away the workman from purely literary associations? Is it because his mind inclines to the examination of general ideas and vast schemes of policy? Is it not rather because there is to be found in local politics a vivid controversial excitement, a strong party feeling? There might be

finer excitements than this, but the superfluous energy is better turned this way than into doctrinal bigotries and theologic squabbles.

The workman's club is yet the subject of so many disputes that it may be considered to be in a great measure in abeyance. There are, it is true, a limited number of such institutions, of one kind or another, to be found in most large towns. The Working Men's Club and Institute Union claims to be in alliance with about four hundred, comprising over 100,000 members. But as a rule, the working classes are miserably provided for in this respect. Some institutes are tinctured with a little too much high ecclesiastical infusion for a body of men to feel themselves quite free and at home there; others are inconvenient and uncomfortable little places, dark and dreary, where there seems no life, nothing to do, and no object to draw a man's fancy to them.

When a proper decision has been reached in this important matter, and those interested have learned to steer clear of the Scylla of the "weak-tea-and-good-behaviour" ideal on the one hand, and of the Charybdis of the too rollicking "free-and-easy" on the other, a great point will have been gained, and we may expect to see the reduction of the hours of labour prove itself a boon in an infinitely greater sense than at present, in aiding the social and intellectual intercourse and improvement of the people.

After the pause that followed the Irishman's "Tread on the tail of my coat" period, and the relinquishment of the Northern rustic's view of the duty of a fair-day as expressed in the colloquy, "Have you fought? No! Well then, get you fought, and come home,"—there is now a revival in such sports and pastimes as may be

fairly called manly. Gymnastics, volunteering, rifle-practice, bicycling, cricket, have come into prominence, and must have redeemed many a man from that vacancy which if nothing else come to fill it will seek refuge in liquor, quarrelling, or pitch and toss.

In the theatre are great possibilities of interest and use, but the performers should be of the people, as with the Mormons, and should act in pieces relative to the life of the place. Here again the taint of immorality is only incidental and by no means inherent. Dramatic effect may be imitated in the very simplest forms, by a spectacular touch in a penny reading, nay, a mere oddity of dress; it being remembered that as superstition is the religion of the uneducated, so low comedy, or very pronounced and melodramatic sentiment which the most rudimentary minds can appreciate, stands for the nearest approach that many can make towards literature and art, poetry and feeling.

A man can go on with the details of a mechanical business when too tired to use his brain for thought. There are in details of foods and economics of living, in small practical questions, matters of interest for many a working man as well as working woman, provided they be brought forward in a rude and homely way. A lecturer might amuse a roomful of rustics by a disquisition upon the comparative food-values of a pennyworth each of egg, apple, bread, cheese, bacon, beans, oatmeal, corngrits, ale, coffee, shell-fish, soup, onions, herrings, provided he really knew anything of his subject, and could throw away a few pennyworths of samples in their best state for eating.

Again, the magic lantern and

the microscope open out endless fields for ingenuity in the direction of interesting topics. If any useful study is too small or vague for the uninstructed mind, let it be made large and real. Cleanliness might be much benefited by a few painted slides shewing the flea gigantic; or an interesting and instructive photograph would be that of a magnified section of the skin of a man who washed, and one who did not.

Music has power over half a village, and dancing is one of the best of artistic exercises; why have our old fair-days degenerated, as the organ-grinder has taken the place of the old fiddler? On the other hand, we have art schools, and classes for freehand drawing; and the son of the poorest workman finds delight in them.

But we miss the ancient games,—the rude sports of Old England, the laurel earning contests of ancient Greece. It has been well said that recreation is a religious duty; our wealthy classes are not averse from many a childish play, ought our workmen to be expected to be solemn, serious beings, seeking only for intellectual life?

The nature of man is awakened by its interests; the poet himself could not rise out of prose save by a glow and excitement of the spirit which heightens his thought. With the body well trained and ordered, and the nerves rendered alert, and the senses quick, and the perceptions clear, as could be done by an enlightened and comprehensive effort, in a direction not unlike that of Pestalozzi in the training of children, the flower of the English labouring classes might be restrained from drinking itself sodden, or stimulated out of that doing nothing which ends in stupidity. And with the constant stimulus that is coming into the very atmosphere of

modern life, the mind will be fully served, and will crave for itself when ready to absorb. The one thing to be remembered is that all are not alike, or to be doctored from one bottle of pilules. The education of the present day, with a little interesting reading in after life, is probably quite strain enough

for average mental faculties; it is as much intellectual work as our princes and nobles of a few centuries ago could bear; but in directions other than that of the merely intellectual, there is much to be done and worked for before it can be said that the labourer's leisure is properly filled.

KENINGALE COOK.

EPIGRAM.—THE SILADES.

Caution to toppers!—When you die,
 Then broken is “the golden bowl!”
 What then?...’twas body that got “dry!”
 Why, are you not “a thirsty soul?”

K. C.

THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF IRELAND.

BY LADY WILDE.

(Continued from page 83.)

THE EVIL EYE.

THE influence of this mysterious and malign power has at all times been as much dreaded in Ireland as it is in Egypt, Greece, or Italy at the present day. Everything young, beautiful, or perfect after its kind, and which naturally attracts attention and admiration, is peculiarly liable to the fatal blight that follows the glance of the Evil Eye. It is therefore an invariable habit amongst the peasantry never to praise anything without instantly adding, "God bless it;" for were this formula omitted, the worst consequences would befall the object praised.

The superstition must be of great antiquity in Ireland, for Balor, the Fomorian giant and hero, is spoken of in an ancient manuscript as able to petrify his enemies by a glance; and how he became possessed of the power is thus narrated:—

One day as the Druids were busy at their incantations, while boiling a magical spell or charm, young Balor passed by, and curious to see their work, looked in at an open window. At that moment the Druids happened to raise the lid of the cauldron, and the vapour, escaping, passed under one of Balor's eyes, carrying with it all the venom of the incantation. This caused his brow to grow to such a size that it required four men to raise it whenever he wanted to exert the power of his venomous glance over his enemies. He was

slain at last in single combat, according to the ancient legend, at the great battle of Magh-Tura, (the plain of the Towers,) fought between the Firbolgs and the Tuatha-de-Danans for the possession of Ireland several centuries before the Christian era; for before Balor's brow could be lifted so that he could transfix his enemy and strike him dead with the terrible power of his glance, his adversary flung a stone with such violence that it went right through the Evil Eye and pierced the skull, and the mighty magician fell to rise no more.

An interesting account of this battle, with a remarkable confirmation of the legends respecting it still current in the district, is given by Sir William Wilde, in his work, "Lough Corrib; its Shores and Islands." In the ancient manuscript it is recorded that a young hero having been slain while bravely defending his king, the Firbolg army erected a mound over him, each man carrying a stone, and the monument was henceforth known as the *Carn-in-en-Fhir* (the Cairn of the one man). Having examined the locality with a transcript of this manuscript in his hand, Sir William fixed on the particular mound, amongst the many stone tumuli scattered over the plain, which seemed to agree best with the description, and had it opened carefully under his own superintendence.

A large flag-stone was first dis-

covered, laid horizontally; then another beneath it, covering a small square chamber formed of stones, within which was *a single urn* of baked clay, graceful and delicate in form and ornamentation, containing incinerated human bones, the remains, there can be no reason to doubt, of the Firbolg youth who was honoured for his loyalty by the erection over him of the *Carn-in-en-Fhir* on the historic plains of Mayo.

After Balor, the only other ancient instance of the fatal effects of the malific Eye, is narrated of St. Silan, who had a poisonous hair in his eye-brow that killed whoever looked first on him in the morning. All persons, therefore, who from long sickness, or sorrow, or the weariness that comes with years, were tired of life, used to try and come in the Saint's way, that so their sufferings might be ended by a quick and easy death. But another Saint, the holy Molaise, hearing that St. Silan was coming to visit his church, resolved that no more deaths should happen by means of the poisoned hair. So he arose early in the morning before any one was up, and went forth alone to meet St. Silan; and when he saw him coming along the path, he went boldly up and plucked out the fatal hair from his eye-brow, but in so doing he himself was struck by the venom, and immediately after fell down dead.

The power of the Evil Eye was recognised by the Brehon laws, and severe measures were ordained against the users of the malign influence. "If a person is in the habit of injuring things through neglect, or of will, whether he has blessed, or whether he has not blessed, full penalty be

upon him, or restitution in kind." So ran the ancient law.

The gift comes by nature and is born with one, though it may not be called into exercise unless circumstances arise to excite the power. Then it seems to act like a spirit of bitter and malicious envy that radiates a poisonous atmosphere which chills and blights everything within its reach. Without being superstitious every one has felt that there is such a power and succumbed to its influence in a helpless, passive way, as if all self-trust and self-reliant energy were utterly paralysed by its influence.

Suspected persons are held in great dread by the peasantry, and they recognise them at once by certain signs. Men and women with dark lowering eyebrows are especially feared, and the handsome children are kept out of their path lest they might be overlooked by them.

Red hair is supposed to have a most malign influence, and it has even passed into a proverb:—"Let not the eye of a red-haired woman rest on you."

Many persons are quite unconscious that their glance or frown has this evil power until some calamity results, and then they strive not to look at any one full in the face, but to avert their eyes when speaking, lest misfortune might fall upon the person addressed.*

The saving invocation, "God bless it!" is universally used when praise is bestowed, to prevent danger, and should a child fall sick some one is immediately suspected of having omitted the usual phrase out of malice and ill-will. Nothing is more dreaded by the peasantry than the full,

* There is a strange idea current in Europe at the present time that one of the most remarkable potentates now living has this fatal gift and power of the Evil Eye.

fixed, direct glance of one suspected of the Evil Eye, and should it fall upon them, or on any of their household, a terrible fear and trembling of heart takes possession of them, which often ends in sickness or sometimes even in death.

Some years ago a woman living in Kerry declared that she was "overlooked" by the Evil Eye. She had no pleasure in her life and no comfort, and she wasted away because of the fear that was on her, caused by the following singular circumstance:—Every time that she happened to leave home alone, and that no one was within call, she was met by a woman totally unknown to her, who, fixing her eyes on her in silence, with a terrible expression, cast her to the ground and proceeded to beat and pinch her till she was nearly senseless; after which her tormentor disappeared.

Having experienced this treatment several times, the poor woman finally abstained altogether from leaving the house, unless protected by a servant or companion; and this precaution she observed for several years, during which time she never was molested. So at last she began to believe that the spell was broken, and that her strange enemy had departed for ever.

In consequence she grew less careful about the usual precaution, and one day stepped down alone to a little stream that ran by the house, to wash some clothes.

Stooping down over her work, she never thought of any danger, and began to sing as she used to do in the light-hearted days before the spell was on her, when suddenly a dark shadow fell across the water, and looking up, she beheld to her horror the strange woman on the opposite side of the little stream, with her terrible eyes

intently fixed on her, as hard and still as if she were of stone.

Springing up with a scream of terror, she hung down her work, and ran towards the house; but soon she heard footsteps behind her, and in an instant she was seized, thrown down to the ground, and her tormentor began to beat her even worse than before, till she lost all consciousness; and in this state she was found by her husband, lying on her face, and speechless. She was at once carried to the house, and all the care that affection and rural skill could bestow were lavished on her, but in vain. She regained sufficient consciousness to tell them of the terrible encounter she had gone through, but died before the night had passed away.

It was believed that the power of fascination by the glance, which is not necessarily an evil power like the Evil Eye, was possessed in a remarkable degree by learned and wise people, especially poets, so that they could make themselves loved and followed by any girl they liked, simply by the influence of the glance. About the year 1790, a young man resided in the county Limerick who had this power in a singular and unusual degree. He was a clever, witty rhymers in the Irish language; and, probably, had the deep poet-eyes that characterise warm and passionate poet-natures—eyes that even without necromancy have been known to exercise a powerful magnetic influence over female minds.

One day, while travelling far from home, he came upon a bright, pleasant-looking farm-house, and feeling weary, he stopped and requested a drink of milk and leave to rest. The farmer's daughter, a young, handsome girl, not liking to admit a stranger, as all the maids were churning,

and she was alone in the house, refused him admittance.

The young poet fixed his eyes earnestly on her for some time in silence, then slowly turning round left the house, and walked towards a small grove of trees just opposite. There he stood for a few moments resting against a tree, and facing the house, as if to take one last vengeful or admiring glance, then went his way without once turning round.

The young girl had been watching him from the windows, and the moment he moved she passed out of the door like one in a dream, and followed him slowly, step by step, down the avenue. The maids grew alarmed, and called to her father, who ran out and shouted loudly for her to stop, but she never turned or seemed to heed. The young man, however, looked round, and seeing the whole family in pursuit quickened his pace, first glancing fixedly at the girl for a moment. Immediately she sprang towards him, and they were both almost out of sight, when one of the maids espied a piece of paper tied to a branch of the tree where the poet had rested.

From curiosity she took it down, and the moment the knot was untied, the farmer's daughter suddenly stopped, became quite still, and when her father came up she allowed him to lead her back to the house without resistance.

When questioned she said that she felt herself drawn by an invisible force to follow the young stranger wherever he might lead, and that she would have followed him through the world, for her life seemed to be bound up in his; she had no will to resist, and was conscious of nothing else but his presence. Suddenly, however, the spell was broken, and then she heard her father's voice, and knew

how strangely she had acted. At the same time the power of the young man over her vanished, and the impulse to follow him was no longer in her heart.

The paper, on being opened, was found to contain five mysterious words written in blood, and in this order:—

Sator.

Arepo.

Tenet.

Opera.

Rotas.

These letters are so arranged that read in any way, right to left, left to right, up or down, the same words are produced; and when written in blood with a pen made of an eagle's feather, they form a charm which no woman (it is said) can resist; but the incredulous reader can easily test the truth of this assertion for himself.

These popular stories are provokingly incomplete, and one cannot help regretting that the romance of "The Poet and the Farmer's Daughter" was not brought to a happy termination; but the Irish tales are in general rather incoherent, more like remembered fragments of ancient stories than a complete, well-organised, dramatic composition, with lights well placed, and a striking catastrophe. The opening is usually attractive, with the exciting formula, "Once upon a time," from which one always expects so much; and there is sure to be an old woman, weird and witch-like, capable of the most demoniacal actions, and a mysterious man who promises to be the unredeemed evil spirit of the tale; but in the end they both turn out childishly harmless, and their evil actions seldom go beyond stealing the neighbours' butter, or abducting a pretty girl, which sins mere mortals would be quite equal to, even without the aid of "the gods of the earth" and

their renowned leader, Finvarra, the King of the Fairies. The following tale, however, of a case of abduction by fairy power is well constructed. The hero of the narrative has our sympathy and interest, and it ends happily, which is considered a great merit by the Irish, as they dislike a tale to which they cannot append, as an epilogue, the hearty and outspoken "Thank God."

THE STOLEN BRIDE.

About the year 1670 there was a fine young fellow living at a place called Querin in the County Clare. He was brave and strong and rich, for he had his own land and his own house, and not one to lord it over him. He was called the Kern of Querin. And many a time he would go out alone to shoot the wild fowl at night along the lonely strand, and sometimes cross over northward to the broad east strand, about two miles away, to find the wild geese.

One cold frosty November Eve he was watching for them, crouched down behind the ruins of an old hut, when a loud splashing noise attracted his attention. "It is the wild geese," he thought, and raising his gun waited in deathlike silence the approach of his victims.

But presently he saw a dark mass moving along the edge of the strand. And he knew there were no wild geese near him. So he watched and waited till the black mass came closer, and then he distinctly perceived four stout men carrying a bier on their shoulders, on which lay a corpse covered with a white cloth. For a few moments they laid it down, apparently to rest themselves, and the Kern instantly fired; on which the four men ran away shrieking, and the corpse was left alone on the bier. Kern of Querin immediately sprang to the place, and lifting the cloth from the face of the corpse, beheld by the

freezing starlight the form of a beautiful young girl, apparently not dead but in a deep sleep.

Gently he passed his hand over her face and raised her up, when she opened her eyes and looked around with wild wonder but spake never a word, though he tried to soothe and encourage her. Then, thinking it was dangerous for them to remain in that place, he raised her from the bier, and taking her hand led her away to his own house. They arrived safely but in silence. And for twelve months did she remain with the Kern, never tasting food or speaking word for all that time.

When the next November Eve came round, he resolved to visit the east strand again, and watch from the same place, in the hope of meeting with some adventure that might throw light on the history of the beautiful girl. His way lay beside the old ruined fort called *Lios na fullainge* (the Fort of the Mantle), and as he passed, the sound of music and mirth fell on his ear. He stopped to catch the words of the voices, and had not waited long when he heard a man say in a low whisper—

"Where shall we go to-night to carry off a bride?"

And a second voice answered—

"Wherever we go I hope better luck will be ours than we had this day twelvemonths."

"Yes," said a third; "on that night we carried off a rich prize, the fair daughter of O'Connor; but that clown, the Kern of Querin, broke our spell and took her from us. Yet little pleasure has he had of his bride, for she has neither eaten nor drunk nor uttered a word since she entered his house."

"And so she will remain," said a fourth, "until he makes her eat off her father's table-cloth, which covered her as she lay on the bier,

and which is now thrown up over the top of her bed."

On hearing all this the Kern rushed home, and without waiting even for the morning, entered the young girl's room, took down the table-cloth, spread it on the table, laid meat and drink thereon, and led her to it. "Drink," he said, "that speech may come to you." And she drank, and eat of the food, and then speech came. And she told the Kern her story—how she was to have been married to a young lord of her own country, and the wedding guests had all assembled, when she felt herself suddenly ill and swooned away, and never knew more of what had happened to her until the Kern had passed his hand over her face, by which she recovered consciousness, but could neither eat nor speak, for a spell was on her and she was helpless.

Then the Kern prepared a chariot, and carried home the young girl to her father, who was like to die for joy when he beheld her. And the Kern grew mightily in O'Connor's favour, so that at last he gave him his fair young daughter to wife; and the wedded pair lived together happily for many long years after, and no evil befel them, but good followed all the work of their hands.

This story of Kern of Querin still lingers in the faithful, vivid Irish memory, and is often told by the peasants of Clare when they gather round the fire on the awful festival of *Samhain*, or November Eve, when the dead walk, and the spirits of earth and air have power over mortals, whether for good or evil.

The evil influence of the fairy glance does not kill, but it throws the object into a death-like trance, in which the real body is carried off to some fairy mansion, while a log of wood, or some ugly, deformed

creature is left in its place, clothed with the shadow of the stolen form. Young women remarkable for beauty, young men, and handsome children, are the chief victims of the fairy stroke. The girls are wedded to fairy chiefs, and the young men to fairy queens; and if the mortal children do not turn out well they are sent back, and others carried off in their place. It is sometimes possible, by the spells of a powerful fairy-man, to bring back a living being from Fairy-land, but they are never quite the same after. They have always a spirit-look, especially if they have listened to the fairy music. For the fairy music is soft, and low, and plaintive, with a fatal charm for mortal ears.

One day a gentleman entered a cabin in the county Clare, and saw a young girl of about 20 seated by the fire, chanting a melancholy song, without settled words or music; on inquiry he was told that she had once heard the fairy harp, and those who hear it lose all memory of love or hate, and forget all things, and never more have any other sound in their ears save the soft music of the fairy harp, and when the spell is broken, they die.

It is singular that the Irish national airs—plaintive, beautiful, and unutterably pathetic—should so perfectly express the spirit of the *Céol-Sidhe* (the fairy music), as it haunts the fancy of the people and mingles with all their traditions of the spirit world. Wild and capricious as the fairy nature, these delicate harmonies, with their mystic, mournful rhythm, seem to touch the deepest chords of feeling, or to fill the sunshine with laughter, according to the mood of the players; but, above all things, Irish music is the utterance of a divine sorrow; not stormy or passionate, but like that of an

exiled spirit, yearning and wistful, vague and unresting; ever seeking the unattainable, ever shadowed, as it were, with memories of some lost good, or some dim foreboding of a coming fate—emotions that seem to find their truest expression in the sweet, sad, lingering wail of the pathetic minor in a genuine Irish air. There is a beautiful phrase in one of the ancient manuscripts descriptive of the wonderful power of Irish music over the sensitive human organisation:—"Wounded men were soothed when they heard it, and slept; and women in travail forgot their pains." There are many legends concerning the subtle charm of the fairy music and dance, when the mortal under their influence seems to move through the air with "the naked, fleshless feet of the spirit," and is lulled by the ecstasy of the cadence into forgetfulness of all things, and sometimes into the sleep of death.

The following story is from the Irish, as told by a native of one of the Western Isles, where the primitive superstitions have still all the freshness of young life.

THE FAIRY DANCE.

A LEGEND OF SHARK ISLAND.

One evening late in November, which is the month when spirits have most power over all things, as the prettiest girl in all the island was going to the well for water, her foot slipped and she fell. It was an unlucky omen, and when she got up and looked round it seemed to her as if she were in a strange place, and all around her was changed as if by enchantment. But at some distance she saw a great crowd gathered round a blazing fire, and she was drawn slowly on towards them, till at last she stood in the very midst of the people; but they kept silence, looking fixedly at her; and she

was afraid, and tried to turn and leave them, but she could not. Then a beautiful youth, like a prince, with a red sash, and a golden band on his long yellow hair, came up and asked her to dance.

"It is a foolish thing of you, sir, to ask me to dance," she said, "when there is no music."

Then he lifted his hand and made a sign to the people, and instantly the sweetest music sounded near her and around her, and the young man took her hand, and they danced and danced till the moon and the stars went down, but she seemed like one floating on the air, and she forgot everything in the world except the dancing, and the sweet low music, and her beautiful partner.

At last the dancing ceased, and her partner thanked her, and invited her to supper with the company. Then she saw an opening in the ground, and a flight of steps, and the young man, who seemed to be the king amongst them all, led her down, followed by the whole company. At the end of the stairs they came upon a large hall, all bright and beautiful with gold and silver and lights; and the table was covered with everything good to eat, and wine was poured out in golden cups for them to drink. When she sat down they all pressed her to eat the food and to drink the wine; and as she was weary after the dancing, she took the golden cup the prince handed to her, and raised it to her lips to drink. Just then, a man passed close to her, and whispered—

"Eat no food, and drink no wine, or you will never reach your home again."

So she laid down the cup, and refused to drink. On this they were angry, and a great noise arose, and a fierce, dark man stood up, and said—

"Whoever comes to us must drink with us."

And he seized her arm, and held the wine to her lips, so that she almost died of fright. But at that moment a red-haired man came up, and he took her by the hand and led her out.

"You are safe for this time," he said. "Take this herb, and hold it in your hand till you reach home, and no one can harm you." And he gave her a branch of a plant called the *Athair-Luss* (the ground ivy).

This she took, and fled away along the sward in the dark night; but all the time she heard footsteps behind her in pursuit. At last she reached home and barred the door, and went to bed, when a great clamour arose outside, and voices were heard crying to her—

"The power we had over you is gone through the magic of the herb; but wait—when you dance again to the music on the hill, you will stay with us for evermore, and none shall hinder."

However, she kept the magic branch safely, and the fairies never troubled her more; but it was long and long before the sound of the fairy music left her ears which she had danced to that November night on the hill side with her fairy lover.*

The "Red-haired Man" although he is considered very unlucky in actual life, yet generally acts in the fairy world as the benevolent *Deus ex Machina*, that saves and helps and rescues the unhappy mortal, who himself is quite helpless under the fairy spells.

There was a man in Shark Island who used to cross over to

Boffin † to buy tobacco, but when the weather was too rough for the boat his ill temper was as bad as the weather, and he used to beat his wife, and fling all the things about, so that no one could stand before him. One day a man came to him.

"What will you give me if I go over to Boffin," said he, "and bring you the tobacco?"

"I will give you nothing," said the other. "Whatever way you go I can go also."

"Then come with me to the shore," said the first man, "and I'll shew you how to get across; but as only one can go, you must go alone."

And as they went down to the sea they saw a great company of horsemen and ladies gallopping along with music and laughter.

"Spring up now on a horse and you will get across," said the first man.

So the other sprang up as he was told, and in an instant they all jumped right across the sea and landed at Boffin. Then he ran to buy the tobacco and was back again in a minute, and found all the same company by the sea shore. He sprang again upon a horse and they all jumped right into the sea, but suddenly stopped midway between the two islands, where there was a great rock, and beyond this they could not force the horses to move. Then there was great disquietude amongst them, and they called a council.

"There is a mortal amongst us," they said. "Let us drown him."

And they carried the man up to the top of the rock and cast him down; and when he rose to the surface again they caught him by the hair, and cried—

* In Ancient Egypt the ivy was sacred to Osiris, and a safeguard against evil.

† The correct names for these islands are Innis-Erk (the Island of St. Erk), and Innis-bo-finn (the Island of the White Cow).

"Drown him ! Drown him ! We have the power over life and death ; he must be drowned."

And they were going to cast him down a second time, when a red-haired man pleaded for him, and carried him off with a strong hand safe to shore.

"Now," said he, "you are safe, but mind, the spirits are watching you, and if ever again you beat your poor good wife, and knock about the things at home just to torment her out of her life, you will die upon that rock as sure as fate." And he vanished. So from that time forth the man was as meek as a mouse, for he was afraid ; and whenever he went by the rock in his boat he always stopped a minute, and said a little prayer for his wife, with a "God bless her." And this kept away the evil, and they both lived together happily ever after to a great old age.

This is but a rude tale. Yet the moral is good, and the threat of retributive justice shews a laudable spirit of indignation on the part of the fairy race against the tyranny of man over the weaker vessel.

An ethical purpose is not often to be detected in the Irish legends ; but the following tale combines an inner meaning with the incidents, in a profound and remarkable manner. The idea that underlies the story is very subtle and tragic ; Calderon or Goethe might have founded a drama on it ; and Browning's genius would find a fitting subject in this contrast between the pride of the audacious, self-reliant sceptic in the hour of his triumph, and the moral agony that precedes his punishment and death.

THE PRIEST'S SOUL.

In former days there were great schools in Ireland where every sort of learning was taught to the

people, and even the poorest had more knowledge at that time than many a gentleman has now. But as to the priests, their learning was above all, so that the fame of Ireland went over the whole world, and many kings from foreign lands used to send their sons all the way to Ireland to be brought up in the Irish schools.

Now, at this time there was a little boy learning at one of them who was a wonder to every one for his cleverness. His parents were only labouring people, and of course very poor ; but young as he was, and poor as he was, no king's or lord's son could come up to him in learning. Even the masters were put to shame ; for when they were trying to teach him he would tell them something they never heard of before, and shew them their ignorance. One of his great triumphs was in argument ; and he would go on till he proved to you that black was white, and then when you gave in, for no one could beat him in talk, he would turn round and shew you that white was black, or may be that there was no colour at all in the world. When he grew up his poor father and mother were so proud of him that they resolved to make him a priest, which they did at last, though they nearly starved themselves to get the money. Well, such another learned man was not in Ireland, and he was as great in argument as ever, so that no one could stand before him. Even the Bishops tried to talk to him, but he shewed them at once they knew nothing at all.

Now there were no school-masters in those times, but it was the priests taught the people ; and as this man was the cleverest in Ireland all the foreign kings sent their sons to him as long as he had house-room to give them. So he grew very proud, and began to

forget how low he had been, and worst of all, even to forget God, who had made him what he was. And the pride of arguing got hold of him, so that from one thing to another he went on to prove that there was no Purgatory, and then no Hell, and then no Heaven, and then no God; and at last that men had no souls, but were no more than a dog or a cow, and when they died there was an end of them. "Who ever saw a soul?" he would say. "If you can shew me one, I will believe." No one could make any answer to this; and at last they all came to believe that as there was no other world, every one might do what they liked in this; the priest setting the example, for he took a beautiful young girl to wife. But as no priest or bishop in the whole land could be got to marry them, he was obliged to read the service over for himself. It was a great scandal, yet no one dared to say a word, for all the kings' sons were on his side, and would have slaughtered any one who tried to prevent his wicked goings-on. Poor boys! they all believed in him, and thought every word he said was the truth. In this way his notions began to spread about, and the whole world was going to the bad, when one night an angel came down from Heaven, and told the priest he had but twenty-four hours to live. He began to tremble, and asked for a little more time.

But the angel was stiff, and told him that could not be.

"What do you want time for, you sinner?" he asked.

"Oh, sir, have pity on my poor soul!" urged the priest.

"Oh, ho! You have a soul, then," said the angel. "Pray, how did you find that out?"

"It has been fluttering in me ever since you appeared," answered

the priest. "What a fool I was not to think of it before."

"A fool indeed," said the angel. "What good was all your learning, when it could not tell you that you had a soul?"

"Ah, my lord," said the priest, "if I am to die, tell me how soon I may be in Heaven?"

"Never," replied the angel. "You denied there was a Heaven."

"Then, my lord, may I go to Purgatory?"

"You denied Purgatory also; you must go straight to Hell," said the angel.

"But, my lord, I denied Hell also," answered the priest, "so you can't send me there either."

The angel was a little puzzled.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I can do for you. You may either live now on earth for 100 years enjoying every pleasure, and then be cast into Hell for ever; or you may die in twenty-four hours in the most horrible torments, and pass through Purgatory, there to remain till the Day of Judgment, if only you can find some one person that believes, and through his belief mercy will be vouchsafed to you and your soul will be saved."

The priest did not take five minutes to make up his mind.

"I will have death in the twenty-four hours," he said, "so that my soul may be saved at last."

On this the angel gave him directions as to what he was to do, and left him.

Then, immediately, the priest entered the large room where all his scholars and the kings' sons were seated, and called out to them—

"Now, tell me the truth, and let none fear to contradict me. Tell me what is your belief. Have men souls?"

"Master," they answered, "once we believed that men had souls;

but, thanks to your teaching, we believe so no longer. There is no Hell, and no Heaven, and no God. This is our belief, for it is thus you taught us."

Then the priest grew pale with fear and he cried out—"Listen! I taught you a lie. There is a God, and man has an immortal soul. I believe now all I denied before."

But the shouts of laughter that rose up drowned the priest's voice, for they thought he was only trying them for argument.

"Prove it, Master," they cried, "prove it. Who has ever seen God? Who has ever seen the soul?"

And the room was stirred with their laughter.

The priest stood up to answer them, but no word could he utter; all his eloquence, all his powers of argument had gone from him, and he could do nothing but wring his hands and cry out—

"There is a God! there is a God! Lord have mercy on my soul!"

And they all began to mock him, and repeat his own words that he had taught them—

"Shew him to us; shew us your God."

And he fled from them groaning with agony, for he saw that none believed, and how then could his soul be saved?

But he thought next of his wife.

"She will believe," he said to himself. "Women never give up God."

And he went to her; but she told him that she believed only what he taught her, and that a good wife should believe in her husband first, and before and above all things in heaven or earth.

Then despair came on him, and he rushed from the house and began to ask everyone he met if they believed. But the same answer

came from one and all—"We believe only what you have taught us," for his doctrines had spread far and wide through the county.

Then he grew half mad with fear, for the hours were passing. And he flung himself down on the ground in a lonesome spot, and wept and groaned in terror, for the time was coming fast when he must die.

Just then a little child came by.

"God save you kindly," said the child to him.

The priest started up. "Child, do you believe in God?" he asked.

"I have come from a far country to learn about Him," said the child. "Will your honour direct me to the best school that they have in these parts?"

"The best school and the best teacher is close by," said the priest, and he named himself.

"Oh, not to that man," answered the child, "for I am told he denies God, and Heaven, and Hell, and even that man has a soul, because we can't see it; but I would soon put him down."

The priest looked at him earnestly.

"How?" he inquired.

"Why," said the child, "I would ask him if he believed he had life to shew me his life."

"But he could not do that, my child," said the priest. "Life cannot be seen; we have it, but it is invisible."

"Then if we have life, though we cannot see it, we may also have a soul, though it is invisible," answered the child.

When the priest heard him speak these words he fell down on his knees before him, weeping for joy, for now he knew his soul was safe; he had met at last one that believed. And he told the child his whole story: all his wickedness, and pride, and blas-

phemy against the great God; and how the angel had come to him and told him of the only way in which he could be saved, through the faith and prayers of some one that believed.

"Now then," he said to the child, "take this penknife and strike it into my breast, and go on stabbing the flesh until you see the paleness of death on my face. Then watch—for a living thing will soar up from my body as I die, and you will then know that my soul has ascended to the presence of God. And when you see this thing, make haste and run to my school and call on all my scholars to come and see that the soul of their master has left the body, and that all he taught them was a lie, for that there is a God who punishes sin, and a Heaven and a Hell, and that man has an immortal soul, destined for eternal happiness or misery."

"I will pray," said the child, "to have courage to do this work."

And he knelt down and prayed. Then when he rose up he took the penknife and struck it into the priest's heart, and struck and struck again till all the flesh was lacerated; but still the priest lived though the agony was horrible, for he could not die until the twenty-four hours had expired. At last the agony seemed to cease, and the stillness of death settled on his face. Then the child, who was watching, saw a beautiful living creature, with four snow white wings, mount from the dead man's body into the air and go fluttering round his head.

So he ran to bring the scholars; and when they saw it they all knew it was the soul of their master, and they watched with wonder and

awe until it passed from sight into the clouds.

And this was the first butterfly that was ever seen in Ireland; and now all men know that the butterflies are the souls of the dead waiting for the moment when they may enter Purgatory, and so pass through torture to purification and peace.

But the schools of Ireland were quite deserted after that time, for people said, What is the use of going so far to learn when the wisest man in all Ireland did not know if he had a soul till he was near losing it; and was only saved at last through the simple belief of a little child?

The allusion in this clever tale to the ancient Irish schools is based on historical fact. From the seventh to the tenth century Ireland was the centre of learning. The great Alfred of England was a student at one of the famous Irish seminaries, along with other royal and noble youths, and there formed a life-long friendship with the learned Adamnan, who often afterwards was a welcome guest at the Court of King Alfred. Other eminent Irishmen are known to history as the teachers and evangelisers of Europe. Alcuin, the Irish monk, became the friend and secretary of Charlemagne, and founded, at Aix-la-Chapelle, the first Grammar School in the Imperial dominions. And the celebrated Clemens and Albinus, two Irishmen of distinguished ability and learning, aided the Emperor not only in educating the people, but also to found a school for the nobles within his own palace.

(To be continued.)

THE OCCULT AND ITS PROFESSORS.*

THE obscure and dangerous subject which has received the inappropriate name of Spiritualism is one that is approached by cautious thinkers with confessed reluctance. According to the positive statements of its most zealous advocates the inquiry is surrounded with a cloud of doubt. But the assertion of its most hostile assailants, that the whole case is one of imposture and delusion, even if it were proved, neither diminishes the gravity of the inquiry nor sheds much light on some of its most remarkable features. We have now before us two books which profess to discuss the subject with something approaching scientific impartiality. They represent extreme views, taken from diametrically opposite stand points. One is the work, or at least bears the name of a man who proclaims himself to be "the exponent of a cause counting its adherents by millions in both the old world and the new." He describes himself "as the servant of a power outside of, and uncomprehended by, myself." Of all forms and phases of the occult influences in question, Mr. Home regards himself as a witness or an exemplar. Dr. Carpenter, on the contrary, rich in such knowledge of the compound structure of man as can be acquired by the anatomist, and, to a certain extent, by

the physiologist, has never witnessed any abnormal phenomena for which he thinks the explanation of either self-delusion or imposture insufficient. Each writer, moreover, shares the grave literary defect of offering to the public his own particular views in the guise, and in the place, of veritable statements of fact. In a book which, as tending to throw the gravest doubts on the honesty of almost all advocates of Spiritualism, demanded the most careful and exact statements, Mr. Home gives the testimony of Mr. ———, Mr. ———, Mr. A———, Mrs. H———, "the medium who bears a principal part in the ensuing history," and the like. He refers to "the various cases I might lay before the reader," but adds in a note "they are omitted on account of their tragic nature." While insisting on the importance of test and proof with regard to the statements of other writers, he omits to give, in any case, the slightest clue by which the reader may verify or control his own assertions. In a book of such high pretensions, and which has called forth such very natural condemnations from Mr. Home's former friends, this vagueness of statement absolutely courts contempt. On the other hand, Dr. Carpenter has shewn himself to be equally unre-

* Mesmerism, Spiritualism. &c., Historically and Scientifically Considered. By W. B. Carpenter, C.B., M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Longmans. 1877.
 Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism. By D. D. Home. London: Virtue. 1877.

liable, as far as regards giving any proof of that patient and impartial control of the authenticity of statements which the public has the right to expect of a serious writer. Before the simple and plaintive statement of Mrs. Jencken (formerly Catherine Fox), in the *Athenæum* of 9th June, 1877, he can only plead that his re-assertion of a long exploded scandal was taken from a source which can not be regarded as one on which a man of science should have relied for his cardinal facts. And instead of that complete apology which the case demanded, and in consideration of the graceful rendering of which the error might have been, although not retrieved, pardoned, he attempts to retreat by giving imaginary explanations of sounds which he did not hear, which those who have heard them know to be entirely absurd.

As matter of scientific analysis, therefore, it is not to be expected that the perusal of either of the polemical works we have named will repay any great expenditure of time. But there is a method by which, vague and shadowy as are their arguments, each of these books may be made use of as a valuable contribution to the real investigation of the subject. This method is the comparative method. If we find certain admissions, of great comprehensiveness, common to the arguments of two such unhesitating opponents, we can hardly err in accepting them as true, or at the least in examining them with a favourable disposition so to accept them. It will be seen that such common admissions do exist, and that they are such as to cover no small part of the whole field of inquiry.

The first 176 pages of Mr. Home's volume may be described as a rhapsodical abstract of Mr. Howitt's voluminous compilation,

the "History of the Supernatural." The motive of each is the same. It is the idea that in all human history the men and women whose names are recorded as moving actors were more or less unconscious puppets of disembodied, invisible spirits; and that those whose names shine the brightest in the roll are those who were most fully aware of their relationship to these controlling powers. But while Mr. Howitt, though quoting very often at second or third hand, affords in his notes indications by means of which the reader can seek the authorities relied on, and see how much is history and how much is Mr. Howitt's explanation of its course, Mr. Home carefully avoids, in this as in all the rest of his book, every hint which could lead to the verification or the correction of any of his statements. All must be taken as he chooses to give it. It is very difficult to understand to what class of readers this portion of the work is addressed. Wholly ignorant and uncultivated persons, who never read any other book, may perhaps accept it as true on the ground that it is in print. Persons who have studied Mr. Howitt with delight, and who agree *in toto* with him or with Mr. Home, may take pleasure in refreshing their minds by a summary of the case made out according to their views. But to no other class of persons can writing of the kind be acceptable. To none, as far as we can see, can it be useful. It is so much printed matter added to the contents of the book, the sole effect of which is to demonstrate how totally incapable the author must be of forming any clear idea of either evidence or argument. When assertion is made to stand for both, reason is entirely left out of sight.

At the same time this rambling

monologue has the merit of a central idea. Mr. Howitt and Mr. Home have a theory of history; and however vague, unsupported, and exaggerated that theory may be, there is no denying that it is one on which (if it were reduced within the limits of sanity) it is possible to co-ordinate, and to some extent to explain, the facts. Certain groups of the most salient of these facts are also cited by Dr. Carpenter. We may thus be justified in admitting that the abnormal circumstances which historic documents testify as having occurred at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, to take one group, did so occur. So far as these facts are attested, they are only conceivable as grouped round the central idea of the special and unusual exercise of some hidden force, or invisible power. When we are told by Dr. Carpenter that they are only delusions due to the developments of the "dominant idea"—that they never really did, because they never could, occur, and that none of the witnesses are reliable because the facts they narrate are unusual and not at all in harmony with Dr. Carpenter's opinions, or even with his personal experience,—we are forced to repeat the words of a man of real and high eminence, the late Professor de Morgen:—"The Spiritualists, beyond a doubt, are in the path that has led to all advancement in physical science; their opponents are the representatives of those who have striven against progress." "The deluded spirit-rappers are on the right track; they have the spirit and the method of the grand times when those paths were cut through the uncleared forest in which it is now the daily routine to walk. What was that spirit? It was the spirit of universal examination, wholly unchecked by fear of being detected in the investigation of nonsense."

Not that these pithy words can be applied to vague writings such as that of Mr. Home; but that under any circumstances, the mere presentation of a conceivable hypothesis is a great advance as compared to the helpless reference of any obscure phenomena to the spirit of lies.

As an illustration of the feebleness of the argument of Dr. Carpenter we may refer to a case of undoubted delusion, which has often been re-produced in seasons of epidemic disease. It seems to be almost an inseparable accompaniment of such disease. Even in the mildest form, that of the outbreak of a slight distemper in a public school, it has not failed to make its appearance within our own knowledge, and no doubt within that of most school boys. It is the idea that the evil is the result of poison, or of the surreptitious administration of drugs whether with good or with evil intent. In the case of plague, it has usually been the Jews, or some class of heretics, who have poisoned the wells. In the school, it was the housekeeper, who wanted to give the boys a good dose to send them home in right order for the holidays. In all these cases, the attribution is pure, unmitigated delusion. But it is not what Dr. Carpenter's theory requires—delusion without a basis or origin. It is hasty and imperfect reasoning, but it is based on facts. The facts are ill collated, but they exist. The first of them is the presence of the evil, and that in an intense degree that makes men wild with panic. The second is the absolute ignorance of the public as to the cause of the evil. The third is the partial and imperfect knowledge that such and such drugs cause similar phenomena, and that acquaintance with the powers of such drugs is

possessed by certain men—doctors, Jews, sorcerers, or what not. And then comes the erroneous inference that these men have so acted in the case in question, and that here is a solution of the mystery. It is a barbarous, panic-stricken reasoning; but it explains the dominant idea—the origination of which, in the view taken by Dr. Carpenter, is entirely unexplained.

In fact, if we accept Dr. Carpenter's view, and come at once to its logical sequence, not only shall we be obliged to admit that religion, in any systematic form, is untrue, but we must further hold it to be inexplicable. The dominance of the religious idea is a phenomenon of universal occurrence, for which no cause can, on this theory, be assigned. For by religion, apart from any etymological quibble on the word, is implied the acceptance of those dominant ideas which are described in the work before us as delusions. The central idea of what may be called natural, or truly catholic religion, is the immortality of the soul. To this, in case of the chief forms of national or tribal religions, has been added the belief in supreme invisible power, and in the occurrence of communications made by that power to man. Such is the meaning of the word Revelation. It can not be too distinctly stated that the central idea of modern Spiritualism is the central idea of all revealed religion. It is the belief in the possibility, and in the fact, of direct communication between man and the invisible world. There may be a difference of extraordinary width between belief in the communications said to be made to Mr. Home to Mr. Eddy, or to Kardec, and those claimed for Xavier, for Swedenborg, or for Joan of Arc; to say nothing of more august names of earlier

date. But the difference is one of degree, not of kind. The question is one of evidence. We may believe in the supernatural claims of the Apostle of the Indies and of Japan, and refuse those of Emanuel Swedenborg; but no one who admits the truth of the first can deny the possibility of the second. All that he can say is that he is convinced by the evidence in one case, and not by that in the other. In that case the question is treated on its true plane, as matter of evidence and of proof. But if it be not only a mockery and a delusion to hold that an angel or spirit has spoken to or by Mr. Home, or St. Francis Xavier, but if, further, such a communication be out of the category of possibility, the religions of the world are built on sand. Dr. Carpenter's theory would sweep every form of temple, of church, and of tomb from the face of the earth. It would destroy the ultimate sanction of all human creed. It would inscribe on the first pages of the education of mankind, "Let us eat and drink—for to-morrow we die." Hope and fear of what follows death are alike without ground if no voice from the invisible world has ever whispered to man—"We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

It is remarkable, however, to find to how great an extent two men who regard the same subject from opposite poles are in accord as to facts. In the first place, it is the belief both of Mr. Home and of Dr. Carpenter that the phase of real or imaginary relationship to the invisible world which has attained such proportions since 1848, is identical in its intimate nature with former waves of the same influence, which have been variously designated as Revelation, necromancy, sorcery, witchcraft, and the like. All these,

according to one author, are normal developments of a natural, though obscure relationship; according to the other, they are epidemic and unexplained delusions. Dropping the special opinion held by each writer of the intimate character of some of the phenomena, both agree as to their general identity. This is one step in advance. A second ground of accordance is to be found in the admission of the unreliability, and of the absence of any certain test as to the origin and nature, of the communications made, on the assumption that such origin is altogether external to the human persons affected by, or aiding to produce, them. Thirdly, both writers agree as to the extreme peril of the practice, under any but the most scrupulously guarded conditions, of seeking intercourse with the invisible world. And, as regards both the liability to delusion and the danger to mental health, both writers agree that a prodigious mass of imposture accompanies, veils, and confuses such of the phenomena as are of a nature to demand the attention of a competently educated and competently endowed experimenter.

We have said that a cardinal point on which the admissions of Mr. Home confirm the statements of Dr. Carpenter is the unreliability of the communications received, or thought to be received, through mediums. The question of reliability is ordinarily confounded with that of reality. No two things are more distinct. Thus, if it be possible that an invisible being can make a communication, say to Mr. Home, that communication may be either true or false in its purport. Its origin is unknown. No rational means

has been suggested of testing it. This has been the case as long as any records of similar beliefs can be traced. In the Pentateuch, where the rules for testing the truth of a claim to the prophetic power are laid down, the possibility of deceit, even under these tests, is admitted by the final injunction, that, whatever sign the prophet gave, he was to be put to death if he counselled alteration in the observance of the Law. The Church of Rome, which attaches a literal truth to a well-known passage of the New Testament,* has always admitted that the same difficulty which is illustrated by the vision of Micaiah, the Son of Imla, and by the counsels of Paul,† has been ever present to her clergy. Claiming to exert supernatural power, the Romish Episcopate has never professed to possess a test for the discernment of spirits. A fundamental doubt thus underlies any communication, even if admitted to be distinctly supernatural. The idea that the commencement of a *séance* by prayer could be any security as to the character of what followed—which has been very unwarrantably entertained, no doubt by very good people—is exposed as a ghastly delusion by Mr. Home (p. 208) in a sad story of family ruin and final insanity. "Every teaching obtained through a medium," says this writer, "should be tried by the most searching tests, and rejected or accepted as it bears the refining fires of common sense and reason." It is difficult to see how communications requiring such guarded reception can be regarded as "teachings;" or why the direct light of common sense and reason should not be simply and intelli-

* Mark xvi. 17. † II. Chron. xviii. 21. ‡ I. Cor. xii. 10. ; I. John iv. 1.

gently regarded, not as a "test," but as a normal and sufficient guide.

A total want of discrimination as to what is, and what is not, evidence, as to the origin of a communication from an invisible source, is betrayed by an expression of Mr. Home. "A spirit, on manifesting," he says (p. 192), may "give to Mary Smith, his mother, overwhelming proofs of identity." These proofs, however, come to the single fact (if it be a fact) that something is uttered which Mary Smith believes was known to no one but her son, or her son and herself. That might be all very well if a visible messenger brought the letter. But the very basis of the Spiritualist view is that the invisible visitors can read the thoughts of those whom they address. To the degree of knowledge which, in such a case, they must possess, we have no means of assigning a limit. Mary Smith, then, may think it is her son who sends the message, but proof of identity she has none.

With regard to the various methods of communication, as described by Spiritualists, Mr. Home treats them with the gravest doubt. "The more I have seen," he says (p. 205), "of the persons known as tipping mediums, the more unable I have been to trace the movement of the Table and the messages communicated through these movements to any other source than the so-called mediums themselves." This is an echo of the opinion of Faraday. "I have never yet," Mr. Home says with regard to another form of inquiry (p. 223), "met with a case of magnetic clairvoyance where the subject did not reflect directly or indirectly the ideas of the magnetiser." Again, as to another mode of manifestation. "In the early stages of my own career," Mr. Home says

(p. 206), "I was a writing medium. Little by little I began to reason respecting the messages given through me. I found them thoroughly tinged with my own bias of thought, and I at once ceased seeking for such communications. Since then I have only written medially when my hand has moved altogether automatically, and my attention was so completely diverted that I could not catch the faintest inkling of what was written." But even in the latter case, or in that of a medium, mentioned by Mr. Owen—whose hand wrote rapidly in reply to mental questions, spelling the words backwards, and while the eyes were closed, and there was every appearance that the writer was in a deep sleep,—what reason is there to anticipate that the message, come whence it might, was true? The coincidence of this weird mode of writing with the old superstition about reading the Lord's Prayer backwards, is one of those fantastic phases of the new faith which has hardly received due notice.

With regard to the danger attendant on the pursuit of Spiritualism, the remarks of Mr. Home are not the less significant from their brevity. He gives two chapters headed "Delusions," and one with the yet graver title "Mania." Speaking "of those who, themselves deluded, delude others"—a class in which he means to include the great mass of those who are not denounced as unmitigated impostors—he says that it is not to be doubted that they "are at times sincere in their wild doings and impracticable theories. So are those sincere who, being yet more advanced in their idiosyncrasies, and having them less under control, are entitled dangerous madmen, and restrained in asylums. Yet the insanity, partially swayed

by reason, of the one, is, in reality, much more dangerous than the raging madness, into which no suspicion of reason enters, of the other." It should be observed that Mr. Home gives no test by which to ensure that any follower of the pursuit of which he writes is altogether free from the taint he deplures—or is, at all events, safe from its contagion. He says: "I am not aware that in England, or on the Continent of Europe, any instances of suicide have been plainly traceable to Spiritualism. Even in America the number of victims has not been large. But the subject is a dangerous one for those mentally affected." "Delirious broodings, exaggerated in a particular direction at the expense of all other attributes, until the balance of the mind had been overthrown, and the sufferer was, for every action committed under the influence of that delirium, practically irresponsible, were the tempters that hurried victims to their sad and untimely graves."

Dr. Carpenter so fully professes that his "whole aim is to discover, on the generally accepted principles of testimony, what *are* facts, and to discriminate between facts and the inferences drawn from them," that it is only fair at once to admit that such a purpose may have been dominant in his mind. But a little further on is a passage which shews how far he has allowed, (falling into the danger against which he has warned others,) the expectant state of his mind to control his logic. "I shall endeavour to prove to you," he says, "that the only secure basis for our belief on any subject is the confirmation afforded to external testimony by our sense of the inherent probability of the fact testified to." That is to say, in other words, the only secure basis for belief is prejudice. It is not—it ought to be

unnecessary to point out—our sense of inherent probability that ought to be regarded as in any way decisive. Such a sense varies with the varied idiosyncrasy of each of us. The basis for belief is testimony. Of course a thorough investigation of that testimony, not only as to its direct purport, but as to the character of the witnesses, and the opportunities of observation enjoyed, is indispensable. But that is a very different thing from submitting their evidence to the decision of what any one may choose to regard as "inherent probability!" Few things can have less inherent probability than the statement made by Dr. Carpenter that "an illiterate factory girl, who had an excellent voice and ear, but whose musical powers had received scarcely any cultivation," when what is called hypnotised by Mr. Braid, imitated with precision a long and elaborate chromatic exercise extemporised before her by Jenny Lind, "though unable in her waking state to attempt anything of the sort." This marvel Dr. Carpenter accepts as reported to him on trustworthy authority. To many persons it will seem to possess far more "inherent improbability" than many of the statements which Dr. Carpenter so utterly discredits.

In fact, Dr. Carpenter's lectures are liable to very much the same objections as the larger volume issued by Mr. Home. While speaking much of delusion, neither writer tells us definitely and intelligibly what is the aim of his book. Neither makes any attempt at precise and logical statement of theory. Neither presents his authorities in such a form as to allow of ready reference and verification. Dr. Carpenter's volume is discredited fundamentally by the insertion, as a conclusive argument, of an exploded calumny against

Catherine Fox, now Mrs. Jencken. Nor does the letter of Dr. Carpenter to the *Athenæum*, called forth by Mrs. Jencken's protest, explain why an error of twenty years in date, in the text, is accompanied by a careful removal of date from a document printed in the appendix as justificatory, without any acknowledgment that it has been taken second-hand. In the same way, we are told something disparaging on the authority of "a near relative of Miss Martineau," without any reference to the exact statement bearing on the subject by which, in her Autobiography, that lady deliberately gave, as it was from her tomb, the most solemn testimony in her power to what she was convinced was true.

Covering, to some extent, the same ground over which Mr. Home travels, Dr. Carpenter admits the existence of a number of phenomena displaying abnormal action in human beings. He by no means presents, however, a comprehensive view of this part of his theory, nor does he adequately refer to the large group of similar disturbances which are presented by various kinds of mental disorder, and notably during the access of *delirium tremens*. But when the reader looks for an account of any of the crucial phenomena as to which we have distinct testimony from men in every way above suspicion as witnesses, Dr. Carpenter only tells us "of the 'higher phenomena' of Spiritualism I have left myself no time to speak." Mr. Crookes has stated "That certain physical phenomena, such as the movement of material substances, and the production of sounds resembling electric discharges, occur under circumstances in which they can not be explained by any physical law at present known, is a fact of which I am as certain as I am of

the most elementary fact in chemistry." It is no reply to a statement of this nature from a man of the scientific eminence of Mr. Crookes to cite a false story as to Mrs. Jencken, and to proffer foolish "explanations" of phenomena which the writer rather prides himself on never having witnessed.

But while Dr. Carpenter so fully sympathises with Mr. Home in the exposure of much of the imposture that has gathered round phenomena which many intelligent and cultivated men hold to be inexplicable on physical grounds, he does not tell us to what extent his incredulity actually goes. He concludes his lecture thus:—"What kind of spirits they are which thus take possession of credulous and excitable minds I hope that I have now made sufficiently plain. They are Dominant Ideas." He urges "that the testimony of a thorough cool-headed sceptic, who asserts that nothing extraordinary has really occurred, should be accepted as more trustworthy than that of any number of believers, who have, as it were, created the sensorial result by their anticipation of it." This means, if it means anything, that phenomena attributed to spiritual agency are in all cases delusions—whether impostures or self-deceptions matters little to the argument. But as all religions held by man are based on accounts of phenomena of this nature, all religions, on this view, must be equally false. It is of course competent to a scientific man to take up such a thesis. But if so, he should do it plainly and distinctly. And if he wishes to make any exception to so sweeping a condemnation of the bases of human credence, he can only do so by laying down some criterion to distinguish the true from the false revelation or communication

from the spiritual world—if he admits the existence of a spiritual world. But this is the very aim of those men whom Dr. Carpenter describes as, “Like Mr. A. R. Wallace, ready to accept without question the slenderest evidence of the greatest marvels.” To us the reference of a powerful, long continued, and almost universal influence, which has made society what it is, to the effect of “dominant ideas,” without explaining why such ideas ever became dominant, is a signal instance of the “acceptance on the slenderest evidence” of a marvel greater than any discussed in the volume before us.

II.

The subject of the origin of animal motion has never yet been fully analysed. We know many facts relating to the inquiry, but they are not as yet duly co-ordinated. Dr. Joule has calculated the dynamic equivalent of heat. Chemists have ascertained the amount of heat produced by the oxydation of carbon, of hydrogen, and of other substances that enter into the animal economy. Physiologists have made tables of the diet of soldiers, sailors, and other classes of men, and have pointed out the minimum quantities of flesh-forming and of force-producing food which must be daily supplied to the average healthy man. From all these facts it has been deduced that the dynamic application of that heat which warms and moves the living animal is effected with an economy which incomparably exceeds that of the best constructed steam engines. Thus far the animal has been investigated as a locomotive machine. There remain several important elements in the case which require fuller elucidation.

The animal machine differs from

the best machines made by man in the fact that its motion, as a whole, is necessarily intermittent. It is true that there is an internal motion, that of circulation and respiration, which never pauses, although it may be carried on at different rates, at different times. But with regard to the employment of the machine as a whole, whether for locomotive purposes, for labour, or for that special duty to which the artificial machine affords no counterpart, namely, thought; while a large amount of work may be done intermittently, the attempt to perform a comparatively small portion of that work without intermission would result in the destruction of the machine. If we take the life of a horse at 18 years, perhaps four of those years may be spent in actual exertion. If we constructed a steam engine that would work for four years without repair, we might drive it straight on for that time with advantage. But let us try to drive the horse for 24 hours without repose and we shall break him down—a little more and we shall kill him. The need of that intermittent state of repose which we call sleep, is one of those peculiar features in the animal, regarded as a motive machine, which we have to investigate.

Another special feature of the animal is the consumption of its motive power by intellectual work. This is most apparent in man; and among mankind in the civilised and cultivated members of the race. We may take the instance of a literary man. If in good health, and up to his work, an author may sit down at nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and write with comfort for four hours, at the rate of 1,000 words an hour, original composition. This is good work. It produces a certain degree of exhaustion. At the end of it the writer will require both food

and rest. If he has been undisturbed, the temperature of the body will have fallen (unless the room or the weather be oppressively hot) so much that friction or sharp exercise is necessary to restore the activity of the circulation. There has been a sluggishness of all the mechanical movements of the body, except that of the hand; a diminution of respiratory and circulating energy; and at the same time a very sensible fatigue has been incurred. If those four hours had been spent in muscular exercise—say driving for a certain distance and walking back—there would also have been fatigue experienced, but of a different nature. The first is a fatigue of the brain; the second seems to be localised in the limbs. If we regard two men as pursuing the same course, each for a week, one writing steadily (we are not speaking of mere mechanical writing, but of work requiring original thought) for four hours, the other spending the same amount of time in the open air, the former will have more need than the latter of rest and of change. Every day of the outdoor work will make the last-named man more ready and even more impatient for his ride, his walk, or his drive on the following day. Each day of the intellectual work will make the writer more desirous, or at least more in need, of a little interval of repose.

These two conditions, of the need of intermittent rest, and of the exhaustive character of intellectual work requiring very little muscular action, cannot be explained on purely mechanical grounds. But they must be explained by any theory that rightly accounts for the origin of the automatic power of animals. A very natural explanation results from the theory hereafter indicated.

Another peculiarity of the animal machine is the extraordinary exertion of which, under peculiar circumstances, it is capable. The ordinary explanation is that not only the food of the day is applied to force-producing purposes on such occasions, but that a draught is also made on the tissue of the body, and that waste equal to the amount of exertion is induced. But this is hardly the case in the most unusual exertions of power. Such occur in cases of mania or of nervous disturbance, in which one man may appear endowed with the strength of three or four, and in which he can exert force, or endure violence, which would be impossible under ordinary circumstances. Phenomena of this kind, which are well known to occur, must also be explained by any tenable theory of the origin of animal motion.

The motive force of animals is capable of a more exact definition than has as yet been attempted. It must be divided into three categories. It is (1) either plastic, as evinced in the growth of the animal from the moment of its origin, and in the never-ending process of internal absorption, secretion, circulation, and respiration; (2), locomotive, as in swimming, walking, flying, and the like; or (3), intellectual. It is possible that it would be proper to add a fourth class of movements to comprehend speech, laughter, music, and the exercise of the instincts and passions, but it is sufficient for the present to cover these under the third head. Motion in one or other of these forms is an inseparable accompaniment of animal life. It commences at the moment when physiology tells us that individual existence commences—at that moment which is equivalent to that of contact of the pollen grain with the ovum in a phanerogamous plant. It continues till the moment of death, which

phenomenon is consentaneous with the cessation of automatic motion. Thus the aggregate duration of the exercise of the motive power of the animal kingdom on the surface of the earth is equivalent to the aggregate duration of the lives of all animals that have ever lived. Comparatively regarded, this is an exact measurement of duration, and the fact that we have no absolute or positive measure of the same does not concern us at present.

For the next inquiry is whether we can (also by comparison) indicate the measure of energy, as we have indicated that of duration. The reply must be in the affirmative; with the qualification that it is the minimum, and by no means the maximum energy which can be thus measured; or at least that there is a considerable amount of mechanical work actually done to which we can only very vaguely refer.

We have seen that the food consumed by an animal in a given time, reduced to its chemical elements, and then represented in the equivalents of heat due to its oxydisation, has been regarded as the measure of the heat which the animal can employ in motion, internal or external, within that time. Let us for the moment accept this doctrine of chemical and thermal equivalents. In that case, all animal motion, including the growth, or plastic motion, from the germ, would be the equivalent of the food oxydised in the animal system during the whole term of life. This oxydisation of the elements of food is a chemical process which to some extent we can weigh, count, and measure. But before this commonly understood process takes place, an opposite and preparatory process must have occurred. Before the food can be oxydised it must be assimilated. Before the

carbon unites with oxygen in the lungs it must have been taken into the blood. To prepare for the action of inorganic chemistry in respiration, there must have been the previous action of what for want of better terms, has been called organic chemistry, in digestion and assimilation. It is a maxim in mechanics that action and reaction are equal. The like is the case in chemistry. If a certain force is liberated by a given decomposition, an equal force must have been exerted to produce the antecedent composition. If the extraction of an ounce of carbon from the blood liberates 14,000 equivalents of heat, the same number of equivalents of heat must have been consumed, or rather impounded, in the process of absorbing that ounce of carbon into the blood. All the mechanical power that is produced by the respiratory process, and that is considered as available for motive power for the animal, is but the equivalent of a power previously exerted in what we have called the plastic automatic motion. We measure the power as it escapes—but whence does it come in the first instance?

There can be but one reply to that question. The force, whatever it be, that superinduces the action of organic, instead of that of inorganic, chemistry, is the true motive power of animal life. It is that force which makes its appearance at the moment when that internal plastic movement commences, and which disappears only at the moment of death. The name by which we call it does not matter to the truth of this statement. It has been called the vital force, the *pneuma* or pneumatic force, the spirit, the soul, or the psychic force. If we use the cumbrous term, bio-dynamic, it is only with the view of dis-

tinguishing between fact and theory by avoiding the use of any term to which a conventional sense may attach. That the force, whatever it be, by virtue of which an egg, kept at a certain temperature, develops into a bird, is the source of all the motion of that bird, and that the aggregate of such forces, in the case of the whole animal kingdom, is the origin of all animal motion, is a truth which merely needs plain and exact statement to be admitted as undeniable. This force, ever present in the animal mechanism, differs in its laws from every other known force. We omit, from the limits imposed on the present paper, the question of vegetable and of compound animal life, and speak of the higher animals alone, and notably of man, as exemplars of the force of which we speak. To talk of a violation of the laws of Nature is little other than to employ a contradiction of terms. The law of gravity is not violated by the exercise of the vital force; but the influence of gravity is to a certain extent overcome by the force which enables the animal to move when gravity solicits its repose. The laws of chemistry, again, as we have seen, are modified in their activity by a controlling power. The electric force bears a very close affinity to the bio-dynamic force. It can be so controlled as to perform some of the functions of the animal machine. In some instances—as in the case of the torpedo and the gymnotus—electricity is produced in quantity and in high tension within the animal structure. In many cases the hairy clothing of animals is highly electric. In all cases some electric action may probably be detected as an accompaniment of the phenomena of life. But the functions of thought and of sensation cannot, so far as we

are aware, be fulfilled by the action of the electric fluid. Man may be called an electro-magnetic machine, but it is one of powers far other than those which can be actuated by frictional, voltaic, or induced electricity.

Two main differences exist between the phenomena of the vital force and those of the other forces of nature, so far as they have been studied by man. The physical, chemical, and electric forces are resultants, and are generally to be traced to their origin, to the sources from which, under usual conditions, they are regularly developed. The vital force is formative, producing or controlling that association of chemical elements which the action of uncontrolled chemical laws tends to disperse, and derived, in the first instance, from a source unknown to science. Again, the action of the other natural forces is exact, measurable, predicable. The gravity of equal masses of homogeneous matter is equal; the elective attractions of chemistry follow a well-known order of preference. The action of the vital force, on the contrary, is never exactly predicable. In no two organisms, however similar, are its developments identical. The law of the physical force is uniformity; that of the vital force depends to a considerable extent on idiosyncrasy.

By the word force is expressed the action of power. Power and force are as cause and effect. The latter is a function of the former. The bio-dynamic force, which is the assignable mechanical cause of all animal motion, is the exertion of a co-related power. This power, therefore, is able to produce, and does produce, the phenomena of motion, of assimilation, of growth, of feeling, of thought; and of will. The power, or group of powers, that thus act

is what is meant by the word spirit. It has been so considered in a very primitive stage of thought; and science declares that however little we know of the intimate nature of spirit, we can not refuse to acknowledge the positive exertion of such a power or group of powers.

The question will then arise, is it possible to detect or observe the action of this power otherwise than as it is displayed in the ordinary motions of animal species, including, in the term motion, the mental as well as the physical phenomena of life? As a scientific inquiry, the question is one of cardinal importance.

The general consent of mankind is to the effect that such observations, although comparatively rare, have been made. It is not possible, perhaps, to attach much weight to this consent; but, at all events, it throws the onus of proof on those who assert that the ordinary and instinctive conviction of the mass of the human race is only a wild and unfounded delusion.

History is full of asserted instances of such observations. It is possible that all these instances have been incorrectly reported; but again the onus of proof lies on those who dispute the records both in mass and in detail.

All religions are based on the assumption of the fact of such observations. It is open to the sceptic to declare that all religions are false; but the onus cast on the objector will be seen to accumulate to all but intolerable proportions.

Living, and recently living, men of science, of letters, and of the highest order of intelligence have declared that they have personally witnessed phenomena attributable only to the action of a power such as that which forms the subject of our in-

quiry, apart from the frame of any animal, or influencing animal forms apparently from without, and certainly in an abnormal way. Among these men we may refer to natural philosophers, Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster; eminent chemists, Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., and Dr. Hare, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Philadelphia; naturalists, Mr. A. R. Wallace, F.R.S.; mathematician, Professor de Morgan; diplomatist, R. Dale Owen; lawyers, Judge Edmonds, President of the Senate of New York, and Serjeant Cox; besides peers, literary men, clergymen, and many others of the educated classes of society, in various countries of the Old and New World. Apart from details, and apart from attempts at explanation or at theory, the observation of facts indicating the action of what we have defined as spiritual power apart from, or abnormally manifested with regard to, the animal mechanism, is testified to by a numerous body of witnesses. In the words of Professor Challis, the Plumierian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, as quoted by Mr. Wallace, "the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous that either the facts must be admitted to be such as reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up."

The opposition which has been raised by some men of scientific standing and literary ability has differed in this respect from the testimony in favour of such observations. The objections of such men as Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, Dr. Carpenter, and even the illustrious Faraday, have not been founded, like those of Mr. Crookes and Dr. Hare, on observations, but on the absence of observations. In the case of Faraday a certain experiment was made:

with a negative result. But admitting this to be the case, it is no reply to the positive results of observations by Mr. Crookes and Mr. Wallace, when the interference detected by Faraday was guarded against by adequate precautions. The witnesses to the occurrence of phenomena have for the most part been men convinced, against their own prepossessions and wishes, by the facts which they did their best to test and to verify. The opponents of their testimony have been men who remained in the state of doubt, or even of contemptuous hostility, from which the others had been converted, chiefly because they declined to investigate what they pronounced to be absurd or impossible. The contest between these two groups of men is like one between a dog and a fish.

But however strong may be the reason for concluding that distinct light may hereafter be shed on this important subject by the patient and sure process of scientific investigation, no hope of that kind can be held to justify any persons but specially qualified experts in encountering the profitless danger of the Spiritualistic *séance*. Since the attention of American inquirers was first excited by the occurrences at Rochester, science has made marked and rapid progress, amongst other things, in the analysis of poisons, of anæsthetics, and of explosives. The advance of civilisation owes much to the men who have devoted great labour, not unattended with personal danger, to each of these subjects. It has been with a knowledge of the danger that they incurred that great chemists have made experiments on their own persons. But what would be thought of a craze that should set hundreds of people to work at the analysis of poisons, or the manufacture of explosives, in the midst of

the domestic circle? If common sense did not arrest such mischievous activity, the same sort of legislative interference that has recently been applied to the sale of poisons would have to be invoked. The ordinary *séance* is no less mischievous than would be the amateur laboratory, no less certain to produce no satisfactory result, no less likely to lead to disaster.

Every study, if pursued intensely, alone, and without the relief of some very different kind of occupation, produces a mischievous effect on the mind of the student. The medical man who devotes a lifetime to the study and cure of madness too often affords a proof of this remark. Exclusive anatomical study, more especially with reference to morbid anatomy, if not counteracted by broader views, has an admitted tendency to dispose the student to materialistic, which we have shewn to be unscientific, opinions. The effect of religious study is but too well known. Such phenomena as the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition, the acts of Philip of Spain, of Mary, and even of Elizabeth, of England; as the acceptance by any human being of the frightful inventions of Calvin; as the reception, or even as the discussion, of such a dogma as that of Infallibility, if regarded otherwise than as results of the disturbing influence of exclusive theological contemplation on the mind, are more humiliating to our race, than the sharper, but less systematised, evils of mania or of idiocy. To whatever branch of thought we turn, we shall find a special weakness or evil developed by its too intense and exclusive pursuit. And it is not too much to say that the evil is usually developed in the very opposite direction to that in which its approach might be

anticipated. The wise and helpful physician would be thought the last person to suffer from the mental disturbance which he had devoted his life to ameliorate; instead of being more frequently a victim than any other person of his education and habits. The anatomist would be thought, by those who had no experience of the influence of his study, the last man who would attribute vitality to matter. The theologian would be regarded, apart from experience, as likely to be the most merciful, the most just, the most truthful, the most upright, the most calm, and the least crooked of men. Men of science in general would be thought to live in an atmosphere too pure to nourish envy, hatred, and mutual uncharitableness; or to speak with louder tones of authority the less patiently they had investigated a subject.

But of all pursuits those which exert the most manifestly deleterious effects on the mind, so that there be not a very wholesome discipline exerted, are those of the occult studies, or quasi-sciences. Alchemy has now very generally been extinguished as a pursuit by the brighter lustre of its child, analytic chemistry. But astrology and the various forms of fortune-telling, necromancy, and other attempts to penetrate the future or the unseen, exert a fascination on the mind of which those persons who have never to any extent experienced it can form no idea. The influence of such studies is first that of curiosity. Soon it becomes absorbing. Then, unless a counter check be applied, it exerts a positively disturbing effect on the mind. For the real test of perfect sanity is not the susceptibility of the mind to impressions, whatever be their nature or their force, but the retention of the calm, judicial

authority of reason, and the subordination of impulse to discretion. And in this respect the mischievous character of Spiritualism has been illustrated in the persons of some of its most illustrious students. Men like Judge Edmonds or Dr. Hare, who have long resisted any belief in the truth of certain asserted phenomena, and who, after long, patient, and honest investigation, have at length accepted them as genuine, have too often followed that change of opinion by a plunge into another condition of mind. Convinced, whether rightly or wrongly, that they have been recipients of communications from invisible powers, they have rushed to the sequence that these communications were of necessity truthful and reliable. For a man to be convinced that he can receive communications of an extraordinary kind is one thing; to act upon them is another. The first is not inconsistent with sanity. The second is the abandonment of that self-control which is the very central element of a sane and healthy state of mind.

It is difficult to say which is the more truly unphilosophical; for the ordinary man to rush at the work of the expert, or for the expert to refuse investigation of asserted phenomena of grave importance on the ground—taken up *a priori*—that they *must* be delusive. To call a thing a delusion—if it applies to more than a single individual—without shewing how the delusion arises, is to talk, but not to reason. The hard measure which has been dealt out to one or two eminent men who have had the courage of their opinions, has no doubt led to a much greater extension of the dangerous desire of unscientific persons to “see for themselves” than would have been the case if the scientific men of this

country as a body had remembered that the questions raised were, after all, questions of fact; and that it was by investigation, and not by assertions of their improbability, that they must ultimately receive a full solution.

The conditions of conclusive inquiry are indeed so stringent as to be rarely found. Some of the younger men who have lately approached the subject have taken the wise ground that it is only spontaneously produced phenomena which are worthy of the investigation of science. If Mr. Home's book has any positive meaning, it is to the same effect. He says, with great propriety, that daylight is not to be excluded during an investigation of a serious nature. Darkness is unnecessary; and is the veil and the inviter of imposture. To this it may be added that, in order to make sure of the spontaneous character of the phenomena, they must occur in persons well known to the scientific man that makes the inquiry; and who should be resident, it may be added, under his own roof. The avoidance of all possible sources of error will so narrow the conditions of useful inquiry, that it is hardly to be feared that the time of competent investigators will be unduly devoted to the investigation.

For these, amongst other reasons, we hold it to be equally an offence against the laws that should regulate the healthy and conscientious mind, to "seek to wizards that peep and mutter," and to refuse to give any heed to the careful statements of competent witnesses, on the sole ground of their inherent improbability. Anatomy can tell us but little of the intimate nature of man. The *post mortem* anatomist who seeks to find a physical basis of mind, may be compared to the chemist who should examine a gun when

the shot had been discharged, in order to ascertain the composition of gunpowder. The physiologist who confines his study to anatomical discoveries omits that which is at once the most difficult and the most important object of his science. It is, we venture humbly to think, a great and positive step in our knowledge of the nature which we share, to determine, on scientific grounds, that distinct plastic, motive, and sentient processes are originated, in the animal organism, by the power which we call Spirit, and that this invisible agent or power has a measurable dynamic activity. It will be a further step of primary importance if we can ascertain, beyond a doubt, that plastic, motive or intellectual effects are produced externally to the animal organisation—whether they be shewn by the abnormal action of that mechanism, or whether they be produced without any apparent connection with any living individual, as in the case of sounds heard, or movements seen, by several witnesses at the same moment. In such cases as that cited by Dr. Carpenter, of a man who had not for many years ventured to lift a weight of twenty pounds, but who, under a certain influence, took up a weight of 28lb. with his little finger and swung it round his head with apparent ease; in that of the imitation of Jenny Lind, before cited from the same author; and in the famous cases of the cures at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, we have examples of motive, sentient, and plastic force abnormally exerted on the human organisation. However humble, and however apparently capricious may be the occurrences which offer themselves to examination under either category of phenomena—whether they be the harassing knocks that first

haunted the Fox family, the Wesley family, and many others, or the ascent of Mr. Owen's marble table to the ceiling of his drawing-room in Naples—the scientific import of such phenomena, if once thoroughly established, it is impossible to exaggerate. And if we take the case of the higher phenomena of pure intelligence, such as the communication to an educated scientific man, alone in a room, of a definite statement entirely beyond the range of his studies, the accuracy or falsehood of which could not at the time be ascertained, but the truth of which was subsequently proved, the effect of such an addition to our store of observed facts is not easy to anticipate.

It would be as idle as it is premature to talk of direct teaching being attained from a source which is beyond our means of identifying. To make man a puppet may well be thought to have been the great aim of the ancient oracles. Whether we regard them as real, or as effected by trickery, the object aimed at appears to

have been the same. To seek for the attainment of truth otherwise than by the methods by pursuit of which definite human knowledge may be obtained and improved, is to waste time and to court deception. But the detection of absolutely certain indications, whatever be their nature, of the independent action of the power which we call Spirit, apart from any animal organisation, would be a stride in the advance of man in the knowledge of truth of which it would be wild to attempt to calculate the importance. This is the problem which such men as Mr. Crookes, Mr. Wallace, Serjeant Cox, Professor Barrett, and others, now regard as offered to the patient investigation of science. Neither the roguery of cheats, the folly of the credulous, nor the folly of the incredulous, affords a solution of this problem. Science may, and perhaps must, wait long for that solution; but as to the importance of attaining it there can be but one opinion amongst cultivated men.

FRANCIS R. CONDER, C.E.

THE MAIDEN IO,

WHO WAS IN LOVE AND KNEW IT NOT.

Look on Io, the mystical Mænad,
How in wilds all remote she doth roam,
With a ferventer face than Love's Queen had,
When she rose from the sun-litten foam.

Is it bee from the meadows hath stung her,
Her eyes are so wild and so weird,
Or knows she some heart-pang of hunger,
Some sorrow that will not be cheered?

The bloom of her cheek burneth redder
Than the summer-loved face of a rose,
And the winds that blow cool to bestead her,
Carry wine and no balm to her woes.

What was it stole over her vision,
In her lone maiden chamber at night?
Was it dream of some advent Elysian,—
Why fluttered her heart in affright?

“O damsel, O greatly desired,”
Thus a murmurous voice broke her rest,
“Do the suns that thy lips' blossom dye red
Bring no warmth of love's heart to thy breast?”

So ran the vague words whose enticement
Beset her like wandering gleams,
While she pondered whate'er such device meant—
What is it,—a whisper of dreams?

The shafts through the loneliness stealing
Sowed subtly her bosom with flame ;
Of her wound no pale star brought revealing,
Or told whence the magic barbs came.

Now lest this swift passion might burn a
New torture she never could still,
She flees toward sweet fountains of Lerna,
For the draughts of Cerchneia's cool rill.

The poor maid in her uttermost frenzy
Fears to traverse the well-wonted way,
So, lest one among journeying men see,
Through loneliest wilds doth she stray.

On, past the bright founts, the gold-gushing,
And toward the far shore of the sea,
With tremulous limbs is she rushing,
And purpose of nought save to flee.

Over peaks marking out a clear rib-line
On the beautiful body of earth
Io wends, where from spurs of the Bybline
Flows the Nile, washing wealth over dearth.

Missing way thro' her trembling commotion,
To retrograde windings she's banned,
Till she hears, as she draws nigh the ocean,
The waves whip the verge of the land.

Weary-limbed the fierce flood none can stem o'er,
So she mazily still seeks to fly,
Like a dove in a fluttering tremor,
When the hawk blots the blue of the sky.

Woe, woe to the pitiless panic,
To the throbbings of fever and fear,
Unsoothed by the airs oceanic,
Relieved by no loosening tear.

Ah, sweet were the woodland recesses,
Sweet the meads in her child-hearted time ;
When than garland nought heavier presses ;—
Of no care sing the birds in spring's prime.

But now is it summer comes burning,
So strange is the wearisome air ?
What is it, this marvellous yearning,
That the child-days of spring did not share ?

How strong is the eager new-comer,
Of passionate breaths and desires !
What is he, this stranger of summer,
This monarch of mystical fires ?

He cometh, behold him pursuing !
Might she love what she flees from afear'd ?
Uttered now are divine words of wooing,
As her wind-floating tresses are neared.

Her limbs is it weariness weighs on,
Or doth magic arise from the earth ?
Her heart's note finds its own diapason,
And music unknown comes to birth.

In silence all breathless she yields her ;—
The wild waves kiss madly the sand ;
Sorrow ends, for what is that shields her ?
Tis a god's unalarming strong hand.

Where, bruised by the road and forlorn, her
Sweet limbs had paused toil-overweighed,
In a blossom-clad rock's inmost corner,
Here now are her wanderings stayed.

Wide, waste were the plains that she travelled,
Lone, long were her tracks o'er the fell,
With the web of her dreams yet unravelled,
For Love's riddle Love only could tell.

Cold hills the moons set silver rims on,
 Making weird that wild journey alone ;
Now are touched with soft blushes of crimson,
 And the phantoms of fright are all flown.

As his presence draws wooingly nigher,
 And the lord of her dreams is made clear,
Beneath greetings of lip and of eye her
 True heart gathers nothing of fear.

Low bends she her drooped body, graceful
 As wind-wearied crest of a flame,
For to hide her blushed brows and her face full
 Of fluttering, exquisite shame.

The love-minstrels of air, when they see an
 Eternal completion is won,
Raise thence into song a new pæan ;
 Of new heaven the glad birth is begun.

All the birds of Olympus are joyous,
 Singing low are the lips of the flowers ;
O ye winds, come amongst us to toy us,
 Flit, ye bees, message bearers of ours !

Every life is in ardour beseeching
 Love's law over all may descend,
For of gods, birds, and blossoms doth each in
 Love find the beginning and end.

“FIRST NIGHTS” AT THE PLAY.

THE most popular play must have its run, and come to an end at length. The time will sooner or later arrive when not even the most judicious “papering” will fill the seats satisfactorily, and present to the eyes of the player that most comforting of spectacles, a full house.

Certain unmistakable signs in the theatrical horizon enable the play-goer of experience to discern with moderate certainty the approaching decease of an old play, and to calculate the probable birth of a new one. In due time he will eagerly scan the dramatic column of his morning paper for the announcement.

Its title and author’s name furnish him with ample matter for surmise and discussion during the week or ten days that intervene between the promise and its fulfilment.

The cast of the characters next appears, and the extension or curtailment of the old company, with the promise of a favourite player in a new *rôle* of importance, keep eager expectants on the tiptoe of excitement. About this time, too, certain mysterious rumours will frequently arise anent the extraordinary merits of the coming play in some entirely original direction. Report is busy with enigmatic whispers that a “set piece” or mechanical effect is in preparation which is to be the town talk of the season. Or the

leading man has a sensation scene, that will, in vulgar parlance, “fetch the house.” No one knows of these dubious whisperings either whence they come, or whither they go. But whether they emanate, as some say, from shrewd managerial touts, or are conceived in the fanciful brain of an enthusiast, they work their end well, for a few nights at any rate.

In all countries where the theatre is regarded as an institution, you will invariably find a certain number of regular play-goers who make a point of being present in the pit, boxes, or stalls at the first performance of every new play. To such an extent was this custom carried among a clique of enthusiasts in Paris that if one of their number were absent, even for a single night, his friends said of him, not “he is out of town,” or “he is ill,” but simply “*il est mort*” — “he is dead.”

We do not say that in the British Metropolis, but some of us are almost as regular in our attendance.

On occasions of importance I have betaken myself to the pit door as early as five, four, or even three o’clock in the afternoon, but go at what time I would I invariably found myself forestalled by some half-a-dozen *habitués*, who guarded the blissful entrance with all the exclusive jealousy of Brahmin priests, and almost resented as an intrusion the approach of a newcomer. Some of these had scarcely

missed a first night for eight or ten years, and one little round-faced man, who had earned the *sobriquet* of "camp-stool," from a habit of carrying one to sit on during the long waits, had recollections of famous first nights that dated back some thirty or forty years.

As the half hours creep along the crowd swells; by six o'clock we are wedged into a pretty dense mass, and with a temperature up to eighty degrees the stifling atmosphere draws forth sarcastic remarks on the delightful airiness of English apparel.

Imperceptibly, as the last thirty minutes wear on, the press grows greater, the rear struggling for a better position, the van as resolutely resisting their attempts. A false alarm, caused by a smart rap on the door panels, produces a panic, and gives reason to those immediately round the entrance to bless the stoutness of its structure. But there go the bolts at length! Back fly the doors with a shrill creak, and if you are in with the first half dozen you may catch a glimpse of the retreating coat tails of the janitor as he flies before the rush of the eager crowd.

In they pour, pell mell; often hatless, sometimes half coatless, squeezing, struggling, and jostling; the squeals of women mingling with the ejaculations of men; but all are safely landed at last, good humoured and breathless.

Inside, we heave a big sigh of relief, and then turn to the business of securing a good place somewhere within the first three rows, which is accomplished with no small difficulty. The centre, indeed the greater part of the front row is invariably appropriated by the regular *habitués*. From a critical stand point the third row affords the best and most comprehensive view of the

stage; but number one being about the centre of the house presents a sweeping survey of the stalls and boxes, whose occupants, on a *première* of importance, are only second in interest to the play itself.

One bitter cold night in December, after standing round the outer door for an hour and a half, we rushed in at 6.30 to find the first three rows of seats, the best places in the house, already occupied. Great was the indignation when it was discovered that the occupants, instead of waiting outside and paying in the ordinary manner, had been smuggled in beforehand and placed in a conspicuous position to assist by indiscriminate applause what was believed to be a weak play. Nothing more or less than a party of paid *claqueurs*. Now, the system of "papering" a thin house or a risky play is one known and recognised, and when done judiciously, hurts no one but the manager. But such a glaring breach of tact and decency as this was too barefaced, and a smart altercation with an official resulted in the ignominious ejection of the intruders. Another half hour with the house in semi-darkness has yet to elapse before the dismal musicians file in and the curtain goes up on the preliminary farce. This, however, is anything but a dull time, for a considerable portion of those who frequent the modern pit, more especially those whom a sound classical or legitimate performance draws together, exhibit a fair share of dramatic taste and no mean critical judgment. Not only is the modern drama discussed from every possible point of view during the last thirty minutes, but much interesting knowledge is displayed of the remoter periods of stage art, and smartly accurate comparisons drawn between the present decline

and the so-called palmy days of fifty and a hundred years ago.

Naturally enough, too, these student pittites have their own special favourites amongst the modern exponents of the art. Little cliques and coteries are formed, and party spirit runs high over the good and bad qualities of our representative players. I used to meet sometimes a very old gentleman with an inexhaustible fund of green-room and footlight anecdote. His grandfather had known Garrick, and he himself just remembered the first performance of Edmund Kean's *Overreach*; that strange night when Lord Byron was seized with a fit in the boxes, when the pit rose *en masse*, and Mrs. Glover fainted on the stage at the tremendous reality of Kean's personation. He had been present at John Kemble's last performance of *Macbeth*; had seen Elliston, as Charles Surface; the elder Matthews, *At Home*; Liston, as Paul Pry; Charles Young, as Othello; and Macready in his best characters. He used to talk of the days when stalls and fauteuils were unknown, when the good old pit pressed right up to the orchestra; and it was with a half sigh of comical resignation that he would take his seat in the centre second row, to "sit out," as he called it, a modern society comedy.

At a few minutes to seven the musicians, faded and worn, drop into their places in the orchestra, and for the next five minutes we get the benefit of all the tuneless, squeaking instruments in the band. Trombones, bass viols, and French horns blend in exquisite discordance; for nothing on earth will induce your instrumentalist to tune his apparatus before entering the theatre. There is sometimes no small amount of amusement to be gained by watching the im-

pression produced by the play on these hard-working gentlemen. The "big drum" at a leading house was a special object of interest to me for a long time. He seemed to labour perpetually under the influence of the deepest melancholy, and when occasionally a pungent joke would cause the muscles of his dismal countenance to relax for a brief moment he would recover himself instantly, and plunging into yet deeper despair, inflict the direst blows on his unfortunate instrument.

The house presents but a meagre appearance when the curtain is rung up on the opening farce, its only occupants at present being the tenants of pit and gallery. As, however, the piece is usually an old one, its chief points already familiar, it is carried somewhat uproariously with the aid of the gods; who are not only eager to anticipate the old jokes, but by no means backward to furnish such impromptu ones for the occasion as may seem to suit the individual surroundings.

In another half-hour the theatre puts on a more lively appearance, and by a quarter to eight stall keepers are doing a pretty brisk business in fees. Not a seat will be vacant shortly if the occasion be one of average interest. By twos and threes, the critics, each of whom is individually known to the pittites, and has been hailed on his entrance, drop with a self-satisfied air into their comfortable stalls. The joy of an old attendant now is to find a novice close by, to whom he may point out the big men by name. "Look here, see that lively little man? he writes for the *Morning Dewy*. He is a clever critic, rather bitter, and too fond of hair-splitting, but a tidy little quill-driver in his way. There's the new man, critic for the *Quotidian*; can't make out

what they put him there for; hasn't an idea beyond pitching into everyone all round; thinks no end of himself too. Ah, now here is a critic, one who knows his own mind and isn't afraid of speaking it out; he does gush certainly, but it's only a way he has caught from the general tone of the *Daily Earthquake*. He can stir up a bad piece better than any of them. Do you see that man in the doorway wrangling with the stall keeper? we have but one dramatist in England, and there he stands. That man just in front of us owns the *Cap and Bells*, rather a scurrilous concern.—They don't seem to speak to him much, do they?—Well, you know he's not exactly what you'd call—eh? understand? That long man shaking hands all round does the *Palladium*; he's a better critic than you would think to read his work; but then he knows all the profession, and how can you expect a man on intimate terms with Miss Godolphin to cut her up for her Grecian bend, and kitchen-maid airs?—Who is that extraordinary looking animal there?—Well, upon my word I don't know; every night you'll see him hovering around in a loud coat and tie, seeming to know everyone, and I don't believe a man in the house could tell you who he is, or how he raises the price of his stall;" and so on.

One evening, on the occasion of a great First Night, when the house was packed from floor to ceiling, a journalist who had rendered himself obnoxious to the gods was eagerly awaited. Scarcely had he set foot within the stalls when, to borrow Kean's simile, the house rose at him. For a space of five minutes, pit and gallery, standing clutching each other on seats and benches, were vigorously irate in hoots and hisses; and between

every act hostilities were renewed. But the object of their somewhat unreasonable wrath was not to be moved, and regarding his assailants with a quiet smile, kept cool possession of his stall the whole evening.

When every seat has its tenant, and the call boy has beckoned the conductor that everything is in readiness behind, a peep at the house itself from the back of the huge green curtain presents a curiously animated spectacle. Sprinkled over the stalls sit the representatives of almost every journal of importance in the Metropolis, and not a few of the best provincial ones. Scarcely one of the remaining seats but will contain a face of note in the artistic or professional world. Artists, authors, doctors, lawyers, Bohemians of every type, from the struggling journalist to the popular actor, are there. The boxes hold representatives of the world of fashion; the pit is full to the very doors, while the tiers above, from the balcony to the great unwashed in the gallery, are crowded with men of commerce and spectators of lesser note. Close to the stage, in a carefully curtained box, if not behind the scenes nervously giving last directions to the players, is the author of the evening. In fear and trembling if a novice, in some trepidation if a practised writer, the dramatist is probably the only one among the huge audience whose feelings are not those of tranquil serenity and enjoyment.

Nervousness there is, of a different nature, behind the scenes. All great players of genuine feeling and love for their profession experience that indescribable sinking at heart and dryness of palate when appearing for the first time in a new rôle. No matter of how long standing he may be, every

actor whose soul is in his work and whom want of energy and consequent lack of success have not corrupted, feels a brief moment of uneasiness, even as the oldest soldier trembles on going into action till the first gun has sounded.

"I wish," muttered Edmund Kean to himself, as he trudged through the wet streets to the Old Drury on that great night when he carried the town as Shylock, "I wish I was going to be shot."

Macready has vividly depicted his terror on the occasion of his London *début*; the chill that went to his heart at the call-boy's summons, the short quick breath, the throbbing of his heart, the immense effort needed to tread with firmness and composure as he walked the boards for the first time. Matthews the elder, the greatest mimic of all time, is said to have been one of the most bashful of men, that he would go a mile out of his way sooner than meet an acquaintance in the streets.

To come down to our own times, Mr. Toole, of five-and-twenty years' experience, is confessedly never himself on a first night; and we have it on the asseveration of keen-eared critics that on the first evening of *Macbeth*, at the Lyceum, Mr. Irving's armour could be heard to rattle in the stalls.

But the orchestra has wound up with a final flourish; tinkle, tinkle, sounds the prompter's bell, and up goes the green baize at last.

Criticism in the case of an imaginary play is of course an impossibility, but a general idea may be conveyed of its progress.

Circumstances of the most unlooked-for nature often combine to bring about the success or failure of a new play on the occasion of its first performance. For this reason the decided sentence of a first night must be taken with

a strict qualification; the subsequent condemnation or popularity of a play occasionally proving to us that the judgment of even the most experienced critic may be at fault where the decision is of necessity prompt and irrevocable, and conditions may for the moment be unfavourable to calm and unbiased judgment.

Consider, first, the attitude of the audience. These, though for the most part favourably disposed towards a new work, and always eager for the "coming man," are frequently swayed from side to side in their opinions by the merest trifles.

I have seen a really well written play commence favourably with the audience and give every promise of a brilliant success, when from some slight or unaccountable cause—a scene carelessly played, an actor imperfect in his lines or unsympathetic in his style—a sudden chill would fall over the whole house, extend itself in a wonderfully short time to the stage itself, and the play would result, if not in lamentable failure, at least in lukewarm uncertainty, or a mere *succès d'estime*. For nothing kills a play more thoroughly than a dull or apathetic audience, and the players are no less quick to receive in themselves the temperament of their hearers than they are certain to make its effect immediately visible on the other side of the footlights. I have known a good actor, perfect in the words and business of his part, retire to his dressing-room in disgust after a scene with a flat house, and from sheer inability to rise above its temperature, play badly for the rest of the evening.

Again, an English audience is remarkably conservative in its tastes; slow to receive innovations either of author or actor, and firmly rooted to time-honoured pre-

judices. As some one or other said of the British public to Mr. Planché "Sir, you must first tell them you are going to do so and so; you must then tell them you are doing it, and then that you have done it; and then, sir, *perhaps*, they will understand you." Something of this inability to rise to the actor's level came near ruining Irving's *Hamlet* on the occasion of its first performance. The audience could not understand it; it was so new, so strange; he did not do as other actors, he could not read Shakespeare; till at length, in one great speech, the vigour and original beauty of the conception came home to them, and the audience were with the actor to a man.

A spiritless audience, then, will kill the best play; an audience determined to be pleased will save, and even make a success of, a bad one. A single scene, a single speech, sometimes a single line, have saved an entire play, so electrical is the effect on a mass of human beings of one touch of nature or sympathy emanating from a sensitive actor.

Not the least noticeable feature of a *première* is the astonishing quickness of the unaristocratic portion of the audience to catch up any speech or line in a play that seems to bear, even in the remotest degree, upon any event, political or otherwise, which may at the moment be occupying the public mind. Stage history contains many such instances, too trite for mention here, where the audience have taken advantage of a few words pointedly delivered by an actor to give thorough vent to their political or social opinions, approving or condemning, by their applause or hisses, the course of a Ministry or of a single individual. Here is an anecdote in illustration of comparatively recent

occurrence. Tennyson's unfortunate *Queen Mary* was brought out at the Lyceum just at the time when the question of Her Majesty's assuming the title of Empress of India was under debate. Popular feeling was strong against Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, who, it will be remembered, brought forward the motion in the House of Commons. One line in the Laureate's drama had been noticed which it was expected would draw forth the strong opinion of the country against the innovation through the medium of pit and gallery. And so it was. For in the first act, where Simon Renard is advising Queen Mary to compass the death of Elizabeth, Miss Bateman's indignant look of scorn, coupled with her keenly emphasised delivery of the line—

"I am English Queen, not Roman
Emperor"—

was the signal for such a hurricane of applause condemnatory of the obnoxious title as drowned for some minutes the voices of those on the stage.

In this keen appreciation for anything of public interest a little outside the matter in hand lies the secret of the great success of political burlesques; and indeed to the same source may be traced the popularity of a smart skit on a tragic play, or on the surface peculiarities of a prominent actor. It is a modern reflection of the spirit which characterised the old Grecian audiences for whom Aristophanes wrote *The Clouds*, and *The Birds*.

But with the banishment of the old-fashioned melodrama and five-act historical plays, with their deep-laid plots, their intrigues and patriotic speeches, died away all chance of a downright good excitement; it would be almost an impossibility now to get up such a scene as, for instance, that which

occurred during the first performance of Mr. Charles Reade's *Never Too Late to Mend*. All high-strung sentiment, all attempts to appeal to the sensitive side of an audience, are voted slow.

We sit contentedly and sip our little milk-and-watery jokes, without either the stimulus or the inclination for a good side-splitting laugh or an honest round of sympathetic applause. One splendid specimen we had, though, last Christmas, of an unintentional burlesque, in the shape of an extraordinary American production exhibited at the Olympic Theatre; and the delicious nasal twang of a Mr. J. Frayne, who preached commonplace sentiment by the yard, with a revolver in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other, will not soon be forgotten.

Although the ancient custom of "damning" a bad play,—driving it from the stage in a storm of laughter or hisses, has long died out, the ordeal of a modern first night is far more severe for all concerned than was that of five and twenty, or even fifteen years ago. Everybody who goes to the play now knows, or fancies he knows, more about the stage, its wants, and proprieties, than did the ordinary pit critic of two decades back.

Abuses and incongruities of scenery, stage management, and acting, that were winked at and recognised in all the best theatres then, would hardly be tolerated now in an average East End house.

As theatres and players multiply, critics and theatrical journals increase also. Dramatic chit-chat, *coulisses* gossip, odds and ends of information on stage history and the technicalities of the art are scattered about cheaply, picked up and swallowed by your *habitué*, to be brought out as standard rules on the occasion of a new play. The *soi-disant* critic who cannot talk

with the confidence of Dick Minim on the unities of time and place, is scouted. This knowledge before the curtain, mere surface smattering though it often be, fixes a certain amount of restraint on the author, and works with good or bad result according to the prevailing standard of popular taste.

I do not mean to say that the whimsical Byron or the fanciful Gilbert take their precepts and notions direct from the attitude of pit and gallery; but the dramatist writes, in a manner, to please the public palate, and the theatrical fashions are largely set by the critical frequenters of those regions. A careless observer of one of Mr. Byron's fantastic comedies would stare if told that even this most original of writers has certain binding rules to which he must conform. But he has nevertheless; rules partly of his own witty invention, but all originating in the public caprice, and those who find fault with the writer for his flimsiness of plot and crispness of dialogue should remember that his audience are as much to blame as he is.

Between the acts on a first night the appearance presented by the better parts of the house is that of a huge *soirée*.

The stalls are a rendezvous for all that is fashionable and popular in art and letters. Here in one corner is a well known manager bemoaning with a favourite dramatist the dulness of the season, the pair puzzling their united brains for a novelty in their next venture. Or an actor may be seen arranging with an author to write up a strong part for him in his own particular line.

In little knots of threes and fours the critics are comparing notes and discussing the progress of the play; or gossiping with a

popular actress over an ice cream. We have not yet arrived at the capital continental custom of coffee handed round between the acts; and certainly our present refreshment system is meagre in the extreme. Ices are well enough in their way, but in the close atmosphere of the stalls and boxes at 10.30 p.m., a small cup of tea or coffee would be infinitely preferable and more refreshing.

Visits are paid and telegraphic signs are exchanged between boxes and stalls, stalls and dress circle. Everybody seems to know everybody else, to be immensely good-humoured and shaking hands all round. Meetings are arranged, bets laid, mutual projects discussed and settled, and the whole scene is the pleasantest and liveliest imaginable.

The terrible heat of the house militates greatly against enjoyment in the summer months and undoubtedly keeps numbers away during the height of the season, who would otherwise be regular in their attendance. The question is of course a difficult one to grapple with, and has probably been discussed over and over again, and from every point of view, in the manager's room. Still it does seem strange that something could not be devised after the Indian punkah arrangement to moderate, even in a slight degree, the almost Plutonic atmosphere. The experiment might be an expensive one, but surely, if successful, a month's profits would cover all outlay, and the ultimate gain to both parties would be immense.

No less animated, in a more vigorous way, is the attitude of the pit. Things are a little better here since the banishment of that peripatetic horror, the stout female vendor, who, to the tune of "chase your oranges," used to struggle between

the packed rows with a huge basket in utter disregard of corns. Still the catering system is far from perfect here, and the spectacle of a waiter clambering perilously over seats and benches, armed with bottles of Bass and Alsopp's, is at once unpicturesque and alarming. I saw a bottle fly once; the cork nearly blinded an old lady; the liquor flew around and generally damaged half a dozen.

Here, of course, the critical atmosphere is strong. A man catches sight of a friend three or four rows off, and sends a loud-spoken query as to his impressions of the play. A reply comes back which provokes a difference of opinion from some of the intervening benches. The question is taken up, and a lively debate follows, joined in by all within hearing distance who have an idea, good or bad, to offer on the subject. Such as boast no opinion of their own, ashamed to be out of the hunt, bravely uphold the views of the tallest talker near them. Keep your ears open now, and you may hear retailed the various theories of all the critics and theatrical journals in town, and pick up more green-room gossip than you can carry in your head.

But the biggest and most keenly defended opinions emanate from Olympus, where sit the perspiring gods. You venture an opinion here at your peril, and the man who cannot support his views of a favourite West End player by a careful comparison of his talents with those of a Surrey or Britannia favourite finds no hearers. An amateur holding forth glibly one night in the gallery on the peculiar merits of a well-known actor, happened, unluckily, to touch upon a melo-dramatic part which had recently been given with unusual eye-rolling power by a strong-lunged East End favourite.

He was dwelling with fond minuteness on the delicate touch of the cultured player in a scene which the eye-roller had carried by sheer exertion of the attributes of Bottom's lion. A coatless god on his right surveyed the would-be judge from top to toe with that gentle scorn which bespeaks conscious superiority. "Ah," he said, "yon go to the Vic. and see B—— *He'd make you jump!*"

The third and last act draws to a close. The plot is almost evolved, the interest strongly worked up, and the attention of the audience well held together.

But the manager knows the pit will have its last glass of beer before midnight, and it is scarcely too much to say that the author who liberates his hearers in fairly reasonable time is the surer of a call before the curtain at the end.

The final call of an author before the curtain is not always a certain proof that the audience are satisfied with his work. I have known one summoned in sheer irony, from the laughable

dulness of his plot. On he comes, beaming with gratitude, bows his smiling thanks, and retires to dream of bay leaves and chaplets. Only on the morrow is he disillusioned by the sarcastic quill of the critic, who informs him, with lack of sympathy, that he mistook for unbounded applause the joking displeasure of his audience, and wonders how he could have had the effrontery to appear. Then that author, if he be not filled with his own conceit, takes warning, and when on the occasion of his next new play he is called for, the stage-manager states in answer that "Mr. So-and-so, with his customary modesty, has already left the house."

Half-past eleven generally sees the whole of the personages on the stage together, to speak the inevitable "tag;" a few minutes more and the players have been called, and bowed their smiling acknowledgments, and before midnight we are filing out once more into the cool night air.

W. TIGHE HOPKINS.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

MORTIMER COLLINS, 28th JULY, 1876.

Farewell—no matter who may fall,
The flag must wave out on the wall,
The workers brush their tears away,
The merry-makers still be gay.
But there's a crack in my old voice,
An ache at heart. I miss you boys !
Good fellows and dear comrades, gone
And ever going, one by one.

We know how you have had to quaff
A bitter cup, and make men laugh.
Of things behind the scenes we know,
That would have spoiled the public show.
And how you kept the worst behind,
And gave your best and never whined.
Good fellows and dear comrades, gone
And ever going, one by one.

Mirth mixed with sadness everywhere !
Have you a Charivari there ?
Has Elia joined you, with Molière,
Burns, Aristophanes, Voltaire,
My merry men of the "Mermaid" rare,
And Shakespeare chosen for the chair ?
Good fellows and dear comrades, gone
And ever going, one by one.

I think the kindly smile of mirth
That you so often made on earth,
To lighten in the saddest face,
And brighten in the darkest place,
Will be reflected from below
To live on as your Afterglow.
Good fellows and dear comrades, gone
And ever going, one by one.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE SON OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THERE is a certain class of romance-readers to whom the name of Hawthorne has a sound of magic. The elder Hawthorne, by his deep insight into character, his truth and exquisiteness of description, and his peculiar suggestiveness, has laid so deep a hold upon their minds that they gladly welcome every line left behind by that delightful author. To these admirers, it was a pleasant and a hopeful thing to see upon the back of a two-volume novel the name of the "little Julian" of Hawthorne's note books. "Julian and I" is there a frequently recurring phrase. The English notes bring before us the picture of the father and son together exploring the English Lake country: and it is perhaps permissible, though fanciful, to hope that the "Julian and I" might prove prophetic of their going hand-in-hand in the paths of literature. Another Hawthorne following in the same path as his father, and heir to his genius as well as his name, must be warmly welcomed indeed. Yet it was a thing hardly to be looked for; the exquisiteness which pervaded all of Nathaniel Hawthorne's writings being a feature which seemed so entirely to belong to his own individuality. It transforms the almost repulsive history of "The Scarlet Letter" into a touching and infinitely suggestive romance. In the "House of

the Seven Gables" the same faculty leads us into unexpected sympathies with characters which, uninterpreted by this penetrative seer, would scarcely be attractive. Who but Hawthorne himself could have cast the glamour upon it which now for ever dwells upon the quaint old house? No one else, surely, could people its rooms and passages with ancient memories, brooding influences, and the dim ghosts of ancestors, who, though long dead, to the seer's eye lived yet in the characters and atmospheres of their posterity. Who else could have seen through the repulsive outer husk of poor old Hephzibah, the decayed gentlewoman, and have revealed for us the gentle, loving, timid soul that hid itself beneath that frowning visage? Possibly, in the delineation of Hephzibah's brother, Clifford, that unhappy lover of the beautiful, is one of the most remarkable instances of Hawthorne's especial powers. The picture of this frail, yet most lovable being is so clearly drawn, yet with so delicate a hand, that it may be regarded as unique. Unsparingly is every phase of the weak nature placed before us—the helpless dependence of the purely artistic soul upon beauty and warmth, and the care and love of others, the inability to stand upright with the braveness which is the characteristic of the man of principle. Clifford's mind is

crushed by injustice, his whole life's purpose is wrecked by the will-power of a stronger nature. And yet, though all this faulty weakness is plainly enough drawn, so mercifully, so tenderly is the character analysed that the reader cannot but feel strongly the loveliness, gentleness, and sweetness of the man who is held as but a poor half-witted creature by all but the melancholy Hephzibah.

Phœbe, the type of the class of woman that is true, sweet and sound in body and soul, but inevitably, incurably, and cheerfully prosaic, is so deftly drawn as to for ever make us feel how pleasant and how necessary is that contented commonplaceness. The "Twice-told Tales," written during the earlier years of the author's life, when, as he himself says, he was "the obscurest man of letters in America" are more filled with fancifulness, and less the products of thought and observation than the works of later days; but the same delicacy of style which distinguishes all his works, and is most marked in the unfinished "Septimus," has already begun to manifest itself in these. About Hawthorne all who love him love to linger; we need not leave his side wholly in turning to his son.

"Bressant," by Julian Hawthorne, was a novel of such unusual character, and of so much promise as to be highly interesting to all Hawthorne lovers. Filled as it was with bright, clearly-outlined characters, racy writing, and exceedingly odd "situations," most novel-readers found it readable in one way or another. Indeed, the heroines were so natural, and the whole narrative had so much the sort of interest which attaches to a "true" story, that a rumour

went about to the effect that the events had taken place in the author's own family, and that he deserved no more credit than for having written the matter down with graphic clearness. This was contradicted, and whether in any measure true or not, does not concern us: we merely remark it to shew that the young author was sufficiently forcible. At the same time, though the centre-plot of this novel is clear, there is a tendency in the side-plot to an involved style, and an unnecessary mystification. This tendency became painfully marked in "Idolatry," which next appeared, and is equally prominent in Mr. Hawthorne's latest work.* "Idolatry," however, differs widely from "Bressant" in many respects; it has so little of its grit and reality as to be but a disappointing successor; and though there is plenty of imagination in it, that imagination is scarcely sufficiently poetical to compensate for the absence of reality. It does not impress one as being a beloved or carefully developed creation; there is a certain "writing for the public" manner about it, which we never for a moment find in Hawthorne the father.

But "Garth" would seem to be a work more deliberately evolved; and there is writing in it which is worthy of illustrating a closer and less cloudy plot.

The "Bird-Prologue" of "Garth" is delightful, for it is the first definite reminder of the style of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is no imitation; but so wonderfully like is it as to make one fancy that the father's spirit must have stood by our author's elbow while he wrote. It is quaint, dainty, charming. After this comes some

* *Garth*: a Novel. By Julian Hawthorne; 3 vols. Bentley, 1877.

confusion; for Julian Hawthorne has a bad habit of going backwards in his stories. But out of the confusion Garth's childhood stands forward clearly; and this is a very refreshing and enjoyable portion of the book. Cuthbert Urmson and his mode of training the mind of his small son, are made into a picture that is both amusing and pathetic; and Cuthbert Urmson is throughout a pleasant and interesting character. As to Garth himself, his baby days over, he begins to develop into a genius. So much importance is given to his early growth, and this later development of genius, that we are led to expect it to "come to something," whereas the rest of the book is devoted to Garth's love affairs, and the working out of the plot, in which he is quite quiescent. Indeed, when the hero (and he is described as a hero indeed) has done growing up, he becomes very shadowy, and quite gives place to the other characters; and as to his genius we only hear of his painting one picture, and making a few sketches; after which he devotes himself to getting married. The story ends with his marriage, as though the career of himself and his genius were now fulfilled.

The book is certainly full of very earnest and painstaking delineations of character; but there is almost too much probing into difficult and complicated natures. It produces a kind of morbid atmosphere, for the lighter and more commonplace personages are not sufficiently distinct to form a relief. There is something disappointing in the entire work, notwithstanding the beauty of certain portions of it; and the secret appears to lie in a want of unity and proportion. As a whole, it is not one picture, but a massing together of many pieces of writing.

As an example of some of the essentially Hawthorne-like portions, let us follow Garth into his orchard:—

"The present season's crop was fine, and Garth, walking between the trees with his hands thrust in the side-pockets of his coat, rejoiced in the aspect of the scarlet and yellow heaps which had been piled up beneath the twisted branches. He found a pleasure, too, in observing the grotesque contortions of the trees themselves. Apple-bearing, one would suppose, must be the very painfulest of vegetable functions. Some of the old limbs seemed incarnations of agony; and few trees but had eaten their hearts out, and were harbouring blue-jays and woodpeckers in their bosoms. Nevertheless Garth remarked that the sweetest fruit often grew on the ugliest boughs; and in the blossoming spring he had not failed to note how well beauty and fragrance and freshness assimilated with old age, deformity, and decay.

"Having stuffed his pockets with lusty crimson baldwins and firm-fleshed russets, he turned homewards. An elderly crow which had been contemplating the sunrise from the top of a lofty hemlock, accosted him with a single taunting 'caw!' as much as to say, 'I would much rather be what I am than what you are!' Garth picked up a worm-eaten pippin and flung it at the contemptuous fowl with so true an aim that had not the latter been wary, there might have been a catastrophe. But it was not unacquainted with the red-shirted man and his ways, and entering into the spirit of the thing, it pretended to be seriously alarmed, and pitched flapping from its perch with a volley of hoarse objurgations.

"The cry was straightway taken up by the whole indigenous community of crows, and in another moment thirty or forty of these sable humorists were wheeling their black bodies aloft and clamouring their harshest, ostensibly in vast consternation, but really for their own and Garth's amusement."

There is enough good writing in "Garth" to make the volumes pleasant reading, but it leaves one with

an uncomfortable feeling that it is not as big a book as it promised to be at the outset. "Bressant" was far more of a complete and forcible whole ; its style retained its brightness throughout. As yet Mr. Hawthorne can scarcely be said to

have fulfilled the promise of that first book, and we have still to look for a work full of quiet and centred power, which would place his literary reputation on a level with his father's.

MABEL COLLINS.

THE JOHNSTONE LEGEND.

The members of an ancient Border clan are said to be still distinguished (as those of the House of Rohan were by a peculiar tuft of hair) by the growth of a single lock of a lighter colour than the rest of the covering of the head. How this came to pass was thus.

In times so far that the guiding star
Of written story fails,
Ere a Bruce was known in the halls of Scone,
Or a Norman Prince in Wales ;
Where Criffel shades wild glens and glades,
And where bright Solway ran,
By bow and brand and red right hand,
Lived a stalwart Border clan.

Ere the Angevin King (from whose blood we spring)
To the three-crowned kingdom clomb,
With a host arrayed for fierce crusade,
The Johnstone was found in Rome.
"No priest, nor Pope, with cowl or cope,
Shall dompt the belted plaid,
To the old man there, in the upborne chair,
I will not kneel," he said.

On waving plumes, on incense fumes,
Shone the cresset's fitful glare ;
And the silver clang of the trumpets rang,
As on came the Pontiff's chair ;
Like the wave that floats o'er a field of oats,
When a stormy gust sweeps by,
Sank plumèd crest over mail-clad breast,
As the stately train drew nigh.

As the sturdy oak braves the levin's stroke,
Stood the Scot when the crosses came.
"Were each taper here a glancing spear,
To kneel would be a shame."
"Down, warrior down !" with sullen frown,
Cried an old, old Cardinal.
"Why kneel'st thou not, accursed Scot ?"
Asked the stony glance of all.

So close he prest, his eagle crest
Was brushed by the feathery fan.
"Now what doth he seek, with that unblushed cheek,
A blessing, or a ban ?"
A beaten ewer of silver pure,
(The city and the world
As he passed to bless) his Holiness
At the stalwart Northman hurled.

The bonnet blue that magic dew
Of holy water mocks.
On plaid, on face, it left no trace,
But it stained the auburn locks.
Can water burn ? To gold they turn,
On the brow of the Johnstone bold,
And his gallant sons, the legend runs,
Are still marked by a lock of gold.

F. R. C.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Talmud. A Selection from the contents of that ancient book, its Commentaries, Teaching, Poetry, and Legends, with Sketches of the Men who made and commented upon it. Translated from the original by H. Polano, Hebrew Professor. London: Frederick Warne & Co. 1877.

Ten years ago an article by the late Emanuel Deutsch appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, and excited a sudden and unexpected attention. It was entitled "The Talmud." Within a year it was translated into six European languages. It is strange that so long a time has elapsed before Mr. Deutsch has found a follower in his purpose of bringing this unknown monument of his fathers before the modern public. Curiosity and interest had been roused, but there was no scholar ready to allay it. The Englishmen who are at all acquainted with the Talmud seem fully engaged with other work, and the Hebrews of to-day are for the most part too busy with money-making to attempt so vast a literary enterprise. Moreover, their upper classes are rather blotting out their nationality by assuming English surnames, and endeavouring to merge themselves in the cosmopolitanism of the time, than striving toward such works as would be expected from a people seeking to knit more closely its mutual coherence.

It is a Hebrew, however, that has at length stepped forward with

a very little Talmud made out of a very great one. And the strange magic that seems to reside in the mere name, the Talmud, has made his work successful almost before it appeared. Booksellers not generally too well-informed upon forthcoming books, were found to know of this, and the first and second editions were sold out at once.

The first feeling of anyone at all acquainted with the Talmud, on going through this volume, would probably be a sense of missing much with which he was familiar; but it is fair to say that the translator claims for his book no more than to be "a collection of specimens," making "no pretensions to any more advanced standing;" and believes that it will excite an interest in the subject which will make this book, and others of a similar character following it, of interest and demand.

The present work consists of an introduction, giving a somewhat meagre account of the nature and scope of the Talmud, with a condensed chronological table of its compilation—a table that although it may not solve the questions of scholars, will have a considerable general and practical use; and five parts as follows:—Biblical History, Specimens of Biblical Commentaries, Teachings and Incidents in the Lives of the Rabbis, Proverbs and Sayings of the Rabbis, Legends, &c., and a brief abstract of Civil and Criminal Law.

The Biblical History forms a

most interesting commentary, and shews how readily the Oriental imagination amplified with quaint conceits and poetic fancies the slightest shred of actual archaic narrative.

The general reader will early be attracted to the proverbs and legends, which have so characteristic, and in many respects familiar, a ring. Others, again, shew the worldly wisdom of these old doctors, a quality which we are apt to notice more in the modern Jew than in his ancient ancestor.

"The house which opens not to the poor will open to the physician," is one of these proverbs, in which we see how strong was the sense of the duty of charity, and how the troubles of life were regarded as punishment for failure in well-doing. To say that "The birds of the air despise a miser," is to give a poetic view quite in keeping with the romantic and legendary character of the Hagadah, which with the Halachah, or legal portion, makes up the Talmud.

Some may be startled that so secularistic a saying as the following should emanate from the intensely religious ancient Hebrew:—"The world is saved by the breath of school-children. Even to re-build the Temple, the schools must not be closed." Deutsch, however, insisted strongly upon the fact of the paramount importance given to public instruction in the centuries following the Captivity.

There are most exquisite thoughts to be drawn from these ancient founts, and shewing a fuller glow of love than we are apt to credit the Rabbi nature with:—

Rabbi José said:—"I never call my wife 'wife,' but 'home,' for she indeed makes my home."

"The best preacher is the heart; the best teacher is time; the best book is the world; the best friend is God."

What a simple, yet profound philosophy!

The originals, or at least earlier copies, of many of the stories familiar to our childhood come from the Talmud. In the volume before us the story is told which is known to English children as that of a man journeying with a companion who seems good, but does extraordinary and apparently cruel acts in one place where kindness seemed especially called for, and with equal arbitrariness heaps favours where there seemed to be no need. Here the legend is told of Rabbi Jochanan, and the companion who—according to our version—turned out to be an angel, is in this Elijah.

We will quote a story not so well known, that of "The Desert Island:"—

"A very wealthy man, who was of a kind, benevolent disposition, desired to make his slave happy. He gave him therefore his freedom and presented him with a shipload of merchandise.

'Go,' said he, 'sail to different countries, dispose of these goods, and that which thou mayest receive for them will be thine own.'

The slave sailed away upon the broad ocean, but before he had been long upon his voyage a storm overtook him; his ship was driven upon a rock and went to pieces; all on board were lost—all save this slave, who swam to an island shore near by. Sad, despondent, with nought in the world, he traversed this island until he approached a large and beautiful city; and many people approached him joyously shouting, 'Welcome! Welcome! Long live the King!' They brought a rich carriage, and placing him therein, escorted him to a magnificent palace, where many servants gathered about him, clothing him in royal garments, addressing him as their sovereign, and expressing their obedience to his will.

The slave was amazed and dazzled, believing that he was dreaming, and that all he saw, heard, and experienced

was mere passing fantasy. Becoming convinced of the reality of his condition, he said to some men about him for whom he experienced a friendly feeling :

‘How is this ? I cannot understand it. That you should thus elevate and honour a man whom you know not, a poor, naked wanderer whom you have never seen before, making him your ruler, causes me more wonder than I can readily express.’

‘Sire,’ they replied, ‘this island is inhabited by spirits. Long since they prayed to God to send them yearly a son of man to reign over them, and He has answered their prayers. Yearly He sends them a son of man whom they receive with honour, and elevate to the throne ; but his dignity and power ends with the year. With its close his royal garments are taken from him, he is placed on board a ship and carried to a vast and desolate island, where, unless he has previously been wise and prepared for this day, he will find neither friend nor subject, and be obliged to pass a weary, lonely, miserable life. Then a new king is selected here, and so year follows year. The Kings who preceded thee were careless and indifferent, enjoying their power to the full, and thinking not of the day when it should end. Be wiser, then ; let our words find rest within thy heart.’

The newly-made King listened attentively to all this, and felt grieved that he should have lost even the time he had already missed for making preparations for his loss of power.

He addressed the wise man who had spoken, saying, ‘Advise me, O spirit of wisdom, how I may prepare for the days which will come upon me in the future.’

‘Naked thou camest to us, and naked thou wilt be sent to the desolate island of which I have told thee,’ replied the other. ‘At present thou art King, and mayest do as pleaseth thee ; therefore send workmen to this island ; let them build houses, till the ground, and beautify the surroundings. The barren soil will be changed into fruitful fields, people will journey there to live, and thou wilt have established a new kingdom for thyself, with subjects to welcome thee in glad-

ness when thou shalt have lost thy power here. The year is short, the work is long ; therefore be earnest and energetic.”

The King followed this advice. He sent workmen and materials to the desolate island, and before the close of his temporary power it had become a blooming, pleasant, and attractive spot. The rulers who had preceded him had anticipated the day of their power’s close with dread, or smothered all thought of it in revelry ; but he looked forward to it as a day of joy, when he should enter upon a career of permanent peace and happiness.

The day came ; the freed slave, who had been made King, was deprived of his authority ; with his power he lost his royal garments ; naked he was placed upon a ship, and its sails set for the desolate isle.

When he approached its shores, however, the people whom he had sent there came to meet him with music, song, and great joy. They made him a prince among them, and he lived with them ever after in pleasantness and peace.

The wealthy man of kindly disposition is God, and the slave to whom he gave freedom is the soul which He gives to man. The island at which the slave arrives is the world ; naked and weeping he appears to his parents, [this is a misinterpretation ; to match the other symbols, it should read here, naked and weeping the soul appears in presence of the lordly material faculties and powers on their own ground], who are the inhabitants that greet him warmly and make him their King. The friends who tell him of the ways of the country are his ‘good inclinations.’ The year of his reign is his span of life, and the desolate island is the future world, which he must beautify by good deeds, ‘the workmen and material,’ or else live lonely and desolate for ever.”

This is a true parable, and a very fair specimen of the mystic thought of the Hebrews about the time of our era.

The volume before us would be improved by revision, there being a few slight verbal and grammatical errors in it. But its price is only

eighteenpence, and it is likely to have an enormous circulation, the Talmud being a more popular subject than the Koran, its companion volume, which has passed through many editions in a very brief space of time. This rapid circulation has been, doubtless, in great part owing to the political interest at present felt in the great struggle in which the flag of the Prophet is unfurled.

Sayings of the Jewish Fathers, comprising Pirque Aboth and Pereq R. Meir, in Hebrew and English, with Critical and Illustrative Notes, &c., &c. Edited for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press by Charles Taylor, M.A., Fellow and Divinity Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Honorary Fellow of King's College, London. Cambridge: at the University Press. London: Cambridge Warehouse, 17, Paternoster Row. 1877. If we mistake not, this is the first precise translation into the English language accompanied by scholarly notes, of any portion of the Talmud. In other words, it is the first instance of that most valuable and neglected portion of Jewish literature being treated in the same way as a Greek classic in an ordinary critical edition.

There have, it is true, been renderings into English of one portion of the matter of the work before us, namely, of that best known book of the whole Mishna, the Pirque Aboth, or Sayings of the Fathers. One of these translations, we remember, was a queer little volume, published in 1772, in Hebrew and English, the work of one who described himself as a Primitive Ebrew. Another is R. Young's "Ethics of the Fathers," published in Edinburgh twenty-five years ago. But these were scarcely more than pamphlets,

suggestive of interesting work waiting to be done.

"The last shall be first, and the first last." The Talmudic books, which have been so strangely neglected, we foresee will be the most important aids of the future for the proper understanding of the Bible. They shew us what otherwise it were idle for a race so differently constituted as ourselves to hope to learn,—the natural attitude of the ancient Hebrew mind, and the position, in the Hebrew world of thought, of many questions that for want of this knowledge we have misunderstood.

Any student of the Bible without the Talmud who will go through the ethical sentences here gathered together, with the light afforded by the full and most valuable notes and gathered parallelisms, will probably learn much unknown to him before, and clear up many a haze in his own mind. It is pleasant to think that now the days of such books as the "*Tela ignea Satanæ*" of Wagenseil are coming to an end, and that the reasonable criticism of comprehensive knowledge is being brought to bear upon noble subjects once blurred by prejudice and rancour.

The fresh simplicity that gleams out most charmingly here and there from among the refined intellectual subtleties of Rabbinical thought, will be a boon to our theologians. The hair-splitting discussions of the Fathers may be passed over; their simple symbolic flashes of deep thought attract and hold with all the power of poetry and parable.

We may compare the translation given in the work before us with that of previous writers. The version of the "Primitive Ebrew" of a saying attributed to the great rival of Hillel, is "Love and desire to be a mechanic, and hate grandeur, neither aim to be intimate

with princes." A version cited in some notes we once published to Matthew's Gospel (xxiii. 8), but whence derived we cannot at the moment recall, ran as follows:—"Love a handicraft, hate the Rabbinate, befriend not thyself with the worldly powers."

This terribly uncompromising passage, which is quite in the style of the hard-working Hebrew doctors, is translated by Mr. Taylor with less startling expression:—"Love work, and hate lordship, and make not thyself known to the government;" but his notes are most full, explanatory, and interesting. Another comparison will better shew the value of the new translation; the "Primitive Ebrew" reads a saying of Hillel's—"If I do nothing for myself, who will do it for me? and when I think and reflect with myself, what am I? and if not at the present, what then?" This is very involved. Mr. Taylor makes the idea plain:—"If I am not for myself, who is for me? and being for my own self, what am I? If not now, when?" The teaching is, evidently, that there is a happy mean between self-sufficiency and that terrible self-despondency that paralyses effort.

It is, no doubt, quite by accident that Mr. Taylor has published his work within a month of the appearance of the "Selections from the Talmud" which we have noticed above. The latter is a popular edition; the "Sayings of the Jewish Fathers" may claim to be scholarly, and, moreover, of a scholarship unusually thorough and finished. It is greatly to be hoped that this instalment is an earnest of future work in the same direction; the Talmud is a mine that will take years to work out.

S. Clement of Rome. An Appendix containing the newly

recovered portions. With Introductions, Notes, and Translations. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, Cambridge, Canon of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan and Co. 1877.

The busy traffic of Paternoster Row, though it be a traffic in books, does not make an atmosphere congenial to the quiet needs of studious authorship. It is one thing to sell a book, but quite another to write it. The best writing will not always make a book sell; nor, on the other hand, will a facility of sale inspire anything great in literary effort. At the eastern extremity of the Row there is a gate, which if anyone open a little, he will see as bare and unkempt a yard and as ordinary a block of houses as dingy London can offer. But these unromantic houses, situate in the very midst of the bustle of book-selling, are the abode, for a certain period of the year at least, of certain studious divines, to wit, the Canons of St. Paul's. We have the work of one of them before us, which is truly scholar's and not salesman's work.

It is singular, in presence of the keensightedness of generations of students, how manuscripts of lost books are still being discovered. In an enthusiastic moment we may think it not quite hopeless that in some dusty corner of a forgotten chest may yet be found a skin of the simple logia of Matthew, or a sheet of the esoteric Gospel to the Egyptians; certainly of late unexpected discoveries have been numerous. There was Tischendorf's prize a few years ago, the most perfect MS. of the New Testament, with the Epistle of Barnabas, not before known in Greek. A few months ago was published a fragment of the Latin version of the Book of Esdras, that forms one of the books of the Apocrypha, a fragment

omitted from our English translation as not being found in Latin, but only in Ethiopic and Arabic. It remains to be seen whether the Bible Revision Committee will not incorporate this new-found portion with the book to which it belongs, with which it has equal authenticity. And now there has been found in the library of "The Most Holy Sepulchre," at Constantinople, by a patriarch of the Greek Church, a manuscript containing a lost ending of an epistle of the earliest apostolical father that has left us any complete work. And almost simultaneously has been discovered in the library of an Oriental scholar at Paris a MS. hitherto unnoticed of the two epistles of Clement in Syriac. This has been purchased by the Syndicate of the Cambridge University Library, and will shortly be published.

The translation given by Canon Lightfoot of the colophon of this Syriac manuscript is interesting as taking us into the very cell and atmosphere of the monkish scribe to whose patient pen it is due. The monk of the Middle Ages, it must be remembered, was the saviour of literature; by his laborious copying work he was what the printer is now, and so the preserver of the text to which he gave his labour. The monk's postscript is as follows:—

"Now this life-giving book of the Gospel and of the Acts of the Holy Apostles, and the two Epistles of Clement, together with the teaching of Paul the Apostle, according to the correction of Thomas of Heraclea, received its end and completion in the year One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighty-one of the Greeks, in the little convent of Mar Saliba, which is in the abode of the monks on the Holy Mountain of the Blessed City of Edessa. And it was written with great diligence and irrepressible love and laudable fervour of faith, and at the cost of Rabban Basil, the chaste

monk and pious presbyter, who is called Bar Michael, from the city of Edessa, so that he might have it for study and meditation, spiritual and useful, both of soul and body. And it was written by Sahda, the meanest of the monks of the same Edessa."

Edessa, then so tranquil, must have been disturbed little more than a century later than the date given, in the extinct era of the Seleucidæ, equivalent to 1170 A.D., for in the thirteenth century the Ottoman hordes overspread Asia Minor. Now the track of the Russians is within one or two hundred miles of Edessa—Orfah in our war maps; and it were to be wished that the Christianity which is marching by its own ancient habitations were a Christianity more worthy of the name.

Canon Lightfoot equips this work, which forms a supplement to his edition of all that in 1869 was known of Clement's Epistles, with a complete critical apparatus, and notes. In his prolegomena he refers to the Epistle, known not only as the Epistle of Clement, but as "the Epistle of the Romans to the Corinthians," as enabling us to understand more fully the secret of Papal domination. He remarks that the letter, though presumably the composition of Clement, does not emanate from him as Bishop, but from the Church of Rome, and that Clement is not once named in it. He calls attention to "the urgent and almost impericulous tone which the Romans adopt in addressing their Corinthian brethren during the closing years of the first century. They exhort the offenders to submit 'not to them, but to the will of God.'" He shews how at a latter point "they return to the subject and use still stronger language; 'ye will give us great joy and gladness, if ye render obedience unto the things written by us through the Holy Spirit, and

root out the unrighteous anger of your jealousy, according to the entreaty which we have made for peace and concord in this letter."

Canon Lightfoot says:—

"It may perhaps seem strange to describe this noble remonstrance as the first step towards Papal aggression. And yet undoubtedly this is the case. There is all the difference in the world between the attitude of Rome towards other Churches at the close of the first century, when the Romans as a community remonstrate on terms of equality with the Corinthians on their irregularities, strong only in the righteousness of their cause, and feeling, as they had a right to feel, that these counsels of peace were the dictation of the Holy Spirit; and its attitude at the close of the second century, when Victor the Bishop excommunicates the Churches of Asia Minor for clinging to a usage in regard to the celebration of Easter which had been handed down to them from the Apostles, and thus fomented instead of healing dissensions. Even this second stage has carried the power of Rome only a very small step in advance towards the pretensions of a Hildebrand or an Innocent or a Boniface, or even of a Leo: but it is nevertheless a decided step. The substitution of the Bishop of Rome for the Church of Rome is an all important point. The later Roman theory supposes that the Church of Rome derives all its authority from the Bishop of Rome, as the successor of S. Peter. History inverts this relation, and shews that, as a matter of fact, the power of the Bishop of Rome was built upon the power of the Church of Rome. It was originally a primacy, not of the Episcopate, but of the Church."

There is an interesting parallelism, brought before our notice in the Addenda, of certain ancient Hebrew prayers from the Talmud with portions of Clement's Epistle.

Canon Lightfoot's translation reads well, and like the work of an accomplished scholar. We see no reason, however, why for smoothness sake, the epithet *panagios* should be rendered "most holy,"

rather than "all-hallowed," or "perfectly holy," which is the strictly accurate meaning. Again, he speaks of *ektenēs epieikeia* as being a sort of verbal paradox like "strenua inertia," "lene tormentum," which delicacy of significance the words would doubtless imply in a classical writer; but here we should be disposed to think that "with earnest reasonableness" would render their meaning better than "instant in gentleness," which is Canon Lightfoot's rendering.

The beginning of the newly recovered portion of what is commonly called the Second Epistle of Clement, here described as "An Ancient Homily by an unknown Author," shews us how imperfectly understood, even at so early a period, were the really esoteric sayings of the Master.

To Dr. Lightfoot great praise is due for the patient toil that such a work as this entails. None but those accustomed to such work can form any idea of the labour involved in the business of exact and comprehensive criticism.

Asem, the Man-Hater. By Oliver Goldsmith. With an Editorial Introduction and Illustrations. Griffith & Farran. 1877.—Goldsmith's little sketch, here set in a pleasantly cynical editorial, entitled "The Philometer; or, Friend-Measurer," belongs to that long line of Utopian fiction that traces back to the "Atlantis," the "Arcadia," and "Gulliver's Travels," and finds its continuation in Lytton's "Coming Race," Butler's "Erewhon," Maitland's "By-and-Bye," and others. As Goldsmith's fable is not new, we will turn rather to the matter of the Introduction. Many will be disposed to agree with the opening sentence: "Most of us, in commencing life, are apt to imagine that we have a great many

friends, only to discover, as we approach the end of it, that we ought to consider ourselves exceedingly fortunate if we possess a single one." A very simple form of test, says the author of this remark, has been devised by himself. He has long been in the habit of reckoning up his friends and relatives by a most terrible method of trial. He keeps a list of them all, with a money column attached, in which, having regard to their means, he enters such a sum opposite each one as he has a reasonable confidence would be bestowed upon himself in case of his destitution and solicitation of assistance; and from his succeeding remarks we are led to suppose that more cyphers than amounts of three figures are set opposite the majority of the names in this black-book of friends. We only hope he locks up his list, for it might form a painful study for any friend inadvertently opening it, and finding his warmest sympathies written down for a figure nearer naught than a hundred. We have no need to fly to the desert in our disillusionment, is the moral; our shock is complete when we have added up our list; and our desert is at home. Still in Goldsmith's vein is the suggestion of the postscript that follows the Introduction:—

"We can imagine no pleasanter and more profitable evening's amusement for an intelligent company than that of setting each person to note down privately, on paper, what faults he finds with the present world, and what remedies he would propose; comparing the whole together; and finally submitting them all to the test supplied by the amended world, which was created by condescending Alla under the direction of Mahomet."

A capital suggestion this for a class in a school; and an interesting introduction to any study of

social science. The satire evolved in such a comparison of notes would hold a rapier's point to impracticability and discontent, and leave a field for practical suggestions and enlightened contentment.

On Human Science and Divine Revelation. By J. J. Garth Wilkinson. London: James Speirs.—Among a special circle, and that not of unthinking people, Dr. Wilkinson has long held a high and honoured place as an original writer, and as translator, editor, and apostle of Swedenborg. Emerson, in his essay upon "Literature," cites him as one of the few "exceptions to the limitary tone of English thought," and declares that he "has brought to metaphysics and to physiology a native vigour, with a catholic perception of relations, equal to the highest attempts, and a rhetoric like the armoury of the invincible knights of old. There is in the action of his mind a long Atlantic roll not known except in deepest waters, and only lacking what ought to accompany such powers—a manifest centrality. If his mind does not rest in immovable biases, perhaps the orbit is larger, and the return is not yet; but a master should inspire a confidence that he will adhere to his convictions, and give his present studies always the same high place." That the object of these observations has not taken such a prominent position in this country as seemed to be marked out for him is owing to several causes. One is, no doubt, the "limitary tone" to which Emerson refers, but it is a limitary one not only of English thought, but of all general or popular thought. The opening, even in romance, of a new and powerful vein is so great a shock to the ordinary mind that time is required to get over it. Witness Charlotte Brontë's novel

of "Jane Eyre," which was feared by every publisher, and at last took its place on the highest rank. A similar popular expansion with regard to deep philosophy is a much slower process than in the case of a romance of a new order; indeed, some regions of thought are almost a closed book to the generality, and instead of finding their ten thousand appreciators within a month of the publisher's trumpet being blown, find, perhaps, a score a century during half a millennium. We do not say that Dr. Wilkinson has so select an audience, or that his works will live so long, but it is quite likely that in a hundred years his wonderful exposition, at once physiological and poetical, entitled "The Human Body and its Connexion with Man," will be better known than it is now. We judge from the class of its avowed admirers. They are not newspaper reviewers or literary hacks, but chiefly authors, with thoughtful purpose of their own, who have been charmed by the work into unasked acknowledgments. Another reason for the comparative obscurity, in the popular sense, of Dr. Wilkinson's writings is that they are left to make their own way to the public. We never see them heralded by an advertisement; their friends are expected to find them out by the attraction of sympathy. This mode, no doubt, insures a whole-hearted and constant following, in contradistinction to a half-hearted or supercilious multitude that takes up a book and dips into it with a partial attention, an unsatisfactory throng for an author to contemplate.

Another reason is one which we would approach with some diffidence, and discuss with a reservation of possible misunderstanding on our own part. It is that our author has found the centrality that Emerson misses, but has found it

by looking through the glass of the mind of another rather than his own. Swedenborg! Swedenborg! Whatever Dr. Wilkinson writes now, this revered name rings forth in almost every chapter;—be the praise the Swedish seer's, Dr. Wilkinson is his humble disciple. Now Dr. Wilkinson is not the infant recipient of the master's pearls of wisdom; he has a grit and idiosyncrasy which are not Swedenborg's, and a thought which if not so spiritually comprehensive as Swedenborg's is yet more robust, picturesque, and striking. But some thirty years ago he went through the labour of translating several of Swedenborg's most ponderous works. As Emerson says in another essay, that on the Mystic—

"Swedenborg printed these scientific books in the ten years from 1734 to 1744, and they remained from that time neglected; and now after their century is complete, he has at last found a pupil in Mr. Wilkinson, in London, a philosophic critic, with a co-equal vigour of understanding and imagination comparable only to Lord Bacon's, who has produced his master's buried books to the day, and transferred them, with every advantage, from their forgotten Latin into English, to go round the world in our commercial and conquering tongue. This startling re-appearance of Swedenborg, after a hundred years, in his pupil, is not the least remarkable fact in his history. . . . The admirable preliminary discourses with which Mr. Wilkinson has enriched these volumes throw all the contemporary philosophy of England into shade, and leave me nothing to say on their proper grounds."

Now, the constant living with Swedenborg, so to speak, necessary to do such a work, and the attention involved in writing the first life of so singular a genius, must have interpenetrated a sympathetic editor not only with Swedenborgian science, but with a personal influence difficult to shake off. Some

men, perhaps, would have digested their fit portion of the master of spiritual scientifics, and have gone their way to their own characteristics. Dr. Wilkinson, with all his splendid powers, from some dissatisfaction with his own mind (with which state many an earnest thinker will sympathise at times), from some terrible humility, has attached himself to Swedenborg for life, and made the bonds so conspicuous that instead of gathering his own circle of readers he has limited himself to passing into those minds mainly into which Swedenborg had led the way. His strong brain has discovered Swedenborg, in whom he finds an undoubted superior in certain respects, and he has been so glad to bow to him in all that he has depreciated the *status* that is his own.

Transient fashion, too, elevates one thinker in his own day, and depresses another. Time gives their due place to all, by reactions, reversals, readjustments. Just now the fashion is for scientific novelties in detail, and a cramping materialism of thought; but good service is being done by that attention to detail, and accurate habits are being produced which will prove their value when deeper thought is opened again, of which expansion traces are even now beginning to manifest themselves.

Unfortunately, adverse influences tell upon a man, and in the present work we miss something of that rejoicing spirit that lives in so many a page of the true romance of the "Human Body." There is an aim at completeness in the book before us which of necessity makes it include much that cannot be glad. In "Our Social Health" our author told us that "health is just the overflow of a human being's completeness," and social health the brightness of life of a community that is earnest. Since in

our societies there are so many "tender topics," a writer must either consent to insipidity, or write with wrath that these earnest realities are excluded, and direct his force against the causes that exclude them.

The first part of the work before us is devoted to a grand assault upon evil as embodied in the modern methods of science, and its rule. Vivisection, violationism, vaccination, all are stormed. The intention is good, but the action is that of a veritable Car of Juggernaut drawn over the writhing body of corporate scientific pretension. The chief force is directed against vivisection, and the assumption that by cutting a peephole into an animal's flesh, and so disturbing the whole organism and the enjoyment of existence, the secret is disclosed and the mystery of normal life bared to the dissector's eye. Another point insisted on is that even if animals are cut open alive, no true insight is gained into the deeper knowledge of the life of man.

"There is no real similarity between human and animal organs. The lungs of a beaver are as unlike the lungs of a man . . . as the voices of all beavers since the beginning are unlike the gathered word of mankind, whose body is literature. . . . The poise of Newton's lungs for a problem, the hush to hear the supreme word of it; —the held breath of a Swedenborg, as truth after truth, revelation after revelation, astonishment after astonishment, translated themselves into spiritual solid fact on the prepared tables of his understanding . . . no animal is competent to these positions, and none, therefore, requires them. Physical they still are, yet not animal, but spiritual and intellectual physics. The telegraphs proceed from different forces, and require at the other end, in the organs, attitudes for signifying their commands, alphabets to be translated into bodily messages, and powers that are beyond the scope

of animal life. This is difficult to see, yet it is true. The way not to see it is, to prosecute human anatomy with no spiritual genius to animate its dead side."

The picture given of "modern thought" is a fine bit of satire. The Doctor has affirmed his belief that "If there were no Christian religion to be assaulted, and no spiritual conscience to be slain, several sciences would languish for lack of motive in their prosecutors. If the Almighty were once given up, protoplasm would lose his amusement. Its armies of inferences would grow lazy if they were not marshalled for war against a personal God." Modern thought then he paints as one who "wears a long face, a calm manner, a flippant logic, and an appearance of uninterested apathy, and of holding its own and waiting for more modern thought."

Dr. Wilkinson makes clear for the goal of righteousness like a Hebrew prophet. With him the New Jerusalem is "a divine secularism, in which men and angels do God's business in doing their own aright."

We cannot here follow the author through his disquisitions on the New Church, the question of the efficacy of prayer, his expositions of the spiritual laws, how "every outrage done, every selfish cruelty to others, every violation, alters the body of the doer and devastates it, and a precisely mulcted organisation is worn in consequence." But we will enter with him into the field of the practical into which thought born in the mystic regions, if it be worth aught, must lead; and here our author is strong and clear, and not tied to Swedenborg. He thus speaks of real charity, "the religion of business," which "implies that everyone has a calling, and banishes idleness and indulgence from the road of life. . . . If you

would like your work done well by others, do well, as they would like, your work for them." This teaching was never more lamentably needed than now, in the age of "run-up" houses, "scamped" carpentry, and "shoddy" fabrics.

"When we consider the matter closely, the charity that consists in doing the duties of one's calling in the world, sincerely, justly, and faithfully, leaves nothing outside it in the way of good works. . . . This charity leaves out no almsgiving, provided the almsgiving is a real part of the day's work; not a mere impulse; but a work, from a settled purpose, going wisely and prudently forth to its object. Yet almsgiving in itself is no sufficient work for a day, unless the hours be afterwards filled with its administration. The egg to be hatched for use must not be dropped in the sand, and be left to be developed by the heat of the general sun, or by the sentiment of the public mind; crocodiles and snakes thus commit their eggs; but the hen sits until the chickens are hatched, and then keeps in their midst."

The wealth that charity has inherited, or has acquired by diligence in business, by trade, profession, handiwork, literature, or merchandise, is of two parts—1. What the man wants for the sustenance and maintenance of his house; 2. The overplus of this, on which charity again has to work, both mentally and administratively. In this division lies a set of problems for future society.

The present faith of mankind is, that wealth belongs to the possessor in such a sense that he has full right to spend it all upon himself. If he has a thousand a year he has this right, and if he has half a million a year he has this right still. Only in the latter event he will be largely solicited by 'charities,' and be expected to build churches, and endow wings of hospitals. This claim upon him is no religious but a social claim; it knocks at no door that opens to his whole conscience, but appeals to him to fill his respectable position according to his great estate as a humane man of society. Among things to come is an

answer to the question, What is the calling of wealth, of great wealth, in the commonwealth? Wealth here is neither a doctor, nor a lawyer, nor a clergyman, nor a soldier, nor a tradesman, nor a writer. It is a totally indeterminable calling; an unconstituted profession. Its determination is the point to be settled. It is a dukedom; a chieftainship. Being a dukedom, it has a principality attached to it. Its revenues belong there. What is that principality? It can be no other than a subjacent society. There never yet was a real dukedom that did not consist of other men; the real Dukedom of Cornwall consists of all the men and women of Cornwall. The subjacency is the ignorance, lowness, want, foulness of habitation, inferiority of manners, morals, and education, in the principality. Especially in so far as these things are not the fruit of present personal vice; that is, in so far as they have descended from the past, and are its woful legacy; for of the wrecks of vice now the State takes cognizance in workhouses and prisons; it is the compulsory duke of rogues and paupers. But these are not under the dukedom of wealth, and need not come before its immediate administration. For even in its highest positions it is and should remain an abiding property and a personal power; and the duke's freewill, and the freewill of his people, are essential to it.

The position is incontestable that no man requires great wealth for himself; even no king requires it; but his state and function must be supported by other men, and some wealth passes well and to the purpose that way. It is equally certain that a spendthrift can waste more than he has, whatever the amount. But as the wise man does not need the wealth, and it is useless to him, it belongs to Use, and the problem is to find out the use in every special case.

If this view be true for the future, it is clear that wealth must descend from the upper ranks, and by wise administration begin at the bottom for the redemption of the honest and hardworking lower classes. At any given time, a certain amount of this redemption can be effected. For instance, by the year 1886 the steady

enginery of wealth, diverted from luxury, vanity, self-seeking with the people, and personal indulgence, and held to that charity which is bound to urgent business, or believeth all things, and knows no impossibilities or improbabilities—would clear London of back slums, and base the industries of all its good people upon decent homes. The revenue accruing from these would re-ascend to the private dukes, and increase the riches of their dominions. And then a further redemption would already stand clear before them; and claim the coming down of the wealth again from the upper hands.

Here are no questions of political economy, but of the divine duties of wealth, and of its administration on remunerative principles, which in the long run are necessary to the new state. If the way of remuneration be not immediate, wealth is the one thing that can wait; and provided the principles of its application be sound, an advancing society is certain to repay outlays with increasing interest; wealth at both ends is the assurance of such a future. . . . This is the opposite of communism, which would divide all property, and give it away. For the charity we indicate gathers up everything, and makes society into its seedfield and harvest, restoring the crop to the proprietor every quarter day. It is his to administer; and his Christian conscience in his dukedom, and the example of other like dukes around him, is his only compelling power."

Some, perhaps, will deem that all this is sentimental and impracticable, but it is so practicable that it allows its beginnings to be small so long as they have the right aim. Indeed, there are many dukes so working now; and with regard to sentiment, it may perhaps aid in the realisation of how strong a power it is when we consider that there is no law to prevent our landowners from depopulating their territories as rapidly as leases fall in. It is the general moral common-sense and the sway of public opinion, as well as pecuniary

motives, which prevents such mad freaks from actually occurring. This general sentiment might, indeed, if its plane were raised, be as potent a force on the higher level as it now is on the lower.

We will take our leave of our author in quoting a somewhat suggestive paragraph on charity in its broadest sense :—"In this nation it also consists very mainly in cultivating political wisdom, and superintending the outgoings of the State, now amounting to seventy-eight millions a-year, all expended in keeping up the *status quo*."

The Poetical Works of John Milton; with Introductions by David Masson, M.A., LL.D. The Globe Edition. London: Macmillan and Co. 1877.—Nothing could better exemplify the vast spread of popular culture than an edition such as the one before us; it has all the qualifications of the most expensive critical or library edition, yet it is published at a few shillings. Dr. Masson has long lived, so to speak, with Milton; and in this latest edition of his favourite poet, he has embodied years of loving study.

The text of this handy little volume follows that of the three-volume Cambridge Edition; the introductions are a revision and adaptation of what has before appeared in more extended editions. But as they stand, giving a complete history of the early editions of "Paradise Lost," a most minute account of the origin of the poem, and an analysis of the scheme and meaning of this and other poems, they include all that any student need strive to know, and form in themselves a most interesting and instructive literary history.

It is instructive to compare an edition such as this with a "classic" edition of twenty years ago; such a comparison shews

how much the character of criticism has changed;—how a sort of generalising and inflated triteness is laid aside; how much more serious is the quest of adequate facts before enouncing any opinion. As a matter of curiosity it may be named that we have traced a dozen minor variations in the text of a single sonnet (the exquisite 23rd) from that of the "classic" edition just referred to. The changes are only in punctuation, spelling, and the use of capitals; and yet each one is a gain to the reader, while some are necessary to give the true indication of the sense. It is pleasant to be able to read Milton as we feel sure he would wish to be read.

The Oxford Bible for Teachers. London: Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse, 7, Paternoster Row.—The way of learning was once one of thorns and hardships, but now, within certain beaten tracks, it is made a way of roses, a royal road of luxury. Here, in every form, from that suited for the pocket to a fine crown octavo, we have a Bible that is not only a Bible, but a compendium of helps to its knowledge and convenient study. Is it an index that is wanted? here it is complete; are we at a loss for a reference and in want of a Concordance? we have not to go to our shelves, here is Cruden complete; do we require a map? we have a dozen. This wonderfully arranged volume contains, further, a summary of each book, including the Apocrypha, a harmony of the Gospels, articles illustrative of the Jewish sects, Biblical topography, natural history, geography, ethnology, &c. The literary and critical matter differs from that of other Bibles containing helps to study, in being newly prepared. Without making any close examination of how this

work is done, we notice a slip and a misprint which ought not to be found in a work emanating from so superior a press as the Oxford University. We find it taken for granted that the term "*Essene*" is derived from the Greek *hosios*, holy; whereas there are a score of roots competing for the honour of having originated the word. Again, the probable derivation of the name of the materialistic party of the Sadducees is very properly referred to Sadok, disciple of Antigonus, but this President of the Sanhedrin is described as "Sœbœus," which is a mistake for "Sochœus" of Socho, or Soho. This is a trifling matter, but we are accustomed to such marvellous verbal accuracy in the modern editions of the Bible that the least misprint attracts attention.

Our Hospital Organisation; with Special Reference to the Organisation of Hospitals for Children. By Charles West, M.D., Fellow and late Senior Censor of the Royal College of Physicians of London; Corresponding Member of the National Academy of Medicine of Paris; President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; President of the Obstetrical Society of London; Founder of the Hospital for Sick Children, and for twenty-three years Physician to the Hospital. Published for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children. London: Macmillan. 1877.

This little book contains the ripe experience of an able physician, who has devoted the greater part of an honourable and well spent life to the alleviation of the sufferings of young children. No one who has seen Dr. West at the bedside of a sick child can fail to understand how it was that he founded the Children's Hospital in Ormond Street;

and why, for the benefit of others and not of himself, he has given to the world this earnest, thoughtful, and luminous work. It is one that should be read by every medical man, and by every nurse. And those persons who, being neither one or the other, yet hold that the visiting and relieving of the sick is one of those duties which, if it does not purchase Heaven, at all events is twice blest, blessing him that gives and him that takes, — will be able to derive from this little work much valuable counsel as to the bestowal both of their time and their money. The profits of the book—in a pecuniary sense—are devoted to the funds of the Children's Hospital. The profit of those who read it will be much more than the price of the book. We only heartily recommend it to the world.

Carte Astronomique de l'Univers. Par Etienne Laporte. Paris: F. de Boyères, 28, Boulevard St. Germain. London: E. Saieghi, 13, Pall Mall East.—The rudiments of astronomy are, perhaps, more easily acquired by charts, globes, and orreries, than by book work. The chart before us would be an excellent object to hang on the walls of a schoolroom, and more advanced students might find portions of it useful for reference. A circle, between two or three feet in diameter, encloses an area of deep blue, in which are the sun, the planets, their satellites, and the telescopic planets or asteroids, in their due places, and made bright and distinct by light and shadow. The principal constellations are also clearly shewn, after the manner of many smaller charts of the heavens which have long been favourites with those who take pleasure in the elements of star-gazing, and love to people the sky with familiar forms. The fault of this sky-map is that the

relative size of the sun to the planets is enormously understated, but such a fault is almost unavoidable, for the sun is so vast in size compared with the planets that any chart of reasonable dimensions must either leave the sun's bulk to be imagined, or by adhering strictly to relative truth, make the earth such a dot that it would be impossible to indicate the presence of the moon. In the typographic portion of the *Astronomic Chart* there are separate articles on the sun and each planet, on the comets, meteors, and the Milky Way. There are also subsidiary drawings, some of which are most interesting. One gives the landscape of the moon, which would appear to be a bad hunting country, even if tenanted with life, which is thought doubtful, for it yawns with harsh and rugged craters. The comparative dimensions of the sun, as seen from the different planets, form an interesting diagram. So is that of the orbits of the nine periodic comets of our system. The chart may be had in various qualities, of simple stout paper, or mounted on linen and varnished, with rollers.

Charlotte Brontë: A Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. Macmillan and Co., London. 1877.—Apart from the interest attaching to Charlotte Brontë as a woman of genius there is a peculiar fascination about all the records of her life. When we are introduced in any way to "the solitude and obscurity of the Yorkshire hill parsonage" we feel that we enter into a separate world. Living altogether away from modern life and modern society, the Brontë family, strongly individual, yet so similar in many characteristics, dwelled in a society and a state all their own. The characters, experiences, emotions, sentiments, which were to be found in Haworth Parsonage, are so

much removed from those of ordinary every day living that to many steady-going people the little house on the Yorkshire hills is as far away as though it had been located in the planet Mars. A quiet, conscientious, scrupulously honest and honourable woman, who writes a book which, because of its outspokenness and suggestiveness, is condemned as immoral, is a kind of human being which the average mind finds very difficult to understand and believe in. Charlotte Brontë, who was always intense, recognised this fact so deeply that her fame seems to have afforded her little pleasure: to her it was always that painful thing, notoriety. This feeling might have been less strong if she had mixed more with the world: for the welcome held out to her by contemporary writers was sufficiently cordial, and she would easily have discovered that though many might condemn and be afraid of the author of "*Jane Eyre*," another class would accord her not only admiration, but respect. But Charlotte Brontë's life was spent in that isolation which fosters intensity of character: she herself felt, after her return from Brussels, where she spent two years, that the solitariness of Haworth must be injurious to her. But the Yorkshire village was to be the scene of her life in this world: she had wider glimpses of the scenes that lay beyond it than her sisters; and with that she compelled herself to be content. For the earnestness which makes the pages of "*Jane Eyre*" aflame with life was a feature in its author's character: with the same intensity she set herself to live out her life, even after the death of her sisters—whom she considered to be the only beings who understood her, and whom she understood,—with a resolute patience which is more admirable

than many a more showy act of heroism. It is easy to see, in her keen sensitiveness with regard to reviews, how isolation injured her. It is true that reviews could scarcely be more cruel than those which "Jane Eyre" called forth: and it is difficult to understand how any periodical can consider itself justified in deliberately slandering the personal character of an author merely because that author's book does not satisfy its moral code. A sensitive girl, living alone among the hills, may be forgiven for feeling the hard blows hurled upon her by the practised pens of writers accustomed to the great world; but in the republic of letters there is a necessary spirit of give and take, and one cannot help suspecting that Charlotte Brontë's character led her to regard such matters too personally when we find her rejecting Harriet Martineau's friendship finally and entirely, because the latter accused her of attacking Popery with virulence in "Villette."

The present volume is extremely interesting to the admirers of this most gifted authoress: Mr. Wemyss

Reid has taken pains to point out several matters in which Mrs. Gaskell's admirable memoir has somewhat misled the world. Mrs. Gaskell may have found it necessary to dwell strongly upon certain phases of Charlotte Brontë's character, in order to fill her volumes; although we do not accuse her of following Mr. Brontë's advice when he said, "If there are not incidents enough in my daughter's life, madam, you must invent some." Mr. Reid points out that the tender side of Charlotte Brontë, as revealed in her letters, can hardly be given to the world; and that the more light-hearted and mirthful features of her character have been lost sight of in the perhaps undue prominence which has been given to the gloominess which undoubtedly coloured much of her life.

The Brontës were an Irish family; Patrick Brontë having been a poor Irish boy of the name of Prunty, educated for the Church by a benefactor. A clergyman named Tighe recognised his talent, but wished him, when he came to England, to make this change in his appellation.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S ARTICLE.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

AFTER the first half of the MAGAZINE was printed off, the Editor, on casually turning over the pages of *Nature*, of the 19th July, discovered to his surprise that Professor Huxley's article, "On Elementary Instruction in Physiology," was published there. He therefore deems it right to explain to the subscribers to this MAGAZINE, that the Paper in question was promised to him by Professor Huxley, for the MAGAZINE, nearly six weeks before it formed the basis of discussion at the Congress of the Society of Arts. He was aware that the article would be printed in the proof-sheets circulated to its members by the Society at the time of the Congress, but of course by no means contemplated the eventuality of its actual publication in any pages but those of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. The matter rests between Professor Huxley and the Editor of *Nature*, with whom the Editor of the UNIVERSITY regrets there has not been time to communicate, as the last sheets were going to press when the discovery above referred to was made.

ERRATUM.—Page 146, line 17, after "Lord Napier," omit "our present Ambassador," Lord Lyons holding that post.

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INDIAN ANOMALIES.

WE English are essentially an unsympathetic people. We are great travellers, and every nook and corner of the habitable globe is known to us, from Paris to Discoe; and yet, though we know so much of other countries, we know very little of other nations. We are admirable colonists. We make ourselves at home in strange countries with a supreme disregard for strange peoples. When we establish ourselves in any country already thickly inhabited, we hold aloof from the natives, but we have always preferred to take up our abode in a place which has few or no inhabitants, such as Australia, New Zealand, or Canada. There are thousands of Englishmen who are as familiar with the geography of Switzerland as any of the native guides in the little Republic, and who could give the most reliable information, at a moment's notice, with regard to all the principal "peaks, passes, and

glaciers;" yet scarcely one in a thousand of them could tell you anything at all about the Swiss nation, their sympathies and antipathies, their home life, their politics, or their government.

Most Englishmen know Paris more or less; many of them are far better acquainted with every object of material interest there than the average Parisian, and yet few care even to speak French well enough to converse with the people among whom they take their pleasure; and although Paris is but nine hours' journey from London, and the *Times* and the leading English papers have accurate daily reports of all that passes in the neighbouring capital, very few Englishmen know or care anything about French life or French society—or, except as far as they affect ourselves, of French politics.

Thus, although from our energy, our self-reliance, our courage, our high spirit, and our power of

adapting ourselves, physically and morally, to every variety of circumstance and every variety of climate, we English are the best colonists in the world, yet our want of sympathy prevents us from being satisfactory rulers over other nations. Nothing could have been more successful than our colonisation of North America, until it became a nation, and our hard and utterly unsympathetic conduct lost for us the most splendid colony in the world. Nothing could be more successful than our colonisation of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, and as our rulers are wiser than they were a century ago, we have not yet lost those possessions. But Ireland and India are not colonies, and our position there has always been very different.

In both countries our Government has been carried on without sympathy for the children of the soil; and we have only been more successful in India than in Ireland because no political considerations have prevented our representatives in the East from maintaining our position as conquerors by unhesitating and well-timed severity. The English government of Ireland has usually been characterised by almost every fault which it is possible for a Government to possess, but its greatest fault is that it has been a sham. Had England from the first governed Ireland according to Irish ideas; allowed her trade to develop in its own way; had she not saddled the sister country with English institutions for which she was entirely unfit, and English laws which she did not understand, Ireland would have flourished in her own way. Had England from the first governed Ireland according to English ideas, protected the Ulster and Munster colonists, quartered troops all over the country, supported the executive,

eradicated Popery, promptly suppressed outrage, carried out the law, and governed the country autocratically from Whitehall, Ireland would long ago have been a peaceable and flourishing district of England. But England alternately pretended to adopt both of these courses, and never honestly carried out either. We all know the result.

But in India, up to the present time at least, the English Government has had the merit of pretending nothing. India was a conquered country, and was treated as such. The natives were allowed no power whatsoever. A few Englishmen were given unlimited power. It was a government of fear and not of love. But there was no pretence of love. The natives knew what to expect. They resigned themselves to the situation. If an individual gave any trouble, he was hanged. If a province shewed symptoms of disaffection, it was annexed.

In Ireland a rebel is called a patriot, and if after the commission of any heinous crime, under the protection of this title, a jury can be found to convict him, the utmost sympathy and solicitude are evinced for his comfort in prison, until political agitation releases him—to become not only a patriot but a martyr.

In India a rebel is called a rebel, and after a brief inquiry before an English officer, he is blown from the mouth of a gun, by which—according to the religious belief of his fellows—he is not only summarily removed from this world, but doomed to eternal perdition in the next. We have about five millions of people to rule in Ireland: we have between two and three hundred millions in India. Yet no one can say that India is not far more easily governed; and while night after night of session after session of Parliament are

devoted to the hearing and redress of Irish "grievances," the affairs of India can scarcely induce forty members to listen to a brief statement and a briefer debate, for two or three hours on one night a year. Of the more organised system adopted this Session of bringing Irish grievances, or, at all events, those who deal in such wares, not only nightly but almost hourly before the House, we have nothing at present to say, beyond that the disproportionate amount of time devoted by the House to Irish business and Irish obstruction of business is no doubt one of the causes of the still more disproportionate amount of time which Parliament is able to devote to the consideration of Indian affairs. Until honourable members know a little more about India, this is not, perhaps, so much to be regretted as those who are interested in the welfare of the country are in the habit of considering. Meanwhile, English public opinion, or rather the opinions and writings, mostly speculative, of certain more or less distinguished Englishmen, is beginning to make itself felt in India. The Government is now in a transition stage. We only hope that the system of administration which may be adopted for the future may be as good as, even if it be different from, that which has so long prevailed. But it seems as if we could not let well alone. India has become too near England. Railways and telegraphs have brought the country within range of the doctrinaires and speculative politicians whose influence is already seen and felt in Indian administration. Happily the speculative politicians have already got a good deal to do at home, and India, in spite of modern science, is still a very long way off. But the time may yet

come when India will be taken up as a political cry by one of the parties in England, and the administration of the country may be made the subject of party warfare. The benefits both to the natives and to the English in India will be much the same as those which accrued both to the Irish and to the English in Ireland during the eighteenth century!

Meanwhile, in many ways we are forgetting or abandoning our old traditions in the East. We are beginning to seek to govern India rather by Political Economy than by our experience and our knowledge of the country, and there has been a greater change in India in the twenty years which have elapsed since the Mutiny, than in the hundred years which separated that lamentable cataclysm from the battle of Plassey. Some of these changes we hope to indicate in the course of the present article. Many of them can only be seen or felt by those who lived in India before 1857, and are still living there or have but recently returned to England.

One of the greatest as well as one of the most palpable, and on the whole one of the most easily described of these, is the change in the system of NATIVE EDUCATION. There are many who think that undue prominence has been given to the subject of education of late years in England, and that it is of itself very far from being that panacea for all the vices and follies of humanity that its more ardent supporters contend. With these "old fashioned" people we sympathise, if we do not entirely agree. But in India the case is very much stronger. The new system of education is not merely an increase, a growth, a development of an existing system, as is the case in this country; it is a sudden, a violent, a radical change. Four

hundred years ago there was no general education in England. A hundred years later the system was not very different from what it is now. In 1877 we teach more boys, and we teach some of them more subjects than was done in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the general scope of education is much the same. In India, four hundred years ago, and probably fourteen hundred years ago, the system and scope of education was the same as it was five-and-twenty years ago, while the system which we are now forcing upon the nation is as different as the military tactics of Count von Moltke are from those of Hector or Agamemnon.

We are spending millions a year upon this new fancy, and at the same time preaching and practising retrenchment in every department of the Public Works, and abandoning or deferring the construction of railways and canals, of roads and bridges, which can alone enrich and civilise the country. India is a country of boundless resources, at present utterly wasted for want of development. For want of development, too, it is a very poor country, and its finances are no doubt in a critical, though not, we think, in an alarming condition. This being the state of things, the English rulers of the country say: Undertake no more public works, develope no longer the material resources of the country, but Educate the masses! The people ask for bread, and we give them—not a stone; that might serve them to grind their parched corn, or stop a gap in a broken wall—but an English primer! The subject of famines is too large to be discussed *en passant*. We hope to devote an article to it in due time; but, meanwhile, what is the principal cause of Bengal famines? It is not want of grain. It is want of roads. Drought, of course, produces

local scarcity, but local scarcity is not famine, and scarcity need not produce famine. Were Bengal as well supplied with the means of communication as England, the total failure of the harvest in Behar or Orissa would do no more than cause a slight rise in prices throughout the Presidency. Some people urge the construction of railways; others, with more reason, advocate an extensive system of canals, both for irrigation and transport. But Bengal has not even roads. The Permanent Settlement of the country which produced the present Zemindáree system, is no doubt answerable for this, but still much could be done even without a change in the system of tenure, which might be considered too Radical a proceeding, but which is one of the vexed questions of Indian politics which, like the Bengal famines, and Canal irrigations, we must reserve for future consideration. But roads are much too dull a subject for doctrinaires, and the influence of the British Government in India has been chiefly exerted in late years in Bengal in converting, by means of an incredibly expensive machinery, a certain number *per annum* of the sons of Bengalee labourers and handicraftsmen—the most patient, and law-abiding, and meek of mankind—into those superficial, dogmatic, conceited, insolent scoffers—the Bengalee Baboos.

The terrible shock given to English sympathy with the natives by the Mutiny, whose evil results upon the connection between European and Asiatic it is hard for anyone who has not witnessed it to realise; the improved means of communication between England and India; the new leave rules, under which Indian officials are always either in England or looking forward to going there, and con-

sider the interval between each trip home as so much wasted time; and finally, the different class of men of whom the Civil Service is composed under the competitive system,—all these are the causes of our government and administration of India being carried on of late years entirely according to English and not at all according to native ideas. Even those who might wish to do otherwise do not know what native ideas are. The rule of John Company was sufficiently stern, it was sufficiently English and uncompromising; it invariably regarded its own interests first and those of the natives as quite secondary; it was furthermore quite as strong, and much more respected than the present rule, and yet it was carried on as much as possible according to native ideas. The Company's servants spent their lives among the people they governed, mixed with them, knew them well both individually and collectively, respected their prejudices, and commanded their admiration as the admiration of Orientals is alone to be commanded, by a mild and just use of arbitrary power. Now-a-days, a young competition-wallah, imbued with the latest theories of legislation and political economy, and intent only on leading as completely English a life as he can until his first leave sees him once again "at home," knows nothing and cares nothing about the people whom he is permitted to govern. He is in the hands of his native clerks and head translators, who represent or misrepresent every feeling and every incident of native life to their own profit. These subordinate native officials, known in India by the general term of the *Omlah*, form perhaps the most completely corrupt class in the world. Yet knowing this, the modern policy of the English Government is to

exalt the members of the *Omlah*, and some of the precious products of University education into judges and magistrates, with a view of acquiring popularity and governing "according to native ideas." Aware of the want of sympathy between the English governor and the native governed which has sprung up, as we have explained, within the last quarter of a century, the modern rulers of India are creating or increasing a third class, which not only does not possess the confidence of either English or natives, but which oppresses the governed without a spark of loyalty to the governors. If anything can or could excite a general rising in India, it is the growth of power of this "educated native" class, which may one day drive the people into revolt by misgovernment and oppression, and whose members would themselves be the first to turn against the English rule as soon as it appeared possible to do so with any chance of success. Now with regard to the power possessed at present by the *Omlah*, even where there is an English judge and magistrate, let us consider for a moment the constitution and practice of an Indian court of justice, which may not be familiar to many of our readers. The pleadings are written in Hindustani, the court language, and on the given day plaintiff and defendant appear before the magistrate with their witnesses. The evidence is taken down in writing by the *Serishtadár*, or Clerk of the Court, into whose hands all deeds and documents connected with the case are placed by the parties to be filed. The decision of the Court of First Instance is very rarely accepted as final by Indian litigants, as the law allows two or three appeals; and after some further writing of a

formal appeal, and a good deal of time spent in buying court fee stamps, lodging the appeal, and getting a date fixed for the new hearing by another *Serishtadár*, the case is called on before the Appellate Court. The *Serishtadár* reads such papers, or extracts from papers on the file to the judge—very few English judges can read Hindustani writing, and none ever do so—the appeal is accepted or dismissed according to the impression created in the mind of the judge, and the parties, the one jubilant, the other complaining, are thrust out of court to make way for fresh suitors, and to plan a new appeal. The opportunities for injustice and extortion afforded by such a system as this need scarcely to be pointed out. The first writing and filing of the plaint, the writing and filing of the answer, the purchase and filing of the due amount of stamps and court fees, the fixing of a convenient date, and as English officials in some parts of India are in the habit of “marching” about their district and expect suitors to follow them, the fixing of an accessible *place* for the hearing, the summoning of the desired witnesses, the due examination of these witnesses when they attend, and the due recording of what they say when they are examined,—for all these things the favour of the *Omlah* must be purchased, both sides being equally compelled to contribute, unless one of the parties thinks it worth while to secure a favourable decision at a price which renders the liberality of the other superfluous, and virtually puts him “out of court.” But in the hearing of the appeal the power of the *Omlah* is even greater. As no new witnesses are examined, and the entire proceeding consists in the reading of the files of the case, which are theoretically

supposed to be gone through, but of which in practice only as much is read as is agreeable to the *Serishtadár*, the temptation is too strong for any man of this class to resist to read only such documents and parts of the evidence as tell in favour of the side whose success has brought him, or will bring him, substantial advantage. Documents of importance frequently disappear altogether from the files, and a case is thus “made safe” by one *Serishtadár* before it passes into the hands of a second, who might possibly take a less active interest in the result. It may be asked, Why do the suitors permit all this? The question is intelligible enough for an Englishman. In India it would be considered absurd. In the first place, it is the custom, and custom in India is stronger than law; it is the essence of religion, and it is the only thing that is even stronger than self-interest. In the second place, the suitor is afraid. The ordinary Indian is the timidiest of mankind, and he would fear, and rightly, the vengeance of the *Omlah*; he would fear, and rightly, that their authority with the court would not only shield it from blame but would probably turn upon him the indignation of the English judge, who, being usually an executive as well as a judicial officer, might, according to the native conception of a man in authority, remember their contumacy and punish them in some way on some future occasion.

In the case of a native judge, matters are of course very much worse, for while the English official is always ready to do justice when he can, and commands the respect of the suitors even when they know that he has been hoodwinked by the *Omlah*, the native judge has no other idea of his

office than that it gives him the power of favouring his friends, oppressing his enemies, and making money for himself. We are quite prepared to be told that we are making a "most sweeping assertion against a large body of valuable public servants," and much more in the same virtuously indignant strain. To English ideas, indeed, the accusation may seem unjust on the face of it. But any one who really knows India knows that it is not an accusation at all. It is merely what every native knows, and would tell any one whom he did not suspect of being a personage to whom it would be dangerous to speak the truth. It is in the air of native society. It is one of those things which loses force from being told, inasmuch as the merely mentioning it as it is in English does sound like an ungenerous accusation. To use language strong enough to convey any idea of the thing itself seems ever to the user an undue amount of blame for what is so thoroughly recognised and so little blamed in the country where it exists. To use weaker language leaves the ordinary hearer unconvinced of the existence of a state of things which he rightly judges would be subversive, not only of all law and order but of all society at home. And this leads us to speak of the capital difficulty in dealing with all Indian subjects, and that is the extraordinary and immense difference, not merely between Europe and Asia, but between the inhabitants of England and those whose civilisation is of all Oriental nations the most remarkable, and the most complex; and whose peculiarities Englishmen, on account of their own very different peculiarities, are of all the nations of the world the least capable of understanding.

Nothing is more gratifying to the proper pride of an Englishman than to see the immense respect that every native has for the probity and justice of English officials, especially in the discharge of their judicial functions. In a long and intimate experience of the country we only heard of two instances in which an English judge was reputed to be corrupt. In both instances there could be no reasonable doubt but that the report was well founded. This respect on the part of the natives is no fanciful feeling, nor is its existence learned from the incense daily offered by the natives at the official altar. We have learned it in the village and in the bazaar, in the house and on the road, from hundreds who had nothing to hope and nothing to fear from ourselves, and from many whose cue it was to find fault with everything that related to a foreign and inimical Government. Nor are practical proofs wanting. The Indian Procedure Codes permit the transfer of cases set down for hearing before one judge or magistrate to the court of another. A superior court, which has a species of supervising power, can do this either *mero motu*, for the convenience of business, or on application by either of the parties on good cause being shewn. Now, whenever the superior court shews any inclination to listen to the application of suitors that cases may be transferred from the courts of native judges to those of English officials, the higher court is flooded with petitions, and we know of an instance in which an English barrister who had "the ear of the court," was making a large income merely by moving the superior court thus to transfer cases. At length the tax upon his ingenuity to discover fresh grounds for repeated applications became

too great, the subordinate English officials remonstrated, and in spite of the high fees offered by suitors to the successful counsel to make fresh attempts he was compelled to discontinue a lucrative source of practice. If the Government choose to make native judges, said the higher court, we must not only give them something to do, but we must support their authority, and though, of course, we cannot expect them to do justice, we must look to set things right on appeal.

It is, then, out of the very conscientiousness of Englishmen that one of the great evils of our rule in modern times arises. We are aware that we do not know the country—that we do not understand the people; but instead of setting to work to know and understand them, we seek to associate with us in our Government those who do undoubtedly know and understand the country, but who are themselves too well known and understood by the people, and who do not possess their confidence. But we go further, and the evil is greater than this. With a view, according to our English ideas, of fitting certain natives for ruling over others and assisting us to administer the country, we think it expedient to educate them according to our English notions and so supply the place of Englishmen fitted to govern natives by acquaintance with native ideas, by natives supposed to be fitted to govern natives on behalf of Englishmen by being acquainted with English ideas. For many reasons this inversion of the natural order of things does not and never can succeed. If we merely took natives whose position or reputation fitted them to hold a high place in their own country, and educated them, even according to English notions, before investing them with authority, the evil would

not be so great. But we have not only imported English education into India. We have imported it with all its English incidents—incidents of which many are far from satisfactory even in England, and which are doubly and trebly absurd in India, where the English education itself is an exotic. No less an authority than Dr. Wiese, the Minister of Education in such an education-ridden country as Prussia, not only condemns, but ridicules the important part played by *examinations* in our English educational system. Yet examinations are becoming a part, not only of our educational, but even of our political system in India. The results are manifold, and they are almost all unsatisfactory. One of the most apparent is that book learning—which the mass of natives despise—has become the sole qualification for power and advancement; and birth, rank, wealth, position, family, bravery, loyalty, probity, and popularity, all qualifications much more important for a ruler of men in the East than in Europe, are as nothing. Worse than this the higher class of natives will not attend our schools. They will not allow their sons to be publicly associated with low caste boys. And thus, though they may be highly intelligent and even well educated in their own way, they have not the special knowledge required to pass the English examinations, and are thus disqualified for office or advancement under the English Government. And thus it comes to pass that the sons of petty shop-keepers and even of men of the lowest castes become judges and magistrates, inspectors or overseers, and the people whom they oppress, and who heartily despise them, wonder at the English system which can thus put the beggar on horseback, and leave the natural rulers of the

people to waste their time and their substance in enforced idleness, and to lead useless, and too often depraved lives. The condition of the higher class in India is peculiarly unfortunate, and modern legislation tends to aggravate the hardships of their position. Fortunately the class is not very large.

But the consequence of our new educational system is not merely to set the beggar on horseback, to oppress the people, and to disgust the aristocracy. It has the further effect of creating a distinctly disaffected class, composed of those who, having studied in our schools and colleges for some years, have not attained a sufficient degree of knowledge to pass the required examinations, and of those who have the required qualifications but who do not succeed in obtaining Government employment. Although we are very far from having any sympathy with this class, it must be admitted that their position is very unfortunate. They cannot dig, and although to beg they are *not* ashamed, they have learned to despise the state of life to which they were born, to despise their parents, their religion, their trade. Nor do they omit also heartily to despise the English Government, which has gone to the expense of educating them, and

which has unfitted them for any honest work. This class is of course increasing in numbers and clamour every day; and one of the consequences of this increase, is the inauguration of the new policy of putting natives into as many offices as possible which have hitherto been held by Englishmen, or at least by Europeans. To this there is clearly a limit.

We have so far endeavoured very briefly to shew the nature of the social revolution which has been at work in India since the Queen's Proclamation and the fall of the East India Company, and some of the results of the new forces that are at work in the country, notably that of the education and increased employment of the natives, and the introduction of the competitive system into the Civil Service. And in shewing the connection between these three innovations we have endeavoured, as far as possible in a few introductory words, to shew the true position of India in our own day.

In future articles we propose to enter more fully into details, and though drawing rather upon experience than statistics, to treat of many of the vexed questions of the day in India, which must very soon, even if they do not already, engage the attention of all thoughtful Englishmen.

ULICK RALPH BURKE.

ON DIFFERENT LEVELS.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"THIS room is almost perfect now. I cannot tell you how delighted I am with these statues, Mr. Seagrave; they so completely fulfil my idea."

"Yet I can see defects, your ladyship; defects of weakness more than of error. The Bacchus is a silly old toper, and the Hebe a feebly faultless young woman—all form and no soul."

"Ah, it becomes you to speak like this of your own work, Mr. Seagrave; be thankful that you cannot make others agree with you."

"The most beautiful effect in the room is the reflection of the garden in that mirror," said the sculptor, thoughtfully. "My Hebe would look far feebler than she does anywhere but by the side of those vivid greens."

"Ah, now! I see just what it wants—Oh, Mr. Seagrave, that would make it perfect!"

The artist looked up at the lady with an expression of half amused expectancy.

They were standing near the wide centre French window of the large dining-room in the Earl of Rivermere's new country house. The old Earl had lived in a massive but dingy edifice which stood upon one of the most beautiful sites in the county, and when his eldest son came into the property one of his first acts was to pull down the old house and begin a new build-

ing, designed to please himself and his lady, who had many pet notions of her own upon art and architecture.

The house was now built and the rooms mostly completed. Seagrave had come down to arrange the placing of his statues, which he had executed to please Lady Rivermere's classic taste.

He was a clever sculptor, something of a genius indeed, when he gave his thoughts room to breathe in and to materialise themselves. But he was never quite at his best with Lady Rivermere, though she was one of his most admiring patrons.

She forced him into critical moods. For instance, she stood now with clasped hands, in an attitude of childish delight at her own idea. And he could not help observing that, though the childish delight was in a measure there, yet its expression was helped out by the art acquired through the life of a woman of fashion.

"It is all lovely," she said, looking into the mirror. "That broad peep of the river comes, just as it should, to heighten the effect of the smooth green lawn. And the trees bend beautifully over the river, and that queer brown rock beneath them is charming—but, oh, Mr. Seagrave, don't you see what struck me—how the rock nearly makes a sort of figure—a satyr-like figure? It seems to me

that a few touches would turn it into a great man sitting there with a pipe in his hand, and lo! there is the great god Pan, come to sit by my river-side and gleam thence into my mirror and make me happy!"

Seagrave looked and smiled. He saw, now she shewed it, just the possibility of the form in the rock.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but
those unheard
Are sweeter,"

She went on, "Oh, how I shall dream the summer days away to the sound of that wonderful reed. You will do it for me?" she added, turning upon him.

"Gladly," said he; "it is a pretty fancy of yours, Lady Rivermere. But I fear it will be a heavier piece of work than you imagine, and I have but a brief few days that I may stay here."

"Then I must get some one to help you," she said, determinedly. "Could not a clever stone-cutter work at it, under your directions? Because I know just such a man—a mason who came down with the other workmen to build the house. He has brought his wife and settled here, and I hope he will stay, for he can just do little things for me that I sometimes want. See—he made that stone basin out there for my pigeons."

They stepped out of the window, looked at the basin, and the pigeons that fluttered round it, and then went to inspect the embryo god. Lord Rivermere joined them here, and after awhile the stone-mason, whom Lady Rivermere had sent a servant to search for.

Seagrave cast his eyes over him, and saw that he had that difficult person, a clever workman, to deal with. However, he approached him in friendly fashion, and talked

him into the idea, so ingeniously that Lady Rivermere listened with much amusement. By-and-bye lunch interrupted the group.

"I quite admired your way of talking to that man," said the lady, as they walked across the lawn to the house. "You seemed to make him a sharer in your idea at once, instead of a workman under you."

"Well, Lady Rivermere, I have had some experience with these men; and I feel that we have but a short time in which to carry out your wish. I know what an artisan is who fancies himself, as this fellow evidently does: he thinks that basin he made for you is a work of art. If I had talked like a superior the work would have taken double the time, or the rock might have been spoiled."

Lady Rivermere laughed her low, subdued laugh at the artist's sagacity.

In the afternoon there were callers; and Lady Rivermere, dressed in a costume, not only fashionable, but also perfectly artistic, and harmonious in colouring, received them in her small drawing-room. The drawing-room, like the dress, was not only beautiful in itself, but bore a special relation to its owner. Every colour used in its delicate furnishing had a subtle connection with the tints in Lady Rivermere's complexion. At least, so thought Seagrave, looking in upon the scene, as he passed out again into the garden. Perhaps he was too critical. He strolled over the grass, and down to the brown river-side rock, where he found Dennis, the mason, hard at work.

This was the sort of thing which Seagrave enjoyed, as a healthy change from delicate studio-work. In a few moments he was chiselling away as busily as Dennis, his half-smoked cigar thrown aside.

Dennis had begun by looking somewhat askance at the sculptor; he had only been half won over by the other's politic mode of approaching him. He had a feeling that this "gentleman" was rather making believe to be on equal terms with him. As he stood in his workman's apron and cap, and looking up from his employment, saw Seagrave lounging over the lawn, a half-amused smile on his face (brought thither by Lady Rivermere's drawing-room), and a cigar in his mouth, he had muttered to himself, "A dandy fellow like that know his business better than me?" and then pretended to be desperately absorbed in his work. But, when an hour had gone rapidly by, and Seagrave was still working at his side, with quick, resolute movements, and a concentrated expression, not only in his face, but his whole figure, Dennis, stealing looks at him now and then, began to feel that he really was in the presence of a superior worker—a man using his head as well as his hands.

Presently, Seagrave, who had been standing on some steps to reach the face, came down and retired to a little distance, to see what effect they had produced.

"'Tis coming!" he exclaimed, "the god emerges. 'Tis a stale enough saying that the statue lives in the marble, and the sculptor has but to find it; but there's no doubt that old Pan has sat here by the river, half clouded by the rock, waiting for Lady Rivermere's quick eye to see him, and for us to unveil him. Nature did what she could for him, and left the rest to Art."

"What is art, Mr. Seagrave?" said Dennis, stopping also from his work and looking round. "And what is the use of art, sir?"

"Art makes life beautiful," said Seagrave, sententiously; and then,

glancing at Dennis's listening face, felt ashamed of a shallow definition and added, "And interprets nature."

"Art is religion, too," he went on, returning to his work, up the steps, while Dennis worked down below. "It is the exponent of the good and true, as well as the beautiful, and we artists are its high priests. And it is a grand religion, one which not only glorifies the high places of the world, but creeps into domestic life and weaves its magic about the humblest things. There is art carried into the details of every room in that house yonder, and thus the artist continually impresses his thought upon the dwellers in those rooms, and necessarily affects their atmosphere. 'Tis a wonderful thing to pass an hour in the Vatican or the Louvre. I hope the people who dine under the shadow of my Hebe may gain something even by that."

As he spoke he slung himself on to a shoulder of the great rough figure, from which eminence he looked laughingly down at Dennis.

"But, sir," said Dennis, casting his eyes up to Seagrave's face, "art is so removed from us plain people. Is it a religion for the rich and great only, and are the poor to have another religion?"

"Why, Dennis, what nonsense," said the sculptor, tossing back his hair, and looking, as he stood upon the statue, chisel in hand, like an inspired teacher on art; "go into the National Gallery next time you are in London, and watch the people. On some days, I allow, there are a good many well-dressed loungers, and it would be a disgrace if there were not, considering what treasures of art make that gallery beautiful; but generally you will see a steady succession of the poorest and most uncultivated, to all appearance, of our commoner work--

men. They are learning rapidly to appreciate their national possessions, and it is hard to shut them out from the enjoyment of private ones. Can Lord Rivermere keep the architectural beauty of that noble building to himself? Not so," he went on rather absently—"it is ours as much as Westminster Abbey, and Lord Rivermere does but keep it warm for us. If the house had no life within its walls it would be but a dreary object until nature had made a grand ruin of it. And in every phase its abstract beauty is the portion of all men. And it is from the pure abstract that we gain in art. It is the most unreal part of that building, which is everything. We can obtain no more from it by touching it, by residing within it; we must stand away from it and view it merely as a phenomenon, to appreciate its artistic value. It is unreality which glorifies our lives. These trees—they are real if we cut them down and sell them, or turn them to account as umbrellas or parasols. They are wholly unreal when we draw back from them to regard them as shows of nature, through an artistic sense, yet then do we gain the most from them. We have placed them in the ideal. . . . It is its innate unreality which makes sculpture the most glorious of arts. I revel in colour, but I regard it as a sensual delight beside that which is given by the reposeful beauty of pure form. Colour is coarse—motion is vulgar—beside the chaste loveliness of the colourless shape, which stands silently, unobtrusively before us, in a single attitude of ideal perfection. . . . which appeals to our most remote and dignified perceptions."

Seagrave had got quite excited, and discovered in the pause which followed his speech, that standing on an elevation in the mid-day

sun, and indulging in enthusiastic oratory, even before so select an audience, was by no means cool work. So he came down from his proud position, and stepping under the shade of the trees threw himself down upon the grass to rest.

"But, sir, what are we to learn from 'these shapes of beauty?'" asked Dennis, presently, in a doubtful, half-abashed manner, somewhat contrasting with his usual self-sufficiency.

"Words can never convey the meaning of sculpture, because sculpture itself is its own expression. But no man who familiarises himself with any great work of art but will feel himself raised above the vulgarities of the world about him, and will find that a subtle influence is tending to make his own living more elevated, and of a better, more refined sort."

Much more of this kind of talk passed between them, for the day was hot, and when Seagrave rested from his labours, and lay upon the pleasant grass, looking up into the lovely, gleaming depths of the foliage above him, he generally wandered off into some sort of dissertation, regardless of the chaotic effect he might be producing in the semi-educated mind of his hearer.

Later on in the afternoon Lady Rivermere and some of her friends came out into the garden. The scene by the river tempted them thither. The sun was low, and the rays slanted between the trees. They fell upon the two men, who looked strangely picturesque, working so busily upon the great brown rock that seemed almost to rise out of the dancing blue river water. Seagrave was a true Saxon, impulsive, enthusiastic, with vivid colouring and bright brown hair, which the sun turned to gold as he leaped down to meet the ladies, most of whom he knew.

"Good day, Dennis," said he, putting on his hat, "I think I've struck work for to-day. We can finish the thing easily now."

Joining the group, he talked with them for a few moments about the rock and the forthcoming statue; and then walked away in their midst. He was rather a favourite of Lady Rivermere's, and she liked to have him to talk art to.

Dennis looked after them, and then stooped to gather up his tools.

He was a dark man, with close-cut curly hair and beard, intelligent eyes, and a habit of frowning; a slight, though strong figure, which he carried with that upright, independent manner peculiar to the modern well-to-do artisan.

He slung his bag of tools over his shoulder, and then, with a parting glance at the group of ladies and gentlemen in the distance, set off with a quick stride along the banks of the river. He crossed it by a little bridge lower down, and following a field path, was soon out of the park. His way lay across a stretch of glorious rich meadow land which belonged to Lord Rivermere's home farm.

Dennis was hardly in the mood to appreciate the beauties which lay around him as he walked. His mind had been stirred by Seagrave's talk, though perhaps only stirred superficially. Yet it was somewhat shaken, and consequently restless. He was naturally of a dissatisfied and ambitious nature. As yet an imperfect education had left him, in a great measure, blind; he had worked on, inflating himself with the idea that in his own line he was pre-eminent. This idea he had caught from his class; and found it a pleasant one to hug. And it was right enough, too; for Dennis was a clever and valuable workman.

But to-day's familiar intercourse with an artist and a gentleman had left its mark upon him. His atmosphere was changed in colour. He had had a glimpse into a different world of thought and feeling—a world which his mind was just sufficiently artistic and gentle to be sensitive to and conscious of. He had never been one of the true old-fashioned workmen, whose hard hands of toil were their greatest pride, and who rested content in the routine of manual labour. He had early learned to read, and as he grew up had read in a desultory fashion, guided merely by his own fancies. Through this reading he had drifted into scepticism, into hot-headed Radicalism, and many minor evils of thought. But of late years, since his marriage, he had grown calmer; for his wife—a vigorous, bright-souled, quick-witted, true-hearted woman—had, by her rapid, intuitive mode of thought, startled him out of some of his most cherished fallacies.

To-night he went towards his cottage with a slower step than usual. As a rule, the great shows of nature are entirely unseen by her simple children who live right in her bosom. The woodchopper, though he may know every creature that haunts the woods and all their quaint ways, will never notice their colours or the beauty of their movements. There are exceptions, of course; there are beings who come into the world with their eyes open, and who do not require years of complicated education before they begin to see; but such are not common. Dennis—who had now and then dipped into a volume of Tennyson—did sometimes cast his eyes about as he walked home through this pastoral English scenery, and reflect that his lines lay in pleasant places. But now he walked on, his eyes upon the

ground; even the fervent glow of a burning sunset, which flamed across the sky, did not tempt him to raise them. *That* was common to him, for all men might have it; the eyes of his mind had been dazzled by partial glimpses of a beautiful something—was it art, or luxury, or education, he knew not—which belonged only to the few.

“And what ails thee, George, my man?” suddenly said a quick, rich voice close beside him. He looked up, with a smile breaking through the cloudiness of his mood; for that voice was always a brightness to him.

He was close to his cottage gate, and there, leaning upon the garden fence, was his wife.

“Nothing, lass,” said he.

“You don’t walk so slow to your tea most times,” she answered, “so I fancied there might be something amiss,” and with a light step she walked on, and reaching the garden gate first, opened it for him.

A vague sense of discontent oppressed him again as his eye rested upon her form: perhaps, like the sunset, it was too beautiful for him. For at that moment, with the slanting sun rays falling upon her, Martha Dennis looked like a piece of absolute nature herself. Her skin was radiant from health of body; her eyes glowed with health of mind and temper; her form was lithe with vigour, yet upright as a birch tree. Dennis, whose eyes had never been really opened to the beautiful, had yet, like her other admirers, always regarded Martha as a “fine grown lass,” and pleasant to look upon; but to-night something in that blue kerchief over her shoulders, which looked as if Mother Nature had flung it there herself, to heighten the effect of the bright brown mass of hair which crowned Martha’s head (just as she teaches

the green creepers to fling themselves upon the red and yellow sands and stones)—something in the blue kerchief and the spotless print dress annoyed him. That dainty group of ladies whom Seagrave had joined on Lord Rivermere’s lawn, was daguerreotyped in his brain, and not yet thrust aside to keep among its other furniture: he was still unconsciously considering the picture. And now as he looked at Martha’s figure, he made out of it another and a different picture, and placed the two side by side.

He walked up the little path, (which was bordered by a few sweet flowers, beyond which cabbages and scarlet runners had the plot of ground to themselves), and threw his tools into a little shed. After which he washed the work stains from his hands and face, before he repaired to Martha’s tea table. It was simple enough; a white coarse-fabricked cloth half covered a table whiter even than the cloth, but made of deal. Tea out of a homely teapot; bread and butter upon willow pattern plates, and a rich-hearted lettuce fresh cut from the garden.

Dennis much misdoubted whether art could be nourished in a mind which dwelled amid these surroundings; but soon healthy hunger came to the rescue, and the dreaminess into which he had been plunged yielded before Martha’s bright talk and some of her rich carollings, for Martha possessed a lovely untutored voice. While he smoked a contemplative pipe, and she cleared away all traces of their meal, her low, melodious notes made the cottage gay. When she had done she came out where he sat by the door and stood beside him.

“’Tis getting dark,” she said. “I shall be in bed soon, for I want to be up bright and early to-

morrow that I may do a day's washing."

"But why, Martha," said Dennis, a little peevishly, "why, I wonder, should you do so? I get good wage, and there's no need for you to work, like a poor body."

"Nay, George," she said, gently, yet in a tone of surprise, "I could never be idle."

"No, not idle," said he, somewhat perplexed, "but I don't like that you should work like a poor body with no man to keep her."

Martha laughed softly.

"'Tis but a pleasure to do all I have to do," she said, "and then I know I'm no burden to you. We are working folk, and should earn our bread. 'Twouldn't be right that I should sit and fancy myself a lady, would it now?" and laughing again, Martha turned into the cottage, and he heard her singing low to herself as she moved from room to room of the little dwelling.

In the morning, when he slung his bag of tools over his shoulder again, and issued from the door of the little shed where he kept them, into the glad morning air, Martha stepped out from the cottage door. She had cleared away their breakfast things and tidied the house, and now, her sleeves rolled up above her elbows and a great apron tied over her dress, she came out, carrying a pail of water, which she emptied into a wash-tub that stood on a bench by the door.

She paused, pail in hand, to wish him "God speed," and Dennis went quickly along the meadow, with a half-formed grudge in his mind against Martha for her homeliness.

Martha, meantime, filled her tub with water and prepared her work, and then merrily scrubbed and rubbed, with her arms all plunged in the soapsuds. And while she worked she sang, hardly knowing

that she sang. Martha's music welled up from her heart, like bird-melody. She sang because she was glad. And in that most radiant morning sunshine, the task which to Dennis had seemed vulgar was to her a true and delightful labour. Not that she thought about it in this way—Martha was a creature whose wit was intuitive, not intellectual. She was conscious, unthinkingly, that the sunshine thrilled her healthy frame, and filled it with a glow of delight, and she knew it was right for a strong body to be busy. And so she sang from sheer content, and her song was an unconscious hymn of praise, like the song of the full-throated thrush. Presently she broke off her employment and her music together, and wiping the suds from her arms, turned to fetch something she needed from the cottage. In doing so she noticed a gentleman, who, standing in the road, was regarding her intently. His gaze was so full upon her that he seemed to feel some explanation necessary, and stepping nearer, he asked whether the field-path led to Rivermere.

"It goes straight there, sir," she answered, shading her eyes from the sun with her hand as she spoke to him. "You must cross the river and then turn to the right."

Seagrave—for it was he—did not listen, because he knew the way well enough, but he looked at her searchingly.

"May I have one of these roses?" he asked, approaching a rose bush which hung its blossoms generously over the fence.

"Certainly," said she; "they do look beautiful this fine morning. But these are finer roses." And plucking a deep-hearted cream-coloured flower from a bush that stood by the path, she stepped to the fence and handed it to him.

As he took it and thanked her, he looked into the depths of her clear eyes. He did not attempt to hide the admiration he felt for her, and he knew it was in his face. But Martha neither blushed nor lowered her gray eyes. With a simple unconsciousness which seemed to Seagrave to make this woman, working like a peasant, as dignified and unapproachable as a queen, she said "Good morning," and moved up the garden path into the house.

As he turned away her carolling voice again fell upon his ear, and he looked down at the roses in his hand.

"What a vigorous and healthy form!" he said to himself; "what strength and beauty in every attitude! Could I but put her into marble, wash-tub and all!"

He was returning from an early ramble among the woods, and not yet having breakfasted, he only paused to look at Dennis, who was hard at work on the rock; and then went on his way to the house. But by and bye he came out again, accompanied by Lady Rivermere and another lady. This was a fresh visitor at the house: a beautiful heiress, who, being well accustomed to general admiration, flung her haughty eyes upon Seagrave, as he was the only man present. It was an odd coincidence that as this young lady, in her delicate embroidered morning dress, a broad white sunshade held in one slim gloved hand, came with dainty steps over the grass, both men fell to criticising her. Seagrave, whose mind had been strengthened and refreshed by Martha's wholesome beauty, as by a sea breeze or a breath of mountain air, fell foul of the heiress's abnormally slight waist, of her ungraceful walk, which told of high heels, and of her well managed eyes.

But Dennis, pausing a moment in his work to look at the approaching group and doff his cap to Lady Rivermere, said to himself, "Ay, poor Martha's right; she never could make herself look like a lady, howsoever I tried to keep her like one."

Lady Rivermere delightedly examined the rapidly forming figure, and then (the heiress evidently regarding the great god Pan as a man not sufficiently modern or flirtable with to be interesting) the ladies strolled away again, while Seagrave set to work.

He was not so dissertative to-day, for his thoughts were stirring. His mind was filled to over-flowing with a stately, yet superbly simple figure; he saw himself the author of a great work, if but he could find his way to the doing of it. Now and then he looked down at a cream-coloured rose which he wore in his coat, as if for inspiration. Dennis noticed this.

"You have a beautiful rose there, Mr. Seagrave," he remarked.

"Yes," said Seagrave, abstractedly.

"'Tis not from his lordship's rosary, I'm thinking," went on Dennis, "for Mr. McMonagh doesn't care for it, and he is the most stuck-up Scotchman I ever saw, though certain he's a good gardener. I've got a fine plant of it in my garden."

Dennis's gossip failed to draw Seagrave out; and it was not till after lunch that he grew talkative. Lord Rivermere's light wines must have rendered his mind more fluid and discursive.

"You say that no art-teaching can permeate the masses and refine them!" he exclaimed, in answer to a somewhat desponding remark of Dennis's. "Is there not refinement and the lack of it in all classes? I have seen refinement of

expression on the face of a work-woman as great as in the most delicate lady. I have seen grace and simple dignity and exquisite artistic beauty in pose, attitude, and manner, in a simple country woman at a cottage door."

Seagrave was speaking from the memory of Martha's grace. Dennis sighed as he spoke, for his thoughts wandered also to Martha, but only disparagingly. Those who have not artistic appreciation become blind to any beautifulness which is familiar to them: it takes either a true artist, or a man of high culture to daily admire a daily presence. The undeveloped senses require a shock, a surprise, to stimulate them to admiration. Dennis, looking upon his life with discontented eye, saw in Martha's wholesome gaiety only a vulgar vivacity; he reflected that the lady whom he had seen this morning was languid in all her movements, and indifferent in all she said; he presumed that to be the artistic repose which Seagrave worshipped.

He loitered on his way home this evening, and was even later than he had been the day before. As he approached a gate between two of the broad fields, he heard voices in gay chatter, and then Martha's rich laugh fell upon his ear. He paused a moment, and recognising the voices, knew she was with a poor neighbour of theirs, who having a delicate baby, would, when she had time in the afternoons, carry it to play among the daisies and buttercups. Martha would often amuse the child a while, and gossip with the mother: and doubtless the gossip was frivolous enough, for the mother was but a poor toiling woman, with no room for finer sentiments than honesty and industry. And the laughing and talking—certainly different from the laughing and talking which he heard when

Lady Rivermere and her friends were by—and the sight of Martha romping with the pallid and perhaps not over clean infant, disgusted his new æsthetic soul.

He went quietly through the gate, and Martha, seeing him, put the child back at its mother's side and joined him—her cheeks flushed, her eyes aglow, her bosom heaving with the beautiful movements of healthy respiration. But Dennis greeted her coldly, for that colouring which made Martha's beauty akin to the beauty of a flower or a sunset, was—to him, now—coarse.

Martha, finding him silent, became silent herself, and walked quietly home by his side. He had always been a man of moods, and she had learned that moods are best unnoticed, unless you are sure you have the right medicine to administer. So the evening passed as usual—only more silently—and Dennis went early to his work in the morning.

On the two preceding days he had left work about twelve o'clock, according to his custom, and gone home to dinner, as the cottage was so near. But to-day he felt indisposed to leave the company he was in to go back to the simple home and unaristocratic meal. He felt out of tune for it; he found his mood to be exalted so far that Martha's simple talk would but jar upon him. Seagrave's rhapsodies had filled his easily influenced nature with a sentimental yearning for a form of life less prosaic and vulgar than that of the plain workman. Not that he rebelled against his work; the sculptor's geniality had given him a pleasant feeling that after all they were brothers in art; and he resolved to obtain books upon the subject, and to try to originate compositions for himself. But he was no genius; he did not burn with love for the sculptor's

mistress, Art. What "raising himself" really meant to him, if unconsciously, was an elevation in the social scale. He saw no reason why he was not as good as any other man; he felt that if he earned more money it was all that was needed to enable him to cast aside his workman's cap and apron, and for Martha to go in silk attire, and make the best of herself—if but she would.

Seagrave had rhapsodised his fill this morning; he had dreamed all night of the statue which Martha's form had suggested to his mind, and to-day he was convinced that, could he but obtain (perhaps, with Lady Rivermere to help him, he could) this inspiring woman as his model, he would produce a great work. Consequently he was on a tremendous mental eminence, and talked as though he were Michael Angelo at least. He rather enjoyed talking to Dennis—whose presence he forgot half the time—because, though the artisan's questions were often difficult to deal with, yet he was always ready to admire the sculptor's eloquence.

Some time before the luncheon hour Seagrave flung himself down on the shady grass to rest and reflect. For some indefinable reason he felt a little afraid of Martha. She was no common person to whom money could easily be offered. How could he approach her and obtain her as his model? If Lady Rivermere would help him, perhaps the thing might be done; and so he considered how to suggest it to the lady at lunch, and inflame her artistic fancy so that she would become his ally.

His thoughts were wandering off into the more imaginative part of his project, when a few faint liquid notes of melody fell on his ears.

Faint though they were, he knew the voice; and cautiously

raising himself upon his elbow, he looked between the tree-trunks in the direction whence came the sound. He could see the gleaming river, and the path beside it, and presently he saw, coming with her active step, Martha, a basket on her arm. He did not move: he forgot to; for his most developed sense was instantly occupied. Intently he watched her every movement, with absorbed and concentrated attention; had he not been so intent he would probably have seen how, when Martha turned from the path and approached the rock, Dennis, seeing her, flushed darkly.

"I guessed you must be too busy to come home, George, and thinking you'd be famished by now, I've brought you your dinner."

Dennis felt nearer to hard words than ever before in his connections with her—to be so humiliated!—to have so common and vulgar a phase of his life brought right under the eyes of this æsthetic gentleman—and by Martha, too! Dennis never despised her as at this moment, but knowing that the said gentleman was within earshot, he suppressed his temper, and merely said—

"I wasn't hungry; you may set it down, lass."

Martha placed the basket beside him and withdrew to look up at his work.

"'Tis fine, indeed," she said, after a pause; "but I'm not sure I like to see the brown old rock changed. There was always a sort of man in it, and it used to make me think of fairy tales to see him looking out of the rock. It seems more common-like now you've made a whole man of him."

"God bless me," exclaimed Seagrave, mentally; "that's where my disappointment lay. I never wholly took to Lady Rivermere's pretty

fancy, and yet I knew not why, nor why I did not care for the work we have done, good though it is. I see now that Nature had given us a grand piece of her rough suggestive ideal, and we have been bringing it nearer the real."

"I don't think you know much about such matters. Martha," said Dennis, constrainedly, and working away as if for his life. He sorely wanted her to go, and not make any more blunders.

Martha instinctively felt he did not want her, and so—though she did not know of Seagrave's presence—she said nothing further, but turning away went on her homeward path.

Seagrave—who had been leaning on his elbow—lay back, and drew a deep breath. "Can she be his wife?" he said to himself. "I suppose she must be—but how can he be discontented, as he evidently is, with such a rich and wholesome piece of womanhood to refresh him?"—never dreaming how he had mistakenly fostered these seeds of discontent, by his unknowing development of the man's struggling and ill-anchored mind.

Dennis went on busily with his chiselling, partly to hide, and partly to work off, his mortification and disgust. And Seagrave, when he got up to go into the house, seeing him so deeply occupied, went silently away. For Dennis wore a new glory in Seagrave's eyes. He felt towards him much as he remembered feeling towards a certain man who bored him much by invitations to dinner; but one day he raised his eyes from his plate to the opposite wall, and saw there a new picture—a genuine Correggio—and from that hour he felt shy and respectful towards his dull friend, who appeared to him en-haloed by the beauty of his possession.

He did not come out again after luncheon. Lady Rivermere saw her fancy approaching completion so rapidly that she felt herself justified in claiming Seagrave's society awhile. So Dennis worked on alone, and went gloomily home across the fields again, when his day's work was done.

He had sat down to the tea table, and Martha, a steaming, hissing kettle in her hand, was just in the act of making the tea, when a form in the doorway suddenly cast a shadow across the kitchen, into which the front door opened, as is the fashion in such cottages; and the window being small, it stood wide to admit the air and light.

Dennis turned, and saw Seagrave, standing on the threshold, looking very humble and apologetic.

"I am so sorry to intrude," he said. "I—I will call again, if I may—I was passing, and thought I would like to see the vase you said you were making, Dennis."

Dennis was too taken aback by the situation to reflect that this interest in the vase was very suddenly augmented, or that, to the best of his knowledge, Seagrave did not know where he lived.

"This is Mr. Seagrave," he said to Martha, in such a tone of helplessness that she looked up, wondering whether there could be anything about this Mr. Seagrave which was alarming; and, looking, recognised the gentleman of the rose-incident. She wondered then what could ail Dennis, for the sculptor seemed to her a pleasant and unassuming gentleman.

"I will be proud to shew you my work, sir," said Dennis; "'tis out in my workshed, if you would not mind stepping in there?"

"Nay, do not let me disturb you!" cried Seagrave, to whom the homely tea table, the simple

cottage kitchen, with its bright, fresh washed brick floor, its pale blue walls, and the white scrubbed dresser, all hung with cups and jugs, making itself into a sort of "Dutch interior" background for Martha's glowing comeliness, formed a most fascinating picture. It may have been evident to Martha's perceptions that he considered himself by no means above entering her kitchen, or else she spoke out of that homely hospitality which often helps to unite classes, without breaking down any distinctions between them—at all events she just then gave Seagrave the chance he wanted. "Perhaps Mr. Seagrave would take a cup of tea," she said, without seeming at all abashed at the primitive fashion in which she must needs play hostess.

"I should like it so much," said Seagrave, simply, coming forward from the threshold where he had all this while remained standing. Tea always disagreed with him, but he would have accepted an invitation to a bowl of water gruel at Martha's hands just then.

Dennis was thunderstruck; but he succeeded in placing a chair for their guest, while Martha took another cup and saucer from the dresser. In a moment Seagrave was as happy as a king. He began to talk, for he saw that Dennis was ill at ease, but Martha waited on him so naturally and quietly that he felt at home at once.

"Why, this is home-made bread," he exclaimed. "I have not seen a home-made loaf since the day when I used to go, as a little boy, to visit my grandmother. I thought such bread as hers would never be seen again, but this is quite as good."

"Folks don't learn to make it nowadays, sir," said Martha,

smiling. "I was a farmer's daughter, and my mother was an old-fashioned housekeeper, so I can make bread, and home-made wine, and different things, as well as butter and cheese."

"I think the people would be stronger and finer if they had more wholesome home produce," said Seagrave, reflectively.

"Ah, sir," said Martha, quickly, "that's what I'm always saying to them. Why, the poor, white, dusty baker's bread is no nourishment. But I'm thinking 'tis rather from the ladies that it comes, sir; ladies did use to work themselves and teach their maids to work, but now the poor women have but little teaching. The ladies don't like to soil their hands, and are glad for the baker to do the baking, and so the maids never learn the way."

"True enough," said Seagrave. "But the ladies have got schools of cookery now, I hear, and are beginning to learn again."

"I'm glad of that," said Martha, with bright, earnest face. "I've often thought I'd like to teach poor women to do many of these things, and if the ladies learn, the poor will in time, I hope."

Seagrave looked at her, thinking that she might teach many things besides cookery. The simplicity of her manner, which was so modestly unassuming, yet so dignified, momentarily added to his respect for her—yet it made him wholly at ease in her presence.

Meantime Dennis sat silent, and in wonder. He drank tea, and ate the lauded home-made bread and butter, somewhat stolidly to outward seeming; but within, his mind was chaotic. He simply was puzzled by Seagrave, who, professedly dwelling in refinement, in the ideal, in abstract beauty, could thus sit down and share so vulgar and ill-set a meal, holding

the while a conversation with Martha, who was regarded by Dennis as below his own intellectual level—and apparently enjoy it all!

The repast did not take long, and when it was done, the sculptor followed Dennis to the shed where stood the avowed object of interest. Martha, meanwhile, went on undisturbed with her duties, and singing in a low voice to herself, proceeded to “wash up.” This seemed a bright and pleasant employment in Martha’s hands, for everything was cleanly and deftly done. All Martha’s appliances were clean and sweet to the housewifely critic, and (with her in the midst of them) pleasant to the artistic eye. Seagrave soon came out of the shed again, and lingered near the cottage door, talking to Dennis, but Martha, being still busy, did not come out to them, and Dennis did not ask him in again. So at last he had to go away.

In the evening he took the opportunity of a vacant seat by Lady Rivermere, and told her all about his idea. She watched him as he spoke with covert, keen glances, probing his countenance with those quick-seeing eyes of hers.

When he began she said to herself: “Now this tiresome man has seen Martha and fallen in love with her. He can’t quite know he has yet, or he would not come to me like this about it; but he has fallen in love with Martha Dennis, and now what a trouble he will be—and I expect it will end in my losing her useful husband. . . . I can’t spare him or Seagrave either. . . . I must stop it.” But when Seagrave had talked a little further into his subject she altered her mind. “I do believe,” thought she, “that my dear Seagrave is a real artist after all. He is in love with his

imagined statue, not with Martha. How delightful! I knew he was in love with something. Well, I am glad it is not Martha.” And ere he had finished she had resolved to help him.

“I know Martha Dennis,” said she when he had done, “and I do not wonder at your admiration for her. You are right: she is a type of the people that we are fed by, and get our national strength from. But you will find no difficulty in obtaining her as model. She is far too simple a soul to hesitate about such a thing; a vulgar woman, a genteel woman, a woman of the middle class, thinking herself a lady, would make a fatal blunder, and hesitate about consenting; but Martha has the innocence which makes her judgment as correct as that of the lady by birth. Both would think your proposal a true honour. Take my advice—ask her husband straight out; if he is doubtful, tell him to ask her; if you fail, I will come to the rescue.”

Acting on this, Seagrave, in the midst of the next morning’s work and talk, turned suddenly upon Dennis, and asked him, “Did he think his wife would allow him to model a statue from her, and would he let her?”

“I would not overtax her,” Seagrave went hurriedly on, seeing a confused and doubtful expression upon Dennis’s face. “I would not ask her to give me much time or long together, and I want her in her usual dress—no affectation of drapery, which would give her trouble. Don’t refuse me, Dennis. I will make a statue which shall breathe the very spirit that makes the English people what it is—such strength, and beauty, and dignity as it has, arises from such noble men and women as this. She has inspired me with a thought that must out—if she will but let it

be expressed by the dignity of her form and the pure, simple beauty of her face, I can do it—I can make my statue live and speak!”

Seagrave had grown excited, as was his way, and had almost forgotten Dennis. But now pausing, he looked at him, and saw no sign of answer—the man’s face wore an expression that he did not understand, but he saw no promise in it.

“Well,” he said, a little fiercely, “you can’t take memory away from me—I had rather not have to trust to memory in a great work like this—but I’ll do it, all the same—an artist has a right to his eyes; and you can no more keep all Martha Dennis’s sweetness and beauty to yourself than the Earl of Rivermere can hide the stately proportions of this castle of his.”

And throwing down his tools upon the grass, Seagrave walked away, among the trees.

Dennis stood, leaning against the brown rock, in the same attitude as when Seagrave first spoke. He was lost for the moment—utterly fogged, like a man groping in darkness. Slowly he mentally repeated Seagrave’s quickly spoken words, and endeavoured to grasp the meaning of each. It was difficult, for it was like turning himself round, so as to take in a totally different view of things from any which he had before entertained.

Having learned himself to regard Martha as below his own level—not only of intelligence, but of refinement and delicacy—and having thus become in a certain degree indifferent to her, he was at first altogether unable to take in the thought that Seagrave enthusiastically admired her. Indeed he was totally unable to grasp it, in the sense in which Seagrave meant it. As he thought of the artist’s last words—which Seagrave would never have uttered had

he given himself time to think that there might be any other reading of them than his own—a light broke upon his mind. His dark, uneasy, suspicious nature aroused itself and stirred, as some sleeping beast might, when disturbed, have moved, growling and lowering, from its quiet and secret lair. His brain, quick but not subtle, flashed its light through the words of Seagrave’s speech, and constructed from them a nameless horror—a new degradation—a new humiliation.

This fine gentleman—this dandy fellow, whom he hated when he first set eyes on him—this man, who talked like a friend—who spoke of the ideal and the pure!—this man treated him now as a poor devil who had no power even to keep his wife to himself. This artist, who admired only the most refined and delicate beautiffulness!—how could he see aught in poor Martha but a coarse beauty and a cheap gaiety, which, belonging to the lower order, might serve as a passing excitement, an amusing change, to the refined gentleman who spent his life in contemplation of, and commune with, all conceivable forms of delicacy and nobility?

To Dennis, in this state, Seagrave’s proposal appeared a mere mockery—a mere taunt—thrown in for the amusement of shewing him the inferiority of his position. As he realised this, with an intolerable vividness of imagination which placed before him a hideous picture of Seagrave’s present thoughts, he could control himself no longer, but with clenched fists, and veins starting on his forehead, strode down among the trees to where Seagrave stood: and with all the intensity with which a half-developed, half-seeing, undiffused nature expends itself, when roused by rage, flung a few violent words

at him. The sculptor had fallen into a reverie, and was so far bewildered by Dennis's sudden attack that he was as unable to grasp the meaning of the words addressed to him as Dennis had been a while ago. He gazed at the man in silent astonishment; and Dennis, regarding this as the silence of shame, poured a torrent of scorching indignation upon him. So bitter was he that when he ceased speaking he staggered back, exhausted: and feeling that he had spent his power, he quickly turned to go.

This released Seagrave from the spell under which amazement had placed him, and stepping forward he laid his hand upon Dennis's arm. The latter stopped and faced him: and then the sculptor—who had turned pale under the fire of the workman's wrath—answered him: not in many words, but in words which had much effect upon Dennis: possibly as much because of the brave eyes which looked as quietly into his as Martha's own might have done, and because of the deep earnestness with which the artist spoke,—as by reason of the words themselves.

"Why," said Seagrave, at last, taking his hand away from Dennis's arm, "could I have entertained such ideas as you credit me with in connection with your wife, I should be unable to appreciate that innate purity and simplicity which makes her beautiful." And then, suddenly, he plunged into the subject of the statue, which as yet only existed in his brain, so ardently that at last Dennis could not but feel, as Lady Rivermere expressed it to herself, that it was not the man loving the woman, but the artist loving the idea which the woman had inspired. He was unable to put it thus clearly to himself: but by the time Seagrave

had stopped speaking, the man stood abashed and stammering.

"I don't know what to say, Mr. Seagrave; please forget my hot words. I did not understand you, for Martha is no lady that you should think anything of her looks."

"It lies just there, Dennis," cried Seagrave, turning on him with glowing face; "don't, out of any mistaken idea of refinement, or in consequence of any position you may acquire, persuade her to ape our ladies—she *is* a lady now, in the truest sense, but it is by being her own true, beautiful, wholesome, simple self. . . . I want her, Dennis, just in that dress she ordinarily wears—it is perfect for my purpose—the simple dress, the kerchief on her shoulders. . . . Tell her that, because then she will see I shall not give her much trouble."

Filled with delight at his success thus far, Seagrave talked on, gradually imparting his idea to his companion, till Dennis himself felt overflowing with it and excited by it.

He went home to dinner that day in a strange state; as to his mind, overcrowded with ideas, and with little notion how he was to represent these to Martha; as to his feet, walking like one in a maze. Had not the way been plain, indeed, and made familiar by habit he would scarcely have easily reached his cottage door; for he was like a man whose eyes had been suddenly opened.

Seagrave, burning with the idea which he believed would not only change his position as a sculptor, but would introduce a new phase of English art, had spoken burning words, which carried his hearer's mind a whole step onwards in its development. Walking home to-day in his workman's dress, with his tools

upon his shoulder, he felt them to be, not the badges of a low station, as he had felt them yesterday, but honourable, and even poetical adjuncts to an honourable state, through the sheer fitness of things. Martha's homeliness, her undisguised broom and wash-tub, her primitive dress, had suddenly taken on them an idyllic beauty; for Martha, by that very persistent homeliness and that very undisguised simplicity, had been selected instead of any of the refined ladies of the land as the type of England's strength, beauty, and virtue.

When Dennis entered the cottage Martha saw at a glance that the mood of the last two or three days had passed from him. She made no remark, but only entered the more gaily into his cheerfulness.

He said but little, yet Martha was somewhat puzzled by the way he looked at her. He did not tell her till he was just starting out again, of Seagrave's request. She was surprised, but made no objection; so he carried her consent to Seagrave, and worked on all that day by the sculptor's side in a dream—a dream which was continually augmented by the other's talk. But it was a wholesome dream; it made his simple life seem beautiful; and by the new light which was within him he began to resolve to lay aside his own artistic attempts. He saw, as Seagrave talked, that he had never known and never could know the stirrings and the burnings of genius like this; and he recognised that honest workmanship was superior to imitative and unoriginal art.

Lady Rivermere offered Seagrave a room in her house to work in. She did not approve the idea, for she affected classicality, and she argued against this vigorous

outrush of the sculptor's into a purely modern idyl. Nevertheless, she enjoyed these arguments, and the artistic atmosphere pleased her. The sculptor, charmed with the chance of commencing his great statue at once, threw up the engagement which had limited his stay at Rivermere; and in a day or two—taken by him not only to complete the great god Pan, but to develope his thought—he was busily at work in an impromptu studio. This room soon became the choicest place in the house: the Earl and his lady found in its atmosphere a certain rare refreshment. Seagrave was more completely lost in the enthusiasm of his art than he had ever been before: and Martha, in her simple dress, with her simple ways, and her earnest desire to do her part properly, was as interesting to watch as the artist.

Dennis—who had gone to other work now the god was completed—got into a habit of walking over to Rivermere in the evening, while Martha was busy in the cottage, and when he knew all the inmates of Rivermere House would be at dinner. He liked to pay a solitary visit to the clay form which was gradually taking upon it the superb lineaments of life. At first he did it as a means of gratifying a sort of jealousy which he could not wholly put out of his heart; but the progress of the great conception educated him, and in a while he knew that it did so. His quiet visits grew longer, for daily the majesty and artistic beauty of the form more and more surprised him. Not only was it a true art education to him, but it shewed him the folly of his jealousy. Through it, he saw Martha anew. By it he wooed and won her anew, though without words or confession. Her essential part became

visible to him, and his mind attuned itself to hers, so that this simple workman and his wife found a new happiness, which made their lives a constant though unobtrusive harmony.

Not for a year was that statue exhibited. The people went in crowds to see it, as they go in crowds to see everything, and a few among them recognised that a new keynote had been struck. The man who modelled that had left behind him the peculiar beauty of Greece. Rising from English soil, he had bravely seized upon characteristic English beauty and made it the expression of his hope and belief in English power.

In the face of Seagrave's assertion that "words cannot explain sculpture, for the art is its own expression," we will say no more about the statue. Lady Rivermere was much provoked that her offer for it (as well as some others) was politely refused.

"How disagreeable of you to keep it to yourself, Mr. Seagrave," she said; "what are you going to do with it? Leave it to the nation?"

"Perhaps," said the sculptor, with a quiet smile, which piqued the lady because she did not know

what it meant. Seagrave had grown graver and more concentrated since he had executed that statue.

Between Lady Rivermere and Martha there had arisen, during the many days spent in Seagrave's studio, an unexpected friendship, which refreshed the lady and educated Martha, without either stepping from her special sphere in life. So Seagrave appealed to her ladyship to help him in rewarding Martha. But she found it no easy task. Martha wanted nothing.

"Oh!" cried out Lady Rivermere, at length, "I wish I could do anything to please you, Martha. I shall be ashamed to see Mr. Seagrave again if I can find no way for him to shew his gratitude, for he is really vexed that you should have so little pleasure for all your trouble."

"I want nothing, my lady. I think I have but one wish in the world: I should like to teach poor girls to cook and scrub and keep their homes."

"And so you shall," cried Lady Rivermere. "And I hope you'll teach them to sing while they work!"

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 44.

HENRY IRVING.

OF all literary tasks it is surely the most pleasing to trace the course of a man of genius from youth and obscurity to maturity and fame. In the labour of the biographer there is at all times a charm unequalled in the whole range of letters; but that chronicler of a career has, we think, the most enviable lot whose duty it is to record, not a startling success at the first onset, but the gradual development of unsuspected resources, the display of which, when the time comes, has all the force of a revelation. The writer of fiction has an ideal pleasure in depicting the trials and dangers from which his hero is to emerge in triumph at the end of the story; and much the same kind of interest, though in a far greater degree, is felt by the biographer in the early struggles of the man who eventually springs from the level allotted to him by the public voice into a sphere which demands such gifts as only a very few ever imagined him to possess. In literature, which is fruitful enough of surprises, it is difficult to name any remarkable instance of an author passing at a bound from the position of a writer of peculiar but limited talent into the higher walks of representative genius. The success of Charles Dickens was immediate, and the characteristics which marked his first literary efforts were those which soon afterwards established his reputation. The case of Thackeray is different, for the qualities which obtained for his early writings the recognition of an original vein of humour did not prepare the world for the vivid and varied power of the great epic of "Vanity Fair." But it is in the annals of the stage that we find the most striking examples of fame suddenly achieved in the highest art by men who toiled for years either wholly unknown, or accepted as clever interpreters of a useful but not exalted element of

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WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

James Henry
Henry James:

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOCK & WHITFIELD, LONDON

their vocation. As long as the drama has any interest for the English people, the romantic story of Edmund Kean will be read with delight and wonder. The career of the most distinguished actor of our own time is, in some respects, not less remarkable than that of his great predecessor, and in the sequel it will appear that the obstacles which beset the path of Kean were not greater than those which have been overcome by the genius and ambition of Henry Irving.

John Henry Brodrib Irving was born at Keinton, near Glastonbury, Somersetshire, on the 6th of February, 1838. He was an only son. Of his parents no more need be said than that his father, who noted with the minute care of parental pride every step in his upward progress, extracting from the public journals every reference made to him, lived to see him at the head of his profession. At the age of eleven Irving was placed under the care of Dr. Pinches, a very worthy "instructor of youth," who had a school in George Yard, Lombard Street. The boy soon displayed an absorbing passion for everything dramatic, and the good Doctor sometimes thought it his duty to damp this dangerous ardour. On one occasion young Irving begged to be allowed to recite Bell's poem, "The Uncle," at the school entertainment, but his master drew the line at "The Uncle," and said that it was "too theatrical." A few months ago Mr. Irving recited this same piece at the Compton Benefit at Drury Lane, and it is pleasant to think that Dr. Pinches, had he lived long enough, would have rejoiced that his prohibition of what was "too theatrical" had made so slight an impression on his pupil's mind. In the recitals which were given by the boys at Christmas, Irving displayed an enthusiasm and a talent which were incomprehensible to his companions, who, like most schoolboys, were disposed to look upon anything out of the common in these performances as rather ridiculous than otherwise. The "theatrical" youngster derived some encouragement, however, from the hints and suggestions of a visitor who was occasionally present at the rehearsals. This was the well known actor, Mr. Creswick, to whom it may now be some satisfaction to remember that he taught young Irving how to grasp a dagger in a tragic manner. When fourteen years of age Irving entered the office of an East India merchant, but his heart was not in colonial produce and invoices. Like many who have become famous in art or literature, he began life in circumstances as remote as possible from his true vocation. But all the time that he could spare was devoted to the pursuit on which his mind was set. He joined an elocution class of young men, some of whom were almost as ardent as himself, while all regarded the

art they studied as a much more serious business than young men consider it now. At the meetings of the class recitations were given by the members, every detail of which was afterwards discussed. In this interchange of ideas Irving bore his part, but it was in the periodical entertainments with which the little society used to favour their friends that he chiefly distinguished himself. The applause won on these occasions, and the consciousness of increasing capacity, determined him to seek fame and fortune on the stage. This resolution was a grave one, for the path of the actor may be said to be paved with the crushed hopes of those who have gone before him, and fallen; but unfaltering courage was numbered amongst Irving's qualities from the first. An actor named Hoskins, from whom he had taken lessons, introduced him to Mr. Phelps, who immediately offered him an engagement at Sadlers' Wells. Though he did not avail himself of this kindness, Irving has never forgotten it; and, twenty years later, when the two men stood together on the boards at Drury Lane, at the complimentary benefit to Mr. Buckstone, the one the honoured representative of the Old School, and the other the founder of the New, the veteran actor may have been gratified by the reflection that his judgment did not fail him when he sought to enlist the services of the boy of eighteen.

An engagement at Sadlers' Wells must have seemed tempting to a young aspirant, but Irving resolved to begin his career in the provinces. He wished to come back to London with a name. The provinces were then what in a great measure they have since ceased to be, a school of acting, and the beginner had before him the prospect of hard work, and of varied and invaluable experience. But the result of his first essay was not calculated to raise the young man's hopes. His first appearance on the stage was made at the opening of the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, in 1856, and the play was *Richelieu*. In the light of what occurred seventeen years later, when *Richelieu* was played at a more famous Lyceum, and in far different circumstances, this incident has a singular interest. Irving's part on this occasion was the small one of Orleans, and never was the timid Duke in such trepidation. All the confidence with which the young actor had declaimed to his comrades in the elocution class deserted him when, for the first time, he faced an audience to whom he was entirely unknown, and *felt* the cold stare of some hundreds of critical eyes. Orleans stuttered and stammered to an extent which even the natural hesitation of his character did not justify, and after this performance Irving was strongly recommended to return to the East India merchant. Undaunted, he

determined to persevere, but the second venture was far more disastrous than the first. He appeared as Cleomenes, in *A Winter's Tale*. He would not study his part on Sunday, and had only a brief time the following day to learn the lines he had to deliver the same evening. Cleomenes is not a very important personage, but in the fifth act he expresses an opinion as to the state of affairs which makes him for the moment the centre of attention. At this point Irving's nervousness overcame him; he forgot everything he had to say, but remembering a wildly inappropriate line from some other play, he exclaimed, "Come on to the market-place, and I'll tell you further," and fled. As this invitation to the market-place was wholly unexpected, the equanimity of the other players was a good deal disturbed. This mishap provoked severe comments from the local press, and Irving expected that his first engagement would end ingloriously in a dismissal, but the manager was forgiving to inexperience, and simply took the opportunity of administering a little sound advice. In 1857, Irving went to the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, where he remained two years and a half, playing with such artists as Miss Cushman, Miss Helen Faucit, Vandenhoff, Robson, Charles Mathews, Benjamin Webster, and Wright. During this period he may be said to have acted everything, from minor characters in Shakespeare to "singing parts," like Henry Bertram—a somewhat comprehensive training. In Edinburgh he made his mark as an actor of great promise. It was a proof of his eagerness to spring high that, when bidding farewell to the Scottish capital, he played Claude Melnotte for the first time. It was here that he made the acquaintance of Toole, with whom, widely divergent as have been their aims in art, he has since maintained an unbroken friendship. Toole thought he saw an opening in London for his friend, and in 1859, Irving signed an engagement for three years with Mr. Augustus Harris, then manager of the Princess's Theatre. This new enterprise, which promised so well, ended in bitter disappointment. Confident of his rapidly developing abilities, the young actor dreamed of success in the Metropolis which he was not even to have the opportunity of achieving. He was deeply mortified to find that he had virtually bound himself for three years to play insignificant parts, as the monopoly of the important characters by the elder actors deprived him of all chance of winning distinction. Fortunately, his bond was not enforced, and he quitted London with the determination not to return except with an established claim to a prominent position. His resolve, though he did not then see its full effect, was virtually the famous "*Aut Cæsar au*

nullus" of Edmund Kean. But before leaving London he gave ample evidence of his powers in a reading of *Virginus* and the *Lady of Lyons*, which made a deep impression on the literary and dramatic critics, amongst whom were E. L. Blanchard, Edmund Yates, and many members of the old Arundel Club, who assembled to pass judgment on the rising artist. Stimulated by their unfeigned approbation, Irving went back to the provinces with energies fully braced for the years of toil which still separated him from the opportunity which was pregnant with his future greatness.

After spending a short time in the company formed by the late Edmund Glover, Irving found himself at Manchester, where his individuality soon asserted itself. Talents so much above the common order were justly estimated by the Manchester playgoers, who gave a practical acknowledgment of them by suspending the rule of a nightly change of characters. But the most remarkable incident of all the years which Irving passed in this city occurred on the eve of his departure. For his benefit he was anxious to play Hamlet, and the rest of the company, with whom he was very popular, were pleased with a project which they regarded as an excellent joke. The idea of a young man who was very well as Laertes proposing to scale the heights of tragedy in this fashion, caused much diversion, and Irving had to submit to a good deal of friendly banter about his audacity. He played Hamlet, and there was no more joking. Both audience and actors were full of wonder and enthusiasm. The performance was afterwards repeated for three nights, and some acute observers who witnessed it built great hopes upon the young actor who had revealed such a capacity for higher things. But it is very noteworthy that these expectations were not shared by the actor himself. The outlook did not encourage him to indulge in such ambitious dreams, for he could conceive no possible chain of circumstances by which he might win a reputation in the higher drama. Managers were not fond of speculations in Shakespeare, and to suppose that he should ever find a manager willing to take him out of the groove in which he had been trained and support him in the most dangerous venture known to the profession, seemed to him a chimera which, if foolishly cherished, could only excite fever and vexation of spirit.

This was in 1865, and in the following year Irving obtained a recognised position in the Metropolis. True to the purpose with which he had left London six years before, he had declined the terms several times offered by Mr. Fechter, which would have confined him to a

subordinate rank, and had joined Mr. Dion Boucicault's provincial company, on condition that if he made a mark he should have an engagement in London as leading actor. The fulfilment of this contract was his appearance at the St. James's Theatre in the character of Doricourt, in *The Belle's Stratagem*, one of the few comedies of last century which have survived to the present day. In this impersonation some of the most striking qualities of the actor's style, the artistic refinement, the delicate humour, suggested rather than expressed, were conspicuous, and the performance was received with the greatest favour. From the man of fashion of the 18th century, Mr. Irving passed to the gambler, Rawdon Scudamore, in Mr. Boucicault's *Hunted Down*, and confirmed the impression made by his first appearance. From this time he became identified with the portraiture of villainy in all its forms, and it is not a little curious to note the contemporary criticism of the consummate iniquity which it was often his task to depict. The phrase by which he was generally introduced in an article was, "Mr. Irving, who seems to have a monopoly of stage villains," and the critic rarely concluded his comments without an expression of wonder at the actor's power in embodying the essence of wickedness. One writer was moved by his feelings to recall Dr. Johnson's dictum about Garrick, that if the latter really imagined himself to be the abominable rascal whose character he represented on the stage, he ought to be hanged every time he played it; and this cheerful sentiment Mr. Irving's critic evidently thought it his duty to apply to him. But it was the universal opinion that here was an artist of no common order, whose criminals were not of the conventional, exaggerated, stagey type, but instinct with a realism which stamped them as transcripts from life. The grasp of character, the elaboration of detail, and the freedom from extravagance were recognised by all judges, foremost amongst whom was the late Mr. Charles Dickens, who expressed in a letter to Mr. Edmund Yates his unbounded admiration of Mr. Irving's "singular power." A few of these stage villains may be enumerated to shew Mr. Irving's versatility in this branch of his art. Joseph Surface and Count Falcon, the latter a prominent character in an adaptation from Ouida's novel of "Idalia," belonged to the intellectual class of the unscrupulous, but after them we find in a descending scale such personages as Bob Gassett in *Dearer than Life*, Compton Kerr in *Formosa*, Redburn in *The Lancashire Lass*, Robert Macaire, and in the lowest deep of all, Bill Sikes. People who have admired Mr. Irving's Hamlet, and are not acquainted with his exploits ten

years back, will be astonished to learn that in those days he impersonated the ruffian of *Oliver Twist*, and that his conception of that character was much applauded. The actor who has spanned the gulf which divides Bill Sikes from Hamlet has surely a strong claim to be considered a profound student of human nature. But Mr. Irving's talents were not limited during this period to illustrations of crime. As Harry Dornton in *The Road to Ruin*, Petruchio, Charles Surface, Young Marlow, Captain Absolute, and above all, as Mr. Chevenix, in Byron's comedy of "Uncle Dick's Darling," he proved himself a comedian of the highest class. The extraordinary amount of work which he had accomplished during his provincial training seemed to have left little beyond his range, and his transitions from melodrama verging on tragedy to high comedy, and even to farce of the Jeremy Diddler order, bewildered those who expected an actor always to correspond to the label they had attached to him. The efforts which were made to determine the character of Mr. Irving's genius was chiefly labour thrown away, for the critics had no sooner decided that his bent was distinctly in one direction than he flashed off in another. Accordingly, we find that the actor who has played Mathias and Charles I. was once ticketed as "a light-character-eccentric-comedian," and that other equally marvellous and misleading names were found for him. But though it was apparent to some that in everything he undertook at this time he shewed nothing so clearly as his superiority to the position he then held, it may be doubted whether any were prepared for the revelation which was close at hand. But we should make one distinguished exception. Amongst the admirers of Mr. Irving's acting there was a lady whose encouragement was well calculated to spur his ambition. Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble) wrote that he reminded her vividly of the most famous members of her family, and constantly urged him to devote himself to the higher drama.

As Digby Grant, Mr. Irving touched the point at which his great promise as a comedian was completely fulfilled by his ripened powers. This was his most finished and most successful study of the phase of human character in which purely ignoble motives are predominant. Selfishness is the ruling passion of Digby Grant, and the meanness which is inseparable from excessive egotism is made more palpable by aristocratic manners. This portrait, which was perfected by many delicate touches of art, was by far the most original in the play, and to Mr. Irving's acting was justly attributed the great success of *Two Roses*, which was performed two hundred

nights in London and one hundred in the provinces. But the interest with which this impersonation of Digby Grant will be remembered is due to the fact that it marked the turning point of the actor's career. Mr. Irving now stood, if not foremost, at all events in the first rank of comedians, but he was restless and dissatisfied. He had not yet, be it observed, formed any definite aim. In the first stirrings of untried genius there is no element of calculation. But he had a vague idea that he could strike a vein far higher than *Two Roses*, and all that he had hitherto achieved, if the golden opportunity should present itself. The impulse towards tragedy which had led him to play Hamlet five years before returned, but with it came all the doubt of ever finding a manager who would help him, and all the natural misgivings as to his own powers and the public support. It was at this critical moment that he met Mr. H. L. Bateman, the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, and became acquainted with *The Bells*, a dramatic version, by Mr. Leopold Lewis, of the well-known story of Erckman-Chatrian. In this extraordinary play, and in the overtures made to him by Mr. Bateman, Mr. Irving believed he saw a possible realisation of his dreams. But there was the uncertainty whether the public favour would sustain him in this new enterprise. As a comedian, no actor was more popular; but how would the world regard a sudden flight into tragedy and poetic drama? Mr. Irving resolved at last on an experiment. If he could but strike the right chord he would be fortified for the great undertaking which filled his thoughts. Without imparting his motive to anyone, he recited for the first time, on the occasion of his benefit at the Vaudeville Theatre, "The Dream of Eugene Aram." The audience was curious and distrustful, but curiosity soon gave way to excitement, and distrust became enthusiasm. The imaginative force of the actor chained his listeners from the first. The frenzy in which the horrible deed was committed, and the agony of the murderer as he unburdened his soul, were acted with a power which was new and strange, and thrilling in its intensity. When the supreme point in the tragic story was reached—

"As soon as mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there,
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare"—

the storm of applause assured the actor of the completeness of his triumph. Since that day Mr. Irving's dramatic recital of Hood's weird poem has evoked the enthusiastic plaudits of many audiences, but the interest which it has always excited would have been even greater

had it been known that it was virtually the foundation of the actor's fame as a tragedian.

The success of this test of public feeling determined Mr. Irving to go to the Lyceum. This decision caused much astonishment in the profession, nobody being able to imagine why so prosperous an actor should quit a popular theatre like the Vaudeville for a house which at that time was by no means popular. Mr. Irving kept his own counsel, and the theatrical *quidnuncs* were left in wonder until the course of events explained the mystery. When he accepted an engagement at the Lyceum, Mr. Irving drew the manager's attention to *The Bells*, and expressed his belief that much might be made of it; but there was no stipulation on this head. Mr. Irving had then and always the greatest confidence in Mr. Bateman's friendship, and in every respect his trust was amply justified. Public interest in the actor's fortunes at the Lyceum was not, however, at once aroused by a tragic impersonation. In October, 1871, Mr. Irving appeared as Jingle in Mr. Albery's adaptation from *Pickwick*—the least likely character to be regarded as portending a venture into tragedy. Some months had elapsed since playgoers had been startled by the recital of "The Dream of Eugene Aram." The belief that this wonderful performance heralded a new career for Mr. Irving was not wide-spread, and of the few who entertained it some must have looked upon Jingle as a proof that the actor had decided to remain in the beaten track. As the ingenious scamp who caused Mr. Pickwick so much concern, Mr. Irving displayed a fertility and a quaintness of comic suggestion which certainly did not foreshadow the guilty fears, the agony, and terrible death of Mathias.

Expectation was at this low ebb when, on the 25th of November, *The Bells* was performed for the first time. The announcement of the play had been received with surprise, for it was well known in literary circles that Mr. Leopold Lewis had offered his manuscript to more than one manager, and had been laughed at for his pains. It was the general opinion of those who claimed authority in such matters that the play could not be acted, the dream-scene being supposed to be beyond the range of histrionic power possessed by any English actor. Moreover, a version of "The Polish Jew," by Mr. F. C. Burnand, had already been represented at one of the minor theatres noted for melodrama of the deepest dye, and the result had been more diverting than the author intended. But when Mr. Irving played Mathias the affair assumed a very different complexion. The old theatrical phrase, that the actor "took the town by storm," was never more apt than now. The ghastly

story of the conscience-stricken burgomaster was enacted with a tragic force which nothing in the memory of the present generation of playgoers had surpassed. The impression created by the vivid horrors of a murder delineated in a dream, and a death caused by sheer terror, for a time excluded a full consideration of the actor's mastery of realistic detail. In this exhibition of overwhelming passions Mr. Irving was as thorough an artist as in the delicate minutiae of comedy. Though Mathias is dominated by one great motive—fear of detection—the character affords an ample range of varying emotions. Unrepentant as he is—disposed at all times to chuckle over the cunning with which he has concealed his guilt and provided against the contingency of discovery, the man is not inhuman. He loves his wife and child, and feels a bitter pang when he thinks of their innocent confidence. Even when lying in wait for his victim, he struggles with the impulse which urges him to crime. “Kill a man! Kill a man! You'll not do that, Mathias! You'll not do that!” For a moment he shrinks appalled from the devil that possesses his heart. He thanks God with fervour when he fancies that the Jew has escaped him, and that the temptation is removed. Such traits as these were depicted by Mr. Irving with a skill which seemed to lay bare all the nerves of the man's nature, each quivering with its distinct torture.

It is hardly necessary to say that only acting of a very high order could have assured this play the popularity which it has ever since enjoyed. The British public prefers, in the main, being amused to being terrified, but since 1871 Mr. Irving has made waste paper of so many oracular axioms as to the conditions on which alone an actor's success is possible—just as he has made obsolete some of the dearest traditions of the conventional stage—that it is unsafe to affirm on what prejudices the British public will decide to make a last stand against the persuasions of genius. The drama which, according to the prophets, could not be acted, and which, when it was acted, was said to be too dismal to live long, was played for one hundred and fifty nights in London, and then taken into the provinces, where its success was not less decisive. But, as some ingenious people remarked, Mr. Irving could not play Matthias for ever, and as the season of 1872 drew near the ravens again sounded their cheerful note. The public was invited to consider how reasonable it was to assume that, as *The Bells* was a phenomenon, and as phenomenal plays could not be produced every year, Mr. Irving would have to return to the sphere in which he was first known. To them, the ravens, this was a matter of deep regret, but we could not expect to have a

comet always with us, and Mr. Irving must be satisfied with having been a comet for a whole season. Having comfortably disposed of Mr. Irving in this way, these judges were much disturbed to learn that this troublesome actor was going to enter an entirely new field. When it was understood that Charles I. was to be Mr. Irving's next impersonation, the birds of pleasing prediction gave way to mirth. They did not want to jest at anybody's expense, but really, the idea of Mr. Irving playing *Charles I.* was too much for the gravity of the most decorous raven. If he intended to represent the innate cunning of the King, they could imagine him doing this, though they could not conceive the public enjoying it; but if it were the dignity of the ill-fated monarch and the pathos of his misfortunes that Mr. Irving aimed at portraying, why then they must be excused for croaking immoderately at the prospect of inevitable disaster.

It must be observed that up to this time Mr. Irving had played no part, with the exception, perhaps, of Harry Dornton, in which pathos was a prominent feature. The anguish of Mathias was pathetic, but it was overshadowed by a great wickedness which deprived it of all claim to pity. Characters in which suffering virtue appealed to the sympathy of mankind had hitherto been foreign to Mr. Irving's art. From Bill Sikes to Digby Grant, from brutality to the idolatry of self, he had elaborated only the vices and the weaknesses of humanity. But the reserve of poetic feeling which had been accumulating in his nature demanded an outlet. In Mr. Wills's drama of *Charles I.* there was scope for some of the most important qualities which the actor was rapidly developing. Mr. Wills's Charles, though not, perhaps, the Charles of history, is a noble figure, and in nothing did the actor's conception fall short of the beauty of the character. Whether as the affectionate husband, the tender father, the just and upright sovereign wronged, betrayed, and done to death, Mr. Irving realised to the full the ideal set before him. The quality of which above all he was supposed to be devoid was the most striking element of the representation. Charles in his most kingly moments—in his disdain of Cromwell's dishonourable advances, in his calm reliance on his own rectitude, in his courage in the hour of danger, in his dignity in the midst of ruin—was a study of rare power; but Mr. Irving obtained his finest effects in the most mournful passages of the play. One of these was the speech to the traitor Moray.

“ I saw a picture once by a great master :

’Twas an old man’s head.

Narrow and evil was its wrinkled brow,
Eyes close and cunning—a dull vulpine smile ;
'Twas called a Judas. Wide that artist err'd.
Judas had eyes like thine, of candid blue ;
His skin was soft ; his hair of stainless gold ;
Upon his brow shone the white stamp of truth ;
And lips like thine did give the traitor kiss."

But it was in the last parting of Charles with his Queen and children that Mr. Irving gave the strongest proof of his command of the tears of his audience. It may be said with truth that all London was moved by the pathos of that farewell.

Charles I. was played for nearly seven months, and was followed by a success almost equally great. Indeed, that tide of prosperity was now in full flow, which is without a parallel in modern theatrical history. Mr. Irving had the ball at his foot at last. A manager devoted to him, and full of enterprise, a theatre in which he was supreme, a public which had welcomed with delight the sudden outbreak of his genius, and which rewarded each new effort with acclamation,—these were indeed great conquests. Triumphs, as well as griefs, come in battalions. The actor was no longer confronted by that barrier which is so often impassable—lack of opportunity. With free play for energies which are in themselves remarkable, he was rapidly rising to the level of his gifts. On the 19th of April, 1873, Mr. Irving assumed the principal character in the drama of *Eugene Aram*, by the author of *Charles I.* In this case everybody anticipated a success, for the nature of the play was akin to Mr. Irving's earliest achievement as a tragic artist. People remembered now how he had recited, or rather acted, Hood's famous poem, and they wondered that they should ever have forgotten it. But as *Eugene Aram*, Mr. Irving astonished the audience which had come prepared to admire. Mr. Wills had fitted the actor with a fine impersonation, but he had also given him a task of almost unexampled difficulty. There was no repetition of *The Bells*. *Mathias* and *Eugene Aram* were wholly unlike, though they had a great crime in common. The burgomaster had murdered a man for his money, and when not haunted by the terrible phantoms conjured up by a fevered brain, exulted over the success with which he had defied justice. The schoolmaster had, according to the dramatist, avenged the dishonour of the woman he loved, and suffered the ever-present remorse of a refined and sensitive nature in the midst of the surroundings of love and respect which attached to an apparently blameless life. The

cunning of Mathias delighted in expedients for mitigating the consequences of possible detection. Aram was cast in a higher mould, and there was in him a latent force of will which in sudden danger presented an intrepid front to the enemy of his peace. The advent of a dissolute companion of the murdered man, who threatens to expose Aram on the eve of his marriage with the Vicar's daughter, leads to a conflict between intellect and brute audacity in which the nervous power of the principal actor was displayed with startling effect. When he has only to deal with the ruffian who may denounce him, Aram triumphs by sheer superiority of mind, but the discovery of the skeleton revives all the horror of his deed, and resolution gives way to conscience. In this transition from courage to despair, Mr. Irving presented a picture of mental agony which was almost unendurable. But something more extraordinary was to follow. The whole of the last act was occupied by Aram's dying confession. For half-an-hour the actor sustained a monologue in which frenzy at the thought of the injuries which had provoked the crime, and the remorse of the departing soul were painted with every variety of tragic expression. No one who was present that night can ever forget the scene. It is not too much to say that it seared the memory of all who witnessed it.

The time had now come for an ever more distinct assertion of Mr. Irving's claims as a tragedian. It was loudly affirmed that whatever he might have done in plays which had been written for him, he would signally fail if he invited comparison with the great actors of the past in "legitimate drama." Such a challenge must in any case have been accepted, but Mr. Irving had determined on his course long before this challenge was given. Richelieu had been chosen as the character in which he should first claim kindred with his predecessors in tragic art. As far back as *The Bells*, the late Lord Lytton himself had suggested this assumption, and had written of the actor in these terms: "Mr. Irving's performance in *The Bells* is too admirable not to be appreciated by every competent judge of art, and it will be a sure good fortune to any dramatic author to obtain his representation in some leading part worthy of his study and suited to his powers." But the actor was keenly alive to the gravity of this step. He had to contend against the prepossessions of the playgoers who remembered Macready—prepossessions which strengthened that hostility which every man, an actor above all, has to meet who oversteps the limits which have been confidently assigned to his abilities. This consciousness of the forces arrayed against him, acting upon nerves already

highly strung, deprived Mr. Irving's first performance of *Richelieu*, on September 27th, of much of its due effect. But with the audience his success was undoubted. More enthusiastic applause had never been heard at the Lyceum. To some, however, who are wont to pronounce a final judgment without waiting to see whether, when suffering no disadvantages, the actor will rise above the level of the first representation, it seemed that Mr. Irving had attempted more than he could perform. It was said that his conception of *Richelieu* was so subtle that it was beyond his physical ability, or that of any human being, to carry it out. The later performances extinguished this dictum. Mr. Irving has since accomplished greater things, but his *Richelieu* remains in many respects his most artistic impersonation. The multiplicity of suggestive detail with which he was at first supposed to have over-weighted the character is now the chief source of its fascination. Some trait in the nature of this wonderful old man, whose figure and aspect are so picturesque, seems expressed by almost every movement of the restless hands, and every light and shade on the imperious brow. In the midst of the varying phases of craft, passion, indomitable will—the sorrowful dignity of the minister in disgrace, the mocking triumph over baffled foes—the age and infirmity of the Cardinal are always preserved. This important point is most noteworthy in the last scene, when *Richelieu*, apparently in a dying state, confounds his enemies by his sudden renewal of life and energy in the moment of victory. The triumphant exclamation, "There! at my feet!" is not uttered with all the force of the actor's lungs, but in the gasping falsetto of an aged man. Mr. Irving's cultivated sense of comedy enabled him to give to the grim humour of *Richelieu* a prominence which, it was generally admitted, had marked few other representations of the character. These great and varied qualities achieved a success which was imperfectly measured by the performance of Lord Lytton's play at the Lyceum for one hundred and twenty nights. In the provinces this impersonation has always been accepted as indisputable evidence of the force of Mr. Irving's originality.

In the latter part of the season of 1873-74 Mr. Irving played Philip in Hamilton Aidé's romantic drama of that name. In this he was on the old ground, though this time the remorse was for a supposed, not an actual murder. A new motive—jealousy—was, however, introduced, and this was invested by Mr. Irving with unusual interest. But, coming between *Richelieu* and *Hamlet* in the actor's career, *Philip* must always be very much in the shade. It was now known that the autumn

of 1874 would witness Mr. Irving's appearance as Hamlet, and as the time drew near public excitement reached a white heat. It was agreed on all hands that this experiment in the drama of Shakespeare would decide once for all the question whether Mr. Irving was entitled to be considered a tragedian of the first rank. Subsequently, some effort was made to prove that, after all, success in Hamlet was no great matter, that it was a part in which young actors were always more or less successful, for the character was in itself so interesting that anyone who could speak his lines fairly could not possibly fail in it. This attempt at disparagement is mentioned to shew to what sorry expedients some people will resort to depreciate an actor who has done them the mortal wrong of becoming famous. Mr. Irving's Hamlet was not the essay of a tyro, but the culminating point of a career in which genius and arduous study had marked every stride. That it was generally regarded as the effort which should make or mar him was shewn by the feverish expectation with which the public awaited the event. As early as three o'clock in the afternoon of the 31st of October the crowd began to form at the pit door of the Lyceum, and soon a struggling, seething mass of human beings extended down the covered way right out into the Strand. The pit that night was a memorable spectacle. Never had that tribunal been so highly charged with anxiety, impatience, and enthusiasm. The entire audience was an extraordinary assemblage, for the fact that Mr. Irving had set his reputation on a cast which was also to decide whether the times were indeed too degenerate for Shakespeare to be popular, had brought most of the representatives of art and letters to witness the hazard of the die. The actor's welcome was an outburst of unfeigned admiration of the courage with which he was about to grapple with the most difficult and exacting of Shakespearian creations. But for a time the novelty of the conception, and the absolute independence of familiar traditions bewildered the audience. This sad and self-distrustful Hamlet, who gave natural and constant expression to his thoughts as they occurred to him, instead of delivering a number of unnatural "points" like stones from a catapult, excited a growing interest, but two acts had almost passed before he began to be understood. It may be remarked here, as a striking trait of a conscientious artist, that after the scene with the Ghost Mr. Irving came off the stage depressed, not by the silence of the auditory, but by the thought that he had fallen below his ideal. But when the tender, sympathetic nature of this Hamlet fairly revealed itself, the affections

of all were won. It was the most human Hamlet they had ever known. The irresolution of the man was due not so much to intellectual doubt as to kindness of heart. The strife of emotions in the scene with Ophelia—the passionate tenderness which shone through the ravings of the “antic disposition”—roused the house to enthusiasm which was intensified by the fire of the play-scene, which immediately followed. This was the greatest triumph of the night. The hysterical frenzy of Hamlet as he sank into the chair from which the affrighted King had fled caused a tempest of excitement unparalleled in the experience of the oldest playgoer. The daring and originality of the actor were again conspicuous in the interview with the Queen, the most noteworthy feature of which was that Hamlet discarded the customary “counterfeit presentments” and brought home to his mother the contrast between his father and his uncle by sheer imaginative power. Perhaps the passage in this remarkable scene which will linger longest in the memories of many is the simple “Good night, mother,” in which the revival of filial affection after the storm of reproach was exquisitely marked. The performance was now one long success. The address to the players charmed everyone with its ease and grace; the philosophy and passion in the graveyard sustained the interest at its height, and when the curtain fell upon the consummation of the tragedy the immense assembly clamoured its delight till nearly one o’clock in the morning.

The impression created by this great achievement was deep and wide-spread. For many a day newspapers and reviews abounded in dissertations on Mr. Irving’s Hamlet or on particular characteristics of it. Everybody found himself quoting *Hamlet* involuntarily. Writers of leading articles suddenly shewed a surprising freshness of memory with regard to apposite passages from the play. Numbers of people were heard expressing innocent amazement that so much of our idiomatic English in constant use was derived from this work of the poet. All over the country *Hamlet* became a subject of study and discussion to many who had previously regarded Shakespeare as a genius to be spoken of with reverence, but very dry and rarely intelligible. Here was an interpreter of the poet who made his innermost meaning plain to all. It seemed as if, having at last found out the inexhaustible beauties of this noble tragedy, the multitude could never weary of them. Mr. Irving had never expected to play Hamlet more than fifty nights. He was the Dane for two hundred.

This prosperity was not without its alloy. Before *Hamlet* had run its course, the sudden death of Mr. Bateman deprived Mr. Irving of his

staunchest friend, to whose ability and enterprise he owed so much. The cares and responsibilities of the management of the Lyceum were thus thrown upon Mrs. Bateman, who has sustained them with an energy and a capacity deserving of all praise. The penalties of his high position were soon felt by Mr. Irving in all their rigour. He had attained a celebrity which some people neither expected nor desired, and he was consequently exposed to a system of depreciation which was quite apart from the purpose of criticism. A public man cannot escape calumny, and Mr. Irving, by reason of the suddenness of a reputation which was a dramatic surprise, was the subject of an unusual number of those fables which expire with the characters of their inventors. Still, it needed all the nerve of a brave man to bear without flinching the attacks which were frequent at this time. The public, always true to its favourites when they are unjustly assailed, supported Mr. Irving throughout the storm, and fortunately for the interests of dramatic art, enabled him to live down the prejudices which had been excited against him.

Macbeth was produced at the Lyceum in 1875, and Mr. Irving's conception of the leading character afforded matter for much animated discussion. The stage traditions which surrounded *Macbeth* were more formidable than those which had attached to *Hamlet*, though on what rational basis such traditions rested it was impossible to discover. They were certainly not founded by Edmund Kean, the greatest authority of the modern stage, for contemporary records prove that his interpretation of *Macbeth* was in the main identical with that of Mr. Irving. It is curious that the utter prostration of mind which Kean exhibited after the murder of Duncan was extolled by the critics of his day for its truth, while Mr. Irving, who expressed precisely the same idea of the murderer's remorse, was informed that his *Macbeth* was too abject for a soldier. The connection between Shakespeare and this later "notion" of *Macbeth* as a bluff, blunt, barbaric warrior, who fears neither man nor ghost, and is the simple tool of his wife and the witches, nobody has been ingenious enough to define. Mr. Irving presented a man in whom, before the action of the play begins, there is a taint of moral poison, which the prophecy of the witches immediately develops into a thought of usurpation by murder; who yet has so much nobility of nature that it is the determination of his wife which screws his courage to the sticking-point of a fearful crime; who, when the deed is done, is so appalled by the terrors of conscience that his delirious imagination

hears an accusing voice, and his partner in guilt reproaches him with his "white heart;" who, hardened in sin, passes from one murder to another, but is terrified by the ghost of Banquo; and who, when the narrowing circle of fate closes upon him, turns at bay and dies like a soldier. This conception is, we consider, supported at every point by the text, but it was the cause of as hot a fight as commentators ever engaged in. This was a case in which there was special need for playgoers to judge for themselves, and they responded to the call. Mr. Irving's Hamlet had taught them that he did not disregard tradition without excellent reason, and the extraordinary popularity of his Macbeth, obtained in the face of adverse opinion, demonstrated even more strongly than the universally recognised success of his Hamlet the actor's power over the public mind.

Macbeth was withdrawn after having been played for eighty nights. Of its success Mr. Irving received ample testimony of the most gratifying kind. Indeed only those acquainted with the numerous and varied expressions of interest and admiration which reach the actor through private channels can fully estimate his influence upon the time. *Macbeth* was succeeded by *Othello*, in February, 1876, and Mr. Irving had now to meet the full force of the opposition which had been gathering strength for a final struggle. That Mr. Irving should play *Othello* after Signor Salvini was a dire offence. In quarters from which good breeding, if not sound judgment, might have been expected, even the courtesy due to an actor of Mr. Irving's attainments was forgotten. But the fine qualities of his *Othello* made themselves felt in spite of misrepresentation. "Genius," wrote a critic in the *Saturday Review*, by no means too friendly to the actor, "genius will overcome natural defects, and in the last act we almost forget Mr. Irving in *Othello*." In the catastrophe caused by the fiendish arts of Iago, the despair which wrings *Othello's* soul, and the pathetic dignity of his death were most impressive. It was at this time that the actor received a tribute of admiration from one of the most distinguished of English statesmen. Walking down Bond Street one day, Mr. Irving was touched on the shoulder by Mr. Gladstone, who introduced himself with characteristic frankness. A night or two later Mr. Gladstone warmly congratulated Mr. Irving on his acting, and since then the reciprocal esteem of the ex-Premier and the artist has increased.

To Mr. Irving's friendship with the Laureate was due the production, towards the close of this eventful season, of Mr. Tennyson's first drama, *Queen Mary*, the honours of which were borne chiefly by Miss Bateman,

Mr. Irving playing with brilliant effect the small part of the heartless Philip. Miss Helen Faucit shewed her high esteem for Mr. Irving by leaving her retirement to sustain, with all her wonted grace, the principal character in *King René's Daughter*, for the actor's benefit, and on the same occasion he appeared as Doricourt in *The Belle's Stratagem*, the revival of which a few weeks previously, together with that of *The Bells*, had proved highly successful. But Mr. Irving was now to receive the most conclusive evidence of his popularity as an interpreter of Shakespeare throughout the United Kingdom. In his provincial tour in the autumn of last year his Hamlet was everywhere welcomed with acclamation. It was estimated that during his stay at Manchester nearly eighteen thousand people visited the theatre. In Scotland and Ireland the same enthusiasm was displayed. His reception at Belfast and Dublin gratified Mr. Irving deeply. To the Irish playgoers his method was strange, being widely different from that to which they were accustomed, but he won both their heads and their hearts. At Dublin he received an academic compliment which will always rank amongst the most cherished of his laurels. On the 29th November an address was presented to him by the graduates and undergraduates of Trinity College, who expressed in eloquent terms the highest estimate of his genius. "To the most careful students of Shakespeare," they said, "you have—by your scholarly and original interpretation—revealed new depths of meaning in *Hamlet*, and aroused in the minds of all a fresh interest in our highest poetry. . . Acting such as yours ennobles and elevates the stage, and serves to restore it to its true function, as a potent instrument for intellectual and moral culture. Throughout your too brief engagement our stage has been a school of true art, a purifier of the passions, and a nurse of heroic sentiments; you have even succeeded in commending it to the favour of a portion of society, large and justly influential, who usually hold aloof from the theatre." That night, the last of Mr. Irving's engagement in Dublin, he played Hamlet in compliance with a command from Trinity College. Conspicuous amongst the audience were the Duke of Connaught and the Lord Lieutenant, surrounded by a brilliant company, while the body of the theatre was filled with graduates and undergraduates, every man wearing the red ribbon of the University on his breast. Mr. Irving never acted with greater force and impressiveness, and no audience was ever more completely swayed by histrionic power. At the end of the performance the universal admiration took a shape characteristic of the warm-hearted and impulsive citizens of the

Irish metropolis. Mr. Irving was escorted to his hotel by a great crowd, principally students, whose enthusiasm set a seal upon the remarkable memorial of his gifts which he had received earlier in the day from a body representative of the intellect of Ireland.

In January of the present year Mr. Irving assumed the character of King Richard III. with a success which silenced all cavil. It was not only a new impersonation, but to all intents and purposes a new play, for Mr. Irving had set aside Colley Cibber's hotch-potch of atrocities, and restored the original tragedy of Shakespeare. It had been affirmed that this would be found tame and uninteresting after the ordinary acting version. But Mr. Irving's judicious arrangement of the text formed a well-sustained story, which afforded full scope for powerful acting. On the first night of *King Richard III.* Mr. Irving was presented by Mr. Chippendale with the sword of Edmund Kean. He also received subsequently from Dr. Canton the Order of St. George worn by the same great actor in the part of Richard. Not the least amongst these mementoes of the illustrious dead of whom he was regarded as the natural heir, was the ring of David Garrick, the gift of the Baroness Burdett Coutts. On this is the following inscription:—"This ring, once Mr. Garrick's, is presented by the Baroness Burdett Coutts to Mr. Henry Irving in recognition of the gratification derived from his Shakespearian representations, uniting to many characteristics of his great predecessor in histrionic art (whom he is too young to remember) the charm of original thought, giving delineations of new forms of dramatic interest, power, and beauty." Mr. Irving's Richard aptly illustrated this "charm of original thought," for anything more remote from the audacious knave who had hitherto passed for Shakespeare's Gloster could not be conceived. Though Richard had resolved to be a villain, he did not, in Mr. Irving's opinion, always carry his villainy in his countenance, so that everybody who ran might read it, or rather might read it and then find it expedient to run. The scene with Lady Anne, which, as usually represented, was an insult to common sense, became under Mr. Irving's treatment credible and even probable. This Richard played the lover with an ardour and persistency which might well have beguiled a foolish girl. So artistic was this assumed earnestness that the sudden transition to mocking exultation when the deceiver's object is gained and he is alone, had all the interest of a surprise to an audience familiar enough with the sequence of events. The profound dissimulation of Richard was again strikingly manifested in the scene in which he affects sanctity and a reluctance to accept the

crown. Here occurred one of those fine suggestions which are characteristic of Mr. Irving's acting, and in thinking of which we recall Hamlet turning to cast a lingering gaze at the spot where his father's spirit had told its awful tale, or sinking into the King's chair after the play-scene. Richard, feigning to be persuaded by the solicitations of the citizens, raises the prayer-book to his face, and behind that screen smiles cynical triumph at Buckingham. One noteworthy feature of this impersonation was that Richard, albeit deformed, had all the royal bearing of a Plantagenet. He did not halt about the stage looking like a lame ape. In the latter part of the tragedy, Mr. Irving acted like a warrior and a king, and not, as is the wont of many actors, like a bull of Bashan. It was a singular proof of the tragedian's influence over the imagination that in the tent-scene, before Richard has the vision, he paced the stage, warmed his hands at the fire, leisurely studied a map of the battle-field, in a silence which lasted several minutes, and yet seemed only to deepen the attention of the audience. Pictures in words may fail to give to posterity a just impression of an actor's success in identifying himself with the characters he represents, but this deficiency is supplied by the skill of the artist who works in other colours. Mr. Edwin Long has painted a life-like portrait of Mr. Irving as the Duke of Gloster, which will take its place in that gallery of "counterfeit presentments" which enables us to realise to some extent those powers of expression with which great actors of the past held audiences spell-bound.

In May, Mr. Irving undertook the dual characters of Lesurques and Dubosc in Charles Reade's version of the celebrated drama of the *Courrier de Lyons*. This is probably the most remarkable of all stories of mistaken identity which have been transferred to the stage, and it afforded Mr. Irving an opportunity of shewing his grasp of two natures opposite as the poles, but connected by a fatality of physical resemblance which nearly causes an innocent man to suffer for the crime of an assassin. In the scene in which Lesurques is urged by his father to commit suicide in order to escape the infamy of the scaffold, and that in which Dubosc, gloating over the expected execution of his victim, is caught in a trap, Mr. Irving acted with a dramatic force which made the *Lyons Mail* the most popular melodrama of the time. In the midst of this success the actor paid a visit to Dublin and gave a reading, comprising "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and scenes from *Othello* and *King Richard III.*, at Trinity College. The most brilliant season of the Lyceum since that of 1874-75 was brought to a close on the 30th of

July, when Mr. Irving played *Hamlet* for his benefit, to an audience which testified by numbers and sympathy that his popularity was, if possible, greater than ever.

Such is the record of a career which, though very far, let us hope, from its close, has numbered its achievements amongst the most remarkable in the history of dramatic art. Mr. Irving has been an actor for twenty years, but he has barely reached the prime of life and intellectual vigour, and some of his varied gifts have still to mellow and mature. But what has been set down in this sketch of his progress is sufficient to stamp him as an artist original and versatile in a rare degree. There is no precedent in our knowledge for an actor of high excellence in comedy subsequently attaining a foremost position in Shakespearian tragedy. It must, moreover, be borne in mind that as a tragedian Mr. Irving has had no guide but his own insight. Macready had the advantage of studying great models, and of observing how the traditions embodied by the eminent actors of his day were made instinct with original power. Mr. Irving has had no models. Another important difference between Mr. Irving and the elder tragedians is that the latter had a probation in the provinces. Kemble and Edmund Kean, for example, had worn the buskin many years before they displayed the fruits of study before a London audience. On the other hand, all Mr. Irving's tragic characters, *Hamlet* excepted—and in this connection that performance at Manchester in 1865 cannot count for much—have been first played in the Metropolis. Without the invaluable experience derived from a long course of training in the highest range of the drama, Mr. Irving has appealed straight to the supreme court—the most critical public in the world—and has won his cause.

The social position of an actor in this country has not, as a rule, been consonant with his self-respect. A not very commendable pride has prompted too many people to regard those who have made the stage their sphere of life as an inferior caste, very well behind the footlights, but not fit to be admitted into “society.” Mr. Irving has conquered this prejudice, as Macready conquered it. The actor who has made Shakespeare a living influence on the modern stage has a just claim to be classed with those who have done much for the public good. Mr. Irving has obtained the social recognition which is his due. In the highest circles in which genius has the place of honour, he is a representative figure. Many of those who are labouring to popularise art and science regard him as a powerful ally, and this year he has

been elected President of the Perry Barr Institute, near Birmingham, one of the most noted of those organisations for the diffusion of culture which are multiplying throughout the country. His "readings" have brought large sums into the exchequers of public charities. It is his high character and achievements which have brought about the *rapprochement* between the stage and the liberal-minded amongst the clergy which is now exercising the souls of the intolerant. An actor amongst bishops, as Mr. Irving was when he read his paper on the Drama before the Church of England Temperance Society, holds a position which is altogether unique. The friendship of prelates may not be the *ultima Thule* of human bliss, but the actor who enjoys it stands out from his fellows as pre-eminently the man who has shed lustre on his profession.

But, before all things, the great evidence of Mr. Irving's power is that he is paramount with the young minds of our time. Some old playgoers may shake their heads, and protest that this actor who shews such disrespect to tradition cannot be ranked with the immortals; but old playgoers do not make the verdict of the age. It is young enthusiasm, not old prejudice, which fills the niches in the temple of fame. It is the generation that is in its spring which has numbered Henry Irving with the few who bridge the real and the ideal for the delight of the world. And on those who have felt the charm of his personal character, his influence has left an indelible mark. They see how unassuming is the great artist, who thinks less of his success than of the difficulties he has yet to conquer. Those who saw Mr. Irving in his earliest Shakespearian creation only, and were among those who said, with little consciousness of hyperbole, "It is no impersonation—he *is* Hamlet," may find it difficult to realise the fact of the actor as an individuality moving in private life. It is not the least pleasant of Mr. Irving's characteristics that in private intercourse he never seems possessed by a consciousness of his public position. Some eminent actors have retained when off the stage the bearing of the exalted personages they represented when on it, and amusing anecdotes are told of their tragic self-importance in the ordinary affairs of life. Mr. Irving has none of this egotism. He is never anxious to make his own achievements the topic of conversation. A man of refined sensibilities often surrounds himself with a reserve which many mistake for pride. Mr. Irving's "aloofness," as George Eliot would call it, is thus misconstrued, and strangers sometimes suppose that he is by nature cold and unsociable. Those who have a better knowledge of him can

• speak of his genial companionship, and even of the heartiness with which, in moments of enjoyment, he can enter into a frolic. The quiet humour which illustrates the keen observation of the man of the world is sometimes succeeded by a gaiety which is irresistible. When he abandons himself to the fun of a good story, and gives the rein to mimicry, it is hard to realise that this is only one side of his nature. At all times he inspires admiration and esteem, and amidst the homage to the actor and the student, they feel themselves privileged whose good fortune it is to know him as the kind friend and the polished gentleman.

AUGUSTIN LEWIS.

EPIGRAM.—FAITH HOPE AND CHARITY.

Of old the sister Graces met,
And Love sat first of all the three ;
But Faith and Hope have grown so bold,
They leave no room for Charity.

A. H. H.

DOES GOD GROW ?

HE that sees a stick part in air and part in water sees it crooked ; but he that knows refraction, and uses the eye of the mind, sees the stick straight. And it is straight. This is a very simple fact, a very A B C of facts, and yet its lesson is not learned. Part in spirit and part in matter as we are, we see many things crooked that would be straight could we but rise above the cloudy refractive medium that hangs about us in prejudices and ignorances, marking the early stage of our development.

Wisdom and ignorance are alike venturesome ; but how different is the confidence of the one from the assurance of the other ! The man who said that "Fools step in where angels fear to tread," was right, and yet not right. The fools do not really step in ; they only appear to themselves to do so ; they can tread no angelic path, but only the way of their own folly. Goethe's saying, "Even in God I discover defects," if it be not the blind cry of the lower Pantheism, is but the ridiculous stepping in of the fool ; he does not discover defects in God, for he has not entered into sight of God ; he is only criticising his own idea of God, a mere refraction of his own mind. It is with him, *Ego et deus meus* : myself and my puppet ; or else he is in the toils of the fallacy, God is everything ; therefore everything is God. Had he said, "Even in light I discover defects," the world

would have laughed at him, and yet light is only a physical symbol of the Fount of all beneficence. Goethe's flippant folly is well reproved by Baron de Bielfield's deeper thought—"To know what He is, one must needs indeed be God."

It is a metaphysical impossibility for space to be infinite ; it is a practical impossibility for us to regard it as finite. If space were an infinite volume of gas when the very interesting process of our evolutionary theorists began, it would leave a void on its exterior as it rushed to centralise itself, —the infinite, that is to say, would have an exterior, which is absurd.

Edgar Poe's singular treatise "Eureka" presents us with another view of physical limitation :—"Were the succession of stars endless, then the background of the sky would present us an uniform luminosity, like that displayed by the Galaxy—*since there could be absolutely no point in all that background at which there would not exist a star.*" But though we may thus strive to grasp and limit the material plane, we must not presume so to limit the universe ; there may be more planes of life than there are stars that we see. Life plays upwards and downwards, from sphere to sphere, from glory to glory, as well as laterally, over an immeasurable plane of substance, the elements of which answer as one family on the spectrum.

Pascal's paradox happily and epigrammatically sums up all we know:—"The universe is a sphere of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere." The infinite is infinite because it is beyond our faculties; "the mind admits the idea of limitless, through the greater impossibility of entertaining that of limited, space." It is well that even the physical universe should baffle the mightiest intellect, for some of our scientists are such that they would think they had scored a point against God if they could measure the physical universe in miles. The next proceeding would be to explore this measured field, acre by acre, with a telescope; after the work of a few centuries they would report that God was not in the universe—every corner had been examined without trace of Him being found.

It is a relief to turn from these water-logged refractive minds to the story of the child who asked his mother, "How big is God? Is He as big as an elephant?" "He is no bigger than you," she replied; "it is His love and goodness that are so great."

If it is impossible to dogmatise about space, abstract position, or abstract magnitude, it should be more so to dogmatise about God; but it is the dogmatic conception that has provoked science to let fly its arrows to see whether the figure were alive or only made of straw. And the only figure that has been hit is the image that was made of straw.

Science is doing most useful work on its own plane. Materialism is a good mental attitude for the study of physical minutiae, provided it leave the inmost soul free for its own over-hovering and larger view, and let its living intuitions interpenetrate and inform the under-soul. Lovell Beddoes

said, near fifty years ago, "Does it not seem as if, at certain periods of the world, some secret influence in nature was acting universally on the spirit of mankind, and predisposing it to the culture of certain sciences or arts, and leading it to the discovery even of certain special ideas and facts in these?" There is no doubt that the over-pressure of physical discoveries has somewhat depressed the civilised mind of late, and kept it out of its larger outlooks. The spiritual philosophy of the greatest souls of the greatest nations of earth has come to be classed with the superstitions of savages, and with much access of prestige to the classifiers, who have thereby placed themselves on a pedestal higher than any to be found in the benighted darkness of five thousand years, and fifty mighty civilisations.

"It is the trick
Of these last livers to unbuild belief:
They'd rob the world of spirit. Then
each look,
Ay, every aspect of the earth and
sky,
Man's thought and hope, are lies."

Beddoes.

What matters that dismal fact in the glow of the pride arising from the overthrow of the wisdom of fifty centuries and more? If, indeed, it be overthrown. But the pleasure is none the less if it be only reckoned as overthrown. The glory of the materialist is assured, if not his conclusion. He has earned his right to be

"Rather the first prince at an inferior
court
Than in the blessed light the second
or still less."

Vondel. Lucifer II

We say God is infinite, because we cannot conceive the idea of a finite God; and we are measurably right; but the word infinite tends to the regard of physical boundaries, or of the absence of physical

boundaries, and so far leads astray. Inifinible would, perhaps, be a better term, as meaning not liable to boundaries. But whether that then would be a true epithet would be a question. Is God subject to boundaries? Here we approach what will lead us up to the question, Does God grow?

These questions we would ask without the smallest fear of any worthy suspicion of blasphemous or irreverent intent:—

“ The blasphemies are old, not strong
or great;
Easy to learn. Our little voice's
wrath
But adds a murmur to the wailing
sounds
That reach the mournful pity of
the skies.
He fashioned us, shall He not fully
know
The falls that come before we step
aright,
The first rude workings of our
slumbrous hearts;
Content to wait their yearning
unto His?”

There is no such thing as unintentional blasphemy; a good man will pardon apparent insult so soon as he is shewn that no offence was meant. Postulate a God, and he must be one that requires no explanations. There is a superstitious fearfulness that is as blameworthy as open irreverence. Unbelief may be cowardly, belief could not be. We do not believe in God at all if we are afraid He may by any chance be done away, or that a serious word or thought can injure or enrage Him, or, if we cannot say staunchly with Browning—

“ That One Face, far from vanish,
rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Become my universe that feels and
knows.”

Here is God that science and religion can unite in realising; with some the consciousness

through love taking a warm, almost personal form, with others being intellectualised into a pervading principle, an eternally-existing law; with those who have both wisdom and love, realising that He is that Wisdom and Love.

It may be said that

“ We know not life that reaches past
our own,
More than a leaf can flutter thoughts
like ours.”

But a leaf none the less than ourselves has its own apprehension (whether rising to consciousness or not, we know not) of influences from beyond itself.

Any thought on God may be decried by the scientific mind as merely more or less apparent anthropomorphism. It may be termed anthropomorphism to say that God made man in His own image; but could there be any other image than the fashioning mind itself? To dwell for a moment on such a subject as that of a God presupposes a faculty competent to attempt it, and prepared to do so. The money-making strife of earth would not evolve such a dream in a myriad years; the faculty is innate; hidden often, obscured, overgrown, is it ever wholly lost? The wonderful stories of deathbed repentances, frightened atheists, have had occasional foundation in fact, and an inherent possibility. Practically we can only fashion our conception in one of two ways—anthropomorphically, or pneumamorphically; by an expansion of the idea of man, or by inspiration, which is inward gift.

As the fact of the impossibility of ascertaining the limits of space is no bar to fruitful study of physics, but we can dismiss the difficulty in a convenient paradox, so the grand difficulty on the spiritual plane of a co-existence of an Infinite will with individual

freedom we must similarly dismiss. We are conscious of an absolute immovable law, we are simultaneously conscious of our own absolute freedom on the plane of will. We are well aware that we can act from caprice if we choose. Our will may not always be able to act with power, but it has power to decide whether it shall act or no. This co-exists with absolute law, though the two seem co-impossible; how they coalesce we know not; we leave a paradox which is entirely beyond our range of comprehension. But as in physics, we are not thereby prevented from reaching out to valuable thought.

If a mother, through sympathy, seeks to lead a child in any good direction, and the child rejects that sympathy and retreats into self-will, the maternal influence is thereby for the time estopped. There is a barrier which the sympathy cannot penetrate. A limit and boundary is made to love. Attraction, repulsion, sympathy, rejection, the laws of the force and cohesion of the worlds, spiritual as well as physical, has God freed Himself therefrom? Though logically, in cold and formal articles, we call Him passionless, and in a limited, technical signification, or rather in a human sense, indeed with truth; yet the popular intuition would revolt (through some Divine faculty) against any denial of the glowing certainty that God is Love. We are not of the dying paganism that poetically—never really—imagined gods “careless of mankind.” Such as these are merely giants, and of an alien race; the essential idea in the word God is of something that has relation to man.

There are no doubt many who see keenly the faults of the professedly religious—their spiritual prides, their petty spite, bigotries, and selfishnesses, their willingness

to enhance the brightness of their expected heaven by the gloomy shadow of a huge, wretched crowd outside; nay, more, see how, with fearful mockery, a religious cry (so-called) is taken up by a whole nation to serve a purpose of political ambition, and plunge tens of thousands into blood and misery; see, moreover, man after man without any professed religion leading an honest and worthy life, full of work valuable to his kind and of unselfish interest to himself; there are many who, seeing these things, are inclined to leave the thought of God altogether aside, and say with Clough—

“It seems His newer will
We should not think of Him at all,
but trudge it,
And of the world He has assigned us
make
What best we can.”

But this feeling, which is apparently a revolt against religion, is not really so, but only against what passes for religion. This making the true best of a world assigned to us for wise ends would be religion—a “divine secularism,” not a corporate and canting pretension to offices too sacred to profane.

Now if we tried to be simply secular the probability is that we should find ourselves in the end more deeply religious, in the best sense, than ever we were before. Freed from the distractions of dogma, the spirit would learn to see clearly; and even though it might lapse for a time into the blindness of interests wholly material, when those palled or wearied for a moment, that moment would either reveal utter despair and horror, or would disclose a vista of marvellous hope in the discovery of the perennial fount of life that we call God.

We are content to feed on the productiveness of nature, but few

even of those who have realised that the routine of life on earth, with its highest advantages, is unsatisfying, can step in the line of analogy to take hold of the one bright thought of some ancient dogmatic work, that the end of life is the enjoying of God for ever. How to enjoy God is the puzzle to the man who honestly avows that he enjoys nothing that is not outright physical. He is quite right to avow what he feels, or does not feel; would it be honest for him to avow that he could enjoy nature in the subtle way of some old painter, to whom every leaf and blossom, every light of sky or movement of water is a word of deep and priceless meaning, if he were without that artist's faculty? He must wait; better be a blind man and know it, than a pseudo-artist making believe that he possesses a love for colour and form, and feeling none.

As in nature we willingly confess that all that we enjoy we owe to the sunlight and its gifts, food, wealth, health, brightness,—so in the plane that transcends physical life we should soon find merely intellectual interests cold and sterile, were there no spiritual sun from which to draw our deepest life and heart-warmth, the food, wealth, health, and brightness of the inner being.

These thoughts have seemed to be a necessary preliminary to the discussion of the question that heads our paper. They relate to the relation of God and man, and without some definition—however feeble and shadowy—of that relation, no answer could be made to that question. Our only other word of preface is that words referring to God, to creation, to the relation of God to man, must be regarded as no more than the most imperfect approximation to adequacy. But if we confined inquiry to that

which we could fully know, we should either limit our minds to work in the channels of mechanical science, or be for ever engaged in a hopeless quest of the absolute.

Could there be a solitary God pervading a boundless inane? What, then, would his Godhead consist in? It could not be love, for love would have no object. It could not be wisdom, for there would be no evocation of wisdom. Creation is the necessary complement of God; in the making of something to love, may we not say? God becomes God. How creation is achieved it is not ours to know; the mystery of an infinite free will sundering from itself a finite will empowered to oppose the parent will from which it has its being, is too profound for logic, too tremendous for metaphysical speculation to compass any whit.

Even analogies here are difficult to find,—analogies that are the most marvellous helps to apprehension of deep things, since our world and its ways we believe to be the correspondences to spheres too fine for our present gaze, to be an A B C of words and sentences that we know not yet. There is, perhaps, a slender analogy to be found in art work; the late F. Denison Maurice, in a letter to the writer, used the following words in reference to a particular poem:—

“It has given me many hints about the link between the ideal and the real, and how the pursuit of that which *appears* to be a creation of ours, may become a passion. It is a very deep subject, deeper than I can fathom.” John, the theologos, or God-speaker, has given us something upon this deep subject:—“In the beginning (archetype, origin) was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. There-through were all things made.”

It is impossible to render fully the delicate preciseness of the Greek language here. The commentary that follows will shew the appositeness of the quotation to the question : — “ Wisdom was God, as wisdom will always be one with its creator, and wisdom was with God, as now and ever it affords the same mysterious delight of being one, yet outside of. It is in this that every man of genius finds his highest and most exquisite pleasure—the companionship of a spirit which is himself, yet is outside of himself; a pleasure which is not so rare in the spiritual world. In Swedenborg there is a narration that angels throw off from them existences which they afterwards cherish, thus making out of themselves a life which is not themselves.”

Is it not conceivable, without irreverence, that creation, besides being a Divine act of love on the part of God, is also a Divine act of His patience and faith? It is even conceivable that the primal soul, disparting itself into myriads upon myriads of individual germs of existence, lost its centrality and lived only in those tiny lives, struggling upwards ever in the mystery of their growth, yearning towards the glorious unity of perfectness and harmony. This would be bare Pantheism, and to our mind not the highest Pantheism; it would be the paradox of Pantheism (all-god-ness) without a God. The instinctive feeling is against this deposition, or resignation of infinite consciousness, this veritable abdication of the throne. Such analogy, moreover, as can be found is simply and strongly opposed to this theory. In the human body the heart goes through its own motions, the lungs have their proper business, the nerves do their duty or lapse into vagary, the brain moves involuntarily when it

has been overtaxed, but the central spirits wield control over the whole, by earnest purpose may stir the heart, regulate the lungs, dominate the nerves, and steady and utilise the brain; can, in fact, within certain limits, restore them to their duty if they go astray.

Man is not his senses and functions; he is their lord, and yet he grows through, in, and by them. This is as wonderful as the connection of God with His creation.

Theology has always allowed that something could be added or given to God, though the return supposed to be made to Him is the quality represented by the rather vague word glory. But even according to this doctrine, there would be a being richer or poorer in glory, which includes a difference, or comparison. It would rather strain the sense to add here that this implies a possibility of growth, or of retardation. “The dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit reverts to God who gave it.” Can it be supposed to be of no matter in what state this returning spirit may be, whether full of life or full of despair?

If God grows it is by food. But what is spiritual food? The natural body grows and is fed by the assimilation of natural substances; but how feeds the spirit? By its life-work. “My food,” said Jesus, “is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to achieve His work.” We have no reason to believe that Jesus did not mean what he said, or not understand what he meant, or that he did not speak the truth. And in his simple words we find the keystone of our thought, the idea of the growth of God.

We may find much in parables, those magical caskets of which, in the centuries’ course, the keys so often have become lost, but which preserve their secret essence intact

through eras of stagnancy of thought, and render it again ever fresh to the appreciator when he comes. Here is one:—"The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in the field; which when a man found he hid, and for his joy goes and sells all that he has, and buys that field." What is this kingdom of heaven? What mean the "hidden treasures in the field, of wheat and of barley, and of oil, and of honey?" The kingdom of heaven is the realm of God's sway, the soul of His creation, in which He moves; we may say the spiritual being of man, wherein He temples, wherein His love finds dwelling and sovereignty. The man of the parable, as in the Talmudic parables likewise, represents God. His "all that he has" needs no words of paraphrase; it is His very being. He surrendered his own life, or as it may be otherwise put, exchanged His power of creating pure and sinless angelic beings, untried, and therefore mere gossamer-things, for the purchase of a rude substantial field; that is, for the power of creating beings who should pass through matter (the field) with freewill, thereby becoming rational members of Himself. In other words, He saw that in the field of the material world could be found the treasure of the spiritual man. Wherefore He surrendered His breath of life, and poured it into the lungs of this spiritual man, evolving the material world to perfect him in.

The highest peak of revelation that is visible to us shews a way of unselfishness so arduous to most of us that by pretty general consent we leave it as inaccessible. If we stretch toward it seriously for a time, we soon find ourselves drawn down by the small interruptions of our worldly life, and end in regarding the path as belonging to an imaginary ideal world, where

perhaps we may be some day. Many persons cherish an idealisation of themselves, in which they see themselves following the way of utter unselfishness; but, alack, they are soon proved, as a rule, to be very unlike their phantom individuality, if their personality should happen to be outraged. In these days of narrow, superficial, and confident philosophy, our eyes are so blurred that they fail to see the wide and delicate differences of development that mark out spheres of life from one another. Do we realise, for instance, as a simple statement of unassuming fact, the words already quoted?—"My food is to do the will of the Sender of me, and to achieve His work."

Now living as we are on plain and palpable material diet, it is sorely difficult to realise such food as is here spoken of. It seems so shadowy and unsubstantial. But we have the expression "large-souled," and we know to some extent what we mean by it. And many a child at school has realised the growth in strength and gladness on the vanquishment of some favourite selfishness. Even the mind grows by exercise. The soul that strives for any sincere end grows larger in the process. What is called an awakening may be seen sometimes, which is the soul marking a period of growth. If two friends of similar condition have presented to them a similar choice between a difficult unselfish course and an easy selfish one, and take different roads, they will soon realise a want of accord one with another; one has growth, the other has consented to retardation. How strong one is made by such strange food as following the absolute standard or Divine ideal given to each of us, may be judged from the simple courage of Jesus. There was nothing in him that could be

made afraid; where there is no selfishness, what is there to touch? Fear is essentially a selfish thing. The thought complementary to the one we have cited is this:—

“If any one seeks to follow in my road, let him renounce (discard) the selfhood, and take up his cross of daily things. For whoever longs to save his life, (whoever selfishly hugs his soul’s safety) is on the way of losing it.” Into the self is the first step of our creation; we learn our individuality, our severance from the Infinite life, our possibility of freedom. Out of the self is the way back to God; and we must take it some time, for we have no life of ourselves after all; as earth-creatures we feed on sun and its growths, as souls we feed on light and love, and their myriad developments. But that way back we take, not in the weakly loveliness of untried innocence, but in the marvellous consciousness of being a part of the Divine fulness that has life in itself, and so in the assurance of being fed for ever, provided we can give up as well as take; provided we are honest sons, and not parasites.

The Indian metaphysicians say, “By performing the corresponding duty with regard to each, each quarter is preserved in peace and free from danger” (Singalo Wada. Gogerly). Here is a paraphrastic rendering of the truth we have illustrated.

We have taken the deepest idea of the destiny of man ever embodied in speech, that he is to grow by doing the work of God, and to live on the perennial fount of life, beginning by throwing away the hobble of the fretful, unsatisfied self, and purging himself of the surfeit of ignorant pride. We may thus have life for the pleasant price of earning it, and have it without stop or stay.

However doubtful it may be whether the visible universe (which is only a physical plane of life) is actually without boundary, no mortal has ever truly felt that the interior life that feeds all, shews any cessation, weariness, disinclination, or inability to go on feeding for ever. Those who believe in the annihilation of man in less than a thousand months after he is sent into this particular world (or, can we say, strolls into it?) must have well-nigh as tremendous a consciousness of God’s continuous power, for on their hypothesis he can afford to produce and waste individuality in uncounted multitude. Logically, these strong believers in God’s power should have no difficulty in conceiving mankind

“Assumed

In plenitude of Deity, and the immense Seclusion of His essence,”

where for ever there would be room to build our individual nests, and grow, as a small bird in a heaven-spreading tree, full of food and shelter.

Now to turn our thought round. As the Infinite is a law to us, is he not a law to Himself, whereunto such law as we can appreciate is a faint approximation? If we are to gain our true life by discarding luxurious self, may not the life of God consist in for ever discarding His central Divinity? Is not our duty of self-abandonment the necessity of the Eternal? And, as we grow in noble qualities, and so in our truest self, by every strenuous blow in the direction of good and the conquest of the selfishness that makes us lag, may He not find growth in the development of the myriads of His little men, in the blossoming of His countless clustering spheres of angels? Our meat is to fulfil His will; that is, to do and love. Is not His life and meat to do and

love too? As we do not lose really our best life in giving up what may seem at the moment of abandonment to be that best life, so in giving up the possibility of the untroubled Olympian life that filled the pagan imagination, does God not gain His highest crown in infinite fatherhood and motherhood, in universal responsibility? As we are taught to give up our clinging selfhood, not so much from knowledge, but in faith, so may we not without irreverence ask ourselves whether, when the Father of Life gives up His assured existence and pours forth His love and life into myriad myriads of individualised beings, it is all in absolute knowledge, or whether it is not, in a sense, rather in trust and faith—for is not the pettiest individual dowered with the mighty gift of freedom? And do we not know in ourselves what power we have to rebel for ages, and refuse to seek the Divine heart of Heaven again?

Our words are terribly inadequate, though but little more so than our thoughts, to conceive of these things; but we may feel where we cannot reach by logic:—

“He who though vast and strange
when with intellect we gaze,

Yet close to our heart steals in, in
a thousand tender ways.”

As “he that giveth up his life, the same shall save it,” how far has God permitted His own life to be entrusted to His creation? As we live by Him, has He so far abandoned His central life that He cannot live without us? As Love is Love, is not creation the necessary complement of Godhead? The profoundest insight has shewn us the infinite sensitiveness that marks the amplest life,—“inasmuch as ye did ought to the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me.”

We have endeavoured so far to

be as logical as so transcendent a matter permits. The intellect is compelled by its nature (save when prejudice for the time blinds it) to accept what is reasonable; but it has the power of living in isolated independence and rejecting love. There are persons still in a state of such obfuscation that the words “Remember that all God covets is His creatures’ happiness and their love,” would be disagreeably fanciful to them; persons who, if the thought were pressed upon them, would rejoin, How do you prove it?

Is not the starvation necessity of work in our world the rudimentary alphabet of learning that God cannot keep us alive (*alive*, not merely in existence) unless we work for Him? Those who will not work have to be forced to. Physically we might be placed in an overflowing garden of Eden, but a fall (to us, constituted as we are) would be a necessity, or we should die of inanition,—dwindle as many a languid tribe, or many a lazy man. And if we were living in the pure Eden of spirit, we should have to fall into matter to learn our rudimentary lessons by remoteness from spirit. In the higher realms of life, what do we know of the response made to God, of the mutuality of God and man?

Jesus said that his true sustenance was to do the Father’s will, and his life shewed that he felt and meant it. Was this a mere secretion of the cells of his brain? O mighty materialist, you have yet to prove it. If such thought be the product of association of ideas, who started the links of the chain that binds us to so strange a conception as infinite fatherhood? We could enjoy beef and beer quite as well without it, possibly better.

Does this Fatherly Heart, so close knit to all of us, then grow? Do our hearts grow, then grows

this. Man grows in the surrender of cherished selfness, in the domination of personal pride, in the exiling his truest from his apparent self. If His law be ours, God grows in His wondrous self-abandonment to us, in His ruin of His seclusion to live in us, and at our mercy; in His hard-working faculty rather than in an infinite centrality of ease. Man grows by the love that pours into him when he has done well, by the return God makes for every slightest act of labour for godlike purpose. God grows by the infinite coming to blossom and fruit of His grand experiment; His heart swells with

every baby growth of the love of the children that hang upon His breasts. He is joy of their joy, and they joy of His. And in His fullest joy he renounces Himself again and draws breath of love to pour out from His lungs that life which shall be ten thousand times ten thousand more children, all treading with doubtful steps the old stern paths of growth; all tending, by virtue of free will eventually finding its own and its best, through the uncountable ages, back to that tender Heart that never ceases to grow in love and to vibrate with new creation.

KENINGALE COOK.

M. ABSINTHE AND MDLLE. TARTINE.

A STORY OF PARIS.

I.

How bright in the *Bois* ! What a sweet afternoon,
 A holiday seems to put time into tune ;
 But if only things happened as in a romance,
 There would come no old *gouvernante* looking askance.

But the loneliest life leads the wretched *élève* ;
 None comes to amuse, or from *ennui* to save ;
 There are girls, to be sure, but then they're of no count,
 And Madame's as blue as a frozen-up fount.

Oh ! what a sweet angel sits under the tree ;
 He surely won't dare to make eyes upon me !
 Ah, no ! He looks *triste, distrait, ennuyé* ;
Mais, ah, qu'il est joli tout pâle qu'il est !

Such eyes ! What sentiment there and what fire !
 But they stare straight ahead and don't pause to admire ;
 Overstudy no doubt ! And how soiled his array ;
Mais, ah, qu'il est joli tout pâle qu'il est !

Shall I give him one pitying glance as I pass ?
 Mademoiselle cannot see through her spectacle-glass.
 Shall I smile just a *soupçon* ? What would Madame say ?
Mais, ah, qu'il est joli tout pâle qu'il est !

Ingrat ! for I smiled, and I'm sure that he saw,
 But his lordly look didn't alter a straw :
 What an emperor he is. If he 'asked,' I'd say nay ;
Mais, ah, qu'il est joli tout pâle qu'il est !

* * * * *

Yes, Mad'm'selle, the view !—'tis indeed very well ;—
Ah, qu'il est joli—tout pâle—le ciel !
 Return ! what, so soon ? See how bright is the day ;
Ah, qu'il est joli tout pâle qu'il est !

II.

The last throw of the die ! If I gain, I take wife,
 And settle me down to a virtuous life.
 If it fail, there's a nook in the silver Seine,
 Where one's trouble may slide, and be ne'er felt again.

Far away from the Morgue there are willows and weeds ;
 A dexterous slip, and I'm cradled in reeds !
 A last sick smile, and a long good-bye,
 And the ooze smoothes over the place where I lie.

The last news at the Bourse was that Rentes were down,
 On report of war losses : well, if so, I drown.
 Stay . . . 'tis twenty hours yet to the settling time !
 Long enough for a battle, a game, or a crime.

You can speculate now on a generous scale,
 Millionaire if you win, or hell if you fail ;
 And your capital's large ;—does the risk take your breath ?
 Pshaw ! there's ample reserve when your banker is death.

III.

TWENTY HOURS AFTER.

" Miss Cécile, your Papa ! he stands waiting below,
 And has something to tell you, so pray don't be slow ;
 You have leave for the day." " Oh Madame, how nice !
Bon jour, dear Madame, I'll be dressed in a trice."

* * * * *

" Come along, my dear daughter, I think he will do ;
 He is calling at five." " But, dear Papa, who ?"

" Half a million of francs he has left to invest
 At the bank in securities, all of the best.

" And he'll take but a quarter of that as your *dot* ;
 Most lover-like he, while so many are not :
 Five-and-forty, too, only ! a wonderful catch ;
 I hope now, my dear, you'll be pleased with the match."

" 'Twill be better than school, I dare say, Papa dear."

" Well, you'll see him at once, child, and then we shall hear ;
 If this war would but finish, and make business straight,
 We'd soon have you married ; nay, why should we wait ?

* * * * *

" Well, dearest !..... he's putting his coat on outside ;
 What now am I to say ?—that you will be a bride ?"

" Oh hush, Papa dearest ; oh, what can I say ?
Ah, qu'il est joli, tout pâle qu'il est !"

* * * * *

" 'Tis all right with the girl, as I hoped !—Well, adieu,
 If you will ! By the bye, though, one moment, Monsieur ;
 The news of the victory you spoke of at noon
 Turns out false ; what a blow to one's hoping too soon !

" And the Bourse must have felt it. I dare say you'll learn
 There are scores of men ruined ; well, each has his turn."

" We must shift for ourselves, up and down the scale goes ;
 I lose something by this ;—'twas some rig, I suppose."

IV.

So that affair's settled !..... A sweet little Miss !
 Her smile is a charming soft prelude to bliss.
 We'll live in the country ; 'twill give me a rest
 From the load that lies heavy as stone on my breast.

Life balanced itself on the turn of an hour,
 On the one side a grave, on the other a bower.
 Twenty words on a paper..... the Bourse takes a jump,
 And a nice little fortune is made in a lump.

'Tis how the world taught, so the world needn't fret ;
 And now it's all over, I soon shall forget.
 'Twas neatly done too !..... " Hands off ! what d'ye mean ?
 Take me for a spy !—you will ?—you unclean

Cur of a *gendarme*." " Sir, you'd better not spar,
 You see the crowd sway ; should they scent who you are,
 Yankee Lynch gives the word, and like tigers they'll tear ;
 I'll not promise your life if you make any stir."

" Enough of this nonsense ! I'm known—" As the gent
 Who forged the false news !"—" Oh great heaven, relent !
 Is there no escape ?"—" None, we have been on your track
 Since noon. Monsieur, this way, the street at the back."

" But I've money !"—" 'Tis nought ! all around us are eyes
 Of my comrades who envy that I've got the prize ;
 I am old and have found two professions don't pay,—
 Namely, forging and bribery !"—" But what if I say

Half a million ?—I trip you quite gently and run !
 Take my chance of escape ! A bargain ? Say done !—
 I leave Paris for ever."—" Ah, Monsieur will joke,
 We are playing strict game, there's no grace for revoke."

* * * * *

Sits a girl softly telling a fanciful dream,
 To the star that is first with its silver sad gleam,
 And—hist—from her window just over the way,
 She sings "*Ah, qu'il est joli tout pâle qu'il est !*"

They pass, both the *gendarme* and he : droops his head,
 For the strain seems to sound from the realms of the dead.
 Bah, 'tis nought, one must come to the end of one's day,
 And meet death.....*qu'il est joli tout pâle qu'il est !*

LOST ELEMENTS OF ANCIENT LORE.

THE most brilliant triumphs of science have been due to the careful investigation of residual phenomena. It has been in the study of facts which ordinary observers despised, or over-looked, or assumed that they thoroughly understood, that the key to true theory has most frequently been found. To submit ashes—the *caput mortuum*, the crude residuum of a chemical process, to the balance, would have seemed to the old phlogistic chemists a ridiculous waste of time. Yet on that very act depended the whole splendid discovery of quantitative analysis. “Pho, pho, a pack of weeds, sir, a pack of weeds,” was the contemptuous comment of the established professional dulness of a later day, when a young naturalist, afterwards well-known to fame, timidly presented to his college superior a beautifully preserved *Hortus siccus* of the delicate marine *Algæ* of the Scottish shores. As it is in some unconscious assumption that the fallacy which vitiates an argument usually lurks, so is it in some obscure, ill-understood, apparently trivial detail,—something that everyone but the possessor of that exhaustive patience which is one mode of genius would overlook,—that the cause of the utter misconception of an important philosophical proposition may often be detected.

It was against this fertile source of error that, of all men who ever taught their kind, Euclid most

carefully sought to provide. We need not pause to inquire whether there is not a certain gap even in his fourth proposition. But that his “elements” were rather intended as a model for controversial writing, allowing no room for error, than as a method of geometric research, has been the opinion of some of those best qualified to judge. We know something of what were the assumptions as to chemical law before the times of Dalton and of Cavendish; as to mechanical law, before the observations of Galileo, or indeed of Newton; as to politics, before the date—and among those who are ignorant of the political studies and writings of Aristotle; as to theology, at all times—except in the one small sect which alone is always in the right, but the identification of which has unfortunately not yet been fully accomplished. But perhaps neither the assumption of the four elements of natural substances; that of nature’s abhorrence of a vacuum; that of the barbarism of all human races save the one of which the speaker is a member; or that of the damnable error of all forms of religion save that held by the same indeterminable centre of rectitude, have been more hostile to the pursuit and the attainment of truth, than is the contempt which many of those persons who now claim to be the teachers of their fellows bestow on what formed the chief portions of the

wisdom of the great men who preceded them; whose shoe-latchets, as matter of intellectual stature, they are not worthy to stand on tiptoe to unloose.

In fact, one tendency of any great discovery has always been to throw discredit on more ancient discoveries, with which the new one might, at the first blush, seem to disagree. That a new bit of truth should at once fit into its proper place in general theory, like a piece of a Chinese puzzle, is the common expectation of the student. It is, however, very rarely the case that such an evident fitness is at once apparent. Haste, and reliance on the latest result, lead not unnaturally to depreciation of earlier results, of no less truth and importance, with the process of arriving at which the later student is unfamiliar. And thus, in collecting and assorting the ever growing multitude of known truths, out of which a true philosophy, based on an exhaustive science, will one day spring, some of the most deserving of modern thinkers have disfigured lineaments which posterity might otherwise have better loved, by an unseemly sneer at the labours of greater men who have wrought before them.

We have seen the rise, the culmination, and the commencement of the decline, of one of these new views of an ancient problem, since the time of the first publications of Adam Smith. Philosophy owes much to the lucid manner in which that writer dissected relations which had been thought too obscure, or too unimportant for minute study, before his time. He laid the basis of the science of national wealth. But those who followed him, and who often devoted admirable labours and brilliant powers to the investigation of what was

called—by an unconscious contradiction of terms—political economy (or the national administration of the household) fell into an error which they might have avoided by the philological examination of the very name of their pursuit. They assumed that the love of gain was, not *a*, but *the*, mainspring of human action. They confounded the words wealth and welfare. They described as great natural laws, relations, any definition of which, when carried beyond a degree of simplicity which is that of a truism, become too complicated to reduce to any intelligible rule. Thus, “the great law of supply and demand” is spoken of by public writers, under the influence of fashion in speech, with almost as much veneration as is expressed by theologians as to the famous *Filioque* clause. That in the smaller transactions of barter or petty trade there is a close inter-dependence between supply and demand is a very simple and unimportant remark. But the moment we ascend much above the level of the huckster such difficulties come in that the great law becomes extremely unintelligible in its operation. We have to inquire what is meant by demand. Is it the application for, or the felt and admitted want of, or the possibility of an opening for the consumption of, a new article of supply? Under either of these definitions it is impossible to lay down any general law as to whether supply or demand is cause or consequence. At times there is an ample supply, but no corresponding demand. This is called a glut; as in the recent case of the over supply of the Indian market with Manchester cotton goods, for which no purchasers were forthcoming. At times there is a brisk demand in the sense of application; as in the case of a call for the

stock or shares of an enterprise, when the only effect of the demand is to raise the price of the article without increasing either its quantity or its intrinsic value. At times there is urgent want but no supply; as in the case of the famine in Orissa in 1865. When the 20th of October in that year passed without rain, the whole region became struck with panic, and the effect of the extra demand for food was that the country *ceased to supply* the towns. At both Cuttack and Pooree the bazaars were closed, and the terror and inconvenience became everywhere extreme. If we speak of demand in the sense of a possible opening for a contingent or novel supply, we may observe that, since the time of Whittington, the power to detect indications of such a state of things has been one of the elements of the genius of the great merchant. Sometimes the want, however urgent, is unsupplied; as in the case of the want of great statesmen, great patriots, or great orators, in the House of Commons, or great men in Europe generally, in the present day. At times the speculative supply of a new and unprecedented product has produced a demand almost without limits, as in the case of the supply of the modern facilities for locomotion; to the provision of which certain financiers of the old school prided themselves on never having given any assistance. Between the cases of the unsatisfied demand for food in Orissa, and the development of the third-class railway traffic in England, every imaginable condition of relation, or of non-relation, between demand and supply may so readily be pointed out, that it is evidently absurd to offer to formulate any general law regulating such relation.

Thus in political economy the residual or neglected phenomena

so far exceed in value those which the statistician can reduce to rule, that the application of scientific method is only practicable with extreme reserve. And thus men enslave themselves by the use of unmeaning formulæ—or rather of formulæ in which the variants so far exceed the constants that equation is out of the question. The result of the discovery of the mode in which a positive truth is strained by its preachers, in order to attribute to it controlling, rather than contributory, significance, is to dispose the mass of mankind to reject the entire doctrine, and to declare that it contains no truth at all.

The oscillatory advance of our conceptions of newly discovered truth may bear a homely illustration. Let us imagine that an observer in the moon, or in some extra-mundane station, had noted that when the two hands on a certain dial in connection with a great building, such as a railway station, coincided in a vertical line, there was a great chiming of bells, and that a moveable body issued at great rapidity from the building. Some knowledge of mechanics would lead to the conclusion that the hands of the dial operated as a detent, and that on their coincidence the moveable body (the train) was detached, and at the same time rang the mid-day chimes. Further observation, however, convinced a fresh observer that there was no organic connection between the train and the clock, or the train and the carillon of the neighbouring church. Lunar opinion, on this, surges back, and declares that the original observation was in fault; that the relative position of the hands has nothing to do with the escape of the train, and that a mere casual coincidence has been strained into a hypothetical law. It is only the third, and

ultimate, state of the theory, which points out that, although there is no organic connection, there is, nevertheless, a true connection; that the real law that underlies all the three movements is the same; but that it is the apparent position of the sun, or the actual condition of the rotation of the earth, which (measured by what is called mean time) regulates alike the hands of the clock, the ringing of the carillon, and the starting of the mid-day train.

It may be very strongly suspected that whenever the explanation prepared for a hitch, or a hiatus, in some otherwise symmetrical theory is made to depend on the folly, the ignorance, the blindness, the prejudice, the superstition, or some other evil quality of our ancestors or predecessors, the explainers are in the second of the three stages above indicated. So simple, and for the moment so satisfactory, is this manner of accounting for the refractory residual phenomenon which refuses to lend itself to the new theory, that it is little wonder that it is the favourite resort of those who care more for the establishment of their own views, or their own authority, than for the impersonal cause and divine progress of truth.

By no class of persons is the transparent fallacy of rejecting any residual phenomena inconsistent with their own hypothesis, on the folly or the malignity of their opponents (that is to say, of the overwhelming majority of mankind), so freely and universally adopted as by the polemic, or theological disputant. With most of these persons, indeed, the future inlet of that truth which may dawn from the study of what they have neglected, is studiously and systematically dammed out, to the very utmost extent of their power. Not only they, and they alone, are

the recipients and dispensers of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but theirs is the truth as it was in the beginning—that is to say, 6,000 years ago—is now, and ever shall be, incorrigible, immutable, total, central. The only drawback to this position is the utter want of unanimity in those who sustain it. On so many mountain tops of a lengthened chain there is only one that is the summit. Each climber proclaims that his is that one, and that all the others are, in fact, not hills, but holes. Each polemic so utterly condemns all the others, be their divergencies great or small, that there is but one point on which they all agree, and that is in the condemnation of the inquirer who should dare to apply to religious questions the method which has proved most fruitful in producing all the positive knowledge yet acquired by man, namely, that of comparative analysis. The Christian has hopes of gaining the heathen; the Parsee may hope to convince the Jew; the Churchman may even admit that by some inscrutable mystery of Divine sovereignty the Dissenter may get to Heaven—but all will agree in stoning the philosophic inquirer who talks of comparative theology, or of an analysis of the purport, the history, and the origin of human creeds. It is to be feared, therefore, that the positive stage of religion is yet at some distance.

This intolerance of the obscure, or the intellectually inconvenient, is extended to many of those beliefs, habits, studies, theories, and even instincts, which, in past times, have furnished the chief motive or controlling elements of human life. It may hereafter be regarded as not the least signal mark of the barbarism of the nineteenth century that men who were the leaders of thought should

have looked one another gravely in the face while they ascribed those incidents in ancient history which they failed to comprehend, or which jarred with their hypotheses, to the ignorance and stupidity, not of themselves, but of the ancients. That in respect of many of those phases of thought the due comprehension of which is of the utmost importance for the philosophic history of mankind, we are now in the second, or destructive, stage of knowledge, there can be no dispute. It may be the case that such a stage is, in itself, an advance on that which it has displaced. If we believe that the change of human opinion follows a law of secular and certain progress, we must at least admit that, as with the planets themselves, the movement of certain elements of thought appears at times to be retrograde.

With regard to the change of opinion which has already taken place, since the dawn of literature, with regard to the group of subjects of which we speak, it must be borne in mind that in the general advance of human knowledge it is impossible for any special branch of study to remain unaltered. That advance may be said to come under the terms of the same general law that appears to have regulated the succession of the palæontological series of animal forms, in time. It is the increase in specialisation of function, accompanying, as is natural, the increase in the number of specific forms. The cartilaginous tyrants of the stormy seas of the old red sandstone epoch had the abode of a fish, the armour of a turtle or of a crocodile, a respiration of almost or altogether an amphibious character, and a general structure containing such elements for development, that portions of the anatomy of bird, beast, reptile,

and fish may be thought to be fore-shadowed in the more general and less special structure of the gristly predecessors of the existing sharks and rays. In the same manner, what was once the general mathematics, or mathesis, of the philosopher—the sum of human learning, which Plato or Aristotle thought it not too much to attempt to grasp, and which even so late as the time of Leonardo da Vinci was well-nigh mastered by one individual—has undergone a process of development, of ramification, and of specialisation, which has so far extended that it would now be thought a mark of inferior, rather than of superior culture for any man to profess with Bacon that he had “taken all knowledge for his portion.” In this increasing specialisation, the more obscure parts of human knowledge, the studies that were matters of difficulty and hesitation even to the piercing intelligence of Aristotle; and the vast group of imaginative broodings in which poetry, rather than science, is wont to delight, are left to a great extent stranded. They are out of their element in the fierce, vulgar light that beats on all dissected thought. They have not yet met with their Newton, their Dalton, or their Cuvier. That they should, therefore, be cast aside in the impatient rush of those who think that what is yet unknown is also unknowable, is more natural than creditable. But, to take one instance out of many, while it is a gain to civilisation to have passed from the fear of sorcery entertained in the time of James the First, in England, or at the period of the witch-persecution at Salem, to the more frigid atmosphere of modern incredulity, it is not so sure that our knowledge of human nature is more profound

under the latter than under the former creed. We have evidence—wethinkundeniableevidence—of the fact of certain abnormal disturbances which from time to time have vexed humanity, recurring with waves or beats, or sweeping over communities with epidemic suddenness and force. To attribute them to evil spirits was, we are perhaps justified in saying, an unwarranted assumption. Still, whether true or false, whether well or ill founded, it was an intelligible hypothesis; in harmony with the religious and philosophical views of the time. Since then, the *ensemble* of these views has greatly changed. The simple and assumed explanation is no longer apparently self-evident to general opinion. Medicine and anatomy have shed a little, although a very little, light on the subject. This phenomenon, as a part of the history of opinion, at all events, is just in that state of obscurity which promises the greatest advantage from its reduction to scientific exactitude. When at this critical stage the whole group of extraordinary facts are simply referred to the folly and superstition of the actors, or to the existence of dominant ideas, it is doubtful whether such an explanation is not at once more ignorant, more conceited, and more thoroughly a piece of obscurantism, than the hasty generalisation that attributed them to the agency of the Devil.

If we glance at the transformation, which has been effected in the most normal and thoroughly scientific mode, in one of the most important of the occult sciences of the Middle Ages, we shall be struck with the fact that the last word of alchemy has not yet been said. Few events in the growth and development of the study of mankind, and thus of the human mind

itself, have been more full both of light and of promise, than the birth of scientific chemistry from the alembic of the alchemist. The change has been one of method rather than of aim. It is not, indeed, for the discovery of an agent which shall turn lead to gold, or for that of a universal medicine, that the chemist now seeks. A more lucrative and durable source of wealth, however, has already resulted from his labours; scarcely commenced as they may be thought to be, in view of the great field of the unknown. And although the daily cares and anxiety of therapeutic practice absorb time which might, with immense benefit to mankind, be legitimately devoted to the systematic investigation of specific remedies, there is no doubt that medical chemistry is making rapid strides. The discovery of anæsthetic applications alone is one that Raymond Lully would have considered an ample reward for the toil of many a life. The application to chemical research of direct measurements of weight and bulk, and the discovery of the convertibility of heat, motion, and other physical and chemical forces, has given a certitude and precision to the investigation of the intimate nature of matter, which was not to be expected from appeals to Sandalphon, or any use of magical formula. There is no doubt that the chemist has got, so to speak, more into the secret of material existence, than the alchemist could ever hope to do. He has been able to apply, with a precision gained by positive experience, those doses of heat, from the tentative administration of which the alchemist expected so much. He has, as far as the science has now advanced, greatly extended the list of what are regarded as simple elements. But he has not only

ascertained that every such element (either alone or in combination with others) may exist in each of the six distinct physical forms of gem, metal, earth, electuary, liquid, and gas—the dose of heat present being apparently the controlling cause of the physical condition—but he has also discovered those rare and curious phenomena of allotropism, as in the case of sulphur, of phosphorous, and even of oxygen, which effect in very truth transformations of physical characteristics of the nature dreamed of by the alchemist.

Although the recent progress of chemistry has been in the direction of increasing the number of the bodies which still rank as independent primary elements, it is no longer considered to be a mark of ignorance to hold that we may be on our course towards a far grander and more genuine conception of the intimate nature of matter. The anticipations of the alchemist were those of the infant in science. Those of the chemist of to-day are those of the schoolboy. The latest investigations of the nature of force, the influence and power of heat, and the effect of the combination of heat with matter, are suggestions of a philosophical theory that shall co-ordinate all phenomena appreciable by the human senses, with those activities which are only cognisable (by man) by their effects.

If we recall, in a few words, what we know of the nature of matter, we shall take a step towards the unknown by the mere fact of philosophic arrangement of our knowledge. We take cognisance of matter in three distinct modes. The minutest detail which we can grasp is that of the chemical equivalents. In regarding this elemental form of matter, we find that certain laws of proportion

define the mode in which each element combines with any other element; and that a certain order of preference, or measure of intensity in disposition to combine, regulates the relation of each to every other form of material existence.

These chemical preferences, or affinities, however, are molecular in their action, and are displayed only at insensible distances. When we examine matter in bulk, and as divided by sensible distances from other matter, we find ourselves in the presence of a law of at once the utmost simplicity and the utmost comprehensiveness. This law was discovered and stated by Newton in its phenomenal rather than in its essential aspect. He first proved, by the application of the principles of geometry to the movements of the heavenly bodies, that gravitation was a universal force, the effect of which was in the inverse ratio of the squares of the distances separating bodies gravitating towards one another. The more subtle essence of this mysterious power is, that its nature is universal, unbounded, and illimitable by distance; for it is only such a power that can produce the phenomena of mensurable influence, or attraction, as we know them to exist. Supposing a body of any size, from an atom of hydrogen to a ton, to possess weight, that is to say, an attractive energy, radiating from, or converging to, it in every direction, the *portion* of such attraction that would affect, or be affected by, any other body will always be in exact inverse proportion to the square of the distance between the two. It is not that at the distance of 100 yards the first body has less attractive power to *all* natural bodies than at a distance of one yard; but it is the case that at

the longer distance only one ten-thousandth part of that attractive force is present in a given area, as compared with the same area on the surface of a sphere of one yard radius. General gravitation, then, is the resultant of the attractions of each body to all other ponderable bodies in the universe. This resultant depends, indeed, on the relative positions; but the force itself is utterly without any bound or limit, except that of acting in a straight line. If we say, further, that this force is the resultant of all the chemical affinities of the body in question to all other bodies, we have to limit the statement by the absence of any due determination of the point where chemical, is replaced by physical, attraction.

The third state or form of matter, as cognisable by our senses, is that referred to in a former paper, namely, that which presents a special behaviour under the influence of life.

It may be seen from the above sketch, that while science has made the most triumphant advance by the application of exact method to chemical investigation, there is yet so much that we have utterly failed to reduce to law, to co-ordinate, or even to define, in the relations of matter to matter, of matter to heat and motion, and of matter to the phenomena of life, that a lofty and profound disdain for the labours of those patient pioneers of chemistry, the alchemists, can be only felt by those who are as yet far from having reached either the moral or the intellectual level of some of these great gropers after truth.

While chemistry must thus speak with due reverence of her decrepid but venerable parent, the discoveries of the chemist tend to shew that there was a dim perception of natural law adumbra-

ted in the magical study of the Cabbala. Two distinct ideas underlay this ancient and obscure theory. Of these, that which attributed all the phenomena of nature to the agency of spiritual Powers, and which sought, by the aid of spells, charms, and periapts, and especially by the invocation of the Shem hamphorash, or Divine Name, to command the obedience of such Powers, must be regarded as one of the most fruitless and unsatisfactory pursuits in which men of high capacities have long stumbled in the dark. But in the idea which underlies that form of Cabbala known as *ghematria*, there is something like an anticipation of the doctrine of chemical equivalents. The idea that God made all things by number, by weight, and by measure, is the most splendid forecast of exact science that is recorded in the history of the human mind. It is true that in the pursuit of the normal or controlling numbers, the ancient Cabbalists (like the Italians of the present day in their constant calculations of chances for the lottery) were working blindly, empirically, and unprofitably. But the extraordinary importance of direct numeric relations, which analytic chemistry has shewn to exist in elementary combinations, was fore-shadowed, if not foreseen, by the Cabbala. And the mode in which men of deep thought, although not armed with exact method, pursued in old times the study of numeric relations, is more worthy of profound respect than of shallow scorn.

The modern triumphs of astronomy have shewn that phenomena which first were regarded as purely capricious, or, as we should now say, supernatural, and which next were investigated under an ever more and more intricate theory of cyclical movement, are in fact

governed by, or at least connected with, numeric relations of the most subtle and exact nature. The vast horology of the solar system is regulated by exact laws, which the human intellect, from the time of Kepler to that of Adams and Leverrier, is only slowly and tentatively unfolding. It is indubitable that it was the ancient belief that the order of human events was prefigured or disposed by the stars, which has led to that long and patient study of the planetary movements to which we owe, in the first instance, not only our formal, but our physical, astronomy. It is true that a broad and trenchant line must be drawn between modern astronomy, one of the most certain of the exact sciences, and ancient astrology, more especially as viewed in the grotesque garb in which it is represented by those extremely ignorant persons who now sell, by tens of thousands, their astrological almanacks. But what we wish to suggest is that after we have discarded the idea that Mars, or Venus, or Saturn, directs or compels human action—which is the language of quackery,—* and after we have exhausted the mathematical investigation of the theory of the planetary motion—which is the province of positive science,—there is reason to suspect the existence of residual phenomena, which cannot safely be neglected by the philosopher.

To a certain extent we all admit the fact of the regulation of human movements by the motions of the heavenly bodies. But it is noteworthy that one result of the advance of civilisation is to deaden

the sense entertained by man of the importance of times and seasons. To the dwellers in great cities, summer and winter are chiefly known by the difference of temperature. The length of the day, and the division of day and night, are disguised by the artificial light with which houses and streets are so abundantly supplied. The occurrent phases of the moon, which, to the dwellers in sparsely-peopled country districts, make so much difference that almost all the great annual feasts of antiquity were held at the full of this planet, are almost unperceived by the pale citizen. Civilisation so veils the most obvious of the planetary phenomena (in so far as they may naturally regulate human actions, and conduce to the repetition of similar events on recurrent anniversaries) that it is little wonder if the lustre of the morning or of the evening star fails to speak to the imagination, and if the radiance of the more distant exterior planets be absolutely ignored. To the Greek, who held his Olympic games at the full moon falling in Cancer; to the Jew, who held his Passover at the full moon falling in Aries, the idea of stellar indications of times, of seasons, and of cycles had a natural consistency with his habitual ideas. But such would never be the case with the dweller in London or in Paris.

Thus again, celestial phenomena, which now are chiefly regarded as occasions for measuring the velocity of light, or for investigating the nature of the photosphere of the sun, had at times a definite effect upon human actions, which

* "The error of confounding these two branches of the science—nativities, in which the planets are *causes* (under God) of events, and horary questions, in which they are only signs of events, has been the chief means of bringing this sublime science into disrepute." This is the dictum of a writer who determines the distance of the earth from the sun as 360,000 miles!

it is possible easily to trace. Especially was this the case with eclipses. These phenomena were regarded as portents; and although the observations made by Chaldean astronomers for 1,900 years, which perished (except the few that are quoted in the *Almagest*) in the burning of the Library of Alexandria, had enabled the early astronomers to fix that valuable recurrent cycle, the Saros, or eclipse cycle; yet whether astronomically predicted or not, the occasion of an eclipse was never regarded as a slight or unimportant matter. All ancient literature, sacred as well as profane, speaks with awe of the failing of the sun, and of the blood-red hue of the eclipsed moon. Again, the visible conjunctions or separations of the bright planets that have orbits of approximately two, twelve, and thirty years; measured epochs of human life and would be naturally regarded with an eager curiosity very cognate to superstition. The dweller in cities, under the stormy skies of Western Europe, has little inducement to bend his eyes to the starry heavens with that nightly, reverent, and inquiring gaze that was natural to a Syrian shepherd or an Egyptian or Indian astronomer.

The lesson that I wish to draw from a glance at the change of aspect under which mechanical, chemical, and astronomical phenomena are now regarded, as contrasted with the less exact views of the earliest labourers in these provinces of science, is this. We have improved to a very great extent in accuracy of observation. Our instruments are more perfect; our sense of the need of minute accuracy is intensified; our records are more systematic. Thus the science of observation itself has grown; the wealth of recorded observations has prodigiously

increased; and that compact body of science which is the sum and the result of definite observations has attained great and brilliant promise. This, however, has been accompanied by the habitual neglect of certain residual phenomena as to which exact observation is more difficult. In the early stage of discovery, when all observation was imperfect, these obscure phenomena were regarded as subjects of theory no less essential than the simpler facts. It is possible that they were thus obscured. But on the other hand, it is impossible that theory should be exhaustively wrought out while any result of elementary observation is neglected. What is required for the co-ordination of science and of philosophy, is the devotion of an adequate amount of patient attention to what is obscure, no less than to what is patent.

The element to which we chiefly refer, in the ancient studies of alchemy and of astrology, which has been, if not entirely lost sight of, yet viewed from such a different stand-point as to be altogether transformed in its assumed character, is that of NUMBER. We have seen, indeed, that a series of numeric relations has been detected by analytic chemists, which are at once minute, subtle, and immutable. We have seen also that, in its purely arithmetical part, modern astronomy has attained an exactitude unknown to Ptolemy, whose clearest calculation is expressed in Chaldean scruples, each of which contains 18 seconds. But we refer to something less obvious, although possibly not less real, than these simple arithmetical relations. It is something which, there can be little doubt, was incorrectly appreciated by ancient science; but the entire neglect of which by the science of our own

day may prove not to be less fatal to a complete philosophic theory. Number, by some of the cabbalistic teachers, was regarded with the same misdirected reverence that we have seen that some astrologers exhibit towards the planets. It has been regarded as a cause, rather than as a sign; as a ruling principle, which produces certain action; and not as a species of horological indication, necessary for the guidance of the unnumbered combinations which result in historic events.

It is certain that the course of human history either is, or is not, prepared, designed, and over-ruled by superhuman power. As to which view of the case may present, and which (if either) avoid, an accumulation of insuperable difficulties, we are not about now to inquire. If, as matter of hypothesis, we assume for a moment the affirmative view, it is certain that some method must be adopted for harmonising the action of the various agents, in point of time. Thus the sudden deaths of Bishop Wilberforce, of Sir Robert Peel, and of King William the Third, each arising from the stumble of the horse which bore each of these personages, were events of some considerable influence on the course of the ecclesiastical, the parliamentary, and the general administrative course of English history. We omit, for the present, the theory of "chance," which, moreover, throws no light whatever on the subject of inquiry. But if each, or either, of those events took its place in the working out of a plan, system, or order of direction, minor agencies must have been so controlled as to induce the occurrences. The mole (if we take the tradition, and very possibly erroneous tradition, as our guide) must by some means have been guided to throw up his little crater in

the spot on which the horse was to tread. Something, at all events, in each case must have occurred in order to cause the horse to stumble, and thus to remove the rider from the scene in which he was so busy and important an actor. If, then, there be any consensus in the preparation of events, some horology, more complex than that of the diurnal revolutions of the earth must exist in order to regulate the concurrence of distinct actions so as to effect the designed combination. It is the indications of such a horology that Claudius Ptolemy and his fellows sought to read in the planetary motions, and that the profounder students of the Cabbala sought to arrive at by the theory of *ghematria*, or other means of what may be called magical analysis.

It is clear that it will be more easy to investigate a question of this nature if we confine our search, in the first instance, to the occurrence of marked and significant events. If it prove to be the case that numeric relations, or indications, may be detected by exact chronological study, not referring to a single age, state, or people, but binding together the outlines of history in orderly cycles, it will at least be certain that there is a something in numeric relations which is not generally understood, but which is not on that account to be undervalued. We are prepared to substantiate the existence of phenomena of this nature, of remarkable importance and exactitude. But before doing so it will be proper to indicate the source from which the primary principles that underlie this species of numeric cabbala have been obtained, or at least handed down to public knowledge in our own incredulous days.

With almost a single famous exception, the whole of the exact numeric predictions of the pre-Christian Hebrew writers are those which are contained in the Book of Daniel, in which they are both numerous and precise. The character of this book has been grossly misrepresented for dogmatic purposes. There is no literary authority for the position it has been made to occupy in the Latin Vulgate, and therefore in the English Authorised Version. It forms no part of the Hebrew Canon of the Books of the Prophets, which are in all eight; the twelve minor prophets forming one book. "The Jews," writes the Dean of Canterbury, "as might have been expected from their greater knowledge of the subject, do not regard it as a prophecy at all." In Van der Hooght's edition of the Hebrew Bible the Book of Daniel is placed between Esther and Ezra. In St. Jerome's list of the Hagiographa it is placed between Canticles and Chronicles. In the Vatican edition of the Septuagint it occurs last of all the canonical books, except I. and II. Maccabees; Tobit, Judith, and all the books now usually called Apocryphal, with the exception of I. and II. Esdras, and III. Maccabees (which alone are termed *Libri Apocryphi* in this version) preceding it. Of the comparatively late date of the book few ripe scholars have any doubt. As it comes to us, it is a compilation. Sixty-four verses at the commencement, sixty-seven verses in the third chapter, and forty-two at the end of the book, exist in Greek alone. That they were originally written in that language is certain, from the existence in them of Greek puns, which are untranslatable, and can not have been translated from a Semitic language. Six chapters are written in Aramaic. That they were so

written originally is proved by the fact that some of the Aramaic words contained in them are transliterated, not translated, in the LXX. Version. But this Aramaic is of late date. In the very first chapter occurs a word of Persian origin and Aryan root, which could not have been used in speaking of the Court of Babylon until after the Persian Conquest. Not only is this the case, but two distinct marks of date are to be found in the very body of the work. The writer betrays an absolute unacquaintance with the history and with the chronology of the period in which he lays his scene. He refers to the regnal years of monarchs whose names, if not entirely imaginary, are as yet unidentified by the historian. Nebuchadnezzar, according to this book, is succeeded by his son Belshazzar; who is also mentioned in the apocryphal Book of Baruch. But Nebuchadnezzar, according to the Canon of Ptolemy, (with which the Book of Kings exactly agrees), was succeeded by his son Evil Merodach. Of the very central idea of the Jewish sojourn at Babylon, the captivity of King Jehoiachin, there is not a word in the Book of Daniel. The only Belshazzar who attained the royal dignity in Babylon was associated with his father Nabonadius; in the sixteenth year of whose reign, 24 years after the death of Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, and not Darius the Median, took Babylon. Of a Darius who reigned before Cyrus, according to the Book of Daniel, history knows nothing. Darius the son of Hystaspes, the first sovereign of the name, acceded to the throne (after the death of Cambyses and the Magian conspiracy) 41 years after the death of Nebuchadnezzar, and 67 years after the captivity of King Jeconiah. The utter confusion of the dates of

these Kings contrasts very strongly with the minute references to the struggles between the Egyptian and Grecian Kings that occur in the eleventh chapter, which forms a part of the third or Hebrew portion of the book. Any claim which might here be made to antiquity on the score of the language (critical observations apart) is opposed by the fact that the unintelligible chronology of the Aramaic part of the book is scrupulously followed in the Hebrew portion. In addition to these considerations, the occurrence of an account put in the form of a prediction, which is minutely exact between definite dates, and then suddenly becomes hopelessly vague (a characteristic with which the student is familiar in many modern Romish prophecies), can hardly be doubted to indicate the exact time of the composition of the work in question. The date thus arrived at is B.C. 168. This is 92 years after the commencement of the LXX. translation of the Old Testament: a fact that goes far to explain the anomalous condition of the present tri-lingual book.

It should be further observed that not only does the Book of Daniel form no part of the Hebrew Canon of the Prophets, but no claim is made by the writer to the prophetic function. The word of the Lord is not appealed to. Astrologers and enchanters are placed under the direction of the master of the magicians, Daniel; and the Persian doctrine of protecting angels underlies all the visionary part of the book. These remarks are necessary as an introduction to the observation that the statement with which the ninth chapter begins is a direct reference to cabbalistic theory—the inquiry by Sepherim (or “understanding by books”), appealing directly to the

“thirty-two hidden ways of knowledge” of the Cabbala.

Thus clearing the ground as to the true nature of the numeric data of the Book of Daniel, we become able to recognise the cabbalistic law which underlies them. The ordinary astrological allotment of a year for every degree in the annual movement of the sun, is combined with a reference to the special dominant number of the Hebrew race, that of the planet Saturn, which astrologically rules them, namely, Seven. As the sacred chronology of the nation was divided into weeks, or sevens, of years, and weeks of weeks, or jubilees (a through reckoning of which nature can be traced from the Book of Genesis to the dates of Sabbatic years given by Josephus), so we find weeks and great weeks introduced by the writer. The coincidence of dates thus determined with the usual astrological reckoning gives the great semi-period of 1,260 years, or three and a half times 360—the subdivisions of which, or rather of the whole “great time” of 2,520 years, fix every date referred to by the writer as future to his time.

That the immediate object of the eleventh and twelfth chapters of this book was to encourage the Jews to hope for the restoration of an independent principality, and to strengthen the hands of Judas Maccabæus and his family in the great national struggle which they had inaugurated, students of all shades of opinion may agree. It has hitherto been an inextricable puzzle to apply the periods of seven weeks and three-score and two weeks to the “making to cease the sacrifice and daily oblation;” an event which actually took place in the 145th year of the Seleucidæ, being the second year of the 28th Jubilee from the Exodus,

B.C. 168. The restoration of the Temple service occurred three years later, in the fifth year of the Jewish week, B.C. 163. Judas Maccabæus fell three years after the death of the Grecising High Priest, Alcimus, B.C. 157, in the sixth year of the week. It is not, therefore, evident how any satisfactory application of the numbers given in the book can be made to the events of that Maccabæan struggle, on the intensity of which the attention of the writer seems to have been anxiously bent.

But if we take a larger range, we find not only a group of coincidences of the most exact and startling description, referring to Jewish history, but evidences of a skeleton or block plan which appears to link together many of the most famous cycles, eras, and epochs of the history of the world. In fact, these wonderful chapters may be thought to resemble the work of an astrological or cabbalistic student, who was endeavouring to apply the rules of a science beyond his own grasp, to unlock the secret of contemporary events; and who, failing in so doing, yet left on record enough of his secret method to illumine many pages of history, when read by the light of accurate chronological record. The idea may seem wild, but it is not an imagination or a theory—it is a simple numeric outcome of a careful and accurate tabulation of dates.

Into the basis of this tabulation it is not necessary at this moment to enter. For all that will now be brought forward, the Julian Period—or any arbitrary method of dead reckoning that avoids the division of chronologic sequence by a central zero, such as the Christian Era—would be applicable. It may, therefore, simply be stated that the through reckoning employed by the writer is that which he

considers to be the restoration of the dead reckoning employed by the writers of the Old Testament, the elements of which are to be recovered from the text. According to this reckoning the Christian Era so falls that A.D. 1 coincides with A.M. 4810, and the Crucifixion took place A.M. 4839.

According to this mode of reckoning (which has in no way been taken from the Book of Daniel itself), a period of 62 great weeks of 70 years from the zero date brings us to the decade 4340-9; at the close of which, A.M. 4349, being the sixth year of the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, actually took place, according to the Book of Nehemiah, “the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem,” which, on the first day of the subsequent year, that Jewish Prince set forth from Babylon to carry out. Add seven weeks of 70 years each to this date, or 490 years, we arrive at 4839, the date of the Crucifixion.

As to this there is no possibility of error. The long reckoning may be laid aside, without interfering with the historic fact of the distance in time between the two events. It was, according to the Talmud, in the very year of the Crucifixion that the power of life and death (for offences against the Jewish religion) was taken by the Roman Procurator from the Great Sanhedrin. Within 40 years the Roman power had destroyed the city and the Sanctuary. What might have been the event if a national outburst, inspired by the unity of purpose and the scorn of death which marked the great struggle for freedom under the Maccabees, had occurred instead of the Crucifixion, it is idle now to inquire. But the last claim made in any way for the establishment on the Jewish throne of a prince of the House of David certainly took place 490

years from the effort made by Nehemiah to restore the worship and the polity of Jerusalem.

It may be more satisfactory, in the space to which the inquiry must now be restricted, to refer to some of the most striking illustrations of the cyclical dates of what is called profane history than to dwell on the constant recurrence of numeric relations such as we have indicated, through the whole course of the history of the Jews. Each great nation, in early times, had its distinct and special system of notation. The Jews, as we have remarked, reckoned by weeks of years, and weeks of weeks. Nor was this reckoning a matter of chronicle alone. It entered into the very inner life of the nation. It is stamped upon their coinage. Not only was the observance of the Sabbatic year a distinct part of the oral, as well as of the written law, but a special character was attached to each year of the week; the second tithes, for example, being paid to the poor on the third and sixth years of the seven. In the same way the Greek method of reckoning by Olympiads—a quaternary division, such as the same people applied to the points of heaven and the direction of the winds—was religiously consecrated by the recurrence of the Olympic and other games. The Roman computation by lustrums, which readily passed into a decimal notation, was also connected with religious observances. The Chaldean divisions of the course of time into Sari and Sossi was a part of that combination of the decimal and the sextuple mode of numeration which formed the radix of the whole Chaldean system of measures, weights, and values. The Chinese, at the early date of 2757 B.C., adopted a cycle of 60 years; which is a period identical with the Chal-

dean Sossus. The Egyptians, by the use of both a fixed and a vague year, introduced a natural astronomical cycle, or great year, the movement of which is of priceless value in learning the exact dates of very much of the lost history of Egypt.

The least common measure of all these distinct *radices*, or ratios of computation, is the astrological or cabbalistic period of three and a half times, each time consisting of three and a half years. Three and a half times 360 is 1,260; and three and a half times 1,260 is 4,410. Within this cycle of 4,410 years, all known methods of national computation revolve in an accordant cycle. Not only the cycles above mentioned, of four, five, seven, and sixty years, fall within the compass of the Time of 1,260 years, but the astronomical Saros, or eclipse cycle of 18 years, a most important element of old astronomical theory, actually recurs 70 times in this cabbalistic period. It is of course true that the cycle of coincidences in the motions of the moon and the sun, which was discovered by the astronomer Meton in 434 B.C., and which has since been known by the name of the Golden Number, does not coincide with the Saros in a shorter period than 342 years; by the lapse of which time correction is necessary, as regards the relation of the solar and lunar year. But the precession of the lunar on the solar cycle is not more than six Chaldean scrupules in a century, and we may well doubt whether such minute measurement of time would, even if ascertained, have been allowed to disturb the imposing uniformity of the great cabbalistic year.

As regards the through sacred reckoning of which the numbers in the Book of Daniel form portions, the first period of one

and a half Egyptian great year, or 2,256 equinoctial (not Julian) years, covers the portion of time which is antecedent to the historic Hebrew period, and which terminates with the epoch called that of the Deluge. This first portion of the reckoning, which corresponds in some degree with the mythical period of the reign of the gods in the Egyptian system, contains no events that can be identified as historic in the Hebrew books, and but few in profane literature. In the 355th year of this period, Menes founded Memphis, and during its lapse eleven dynasties of Egyptian kings ruled successively at Memphis, at Abydos, and at Thebes, besides three collateral dynasties at Heracleopolis and at Xoïs. The Pyramids were built during this period of time; the date of the Great Pyramid being very closely determined by the cartouche of its builder, Souphis, as 3578 B.C. Chinese history commences with the name of Fou Hi, during the reign of the fourth, or pyramid-building, Memphitic dynasty in Egypt. The names of the kings of an early dynasty at Babylon are also referred to this date. As far as the Hebrew annals are concerned, the chief utility of this prehistoric period appears to be the determination of a through reckoning which presents extraordinary facilities for the computation of coincident cycles. The years of the week, of the Saros, of the Golden Number, of the bissextile cycle, of the dominical cycle, and of some other modes of reckoning, all commence with the year 0 of this mundane era, and run uninterruptedly through the entire course of history. A definite chronological utility is thus derived from this semi-mythical preface to the actual chronicle, the importance of which will be seen to be considerable.

Starting with the historic era thus reached, ordinarily called that of the Flood, when the 13th Egyptian dynasty reigned at Thebes, and the 14th, a collateral dynasty, at Xoïs, when Hoang Ti ruled China, and when a Chaldean dynasty had been for 60 years reigning at Babylon, the main bulk of human history, so far as is yet deciphered, is comprised in the three and a-half great years, or seven half times of 630 years each, which divide the course of events down to the final disappearance of the last trace of the Roman Empire at the battle of Koningsgratz, A.M. 6675 (or A.D. 1866), the close of the last decade of the table. The periods thus divided for the most part coincide with events of great importance in the history of mankind. In the decade 2880-90, Joseph, according to the Book of Genesis, was warding off the effects of famine in Egypt. Six hundred and thirty years later, while Gideon was ruling Palestine, Africanus dates the siege of Troy; an event which, however decorated by the splendid imagination of Homer, was for Greece what the Crusades were 2,500 years later for Western Europe. In the decade commencing 4140, Alba Longa gave place to Rome, and the dodekarchy of Herodotus was established in Egypt. Another revolution of 630 years falls on the division of the Roman world among the triumvirs, and the final establishment of the Empire, as the result of the battle of Actium. In 5406 dates the foundation of Islam, by the first public preaching of Mahommed, and nine years later the establishment of the Papal Supremacy, by the granting of the title of Universal Bishop to the Pope by the Emperor Phocas. The decade 6030-40 witnessed the contest of the Pope

with the Emperor Frederick II.; the capture of Jerusalem by that Emperor; and the death of the great Mogul conqueror, Zinghis Khan. Finally, the close of this long period brings us to the decadence of the Papacy, and the loss of its temporal power; to the fall of Austria from her position of the representative of the Roman Empire, in the 1,260th year of the Papacy; and to the inauguration of a new order of things in Europe by the establishment of the German Empire.

If we look with chronological accuracy at the periods which, thus divided, measure the cardinal changes of empires and of States, we shall find that the multiples or the aliquot parts of the astrologic period of 360 solar years continually recur. Twenty-four years, or the 15th part; 40 years, or the 9th part; 180 years, or the half; or the combination of these and of similar periods, as 480 years, 220 years, 244 years, 424 years, 1,040 years, 1,260 years, 2,300 years, and 2,520 years, form cycles of continual recurrence; which coincide with the chief periods of revolution and of change; measuring, in each instance, the chronicles of a distinct state or people, or indicating subtle historic sequences. Thus the great time of 1,260 years exactly intervenes between the foundation of Rome, by Romulus, according to Varro, and the battle of Vercillé, when Clovis founded the Gallic Empire on the ruins of that of Rome. The same distance divides the fall of the first dynasty of kings at Rome, on the death of Tarquin, from the fall of the Merovignian dynasty in France, and the accession to power of Pepin le bref. It measured the period from the abandonment of Britain by the Romans to the erection of the United Kingdom by the union with Scotland. It was the

period of the maintenance of a Roman code of laws in Europe from the era of Justinian to the French Revolution. From Clovis to the cardinal event of the French Revolution, the abdication of the title of King of France by Louis XVI., the same period, with the addition of 24 years, intervened. The long period of 2,300 years, one of those specified in the Book of Daniel, divides the dates of the fall of the monarchy at Rome and the fall of the monarchy in France, as before determined. That same period intervened between the foundation of Rome and the date of the abolition of the Roman Supremacy in England by the Reformation under King Edward VI. It measured the period from the establishment of the Assyrian Supremacy in Asia, according to Herodotus, to the Turkish invasion of Europe under Alp Arslan; and also that from the conquest of Egypt by Nebuchadnezzar to the death of Aurenzebe and the close of the Mogul Supremacy.

The recurrence of some of the minor periods of the cabbalistic cycle, as determining the duration of dynasties or of particular phases of national history, is very striking. Thus the number 244, which is composed of the one-half, one-ninth, and one-fifteenth parts of the astrological period, appears to be a period of cardinal importance. It was the length of the rule of the dynasties, of the Kings of Rome; of the Sileucidæ, of the Merovignian Kings of France, and of the Lombard Kings of Italy; it measured, as nearly as dates are known, the Saxon rule in Britain from the landing of Hengist to the establishment of the power of Mercia under Ina; it measured the duration of the early Hebrew monarchy, in which the reign of a king was usually tempered by the influence of a prophet,

from the coronation of Saul to the death of Elisha; and again from that event to the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar; and it was the interval which elapsed between the death of Julian, the last Pagan Emperor, and the establishment of the Papal Supremacy. If a whole, instead of a half, astrological year be substituted in the arithmetical expression, we find a no less significant period, that of 424 years. This was the time that elapsed from the era of Nabonassar to the death of Alexander the Great, or the Philippine Era of Ptolemy. It measured the duration of the Roman Empire, from the battle of Actium to the death of Theodosius the Great. It also measured the period of the abasement of Roman power, from the destruction of the Western Empire by Odoacer to the coronation of Charlemagne, 2,300 years after the death of Moses, and 1,260 years from the Edict of Artaxerxes. The Temple of Solomon stood for 424 years from its consecration to its destruction by Nebuchadnezzar. Idolatry was suppressed, by the Edict of Constantine for the destruction of the Pagan temples, for the period of 424 years; at the expiration of which it was re-established, and the temporal power of the Papacy was founded, by the grant to Stephen III. of the exarchate of Ravenna. From the latter date the same period of 424 years elapsed to the final consolidation of the Papal system, by the passing of the law of Papal election by two-thirds of the Cardinals by Pope Alexander III. The period of 220 years, which is the third of the same group of minor cycles, and that of 480 years, which is one and one-third astrological years, are notable in a like manner. The former, among

other significant chronological links, divides the era of Justinian from that of Pepin; the establishment of Islam from the consolidation of the English monarchy under Egbert; the massacre of St. Bartholomew from the murder of King Louis XVI.; the defeat of the Spanish Armada from the capture of Madrid by Buonaparte; and the accession of Henry IV. of France from the Peace of Vienna. 480 years measured the duration of the dynasty of the Arsacidæ; of the Roman rule in Britain; of the Roman power from the foundation of the city until it became undisputed in Italy on the fall of Tarentum; of the Roman Republic, from the expulsion of Tarquin to the establishment of the empire of Augustus Cæsar; and of the dynasties of Clovis and Pepin.

It would be easy to extend the list of the definite coincidences between the lapse of multiples, or aliquot parts, of the astrological year and the occurrence of critical and noted points of revolution, or of progress in history. It would occupy too much space to do so on the present occasion. It is by the notation of the chief events of history in a tabular form, under a system of through reckoning, that the clearest indication of the curious cyclical connections above indicated becomes apparent. Had history, since, in the seventh century, it was first considered of importance to illustrate chronicle by exact dates, been arranged on a through reckoning, as was proposed by Scaliger, it is hardly possible that the constant recurrence of definite numeric relations should have escaped the notice of the philosophic historian.

So continual is this recurrence of cyclical relations in the past, that it even becomes possible to glance, not altogether without guide, to the future. At the

moment of writing these words the upshot of the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 is altogether uncertain. But it is more than ten years since the tables of the writer called attention to the fact that the year 1877 was the 424th year from the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, and that according to all chronological example that year was likely to be marked by some important revolution in the fortunes of that city or that Power; while the coincidence of the year 1882 with the 1,260th year of the Hegira, and with the 480th anniversary of the battle of Angora, may be held to intimate that the settlement or subsidence of the vexed Eastern Question may be chronologically anticipated to occupy a period of at least five years before calm and order can be restored. Two years later—in 1884—commences the 666th Olympiad; while the year 1890, a cyclical epoch of note, coincides with the 70th Jubilee from the establishment of that mode of reckoning at the Exodus.

As to the value of the above indications it may be premature to express any opinion. But it should be borne in mind, first, that the numeric coincidences detailed are not opinions but facts—simple statistical facts, patent to any one who takes the trouble to count; more evident to one who should take the trouble of tabulating the

leading events of history. Secondly, these coincidences have every appearance of forming part of a definite chronological system. Whether we consider that States and lineages, like individuals, and possibly like species, have their natural terms of growth, maturity, and decay, or whether we adopt any other hypothesis for the explanation of the apparently common rule that determines such cyclical revolutions, it can hardly be urged that the subject now brought before the world is undeserving of careful study. It is a case of obscure residual facts, neglected hitherto by the historian, and even by the chronologist; although we have distinct traces that the existence of some of these numeric relations was considered to be constant, at least 2,045 years ago. Instead of regarding the numbers which have been held to be so mysterious in the Book of Daniel, and again as repeated in the Apocalypse, as special to the little Hebrew tribes, or as indicating some six or seven crises in the history of one nation, or even of one faction, there is some reason to suspect that we are in presence of the figures of a vast horology; and that the regulation of the recurrence of the seasons is neither the sole function of the planetary orbs, nor the indication of their sole relation to the secular life of man.

FRANCIS R. CONDER.

EARLY DAYS OF MORTIMER COLLINS.

WHAT a waif and stray in the plodding work-a-day, respectable world, alien from the smooth course of life's sober stream, is a man of genius! Whether it be in music or mathematics, scientific invention or the stage, leadership of men or contemplative philosophy, poetry, painting, or religion, the man of original gifts is an isolated creature. The generality look on him askance, or take a capricious fit and worship. However shifts that temper of the world, it is but a change for him, and perhaps a new difficulty. For if the every day crowd buys its experience in one market, he has to buy it in a hundred. If he enters ordinary channels of existence, where any other man would remain placidly and happily engulfed and lost, the restless gad-fly is at him, and he enters but to emerge with a splutter like an amphibious creature blowing from itself the spray of watery life in its efforts to reach the air, and bask in the sun.

How far the life of a man as it is presented to our gaze is his essential life, and how far it is merely circumstantial, it is impossible to decide. But that it is both is provable from the patent fact that outward circumstances affect a man's conduct, and what seems to be his character, and that his character again acts upon and controls circumstances. Whether the internal or the external be in any case

the larger power, who can say? No doubt the relation of the inward and the outward influences varies in different individuals.

The merest consideration of these obscure laws shews how difficult it is to write the biography of the least or the greatest with any fairness; the memorialist may commit default either in measuring circumstance or in measuring the man. He may have insufficient knowledge of the one, or he may be unable adequately to appreciate the other. Furthermore, he may have conscious or unconscious bias in himself: he may have taken a view, or hug some favourite bigotry. Wonderful thus it is that anyone should dare to write biography, and pardonable indeed if he fail.

The slight sketch here attempted has been called forth by the disappointment expressed by sundry journals that in a recent biography, valuable in some respects as far as it goes, the whole life of its subject was not brought forward. For the few particulars that will be collected here it is not sought to claim an interest because they are particulars of the life of a man of popular note, or because they lead us into any large and stirring scenes; but because it is believed that the details of any life that may indeed be called life, that is to say, which is a buying of experience and a rising upon it, and is not a mere animal or vegetable existence,

are worthy of notice and of some general value.

The lives of men who have won their way to eminence in science are commonly composed with a view of shewing others how hard they worked, and what qualities are required to enable studious youths to follow in their steps. The lives of poets, on the other hand, seem rather to be written to produce an artistic effect, as in the gloomy pictures of the career of Edgar Poe, or to evoke a tender sympathy, as in the case of Keats, or to own the absolute helplessness of society for the treatment of indomitable pride and impracticable impatience, as in the case of Chatterton. The inference is that the life of a poet is of so rare and unworldly a nature, so different from the course of every day experience, that its record is of no practical use to the average world. The gipsy element in humanity is one that respectability would close its eyes to, if not drive away, as the old Puritans thrust from their doors as being of the same objectionable class, both minstrels and masterful beggars.

We hold that though few be poets, there is a streak of the wild blood of humour and poetry crossing many a man; carefully kept out of sight in some, peeping out most delightfully in others at favourable moments, even though the crust of the world's conventionality, respectability, and responsibility fit firmly on them. There are, then, natures that will sympathise with the forlorn hopes, grieve for the heavy falls, and joy with the triumphs of a minstrel brother, even if he come to them without a name.

The early years, therefore, of Mortimer Collins we shall treat as the early years merely of any struggling poetic boy. Details even

the most trivial have a right, we imagine, to be candidly told, as belonging to the vast army of circumstance that environs all of us that come into the world.

The first circumstances that a man has to face are his parents; he is clothed in their weaknesses and their strengths; for a long time he is powerless to form any surroundings but what they provide. In the strange communications of heredity, even a man's grandfathers may be, as it were, round the corner, offering their own virtues or vices at auspicious, or inauspicious moments.

After a poetic existence in the planet Mars (shall we suppose, in the humour of our author's "Transmigration"?), a being at once bellicose and gentle entered earth at Plymouth in 1827, on a day most unpoetically near to quarter-day, namely, the 29th of June. But he came into the possession or expectation of no rents, for his parents were far from wealthy, and the fanciful pleasure of regarding his birthday as St. Peter's day, devoted to a strong and outspoken man, and so a day of good omen, was all the grist it brought.

Edward James Mortimer Collins was the son of Francis Collings, of Kingsbridge, and Elizabeth his wife, Kingsbridge being a little port not far from Plymouth, at the head of the estuary of Salcombe, and the centre of the agricultural district of the South Hams. This Francis Collings's father and grandfather were of precisely similar name with himself, the former holding some Customs appointment, the latter being a schoolmaster and parish clerk in a Cornish parish, succeeding his father, Robert Colling. These small verbal changes of name were very frequent in the last century, and arose either from carelessness

or misspelling. The grandfather of Mortimer Collins registered his children as Collings, but dropped the "g" in his ordinary signature. Mortimer Collins was therefore the first of his line to hold the registered surname of Collins.

The last Francis Collings was a tall, delicate, quiet man, regarded with much affectionate solicitude by his relatives. He had one special physical accomplishment, being a rare swimmer, and on one occasion saved a life through his power in the water. He published a volume of hymns, entitled "*Spiritual Poems*," which was printed in Plymouth in 1826, and published by subscription; and was a contributor to periodicals. We may imagine that, under the laws of heredity, the halting verse-power of a father might yet hand down to a son a brain-aptitude which would be a prepared nidus for poetic fluency; that is the utmost that can have been transmitted in the case before us, for the statement in the preface to the "*Spiritual Poems*" that they are "without the slightest claim to correct poetical composition," is but too true. Mr. Galton would find it hard to trace the slightest hereditary connection either in manner or philosophy between the following, and any of Mortimer's fluent, happy rhymes:—

WEARY OF THE WORLD.

"I would not live alway, ah no,
I could not be happy below;
To heaven I'm anxious to go,
The joys of the ransomed to know.

I would not live alway, for why?
The greatest enjoyment is pain;
For happiness, vainly, we try,
The trial, indeed, is but vain."

The whole volume, indeed, is of the most depressed evangelical kind; one of the poems is a pious hymn of submission, "written at a time of difficulty in the author's

family." There were, therefore, special reasons for the melancholy tone that pervades the book. The author died of consumption when his only son was between eleven and twelve years of age. Either a new hereditary law must be evolved, of transmission by opposites, or we must look to the female branch for the qualities of the boy.

His mother was of the Branscombes of Kingsbridge, Plymouth, and Newton Abbott; and her mother was Elizabeth Mortimer, of Bishops Teignton. Hence came the name Mortimer; of the qualities of that family we know not. The elder Branscombes were a powerful set, strong-willed and wild. The Wolf Branscombe and Devil Branscombe of "*Sweet Anne Page*" had actual existence, and are believed to have been drawn by the author to a large extent from life.

Mortimer Collins was, therefore, in blood the product of violent extremes. His mother, a high-spirited girl in her youth, of placid demeanour, but with a large undercurrent of life, and a suppressed quick wit, was tall, with strong aquiline nose and well-cut regular features, as was her son. But for some trifling ailment in her youth, one of the blood-letting leeches of the day took from her veins too large a quantity of the precious fluid, and did her an injury from which she took long to recover. Whether any connection between the facts can be traced we would not dare to say, but soon after her husband's death she joined the gloomy literal sect of the Plymouth Brethren, and remained therein until her death in 1872. The actual originator of this sect was acquainted with the family. He was a Rev. Dr. Hawker, who died as he had lived, an extreme evangelical member of

the Church of England, but was the real founder of the sect of the brethren which was formed after his death.

Circumstances, then, to the most superficial view, hardly seemed to be preparing the cradle of a poet; how truly more than unpropitious they were we shall see as we proceed.

The French aver with surpassing wisdom that men who make their mark in literature are wont to have been, when boys at school, either very dull or very precocious. Alexandre Dumas, père, who, like Gautier, Balzac, and Sue, belonged to the former category (and indeed, so, it may be added, did Walter Scott), argues that early backwardness in the classics is the essential condition of all future renown. Our English boy comes into the collision of contrast with the shock head and bewildering brains of M. Dumas, for he was precocious to a degree. He educated himself. The story of his brief school life is pitiable. His father was in unpropitious circumstances; his mother's relatives, who had been in a condition of affluence, had failed in business, so that probably the schools to which the boy was put during his childish years were none of the best. At one he suffered so severely from chilblains that he was unable to remove his socks, and having no one to look after him, his feet remained in their clinging coverings for many days and nights. Twice he ran away from school: he was afraid to go to his mother's, but went further to the house of his grandmother Branscombe, upon whom, as well as upon an aunt, he relied for some little affection. Some of the private schools of those days may well have been rather hindrances than aids to learning, when even at the Foundation Schools the punishments were so fierce and

arbitrary as rather to confuse than enlighten any growing brain. To shew how deep these school memories may go, the father of the present writer, now a dignitary of the Church, who was educated at one of the old Grammar Schools, could not during the years of his middle life meet his old tyrant of the rod, with whom he was then on terms of friendly intimacy, without an involuntary shudder of physical fear. The nerves and body remembered, if the mind had forgotten.

Young Mortimer was an omnivorous boy. He absorbed books that suited him. His mother and maternal uncles used to take from him the books that he loved, and hide them. His apparatus of Greek, Latin, and poetry, which he taught himself, would vanish. Discouraged by his family, he used to say that he began his education when he left school.

In holiday times, whilst he was quite a child, he used to visit his maternal relations, whose farms and tanneries had failed, and who, reduced in circumstances, were resorting to shifts and expedients in which the child was made a partaker. These were his guardians, and on the other side was his mother, fearing that his classic studies were leading him into wickedness; and dragging him to church accordingly to prevent it. If he had not found a sweeter religion, he has been known to say, he would have become an atheist; as he grew older his creed and nature became softer and happier. Quite as a little child he was kept quiet for hours at the conventicle, and he never forgot the fearful solemnity, the depression of healthy tone, of these meetings.

His picture of the life of a boy, from "Sweet Anne Page," which racy story has an autobiographic

element, will help to shew the kind of boy he was, at once strong and sensitive :—

“ Little Stephen, a bright-haired, blue-eyed boy of eleven, was coiled in a window-seat of the old wainscoted room. A book was in his hand, Bunyan's ‘ Holy War ; ’ he was reading for the twentieth time of the siege of Mansoul, that city whose besiegers never relax their efforts. He was a strange dreamy boy, whom his uncles and aunts despised because they could not understand him.

“ ‘ What a lazy boy you are,’ went on Aunt Harriet. ‘ Have you no lessons to learn ? you learn nothing at Miss Martin's.’

“ ‘ Not very much, aunt,’ said Stephen. ‘ She never will answer my questions. I asked her to-day whether she didn't think Christian in the ‘ Pilgrim's Progress ’ a very bad man for running away from his wife, and she called me a wicked boy, and made me stand on the form.’

“ ‘ She ought to have given you a good whipping, sir,’ said his aunt. ‘ What had that to do with your lessons ? Go and learn your spelling directly.’

“ ‘ He's a very tiresome boy,’ said his grandmother, in her oracular way.

“ Stephen got up, took Carpenter's Spelling Book in his hand, and retreated.

“ It was a soft summer evening, and the boy wandered down through garden and orchard into the tan-yard beyond. Thence he found his way to the brook, and strolled along its margin through the meadows, which were rimmed with the fainting flush of sunset. He loitered and dreamed. With this child the difference between reality and dream was indistinctly marked. His waking fancies, his dreams of the early morning, were often more real to him than his grandfather's stern presence, or his maiden aunt's endless scold. He read over and over again all the books that he found readable among the scanty supply which the house afforded. In a healthy household he would have had ‘ Robinson Crusoe ’ and the ‘ Arabian Nights ’—would have voyaged with Sindbad, and gone underground with Aladdin. But the

only books he could find were Milton's ‘ Paradise Lost ’ and the works of John Bunyan ; and these he knew by heart. He loved to identify himself with the characters. He had, it must be confessed, great sympathy with Satan in the epic, and liked to fancy himself the exploring arch-fiend, winging his way through chaos.

“ ‘ Stephen,’ says Aunt Harriet, when he comes in late to supper. ‘ you are the most tiresome child. Why can't you come in at the right time ? I've a great mind to send you to bed without supper.’

“ ‘ Oh, let him have something to eat and drink,’ said Uncle Tom, who was the genial uncle.

“ ‘ Better give him a good horse-whipping,’ said Uncle Charles, who was the fierce uncle, and flogged his own children unmercifully.

“ ‘ He's a dreadfully troublesome boy,’ said the oracular voice from the side table.”

In the case of most men we should now have to chronicle an uneventful course of later school life. With Mortimer Collins fate had it otherwise.

His uncle, Joseph Collins, who is still living, affirms that from the time he was eleven years of age he really supported himself and carved his own career. It seems incredible, but the facts speak for themselves. His father becoming seriously ill, the family fell into circumstances of extreme destitution. When entirely without means they were maintained by relatives in lodgings in Chatham and London. On the 5th May, 1838, Mortimer Collins entered upon a situation as reading-boy in the famous old printing house of Gilbert and Rivington, in St. John's Square, the ancient *habitat* of printer Cave and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The duty of reading-boy is to read aloud manuscripts to the reader, who is correcting the printed proofs. The boy was found to be expert at his work, and was valued as a reader,

say his relatives. It cannot now be remembered to whom he read, and though a book containing a description of their reading-boys was commenced by the firm in 1839, there is no description of our busy boy in it; and he is not remembered by the four or five still engaged in St. John's Square who were also with him; for he left the office on the day on which he completed eleven years, having been reading-boy only for about eight weeks, at the salary—quite an average one—of six shillings and twopence a week. He did not leave the post from his own impulse, but from his mother's wish; perhaps she thought a printing office—and so classical a one as this—was too intimately connected with the dangerous literary proclivities of her son. The boy was precocious in mind, and though only just eleven looked at least thirteen or fourteen; he was living with his mother in Holborn, and was put by her into a shop. Poor though the pecuniary position of the family might be, the boy's nature revolted against shop-work; he claimed some share in choosing his path in life, and resolutely refused to remain in the shop. As a last resort, and to settle his unappreciated ambitions, he was sent to take a monitor's place in a school.

It was a high-priced school, but no attention was given to the educational advancement of the young assistant, and what instruction he gained was by self-help, and was self-teaching pursued in his leisure hours. Here, it is said, he began to try his hand at original composition.

The first contribution to any publication that we can at present trace is a poem written by him when earning his bread as usher in a school kept by the Rev. Richard

Harris, at Westbury, in Wiltshire. To this school he went in 1843, and remained there about two years. Mr. Harris says of him:—"He was regarded by us all as very precocious, both physically and mentally, exceedingly amiable and talented." The poem was a depiction of the Golden Age from Ovid, and is signed E. I. M. C. Mr. George H. Wood, who was editor of the journal that published it, the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, still remembers the boy who came to call after the insertion of one of his poems: "He gave me the impression of a youth of remarkable talent, not to say, of genius. I also admired his fine physique. Of his poetry, even his early poetry, there can hardly be two opinions. At once, by which I mean in a day or two, he sent me a sparkling essay, one of the very best on its subject that I ever read. At the time I knew him he was more felicitous on paper than in conversation. It was his habit to remain silent, and then to express his admiration or dislike in bursts of rapture or disgust. With beautiful scenery he dealt in much the same way, being very impulsive in his eulogiums. I am reminded, also, that on returning from a walk, and the subject of the Armada happening to be started, he recited Macaulay's poem in fine style." In a published letter, dated the 11th August, Mr. Wood also says:—"I have known him write as quickly as a voluble woman can talk,—and to all appearance without more thought."

The translation from Ovid is in blank verse, a not very favourite poetic form with Mortimer Collins, whether young or old, for he always inclined to the dainty rhymed lyric. This poem appeared in the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette* for April 10th, 1844, when the author was between sixteen and seventeen, and had put some five

years between himself and the shop in Holborn, years doubtless of little joy save in snatched study, and stolen commune with nature. The blank verse is respectable, though not so remarkable as lyrical translations of the same period:—

“Nor yet the mountain-pine had
glided down
From its own forests to the liquid
wave,
To visit foreign shores ;—no travel-
lers told
Their lying legends of enchanted
isles,
Where starry birds sang joyful.”

A few weeks afterwards appeared in the same newspaper “Fragmen-
tary Translations from the ancient
Greek Poets.”

I.

IBYCUS, *frag. 1, coll. Schneidwin.*

In the sweet spring,
“Flourish the green Cydonian apple
trees,
Watered by rills, that fling
Their spray upon the virgin bowers
Ever crowned with joyous flowers,
Where the vine tendrils kiss the
viewless breeze.

But Eros ne’er,
Winter or spring, bestows tranquil-
lity :—

But with the lightning’s glare—
As Thracian storms he rushes high,
Whirling furious through the sky,
Chafing my restless heart, as some
tumultuous sea.”

II.

SIMONIDES, *frag. 18. Schneidwin.*
ORPHEUS.

“Countless birds above him flew,
Fishes from the water sprang,
Rustling winds no longer blew,
As sublime the Poet sang :—
Unhindered sounds the honied voice
Wafted on gentle gales that gleefully
rejoice.

As in the wintry morn,
When halcyons are born,
Gay-plumed, that curb the thunders
of the deep,
By the earth-dwellers named, the
‘Tempest sleep!’”

E. M. C.

Some rather sad stanzas were written about this time, upon
“thoughtless, shameless luxury,”
and the weary throng who in “the
toiling everlasting city strife,”
scarce knew when—

“Shines forth the brilliant sun,
Dallying with flow’rets on the mossy
ground.”

A few months more and we find
some gentle verses on “The
Sabbath Evening,” signed “C.,”
and still dating from Westbury.
Some simple stanzas follow, con-
taining many a touch of beauty:—

DAYBREAK.

“O’er the far hill-top comes the sun-
beam now,
Waking the birds amid the whisper-
ing wood,
Glittering in dew upon the mountain’s
brow
And lighting the dark eddies of the
flood ;
And all the mossy banks and brakes
among
Bursts sweetly forth a free and joyous
song.

Now it awakes, amid the bounteous
corn,
The minstrel lark, who panteth for
the sky ;
And the lone dove, in its wild haunts
forlorn,
Flaps its white wings, and sails in
gladness by ;
While, where the winds among the
trees rejoice,
The stranger cuckoo lifts his cheerful
voice.

Oh ! beautiful the coming of that beam
Where the damp night has passed
in fevered pain ;
With all the magic of a wondrous
dream

The silent heaven is musical again ;
And cooling breezes to the sick man’s
room
Bear in a faint yet freshening perfume.

All nature hath a tranquil show of
praise,
Aroused from night’s still slumber,
calm and deep ;

And a glad hymn the waters seem to
raise,
As from the grassy hill the stream-
lets leap.
Nor flowers nor blossoms in the
chorus fail,
But breathe an odorous tribute on the
gale."

E. M. C.

Westbury, Wilts.

Each year now marks an advance
in power. In October, 1846, when
the youth was nineteen, appeared
in the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*—

LINES TO A SATIRICAL WRITER.

"Too long thou hast urged the aimless
laugh,
Too long rejoiced in merriment :
A loftier wine thou now shouldst
quaff,
Shouldst seize the poet's pilgrim staff,
Nor let thy life be spent
In pandering to the grinning crowd,
Who, when the wisest chance to err,
Their souls to idiot laughter stir,
Boist'rous and loud.

Thou, sitting by thine own fireside,
Surrounded by the looks of love,
Know'st nothing of the raving tide
Of plebeian hate, patrician pride,
Which sterner spirits prove,
When, careless of all enmity
And wrath, they gird them for the
fight,
O'er the dark world to scatter light
And make it free.

Nor know'st thou how that ireful
strife
May often warp the firmest soul ;
How where most glorious thoughts
were rife,
A moment may divert a life
To some less lofty goal ;
As torrents, from their rocky throne
For the eternal ocean thirsting,
Turn, even though so wildly burst-
ing,
At some small stone.

Yet wouldst thou, with prolific pen,
Fill every senseless head with scorn,
Urge them to hiss high-hearted men,
Of truthful hope and honour, when
From their right pathway borne ;

A single sneering rhyme of thine,
The burden of a thoughtless tongue,
Wounds heroes, whom thou
shouldst have sung
Almost divine.

Oh ! cast aside that taunting thought
The offspring of a labouring brain ;—
For brighter utterances unsought
Come often, and thy soul is fraught
With many a glorious strain.
Though thousands hail thy mockery,
Yet noble spirits deeply grieve ;
And love, not satire, shall achieve
Eternity."

E. M. C.

There is the beginning of ori-
ginality here: the stone in the
torrent is a fine metaphor.

Our account of these youthful
years and youthful poems is studi-
ously unvarnished, for they tell
their own story. It is a very
different story, too, from that
of the elegant versifiers who
have been brought up in refined
surroundings, and among loving
friends and kindly preceptors, who
have passed up from classic rudi-
ments into the higher regions of
culture through the pleasant portal
of a great public school, and a
generous University. Such as
these, no doubt, will be able to feel
in their hearts a noble spasm of
admiration for a boy who was put
into a shop at eleven years old,
and through the cold atmospheres
that surround a struggling pauper,
so determinedly fought his way
that before he was of age he had
a close and thorough grip of
classical and poetic knowledge,
and had gained no little prestige
among capable and cultured men
on their own ground.

He had his own way of learning
a language. His first proceeding,
as he used to say, was to "break
its back." This he did by a daring
process of reading and translation.
He would take a poem or essay in
the language and with the aid of
a dictionary and grammar make

himself master of its meaning. By this process he believed he arrived at the essential spirit of the language; and the acquirement of all necessary details of grammar would easily follow. That they did follow must be implied by the accuracy of his scholarship, the nicety of his translations, the critical notes in his essays and correspondence and in the margins of his books.

In a similar way he did what is even more extraordinary. He penetrated into the higher ranges of mathematical science, although as a boy he had found the multiplication table a difficulty.

The year 1847, when he was nineteen to twenty, must have been a busy one. Besides poems, he contributed a regular series of prose essays to the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, under the title of "Bystander," a name with which many years afterwards he christened a newspaper. These contributions, referred to at the time by the editor as "the clever essays of our correspondent C.," were on many and various topics; the Decline of Poetry, Comfort, Originality, Novel Reading, Holidays, Walks before Breakfast, Complete Men, Luxury, Authoresses, Pictures from Milton, being among the subjects.

He had discovered for himself that "Melancholy is rarely found in the finest poetry," and this bit of knowledge never left him; there is no doubt that he was eminently glad of very nature, but there are words of sadness and sympathy in his earliest verse that he never lets escape him in his later writings, shewing that his cheer was in part the result of philosophy. The following fragment from these prose-sketches shews his style at this time, and is not without applicability to himself:—

"Desultory men are frequently the possessors of powerful intellects—they are sometimes endowed with the loftiest of human prerogatives—genius. Such men must of course require knowledge; and their minds are more strangely furnished than the motliest of modern libraries. They have a smattering of all science and all art, the result of impulsive mental excursions in every direction, and so ornamented by eccentricity of thought and expression as to be undistinguishable from actual profundity."

The lad had probably but little holiday, with the combination of school-teaching and regular journalism; but he had found out and tells us that "the real holiday is the holiday of the heart." In January, 1847, he dated a poem from Bristol; in November from Bowness, when we find a sonnet in the *Westmoreland Gazette* that is a beginning of the easy, gentlemanly style of thought that in later years mingled with Mortimer Collins's deeper feelings or more poetic excitement:—

COMFORT.

"Cheerful old gentleman, in easy chair.
With bright wine glowing in decanters by,
And newspapers, and warm fire blazing high,
In peace, by pleasant books surrounded there!—
Thy ample brow is wrinkled by no care,
And quiet speculation in thine eye
Seems bent on curious philosophy,
Revelling in fancy's products quaint and rare.
It may be, thou art scanning politics,
And wondering how the world can be so daft
As to delude itself with cunning tricks
Of state-designed and diplomatic craft.
Votary of comfort, tranquilly elate,
Alternately to read, to sip, to meditate."

E. M. C.

The third of the periodicals to which, in this year, he contributed

was *Fraser's Magazine*, in which, in July, appeared the ballad of "Sir Willoughby Ware." It must have been a positive necessity of life to him to write, for as a fourth medium for his thoughts he now became a constant and large contributor to an influential and well-edited Bristol newspaper, *Felix Farley's Journal*, established over a century and a half ago, and now merged in the *Bristol Times and Mirror*. To shew what a prolific pen he wielded at this time, as in after life, it is but necessary to look at what he contributed to this journal alone. Indeed the literary columns of this large newspaper take on quite a new appearance from the time that he comes on the scene. There had been before his time the few so-called "original poems," the varieties owed to the scissors, the reviews of the magazines,—*Blackwood*, *Fraser*, the "favourite" *University*; Sharpe's, Douglas Jerrold's, and others that are dead. Essays, stories, poems, translations, antique gems and modern *jeux d'esprit*, "specially written for *Felix Farley*," now began to coruscate over the page.

A portion of a letter written to a favourite uncle, Samuel Collins, at the close of 1847, will give an idea of the boy, avid of life, eager of learning, affectionate in disposition, brimming over with mirth, impecunious, poetic, full of faults and generosity.

Bowness, Thursday.

Dearly beloved Uncle,

I am uncommonly glad that you have not forgotten me utterly; that you can still remember that among the great solitary snowy mountains of Westmorland you are possessed of a scapegrace nephew—a fellow that has all the Collins vices and none of their virtues—that goes through the world laughing, quarrelling, rhyming and running in debt as recklessly as if he were immediate heir to a coronet—that holds "Absurde

facis, qui angas te animi," and "Bibamus papaliter," the two choicest bits of Latinity ever invented.

In whose company do you think I spent last Tuesday? Wordsworth's, by the powers; discussing politics, poetry and the picturesque with the old gentleman in the most delightful style. Had a long perambulation with him. Saw also that bluest of all blue-stockings, Miss Harriet Martineau.

By the way, I want to ask you a question. What is a good age to get married? You know I'm a tolerably fascinating fellow, and could make a good choice at most times (don't say I'm conceited), but I want your quasi-paternal advice on the subject. I shall be of age next June, and come into all my property.

* * * *

I've sent you one of my rambling good-for-nothing papers, as it in some measure describes Windermere. You will observe—if you read it—that besides the typographic errors, there are some of my own, dashed in for the sake of effect. But how was that editorial ignoramus to know that I had never been in Italy, or that the larch is not an evergreen?

Really, you are a most unepistolary person. Your letters are like angels' visits; and when they arrive they are as laconic as old Wellington's, and full of——well, I won't say what. If I knew my uncle Joseph's address I'd try to get a letter out of him; by Jove, I've such a correct picture of him in my mental retina, in that little back-office at Queenhithe, walled in by mountains of paper, with his bouquet on the desk before him. What a histrionic start when his dutiful nephew first dropped in upon him!

Will you be so obliging as to give my love to everybody, not forgetting my dear grandmother and all my aunts and cousins? And if you should happen to think of it, will you write me a scrap of a letter?

Your very dutiful and affectionate ancestor,

EDWD. MORTIMER COLLINS.

As frank and pleasant a boyish letter as was ever penned!

The enclosure referred to in the letter is No. IV. of the "Original Sketchings" from *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, and the remark about unvisited Italy refers to an expressed preference for Windermere and to a supposititious exclamation made by a romantic lady thereon, and underlined in the cutting from the newspaper, "Oh, that charming Como! that dear Pliny! Why, what a barbarian the man is; I should not wonder if he has never been to Italy at all."

The poetic adoration of nature that never weakened in the man was to be found in every slightest essay of the boy. Here is his depiction of Windermere: it is no guide-book description. As when writing valentines to persons it was the ideal and not the reality he commonly addressed, so here he wanders even away from actual Windermere into wealth of moonlight:—

"Windermere lies serenely among its hills, as if in a land of dreams. It is the centre of a region of romance—its atmosphere is passionate and poetic. It is impossible for a human being whose soul was not absolutely omitted in creation, to live a commonplace life here, or to be guided in a humdrum way, by the dictates of common sense. . . . And Windermere by moonlight! This very night is Dian out upon her azure path, and the stars are clustered densely around, and the sky is covered with clouds and cloudlets, and drifts of fleecy gauze-like haze, as if the goddess, just merged from slumber, were standing amid scattered millinery. Her calm, pale image in the placid lake, the still shadows of the trees, the constellations sloping upward from behind the hills,—how beautiful they are! People do not, as they ought, value the lovely moonlight.

"Its brightness is little inferior to that of day; but how different! And now, 'tis not quite midnight, you are crawling reluctantly to your snug

chamber, where the shutters are closed and the curtains drawn, while there is a sense of glory without, the glance of which would make you, dullard as you are, a poet for life. But you stifle your impulses, and enwrap yourself in impenetrable axioms, lest romance or fancy might intrude by some unguarded inlet, and never take a single peep at Windermere by moonlight."

How firm and clear for a young man's style, and how slight the difference from any of his later writings! Indeed, we shall have occasion to shew how almost every idea forming the subject of his multitudinous later works is to be found fully formed in these boyish lucubrations.

Notwithstanding his easy-going manner, he must have worked hard at this time. He had to maintain himself by his school-teaching; his weekly contributions to *Felix Farley* were by no means trifling; most severe study must have been undergone for him to acquire languages as he did, and to learn the art of poetic form from subtlety through to simplicity. The practice of translation doubtless aided him much in maturing his style. In verse there is evident progress from compositions written at sixteen; but both in his poetic work and prose essays there are passages published when he was barely twenty that for finished style, epigrammatic terseness, and full-grown power of generalisation, swift and almost infallible in its point, the most exquisite and experienced writers, including himself in his days of maturity, have rarely excelled.

Here is a passage evidencing the power we have alluded to, and shewing, moreover, that reverence for pure and unspoilt language that was conspicuous all through his life, even though in waywardness or from a too fanciful habit he now

and again extravagantly transgressed the perfection he so well appreciated. The scene in the following is a railway carriage, where he meets a hot phonographist, who strives to convert him to his system:—"Sir, we exclaimed, Phonography altogether estranges our language from its relatives and friends. We are connected by consanguinity or otherwise, with the priestly Hebrew, the epic Greek, the eloquent Latin, the stern Saxon, the grave German, the chivalric Spanish, the amorous Italian, the gossiping French, and a host of others. Shall we give all these lingual relatives the cut direct? Shall we eagerly avoid this noble throng? . . . Moreover, Sir, it is a suicidal proceeding; it murders the English language. Our words carry their meaning with them; are highly picturesque; have exactly the proper number of fit letters and musical syllables. Are these literary heretics to maul, cut, chip, shape, 'at their own sweet will,' into unimaginable grotesque, this glorious verbal statuary? Rather set a British schoolmaster to revise the old dramatists; rather execute neoteric vagaries on the Elgin marbles; rather cut the Apollo Belvedere into the semblance of a modern coxcomb! . . . Our companion was asleep; how is our reader?" Firmness, clearness, terseness, eloquence, poetic charm, and a thought worth having; these are here, and rarely, we imagine, are they to be found in anything like such perfection in the careless newspaper writing of a boy whom his parents could not afford to educate.

It is really amusing to find the very faults of our author's latest writings serenely shewing themselves in his earliest efforts. He was an unwearied worker at anything that enlisted his interest,

with which he would dwell until he mastered it; but it is singular how little he seemed to care to divest himself of old habits, or to realise how inextricably they clung to him. He never spoke more truly than when he said, in bantering verse:—

"You'll more easily out of the sky
pull

A star, than a habit from me:

The life that I live shall be free."

And there is a sublime unconsciousness of the want of agreement between the last line and its predecessors.

Of his unconquerable habit of digression when writing prose he was fully aware at the date of his "Original Sketchings," wherein he says with truth, "These sketches of ours, dashed off *currente calamo*, may generally be said to have a beginning, a middle, and an end; but, alas! there is not always a very clear connexion between them."

The account, published at the time, of the meeting with Wordsworth we may cite, as an instance of deep critical power in a young man. The account is called "A Rydalian Day," and was published on the 8th of January, 1848. After speaking of the meeting, he quotes a passage from Wordsworth's works and then proceeds:—

"A cheery strain. It bespeaks a heart at ease, a spirit unclouded, nor is there any discontent or dimness of intellect with Wordsworth in these later days, although he is in his seventy-eighth year, and has within so few months been deprived by death of his beloved wife and only daughter. We have spent happy hours, listening to the spoken words of Wordsworth and treasuring them up with jealous care . . . It is the *ne plus ultra* of nonsense to speak of a 'school of poetry.' There is nothing of the kind in existence; poets are perfectly original; no true poets can,

by any contrivance of critical sagacity, be classified together. . . . As Shakespeare is the poet of life, and therein of its manifold energies; Spenser of classic fancies; Milton of religion; Pope of polite wit; Byron of eloquence; Keats of sense; so also is Wordsworth the poet of thought peculiarly. He communes with his own spirit continually. He looks out on the world, searching for the reflex of what he finds within him. The beauty and glory and sublimity of nature are only suggestive and reminiscent of his inner emotions. The music of the spheres is an echo of the music of his spirit. The sunshine which laughs out daily over the broad, glad world, is merely a reflected beam of the glory from on high in which he dwells. . . . Wordsworth is calm, clear, sedate, sublime: he does not overwhelm by material, but surprises by spiritual, beauty. With him we quaff no "breakers of the warm south," but taste the pure and holy waters of the fountain of truth. We are not intoxicated, but enlightened."

Besides the meetings at Windermere already named, poor Hartley Coleridge was also stumbled upon, but not under the most auspicious circumstances in respect of his condition at the time. Kit North read Collins's "Windermere, a Poem; and Sonnets," a little thin volume published at Kendal in 1848; and spoke well of the author. There was innate sympathy between the two; for Mortimer Collins never ceased to love the merry "Noctes," and one of his last pleasures was the receipt of a complete edition of Wilson's works from Mr. Blackwood.

In this "Windermere," notwithstanding the admiration it received, was not, as by a singular and inexplicable fatality has been the case with all the author's poetical collections, contained the best work of its period. Scattered over provincial journals and neglected were finer poems than any in the volume;

and there they are still, waiting for the right person some day, perhaps when the copyrights are expired, to gather them together discreetly and give the author his true place in the poetic hierarchy. *Felix Farley* said a word for his assiduous contributor, in a notice of Windermere,—“We recognise in the author one who has frequently enriched our Journal with his fertile pen.”

The contributions of the young pen whose glowing course we are following through the newspapers on which it made its mark, were very varied. In *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* appeared, besides the "Original Sketchings" already referred to, a series of "Polyglottisms," or translations from various tongues. Some of these must have been only ostensibly translations, for we find amongst them renderings not only from the Greek (Aristophanes and Anacreon), and from the Latin (Horace), but versions from the Romaic, the Etruscan, the Sicilian, Italian, German, Portuguese, and several tongues of rare and awful names. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the young author used these modest cloaks to conceal his originality. In the case of the classical languages, and some of the others no doubt the poems are what they profess to be, translations.

To shew what can be done in the way of translation by one with the right poetic gift, we will place an ordinary versified translation of a short poem of Anacreon in juxtaposition with that of our hero, giving the senior translator the precedence:—

ANACREON. ODE XVII.—ON A SILVER BOWL.

Translated by Thomas Bourne. 1830.

“Mulciber, thou skilful wright,
Carve for me this silver bright:

But I do not wish to see
 Polished arms or panoply.
 What are arms or wars to me?
 Carve me out a mighty bowl,
 That my ever-thirsty soul
 In the generous juice may steep.
 Make it very—very deep.
 On the margin do not trace
 Uncouth shape or horrid face:
 Grave not there the northern wain,
 Stern Orion, god of rain,
 Boötes, or the Pleiades;
 What concern have I with these?
 Trail thereon the tender vine,
 There let purple clusters shine;
 Picture, too, the god of wine.
 There let fair-haired Cupid be,
 And Bathyllus, fair as he:
 Make them beautiful and bold,
 Burnished high like polished gold!
 Let them in one labour join,
 Treading out the gushing wine."

Whilst reading this we do not
 feel to care very much for Anacreon:
 let us turn to young Mortimer
 Collins:—Polyglottisms III.

THE SILVER BOWL.—FROM
 ANACREON.

"O! Vulcan, silver-graver!
 No metal mail for me:
 Thine be the wine cup's savour,
 With love and laughing glee:
 Where hosts in battle waver
 What gladness may there be?
 But carve a bowl capacious,
 Deep as the ocean bed:
 And on its surface spacious
 Be no wise legend read,
 No counselling sagacious
 Coined in Athena's head.
 Depict not proud Orion
 Careering through the sky,
 Nor Pleiades which hie on
 Long tracks of radiancy;
 While this soft couch I lie on,
 For planets what care I?
 But vines with clusters drooping
 Within its concave shape,
 Love with Bathyllus grouping,
 Whose golden curls escape,
 And joyous Bacchus, stooping
 To press the purple grape."

CARRERA.

Here we are in the swoony musical
 atmosphere of real poetry, and
 begin to believe that Anacreon

knew how to write. If an old poet
 should ever wish to rise from his
 grave, it must either be to curse a
 murdering translator or to praise a
 poet for embalming his memory
 afresh.

This little poem is signed "Carrera," a signature adopted for a
 long series of contributions at this
 time, and often used afterwards.

What follows is a letter that
 explains itself:—

To the Editor of the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal
 bird."

Dear Sir,—Apropos of certain excellent
 remarks made by a correspondent of yours on
 Nightingales, and on the way in which these
 "light-winged Dryads of the trees" are
 victimised by unpoetic bird-catchers, it
 has occurred to me that an appropriate
 occupation for some one of the many
 elegant pens which now dally with the
 very Pierides, would be a series of papers
 on the Ornithology of the Poets.

The Nightingale herself has queened
 it loftily in poesy for ages. Everyone
 remembers how Coleridge inflicted on
 Blumenbach in one conversation all that
 has been said as to the merriment or
 melancholy of this bird, by Greek, Latin,
 or barbaric rhymers. But there is ever
 sympathy betwixt true poets and those
 winged habitants of the expanse—"creatures
 of the element," "angels of the air," as, I
 think, Frank Beaumont hath it. In the
 hands of Charles Lamb or Leigh Hunt
 how deliciously readable would be a
 Poetico-Ornithology.

Bath is well up in the classics; reference,
 therefore, to the Birds of Aristophanes is
 needless. The wild sarcasm of that noble
 old satirist in no wise prevented his
 continual rejoicing in the realms of poetry
 and pleasure. Rabelaisque ridicule was
 ever accompanied with music or dissonance
 more musical; he saw a sublime irony in
 the unexplained infinity wherein he dwelt.
 Notwithstanding that the glorious Greek
 itself and the English rendering of no
 common translator will be remembered
 by all who may

read this letter, I cannot resist that beautiful lyric—*Epops to Procne*.

“Cease thou from sleep, my fellow !
Pour sacred hymnings from a mouth
divine—

In plaintive numbers mellow
Wailing the much wept Itys, thine
and mine,

With tones that swell and float
Forth from thy tawny throat.

Clear the sweet sound is going
Through shady woodbine to the seat
of Jove :

Thine eloquent anguish flowing
Wakes golden-haired Apollo's lyre
above

With ivory clasp : the choir of gods
he leadeth,

And from immortal lips a song pro-
ceedeth

Whose blessed accents fall
In soft accord withal.”

Yours very truly,
July 12, 1848. Q.

A new signature is Q., but we shall have very little doubt of him, even if we do not recognise the bird-like style, when we turn to “*The British Birds*,” a comedy full of bursts of the purest lyric utterance, published by Mortimer Collins in 1872 :—

“Cease thou from sleep, my fellow !
Pour sacred hymns forth from thy
throat divine !

In plaintive numbers mellow,
Wailing lamented Itys, thine and
mine,

With tones that swell and float
Out of thy tawny throat.

Clear the sweet sound is going
Through shady woodbine to the throne
of Zeus.

Thine eloquent anguish flowing
Makes golden-haired Apollo cry “*The
Deuce !*

The loveliest voice I've heard
Belongs to that sweet Bird.”

The alterations made from the younger rhyme are, it will be observed, very slight indeed, while the comic element added is scarcely an improvement.

There were also in *Felix Farley* one or two serial stories, or novel-ettes, running over a few weeks. One is “*Dick Swingate, or the Autobiography of a Sentimental Scamp*.” We meet here with the afterwards familiar name of one of our poet's feminine idealisations, Earine. Another serial (mark the impudence of the boy!) is “*Leaves from a Journal kept in all quarters of the Globe*.” The subject of our memoir had a rare faculty for deception, partly the legitimate artistic faculty, partly, perhaps, arising from very early influences. In the account of his pseudo-trip to Rome, he speaks in the calmest way of having on several occasions met Newman, “wearily wandering through its solemn streets, as one abstracted from the world, and utterly lost in the mazes of a bewildering heresy.” This was idealisation with a vengeance ; no doubt he was laughing in his sleeve at his matter-of-fact readers, who would scarcely be able to follow him into such mysticism. Other writings were “*Desultory Essays*”—a most appropriate title.

His subtle mode of writing between the lines about his fictitious travels, for anyone that could understand, is noticeable. Anent Rome, he commences his essay, “We are travellers by profession : our whole existence is a rapid tour.” A fragment or two here and there may be quoted, some boyish, some distinctive. In May, 1848, he breaks forth, “O the glory and gladness of boyhood. Why can we not carry into after life the free spirit of youth ? Why do we voluntarily renounce the joy which is our birthright ? There are some who hold that birthright ever ; manly* spirits who will barter it

* In *Felix Farley* it is “ethel and manly,” ‘ethel’ being an evident misprint, a letter or two having fallen out. What is the word intended requires a German to discover.

for no pottage, of whatever quantity or quality; and we call them poets,—men who never lose their sensations of wonder and delight as they gaze on the world's great phantasmagoria; who are always alive to the vast drama wherein they play no trivial part." The writer prophesied truly of himself; the poetic faculty of joy never departed from him; the world was a wonder and a delight to him to the end.

To Bristol, where so many of his bright inventions saw light, he alludes as the home of Pantisocracy and Bookseller Cottle:—"Dwelt not here," he says in a manner very characteristic, "Cottle the bookseller, a marvel and a mystery to all later bibliopiles, inasmuch as he offered a couple of unknown poets a guinea a bundle for their verses?" Here follows a noticeable thought from an untutored youth, and elegantly expressed to boot. "We should like to see Art the twin sister of Commerce, as she has been of Conquest; peace and comfort need not dim or repress the manifold energies of human nature. Some slight glimmering, some faint struggles towards the obtainable holiness of beauty even England has known: may they become potent and multitudinous."

It is little wonder if in one of artistic nature there should be revolt against modern costume: the subject is now a hackneyed one, Philistinism continuing immovable. "Why should human beings destroy the superb contour of the intellectual head by imfixing upon it an abominable black cylinder with an unmeaning narrow rim?" There were rumours of a London Committee being started to effect a reform; and our youngster rhapsodises with some boyish delight, as follows:—"How glorious an anticipation that the

streets of our cities shall again glitter with men in gallant and superb costume, wearing their white ostrich plumes, their jewelled hats, their long rapiers as in the olden days!" It is indeed a singular fact, and one that has scarcely been sufficiently accounted for, that we are of so grave a genius to-day that to dress like this would make us believe ourselves to be disporting at a fancy ball, while our male ancestors enjoyed colour and adornment without any consciousness of absurdity. Why should not Mortimer Collins have had a grievance, "as one born out of due time," because he could not adorn a handsome form as suitably as Edmund Spenser or Walter Raleigh? If there were no revolters against conventionality, where should we be in the end? As it is, any troublesome and too original Sampson is generally sent to Coventry, if not to prison, by the conventional Philistines.

The regular appearance of the usual bright rhythmic prose and sparkling verse that graced *Felix Farley's* pages at this time, was broken once in 1848. Column after column of every journal devoted to politics was filled to overflowing with "Progress of the Revolution in France," "The Streets of Paris," and so on. In place of the elegant eloquence of the young contributor's wont, there appeared, dating from the Rue St. Honoré, "A Few Notes on the French Revolution, by one on the spot." The boy, now nearly twenty-one, was not making belief this time; he was in Paris. But he shewed how little it came within his range to describe disorder; he was at home in Nature's secretest haunts, and in the utmost revel of her beauty; in the horrid ungodlike streets, he could only be cynical and turn to philosophy for relief. The ghastly accounts of the correspondents had been

very much over-coloured, he reported: Louis Napoleon was "a young person who made himself so superlatively ridiculous in London a while ago in certain verdant bill-discounting transactions." Was it in those wild London days that Collins and Louis wetted their lips at the same pewter, as we have heard?

We have followed our bright companion through the dark days of his boyhood and the brave and praiseworthy struggles of his early youth. He has shewn us how little circumstances avail in the presence of a powerful will; they fret and hinder, but they do not

stay the strength of buoyant life, or the nature which matures its powers by meeting its environments in fair fight. We have had with us an ardent boy, with brightly flashing intellect and a most engaging freshness and candour; with plenty of faults, best described by himself, but a genuine poet and loving nature-worshipper withal.

In our next paper we shall have to follow him as he becomes a man, with his experience as yet unbought, and the light heart that he never lost, even when making his forced purchases in the hardest market.

K. M. C.

ELIZABETH CARTER,

POET, PHILOSOPHER, AND OLD MAID.

“**POET, Philosopher, and Old Maid.**” Such is the triple title which Hayley, in dedicating his essay on “*Old Maids*” to her, gives to Elizabeth Carter.

This lady was born on the 16th of December, 1717, at Deal, in Kent. She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D., who being originally intended to follow his father’s business, that of farmer and grazier, did not begin to study the learned languages till he was nineteen years old. He then made unusual progress and became an excellent scholar. Knowing the value of it, he gave all his daughters, as well as his sons, a learned education. Of this good gift Elizabeth Carter made the most.

A little study of this lady’s writings and life brings to light a character refreshing in its purity and strength. She was masculine in intellect and in perseverance, but feminine in all else. She may be regarded as one fine example that education does no harm to the special characteristics of woman, while making her an intelligent companion and an individual of real use in the world. Elizabeth Carter never cried out for woman’s rights. She was carefully obedient to her father, and only on one subject did she ever desire to pursue any other course than that he wished. This was on the

subject of marriage. Her father naturally desired to see her well provided for; but, although she was much sought after, she never met with anyone whom she could accept as her lord and master. Only once did she hesitate with regard to an offer of marriage. It was from a gentleman for whom she appeared to have formed some slight attachment, and who was in every way unexceptionable; but before she could decide upon her answer some verses of his writing were published which to her thinking shewed too light a disposition; and so the affair ended, against the wishes of her friends, in a civil refusal. It is not possible to imagine an enlightened philosopher like Elizabeth Carter uniting herself to any man whom she did not respect, in order to obtain a maintenance.

But according to her own account she was, at least once, more nearly touched by the tender passion. She writes thus to an intimate friend:—

“Learn from me, dear, a useful lesson, not to be too confident of your own strength. When I tell you that my heart, which I thought so secure and uninvadable, was yesterday in one half hour entirely given up to a—would you believe it?—to a Dutchman. To be sure, the reason of my being thus taken by surprise was because

I had not provided myself with my usual guard, as I never suspected there could be the least danger from an amphibious inhabitant of the bogs of Holland. Now I know you are such a hard-hearted wretch to people in love, that I shall find no compassion from you; but, however, it luckily happens I do not want it, for I, this morning, took a dose of algebra, fasting, which has entirely cured me."

She is described as having been rather handsome in her youth, as well as of a bright disposition; so she was not sought after merely as a blue-stocking. Her complexion was fair and clear, and her features expressive; and a lady friend is spoken of as expatiating on her "curled hair, and white teeth, and other lady-like perfections." In the latter part of her life this curled hair became white and soft as silk.

It is evident from her letters that she was a woman of considerable physical strength. She rose, until she grew aged, at five or six in the morning, and sat up half the night to study; alleviating the headaches which such a course of life produced by most energetic walks, which she thus humorously describes in a letter dated "Deal, May 24th. Four in the morning."

"For my part I am engaged in a very eager, and I may add, a violent pursuit after health. I get up at four, read for an hour, then set forth a-walking, and, without vanity, I may pretend to be one of the best walkers of the age. I had at first engaged three or four poor souls to their sorrow in this ambulatory scheme, and 'tis not to be told the tracts of land we rambled over; but I happen to be much too volatile for my suffering fellow-travellers, who come panting and grumbling at a considerable distance and labour along like Christian climbing up the Hill Difficulty, till

at length they quite sink into the Slough of Despond. I often divert myself by proposing, in the midst of my walk, to call at places a dozen miles off, to hear the universal squall that they set up, that I intend to be the death of them. Terrible are the descriptions they give, on our return, of the mischief done by my impetuous rapidity, though I protest I do not know of any harm I have done, except pulling up a few trees by the roots, carrying off the sails of a windmill, and over-setting half-a-dozen straggling cottages that stood in my way."

Another quotation from a letter written by her while living at home with her father at Deal, in 1746, will complete an excellent picture of this active lady's daily life. She writes thus to her friend, Miss Talbot:—

"As you desire a full and true account of my whole life and conversation, it is necessary, in the first place, that you should be made acquainted with the singular contrivance by which I am called in the morning. There is a bell placed at the head of my bed, and to this is fastened a pack thread and a piece of lead, which, when I am not lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, is conveyed through a *crevasse* of my window into a garden below, pertaining to the sexton, who gets up between four and five, and pulls the said packthread with as much heart and goodwill as if he were ringing my knell. By this most curious invention I make a shift to get up, which I am too stupid to do without calling. Some evil-minded people of my acquaintance have most wickedly threatened to cut my bell rope, which would be the utter undoing of me; for I should infallibly sleep out the whole summer. And now I am up, you may belike inquire to

what purpose. I sit down to my several lessons as regular as a school boy, and lay in a stock of learning to make a figure with at breakfast; but for this I am not ready. My general practice about six is to take up my stick and walk, sometimes alone, and at others with a companion, whom I call in my way, and draw out, half-asleep, and, consequently, incapable of reflecting on the danger of such an undertaking; for to be sure she might just as well trust herself to the guidance of a Jack-allan-thorn. Towards the end of our walk we make such deplorable, ragged figures that I wonder some prudent country justice does not take us up for vagrants, and cramp our rambling genius in the stocks—an apprehension that does not half so much fright me as when some civil swains pull off their hats, and I hear them signifying to one another, with a note of admiration, that *I am Parson Carter's daughter*. I had much rather be accosted with 'Good morrow, sweetheart;' or 'Are you walking for a wager?' When I have made myself fit to appear among human creatures we go to breakfast, and are, as you imagined, extremely chatty; and this, and tea in the afternoon, are the most sociable and delightful parts of the day. We have a great variety of topics, in which everybody bears a part, until we get insensibly upon books; and whenever we go beyond Latin and French, my sister and the rest walk off, and leave my father and me to finish the discourse and the tea kettle by ourselves, which we should infallibly do, if it held as much as Solomon's molten sea. After breakfast . . . my first care is to water the pinks and roses, which are stuck in about twenty different parts of my room; and when this task is finished, I

sit down to a spinnet, which in its best state might have cost about fifteen shillings, with as much importance as if I knew how to play. After deafening myself for about half-an-hour with all manner of noises, I turn to some other amusement that employs me about the same time; for longer I seldom apply to anything; and thus between reading, working, writing, twirling the globes, and running up and down stairs an hundred times to see where everybody is, and how they do, which furnishes me with little intervals of talk, I seldom want either business or entertainment."

In the afternoons she would visit sometimes, but not so often as civility demanded; for she felt it a "mortification" to lose a tea-table talk with her father; and she found the visits rather dull, so that ere they were half over she "grew restless and corky," and "ready to fly out of the window."

From such an account of herself we might be led to suppose that she was that terrible creature, a masculine blue-stocking—a being all energy and devoid of sensibility. But we hear from other sources that the winning gentleness and politeness of her conversation and address were such as to disarm brutality itself; to which is attributed the fact that even the ill-mannered Dr. Johnson always treated her with civility, attention, and respect; which he certainly did not shew to all the ladies of his acquaintance. Theirs was a friendship begun when Johnson was little known, and when Elizabeth Carter must have formed her high opinion of him unbiased by public favour. He seems fully to have returned her esteem, for, in a letter to her, he signs himself "With respect, which I neither owe nor pay to any other."

She believed entirely in the

soundness of his moral principles, and, it is said, always spoke in high terms of his constant attendance to religious duties. It is related that in one of their latest conversations she was expressing this opinion of him to himself, when he took her by the hand and eagerly said—

“You know this to be true—testify it to the world when I am gone.”

She did her best to carry out his request, and was very severe with regard to those of his biographers who published opinions which he would broach in the heat of argument as his actual convictions.

Dr. Johnson once said, in speaking of a celebrated scholar, that “he understood Greek better than anyone whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter.” For her learning he cordially admired her; but Sir John Hawkins has preserved the following anecdote, which shews that the rough Johnson had a liking for more ordinary feminine qualities.

“Upon hearing a lady of his acquaintance commended for her learning, he said, ‘A man is in general better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek. My old friend, Mistress Carter,’ he added, ‘could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem.’”

In America, in 1865, Thomas Wentworth Higginson brought out a translation of Epictetus based on that of Elizabeth Carter, but since 1804 there has been no new edition or revised translation of the great philosopher in England.* We may look down upon

the young country, yet we are made to feel sometimes that it is enacting the part which a youthful and healthy intellect plays when turned loose into a library: it selects good food for its mind from the old world literature. Some of our own best and deepest authors have a wider public in America than in England, and are more readily appreciated. And in America has appeared one to tread in Elizabeth Carter’s footsteps—one who has sufficient appreciation for the brave, strong, healthy teaching of the old master to render it into modernised English.

Mr. Higginson speaks of Elizabeth Carter’s work as especially thorough; he has under-run it, to use his own expression, and made it pleasant reading for the present day. Her tendency was to be too literal, and she herself apologises for the consequent uncouthness. Her style is rather graphic than exquisite, while, as Higginson says, “the style of Epictetus has a concise and even delicate precision which no language but Greek could perhaps attain.” Dr. Secker (Bishop of Oxford, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) seems to have held a different opinion, however; he thought if Elizabeth Carter’s translation had any fault it was that of being “writ in too smooth and ornamented a style.” A letter to her from Miss Talbot runs thus: “My Lord desires to hear all you can say in behalf of ornaments; but, unless you can prove to him that Epictetus wore a laced coat, he will not allow you to dress him in one.” To this letter is appended a postscript in the Bishop’s own handwriting. “Let me speak a word for myself. Why would you

* Since this was written a translation of the Discourses of Epictetus, by George Long, M.A., has appeared in the Bohn Library.

change a plain, home awakening preacher into a fine, smooth, polite writer of what nobody will mind? Answer me that, dear Miss Carter."

As Miss Carter went on with her translation, which she began to please Miss Talbot, she sent her work in portions to this friend. This led to some rather interesting letters. On one occasion Miss Talbot appears to have found the portion sent her especially appropriate to her frame of mind. "What an excellent reproof has the honest, plain old man given me!" she says.

But Miss Talbot's next letter was written on Christmas Day, which leads her into pitying Epictetus for not having been a Christian. "Noble as his notions were he knew not the happiness and dignity acquired to human nature by this day. His powerless Jupiter, that would make him richer and handsomer if he could, offends me as Homer's and Virgil's melancholy Elysium used to do—what wretchedness!"

It is agreeable to see, in Miss Carter's reply, a larger apprehension of the philosopher's meaning. "Perhaps," she says, "the passage you mention is not to be taken in an absolute sense as a total want of power in Jupiter to make him richer, &c.; but only that it could not be done without altering that constitution of things which he has thought proper to appoint."

The passage referred to is this.

"But what says Zeus? 'O Epictetus, if it were possible, I had made this little body and property of thine free, and not liable to hindrance. But now do not mistake; it is not thine own, but only a finer mixture of clay. Since, then, I could not give thee this, I have given thee a certain portion of myself; this faculty of exerting the powers of pursuit and avoidance of desire and aversion,

and in a word, the use of the appearance of things. Taking care of this point, and making what is thine own to consist in this, thou wilt never be restrained, never be hindered; thou wilt not groan, wilt not complain, wilt not flatter anyone. How, then! do all these advantages seem small to thee? Heaven forbid. Let them suffice thee, then, and thank the Gods.'"

Miss Carter and her friend are alike distressed that Epictetus, and other favourite teachers, should have been acquainted with the Christian religion, and not have been of it, except in so far as teaching some similar truths as its Founder. Student as she was, she had never studied the science of religion, and could not recognise that the same spirit of aspiration dwells all over the world, whether it be embodied in a Christian creed, or taught in Stoical ethics.

Three numbers of the *Rambler* were written by Miss Carter; and Dr. Johnson considered her work of considerable merit. In one she relates a dream or allegory, on Religion and Superstition, another treats of Marriage, and the third of the frivolous way in which members of ordinary society spend their time.

Some men can shut themselves up with their books for a life-time, and be happy; but can a woman? Be she one of the Bas-Bleux themselves, is there not a narrower limit to her capacity for isolation and study? Is it in the feminine nature to concentrate the attention upon the pursuit of learning, through a stretch of years, without some holiday of the mind, some erratic rush into woman-like frivolities?

At all events, Mistress Carter, poet and philosopher though she was, found it necessary to be now and then refreshingly foolish. We are able to picture her "greatly

engaged in the important affair of working a pair of ruffles and a handkerchief," and "running mad after assemblies." But by her own confession she was "so inconstant in her follies as not long to be under the power of any one"—which can scarcely be said of woman in the abstract: she is inconstant in many things, but she generally clings with a life-long affection to some pet folly or other.

But though our learned lady was, to use her own words, "too volatile to live for ages in shady cloysters mewed," yet had she, by what she calls "learning to think early," gained a power of reining herself in, and of pruning and guiding her own character. In this, of course, she was greatly aided by her philosophic studies, which were sufficiently deep. But in pursuing these, she did not neglect other branches of learning; she was fond of astronomy, and devoted much time to geometry and algebra. Ancient history and ancient geography were also favourite subjects; indeed, she knew considerably more of the latter than of modern geography; she was more familiar with the windings of the Peneus and Ilyssus than with those of the Thames or Seine. This will sufficiently indicate the bent of her mind, which led her rather into scholastic and classical knowledge than that general modern information which is more often preferred.

As a "poet" Elizabeth Carter does not greatly shine, although there is plenty of thought in all she writes. The following is a fair example of her verse:—

"How sweet the calm of the sequester'd shore!

Where ebbing waters musically roll,
And solitude and silent eve restore

The philosophic temper of the soul.

The sighing gale, whose murmurs
lull to rest

The busy tumult of declining day,
To sympathetic quiet soothes the
breast,

And every wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal
care;

Your task be ended with the setting
sun;

Let all be undisturbed vacation here,
While o'er you wave ascends the
peaceful moon."

Miss Carter was fortunate in living in an age when general education was much less advanced and learning looked up to as something unusual. She was welcomed into the best literary society in London, and in her country home her knowledge (although she never paraded it) was held to be something supernatural. She was believed to be able to foretell the weather, in consequence of her marvellous learning; but all the claim she could lay to that distinction was that of possessing what she called an "atmospheric constitution." She was conscious beforehand of the approach of damp weather, and it would frequently cause in her such languor and headache as to confine her to her couch. In this many a sensitive person can sympathise.

At one time there was a report in the country that she was about to enter Parliament; but it certainly was unfounded; nor do we think she ever even desired a vote.

Her translation of Epictetus was so liberally subscribed to as to render her independent. When the expenses were paid there remained to her about a thousand pounds; and she was enabled not only to purchase a house in Deal, where her father lived with her, but also to have lodgings for herself in London at 20, Clarges Street, Piccadilly. She was a true "diner-out;" for it is said that

she never kept any table in London, but was so great a favourite in society that the carriages and chairs of her friends daily carried her out to dinner. She went among the Bas-Bleux, and we find her meeting Dr. Johnson at an "elegant entertainment" held at Mrs. Garrick's house.

Although independent, she kept house for her father when her youngest sister married; and at all times gave great care to the performance of ordinary feminine duties. In a letter to Miss Talbot she says—"Whoever that somebody or other is who is to write the life of Epictetus, seeing I have a *dozen shirts* to make, I do opine, dear Miss Talbot, it cannot be I."

One incident of her intercourse with Archbishop Secker (who corresponded with her about her translation of Epictetus, while he was Bishop of Oxford) she used to relate with great satisfaction. While at the Palace at Lambeth one day, she complained to him of the unfair manner in which our translators have rendered the 12th and 13th verses of 1 Cor. vii.; that apparently for the purpose of supporting the superiority of the husband, they had translated the *same verb*, as applied to the husband *put away*, and as applied to the wife *leave*; thus, *Let him not put her*

away, and *Let her not leave him*. The Archbishop denied the fact and asserted that the words in the original were not the same; but finding his antagonist obstinate—"Come with me, Madam Carter," said he, "into my study, and be confuted." They went, but his Grace found that he went only to be himself confuted. In the last new translation, Dr. Davidson's, that old error is corrected.

Elizabeth Carter, after some suffering in the later years of her career, died peacefully. She passed into the higher state after a true philosopher's life of "endeavouring to act conformably to nature."

In these days, when female education is so rapidly growing, when even Egyptian women are throwing aside their veils and flocking to schools, where a rational education is provided for them by the wish of a wise Egyptian lady, it is encouraging to look back and find that even in the old days, when learning was rare and difficult, a few women rose up and shewed the world that knowledge does not detract from grace, or wisdom from usefulness. Reading of Elizabeth Carter, it is not so difficult to believe in the Pythagorean women, who ranked high among the disciples of that great philosopher.

MABEL COLLINS.

ERIN STOPS THE WAY.

THE great Roman Epicurean in a famous, not to say hackneyed passage, descants upon the agreeable sensations of those who stand on dry land, and watch the toilers on a stormy sea. It is not, he says, that we take pleasure in another's pain; our enjoyment consists in the sight of troubles from which we ourselves are free. Liberal members of Parliament during the past Session have not been able to indulge in this pleasure. Mr. Parnell and his half-dozen allies have not annoyed them as much as they have annoyed the Ministers and their supporters; but the difference has been one of degree rather than of kind. When Parliament suffers, all its members, and indeed the whole public, must feel some unpleasant twinges. But the Liberals are not without consolation. The very Conservatives who offered such vexatious opposition to the Army Purchase Bill have been obliged to curtail the privileges which they then abused. Out of the eater has come forth meat. Some of the ardent young Tories who made night hideous when Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Trevelyan were in the ascendant are now Under-Secretaries actual or possible. The old sarcasm about Whigs in office might be retorted now with considerable effect. If a Liberal can congratulate himself on any thing in these dark days it is in the fact that Lord Hartington's followers have

not been guilty of factious opposition when the public interest has required that the Government should be supported.

The habits of the House of Commons are very different from what they were fifty years ago. The representatives of rotten boroughs had no reason to consult the wishes of their constituents, whom they had bought and paid for. Might they not do what they would with their own? The pleasure-seekers, the unambitious, and the indolent were very irregular in their attendance. Silent members were far more numerous than they are now,—the thought forces a sigh—there was no need to make a speech for Buncombe to read. The Reform Bill changed all this, and Praed's lines on Mr. Manners Sutton's nap not only described the immediate, but foreshadowed the remote consequences of that measure:—

“Sleep, Mr. Speaker, 'tis surely fair,
If you mayn't in your bed, that you
should in your chair;
Louder and longer still they grow,
Tory and Radical, Aye and No;
Talking by night, and talking by
day:
Sleep, Mr. Speaker,—sleep while you
may.”

Freedom and repose are hardly compatible in politics; the only thing really dangerous is stagnation. We cannot have our cake and eat it too. The hall which was built for the accommodation

of 200 or 300, has very generally been occupied by a larger number. A short time ago this was considered a great grievance, but we have heard less about it latterly. Debates have become so long and so dull that the demand for room has decreased. The lobby, the library (for sleeping rather than for reading), the smoking and tea rooms accommodate those who do not wish to speak and have still less inclination to listen. The business of Government, which has now a hundred critics for one in Joseph Hume's days, has come to occupy an increasingly large share of time. The opportunities of private members are fewer than they used to be, and it is understood that no Bill has a chance of passing except under Ministerial patronage. The intolerable boredom generated by this state of things has made the House to thirst for personal details. As the time for work becomes more limited more hours are wasted on explanations, on scenes, and on what our neighbours call incidents. The country has learned to take less interest in the debates. Supply has, of course, followed demand; and all the morning papers but one have compressed their reports. Those whose speeches no one wishes to read are beginning to call out for official short-hand writers. The perfect control of Parliament over the national business has impaired the national interest in the institution itself. Well-known machines cease to excite curiosity. We take the penny post and the telegraph as a matter of course. The man who has reached the top of the tree is generally less amusing than the climber, the judge than the advocate, the steady-going Minister than the aspiring politician. No doubt Aaron's serpent attracted far less attention when it had

finished its meal than when engaged in the process of swallowing its fellows.

To the general change which time and reform have wrought in the constitution of Parliament was added the lassitude supervening on the exhaustion of the Gladstonian impetus. The country was tired of legislation, above all, of Irish legislation, and the House of Commons reflected its temper faithfully. The Home Rule party, which had hoped to hold the balance, found itself shelved. The Conservatives had a clear majority and would give nothing for their help. Mr. Butt and those whom he controlled accepted the situation. Satisfied that Ireland could never resist England by force, they worked hard at the modification of Irish measures, and probably did some good. It may not be prudent to dispense altogether with exceptional powers for the government of Ireland, but it is clearly proper to limit them with the utmost jealousy. It is also well to remind the public frequently that there are measures of reform still required in Ireland. Even a crude Bill is better than going to sleep. Mr. Butt and his followers made their several protests, and then they allowed the Ministers to govern according to the will of the House of Commons. They cannot, therefore, as a body be held fully responsible for the late exhibitions.

The Home Rulers are, nevertheless, guilty in a secondary degree. Entering Parliament on the assumption that it is a hostile assembly, alike unwilling to consider Irish grievances and powerless to manage Irish business, they have little right to complain if some of their number decline to minimise like Mr. Butt. The nominal leader of the so-called Irish party—and he has become

very nominal indeed—is essentially a man of compromise. According to his view the true Irish policy is to take Grattan's advice and keep knocking at the Union; but with gentle and persuasive taps. The door has often proved too strong for blows, but it may be possible to humbug the porter. This lawyer-like mode of proceeding does not suit the Left, or even the Left Centre, of his party. They decline to roar like sucking doves. To force innumerable divisions about nothing, and to oppose everything is the policy of those who now represent us in the eyes of the British public. The dust they raise and the noise they make attract notice in spite of their numerical inferiority. The Home Rulers have by reckless pledges destroyed their power for good in the present Parliament. But it should be known that there are thousands of Irishmen, loving their country quite as well as Mr. Parnell, who regard his conduct and that of his associates with a mute but thorough contempt.

What the Sheffield ratteners tried to do to Free-trade the Irish Obstructives have attempted upon the time-honoured system of Parliamentary government. English law is very tender to minorities, and rattening may go on for some time before a Special Commission issues. A murderer has few sympathisers, yet his interests are protected with extraordinary care. And as the law of the land is, so is the custom of society. The offence which excludes a man from a club which he has once entered must be very gross indeed. But murderers are occasionally hanged, and club-members expelled, nevertheless. Is Parliament alone powerless to protect itself? Shall the House of Commons, before whose rising sun Elizabeth bowed her lofty head, which triumphed over

Stuart violence and Hanoverian corruption, yield to a Parnell or a Biggar? The idea is really too absurd. If the slight modifications introduced into the rules of debate prove insufficient, as seems likely, other means may be found. If there is one thing more than another which characterises English institutions, it is their adaptability to changed circumstances.

The fate of one Irish Bill during the past Session well shews the difference between opposition and obstruction. The advocates of Sunday Closing claimed to be the exponents of a strong national desire, which it would be unwise and even unsafe to baulk. The agitation was skilfully managed, but the representatives of several large towns were not to be cajoled into class legislation, even in the name of temperance. The rights of the labouring classes were very little regarded by the cold-water demagogues. At unwary public meetings resolutions were passed calling on justices to refuse all new licences. It is needless to say that a magistrate pledging himself to any such course would be guilty of a grave breach of duty. When the priest, the parson, the squire, and two or three large farmers, all of whom have cellars or comfortable whisky jars at home, sign a petition, it is easy to get humble names appended. No man likes to be pointed at as Drunken Pat, or talked at in church because he may have his doubts about the feasibility of making men sober on Saturday by shutting up public-houses on Sunday. Sabbatarianism, Lawsonism, and an honest desire to defer to what, on very inadequate evidence, is called national opinion, have combined to give a fictitious importance to this particular Bill. We have seen a strange sight, the *Times* trying

hard to persuade the Government into adopting the Bill as a concession to Irish ideas. While the great newspaper has blamed Sir Michael Hicks-Beach for halting half-way, Major O'Gorman, who once informed the House that every man has a right to as much liquor as he can carry away with him, has denounced him for his readiness to allow a measure of repression to be forced upon the Irish people at the command of Mrs. Grundy. The unexpected difficulties which have arisen shew that there is a vitality in Liberal principles which cannot be extinguished by any amount of packed meetings or subsidised associations. The forms of the House may fairly be used in moderation to delay or defeat doubtful legislation. They can only be so used when the objecting section is considerable. It is a very different thing when obstructionists set themselves to paralyse the action of Parliament altogether.

To give a history of Mr. Parnell's campaign would take too much space, and the public has probably quite made up its mind on the subject. But the gentleman himself has written a long letter to the *Times*, in which he denies that he has been guilty of obstruction. The Gracchi might have had something to say about sedition, but the member for Meath is really not worth reading when he denies the reason of his own existence as a prominent public character. The ingratitude is too patent. One of his statements, however, must be noticed here. "There is," he writes, "an unwritten law, hitherto acquiesced in by the Irish members, that no Irish may interfere in English or Imperial concerns—at any rate, if they do, their interference must be in homœopathic doses, well covered up with sugar. I have transgressed this law. I

have taken a part in those English matters when I have thought it right to do so, and have not troubled myself about the sugar." He certainly has not. But was there ever a more unfounded accusation? One would suppose that Mr. Parnell's interest in politics began when he entered the House. Can he forget the credit that Mr. Pope Hennessy, without any advantage of fortune or connection, gained by his talents, which he did not hide in any sugar? Or, to look no further than the present Parliament, are the reputations of Mr. Plunkett, Mr. Sullivan, and others, at all to be despised? Is not Captain Nolan heard when his discourse is of the army? The fact is that the House of Commons will always listen to what is worth hearing. What Mr. Parnell says is unfortunately not always worth hearing. For instance, the same paper which contains his exculpatory letter reports some remarks of his on the East India Loan Bill. According to the chosen of Meath, India derives no benefit from her connection with England. It is true that Parliament is not over fond of Indian subjects. But is all that constitutes Sir H. Maine's *Pax Britannica*—order, peace, and justice—to go for nothing? Mr. Parnell cannot be expected to be heard patiently on every subject from China to Peru, when he treats them in this fashion. When he talks on subjects which he has studied, he is attended to. In the discussion of the Prison Bills, both English and Irish, he was able to suggest useful amendments, which were adopted by the House. There can be no doubt that there have been abuses in the Irish prisons at least. No one can wish that men who are in gaol for one kind of offence shall be punished as if for another.

The Obstructionist next in im-

portance is Mr. Biggar. At one time it seemed as if he was going to be the great confessor of the new faith. Latterly, the superior energy of his friend has been acknowledged. The hon. member for Cavan's blue-book exploit was on the road to oblivion, and he probably felt uneasy about his position. His brilliant exclamation of "What the deuce," and his outrageous—it is hard to find a fitting term—conduct towards The O'Donoghue, have done something to restore him to notice; but there is reason to fear that Mr. Parnell's supremacy is now unassailable.

Tertius Euryalus. Mr. O'Donnell is certainly entitled to the third place. He owes his power of making himself disagreeable to the extremely select constituency of Dungarvan, where he had a sharp contest with Mr. H. Matthews. It cannot be regretted that the latter was defeated, even by the most virulent of obstructives. He, a barrister, at a former election for the little borough, made political capital by denouncing his opponent, Mr. Serjeant Barry, for some expressions dropped in the course of his professional duty while prosecuting the Fenians. There are depths which Mr. O'Donnell's plummet did never sound. Mr. Matthews has lately had personal experience of the danger of using picturesque language. He declared, borrowing a famous expression from Mr. Bright, that the attempt to force Home Rule upon Parliament was like flogging a dead horse. The obvious truth of the remark did not make it palatable to the local managers, who preferred the President of the London Home Rule Confederation.

There are others who do not lag far behind the leading triumvirate. Mr. O'Connor Power displays all the energy to be expected of a gentleman who performed the

superhuman feat of having a speech reported in Ireland before it had been delivered at Westminster. Mr. Gray, as if poor Tipperary had not enough to answer for, has lately shewn signs of wishing to be reckoned among the Obstructionists. Mr. Kirk is another. As for Major O'Gorman, he, at least, is amusing, while some of those with whom he acts are merely laughable. Perhaps Waterford can hardly be blamed for electing him; the temptation must have been too strong. There is a limit to his powers of obstruction too, for, although enjoying the advantage of Mr. Biggar's assistance, he seems unable to pen an amendment. Even the Major's jokes must pall upon Ministers who have not slept, when he divides the House after the ploughman has been long at his work. Obstruction, like misfortune, sometimes makes strange bedfellows; and Mr. Whalley has frequently taken short service with the Irreconcilables. The stormy petrel of debate, he hovers round the labouring ship, not always visible, but never far off. At one time he patronises the extreme Home Rulers as sturdy patriots and excellent fellows; at another he denounces them as disaffected Ultramontanes. Whether patronising or denouncing, he always practically furthers their ends. But ridicule cuts deeper than argument; let Mr. Parnell beware of his allies.

The 26 hours' sitting, principally occupied with the South Africa Bill, in which the House succeeded in gaining a victory over the Obstructives, brought forth many noticeable incidents. About the time that the clock was entering on its third round, when South Africa had been disposed of, and while Mr. Gibson was engaged in defending the Irish Judicature Bill

against the reckless assaults of men who think it patriotic to throw dirt at the absent ministers of justice, Lord Beaconsfield entered the House of Commons for the first time since his translation to that serener sphere where, if the wicked do not cease from troubling, the weary may at least have rest. What a scene did he behold! Perhaps he sweetly reflected that this deluge had not come in his day—perhaps that he could have prevented it all had he remained a commoner. It is said that he smiled when his Chancellor of the Exchequer came to speak to him. Was it from the consciousness that, in spite of the education they had received, these young men could not quite draw his bow? They say there is a touch of vanity in all laughter. But Lord Beaconsfield never laughs.

The public have read enough about the conduct of Mr. Parnell and his friends on the occasion. But it is worth while to repeat the words of Sir Patrick O'Brien. The hon. baronet has been a great many years in Parliament, and probably understands Irish politics quite as well as Mr. Parnell. Here is an exact transcript from the *Freeman* :—

SIR P. O'BRIEN said if the hon. members below the gangway consulted some of their friends in Ireland they would receive no approval bar the assurance that they were humbugs—(laughter)—and that they were making d—d fools of themselves. (Uproar, and Order.)

The CHAIRMAN called upon the hon. baronet to withdraw the language.

SIR P. O'BRIEN :—It is only a quotation. (Loud laughter.)

The CHAIRMAN :—Whether or not, withdraw it.

SIR P. O'BRIEN said he did so at once, and apologised. (Hear, hear.)

The *Times* report gives no idea of this. Mr. Mitchell Henry, who has learned something during his

visits to Ireland, observed that if the obstructionist policy were tried in a College Green House of Commons it would be put down very promptly. It would be a beautiful spectacle to see the treatment of three or four Northern members who should endeavour to stop the action of a Dublin Parliament in taxing Protestants for the support of Catholic schools, or confiscating estates, or imposing import duties on cotton goods. More remarkable, perhaps, than anything that occurred in the House were the editorial remarks of the *Freeman's Journal*, which belongs to the member for Tipperary. The Irish people are informed in a leading article that the minority gained a "complete triumph" over the House, and an attempt is made to shew that the Government, by physical force only, silenced the Liberals as well as the extreme Home Rulers; the real fact being that some of the most vigorous supporters of the Ministers were leading Liberals. Mr. Forster and Sir W. V. Harcourt were followed by the whole strength of their party present (the apparent defection of Messrs. Fawcett and Courtney having been explained); and it is probable that Mr. Lowther and his colleagues would not have persevered had not their political opponents urged them to stand firm. The Liberal Whip, Mr. W. P. Adam, voted for the Government in 14 out of the 21 divisions on the South Africa Bill. Mr. Butt repudiated the right of the Obstructionists to speak in the name of the Irish party; it remains to be seen whether he or the editor of the *Freeman* best knows what are trumps in the game of Irish politics. In the meantime, it is something that the Home Rule chief should speak thus :—

"I know that the Irish party

have repudiated the hon. member for Dungarvan. (Loud cheers.) I would be false to my countrymen if I did not say that; and if I thought the hon. member represented the Irish party, and *if the Irish party represented my country*—and he does not represent my country—I would retire from Irish politics as from a vulgar brawl in which no man can take part with dignity to himself or advantage to his country.” (Loud cheers.)

Mr. P. J. Smyth improves the occasion by a letter to Mr. Butt. This gentleman wishes Ireland to be independent, and he has given proofs of his sincerity very different from any which the Home Rulers can shew. To resist the criminal law requires courage, to insult the House of Commons only needs indifference to the feelings of others. The hon. member for Westmeath has no belief in Parliamentary tactics at all, and he has often said so. But, granting that there is to be an Irish Parliamentary party, he is equally severe upon Mr. Butt’s strategy and upon that of Mr. Parnell. The former he considers “fatal to the existence of any efficient Parliamentary party.” O’Connell’s followers, he says, were bound together by a common principle, Mr. Butt’s only by a factitious organisation, and he has not been mindful of the maxim that “in politics, the leader is the man who leads.” As to the Obstructionists, their policy would require Irish members to live, eat, drink, and sleep in the House. “It adjourns, and reports progress, and not on the merits of the particular question, not in assertion of any vital principle, but in obedience to the dial hand of the clock pointing to half-past twelve.” And Mr. Smyth asks these pertinent questions:—“Is the action of the Obstructionists in accordance with the spirit of Par-

liamentary government? has it a sanction in any principle expressed by the phrase ‘Home Rule?’ has it won, is it calculated to win, respect for our country?”

Nor is Mr. Smyth by any means the only person who is dissatisfied among the nominal Home Rulers. There was a meeting held in London to try and patch up the difference between Mr. Butt and the Obstructionists. Only about half the members of the party attended, and of those who did attend no two seemed to be of the same opinion. After a lively exchange of personalities the small assembly separated without doing anything definite. According to a report which has been widely circulated in Ireland, Mr. Parnell told McCarthy Downing that he did not seem to know how to behave like a gentleman. In return, Mr. Downing called the obstructionist chief a liar, and offered him any satisfaction he might require. Mr. Parnell afterwards withdrew his obnoxious statement, saying at the same time that he believed it to be true. This was not considered sufficient by Mr. Delahunty, who was in the chair, and a desultory discussion ensued, during which Mr. O’Connor Power called Mr. Downing a “Whig in disguise—a Whig disruptionist.” Whereupon the member for Cork called Mr. Power a liar, and offered to give him satisfaction in spite of the disparity of years. Mr. Callan was interrupted by the member for Mayo, who called him a disappointed Whig place-hunter. Mr. Callan retorted by accusing Mr. Power of having broken the Fenian oath, of disloyalty, and of having traded on the Fenians in America; failing in which speculation he had returned to this country to try and break up the Home Rule party. There was a little confusion after this, and Mr.

Parnell made a long and animated speech, during which Mr. Delahunty, who shewed excellent sense throughout, slipped away from the chair, thus ending the meeting. No report of any duel has since reached the Irish papers.

While condemning unreservedly the obstructive policy, we shall, nevertheless, do well to consider the causes of such an extraordinary phenomenon. The House of Commons has hitherto been considered an assembly of gentlemen. There have been bores and monomaniacs, but they have not seriously hindered the action of the majority. The Irish patriots of the past age caught the general tone. None was more uncompromising than Sheil, when a Coercion Bill was under discussion, but he did not make defeat on such questions an excuse for preventing any business from being done. Even O'Connell, with all his violence, never dreamed of such conduct as this. And in those days there were great wrongs to complain of which have since been redressed by the British Parliament. And now the pretence, forsooth, is that Parliament gives no attention to Irish questions. Impervious to ridicule, deaf to argument, regardless of good taste, or the convenience of others, the Obstructives have attained a bad pre-eminence. Mr. O'Donnell, in one of his many letters to the *Times*, has scoffed at the notion that the avocations of lawyers or City men, or all members of Parliament who have their bread to earn, should be considered in arranging the hours of debate. He turns up his nose at the legal and commercial trades-union—suggesting the word “Ring” only to withdraw it—and thinks it would be a nice thing if the ranks of Parliament were more largely recruited from general society. Other advocates of obstruction,

who are perhaps not much tempted in that way, complain that members of Parliament give up so much time to social intercourse. Mr. O'Donnell must have been joking, because the real effect of exclusively daylight sittings, or even of early closing, would be to keep all but professional politicians out of the House. Salaries would of course follow. Ireland would be spared national subscriptions, but in other ways the prospect is not inviting.

Macaulay tells us that Fletcher of Saltoun's whole nature was filled with a bitter, punctilious patriotism. He could not rest because his country was poor and filled but a small space in the eyes of the world. There is a good deal of this feeling in Ireland, extending even in some measure to the cultivated classes. This may seem very unreasonable to Englishmen, but is, after all, natural enough. Every one who knows Ireland must have seen many manifestations of it. Mr. Irving, the actor, speaking lately in Dublin, declared that his reception in that city had gratified him more than anything in his provincial tour. A voice in the crowd interrupted him with “This is no province.” Of course Mr. Irving only meant to express the difference between London and not London, whether Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester, or elsewhere. A brewer in an Irish town, whose pale India ale was, by the confession of the highest authority, of the highest excellence, found himself unable to compete with the *colossi* of Burton-on-Trent, and complained that his liquor had one unpardonable sin—it was brewed in Ireland. Now it is quite evident that a manufacturer setting up against established men would always have great difficulties to contend with, in Northumberland or Devonshire as

well as in Ireland. But no English county has any patriotic aspirations different from those of its neighbours. Even Scotland has given up being jealous. The "auld sang," though very defiant in its day, has long been ended. It may be assumed that Mr. M'Laren's anxiety arises, not from any feeling against England, but from an unwillingness that any distinction should be made in favour of Ireland. Andrew Fair-service has grown much too wise to grumble about the sad and sorrowfu' Union.

The separatist delusion is kept up by the existence of the Vice-regal Court, which, like most institutions that survive their usefulness, has become a noxious absurdity. The ludicrous idea that it enriches Ireland is too commonly entertained. The surface of the globe and man's labour therein is the real source of the wealth of nations. It is not the spender but the producer who does good. A nobleman and his family, with several aides-de-camp, a couple of private secretaries with very little to do, half a dozen Court officials, and a large number of footmen, are added to the population of Dublin for some months in the year, and that is all. The very horses are provided by a London jobber. The Lord Lieutenant has not even the position of a constitutional monarch, for he is looked upon as a partisan, which, indeed, he generally is. The courtiers consist of a great many worthy citizens, whose wives, perhaps, get an additional silk dress annually, a few country gentlemen, and an occasional lord, who stays for two or three nights at an hotel, grumbling all the time at his hard fate. Shorn of all political power, the successor of Essex, and Strafford, and Cromwell has not even the privileges of a private station, for

he does not choose his own guests. Nor is the Castle of any use as a social centre. There is no city in Europe where sets and cliques are more sharply defined, or more bitterly hostile to each other. So far as the Vice-regal institution exercises any influence it does mischief by rousing petty jealousies. The most amiable and accomplished Lord Lieutenant can do but little; his position is too hopeless.

Irishmen feel that they are outsiders in Imperial life. It is not that they cannot succeed in London. They are undoubtedly heavily weighted, but they do get a fair share of professional prizes. Honourably distinguished in competitive examinations, which are no respecters of persons, Irishmen are to be found in all sorts of good positions in the Civil Service at home, in India, and in the colonies. All these things they have, but in great measure on condition of merging in the composite crowd. Their nationality is lost to a considerable extent. And though they be struggling in the full tide of English life, it is not their native element. In the glories of English history the Celt has no place, and with the true Celt many a man of Teutonic origin has identified himself. The Fenian Head-centre was called Stephens, and the greatest of Irish rebels, Wolfe Tone. Of this, religion has been the chief cause. A Nationalist leader may chance to be a Protestant, but the engine he works with is the Catholic mass. The kings whose exploits stir the blood of every English child were the conquerors or oppressors of Ireland. Crécy and Agincourt have no charms for her boys. The Tudors of whom Englishmen are so proud—for even Henry the Eighth is dear to the national pride though not to the national conscience—are in

Ireland remembered chiefly as tyrants who oppressed the ancient Church and gave the land to heretics and strangers. The great struggle of the seventeenth century affords no glorious memories. King or Parliament, Cavalier or Roundhead, made no great difference; in any case, Ireland was trampled on. Of the next age it is unnecessary to speak.

Nor does our literature make up for all this. The poetry of Moore was all very well for sentimental people, but it never had any hold on the masses. You never hear one of his songs in the streets; he is scarcely ever quoted on the platform. The kind of ballad which the people really listen to is not one which would have much chance of success in London drawing-rooms. The value of the poetry is little considered, but a due amount of disloyalty ensures a certain success. The humble bards of the gutter are sometimes driven to strange and grotesque shifts for the purpose of making the Government hateful. One of them lately sang plaintively that "we're taxed both night and day," and explained more particularly that

"They will take our cows and sheep,
They will take our corn and hay;
To pay the Alabama Claims without
the least delay."

This is not exactly like Moore. That poet's fame is almost independent of his nationality, though his countrymen have honoured him with the worst statue that ever was cast.

The greater part of the Irish melodies would have been quite as beautiful if their heroes and heroines had lived in Japan. Swift is famous as a patriotic pamphleteer, but the general tenour of his works is very unfavourable to his native country. It is well known that he particularly disliked being

called an Irishman, which so far as race goes he, of course, was not. Goldsmith's reputation is but slightly connected with Ireland. Everybody thinks of him in London, and in connection with Johnson. Sheridan used his powers in creating, or at least immortalising, the typical stage Irishman, but London was the scene of his own labours; the Irish peasant does not know his name.

Men can only become great upon a wide stage, and Ireland is narrow; but those who remain behind feel a soreness against which there is little use in arguing. Ireland rightly claims both Wellington and Palmerston. Yet the fame even of the latter, who was not only Irish but partly plebeian, is scarcely reflected upon their country. Both are generally spoken of as anti-Irish, and especially as anti-Catholic statesmen. This may be true of Wellington, but not of Palmerston. The latter's real crime consists in his having been true to his buff and blue, and having loved constitutional liberty in Italy as well as in the British dominions.

Nothing shews the peculiar mental attitude of the people more than the kind of qualification they look for in Parliamentary candidates. Home Rule and the kindred pledges must be swallowed of course, but these are seldom enough. A man is selected in England because he has made himself useful as a political speaker or writer, or because he makes a good Chairman of Quarter Sessions, or because he has a high reputation at the Bar, or in business. Such recommendations are of little use in Ireland, except, perhaps, the first. The local man of business is probably a landlord, and is denounced as such. The lawyer aims at the Bench. The merchant manages his own business in his

own way. The highest qualification probably is to have been in prison for something savouring of treason. Had Mr. Parnell achieved the honour of captivity for contempt of the House, his return for Meath would have been assured for many years. It is fortunate that Sir Stafford Northcote withdrew from his first hastily occupied position. Dislike to England is the strongest passion of the humbler Irish electors, and the great merit of having personified it outweighs all other considerations. But every one cannot climb the Fenian Acro-Corinth. There are other virtues to which weight must in such cases be given.

Look at the men for Galway. How different are the memories which that expression recalls! Captain Nolan, who has lately taken service with the obstructionist forlorn hope, is in Her Majesty's service, and his loyalty is therefore beyond suspicion. But it is not as a distinguished Artillery officer that he is most favourably known to his constituents. He was originally returned because he submitted some disputes between himself and a few small tenants to the arbitration of a well-known clerical agitator, and of the proprietor of a tenant-right newspaper. The contest was an extremely virulent one, and the unsuccessful candidate obtained the seat on petition, after evidence had been given of great intimidation by the clergy. One reverend electioneerer laid down the convenient axiom that there are two ways of telling the truth. The learned judge's decision gave general satisfaction, but the effect was marred by the irritating and perfectly irrelevant matter introduced into his judgment. What on earth had Oliver Cromwell to do with the Galway election? The needless offence which he gave on this occasion explains the great

acrimony of the Home Rule members against Mr. Justice Keogh, especially as he once held very different views and expressed them pretty strongly. Captain Nolan's return at the dissolution was, of course, certain. Fortunately for him, the same feeling caused the success of a national subscription, which recouped him the expenses of the first election and consequent petition. It is astonishing with what ease national subscriptions are got up in Ireland. One can understand a devout peasantry stinting themselves for the so-called prisoner of the Vatican; there is a chivalrous and generous feeling at the bottom of this. But it is hard that they should be perpetually called on to subscribe for aspiring politicians. Their contributions would not be given so readily were it not that the Church finds its account in the matter; and it is wonderful how rapidly a list can be filled when there are two or three skilful and well-trained tax-gatherers in every parish.

Captain Nolan's colleague, Mr. Mitchell Henry, draws the line at obstruction, but he has gone very far in other ways. He is a wealthy Englishman, who has bought a barren mountain in the West, and built thereon a castle which cost much more than the whole property that it adorns. He has given employment, and done good in his district, having reclaimed a great deal of land and made other improvements. His local claims are therefore considerable, but they would have availed him little had he not been animated with a peculiar bitterness against the land of his birth. He represents England as a swindler impoverishing her weak sister by making her bear an undue share of the common burden. The economical heresy was rather too

rank even for the Home Rulers, many of whom stayed away from the late debate. A feeling of self-respect prevents some among us from wishing to pay less taxes than Englishmen or Scotchmen. But Mr. Mitchell Henry did not see the thing in this light, and wrote to the *Freeman* complaining that he had not been properly supported, and drawing attention to the fact that he was a much better Irishman than the Irish themselves. It is evident that neither Captain Nolan, who invites newspaper proprietors to interfere between him and his tenants; nor Mr. Mitchell Henry, who likes to grow muscats and pineapples on a Connaught hill-side, can be generally imitated by Irish landlords.

Whatever the verdict of Ireland on obstruction may be, there is no doubt that it has many advocates among the London Irish, to whom Mr. O'Donnell belongs and who recently entertained him at dinner. The London Home Rule Association were the founders of the feast, and the orators, including Messrs. Biggar and O'Connor Power, sang pæans over that great victory, the twenty-six hours' sitting. The Chairman, Mr. P. A. M'Craith, is reported to have spoken as follows in proposing the toast of "Our Guest":—

"Mr. O'Donnell had entered Parliament for the simple purpose of protesting against English and Scotch interference in Irish affairs, and he had done so by asserting the right, so long as that interference lasted, of Irishmen interfering in English and Scotch and Imperial affairs. Surrounded by only a few men, he had made a gallant stand, which had tried both the great political parties to their uttermost. No matter what the moderate and the half Home Rulers might say—the people who

used Home Rule for political position only—he believed that the people would be found to endorse such a policy as that pursued by Mr. O'Donnell and his colleagues, Messrs. O'Connor Power, Parnell, Biggar, and, he was glad to say, Captain Nolan and Mr. E. D. Gray." It is to be hoped Captain Nolan enjoys his position.

The Islington dinner did not arrest the progress of the South Africa Bill, which passed with rather less discussion than it would have received had the Obstructionists let it alone. If it be true that an eminent Fenian, who served both at Manchester and Clerkenwell, was a noted public character during the latter days of the Transvaal Republic, there may have been special reasons for the tenderness which has been shewn for its fate. Mr. O'Donnell is very much concerned that this "vague measure should be left for an indefinite time to beat about the four corners of the world." The earth is generally supposed to be a depressed sphere. But perhaps the Parnellites, who have tried to destroy Parliamentary government, have also resolved to abolish the old solar system, and to construct a new one, in which not only shall the earth be square, but it shall have all its angles situated in South Africa. Altogether, the extraordinary debate on this Bill was not creditable to any one. Excited and goaded into a not unnatural impatience, the House wasted time and temper on personal details, while Mr. Parnell out-did himself by moving an amendment of which he did not know the meaning.

The political forces practically effective in the South and West of Ireland are three—Roman Catholicism of a very Ultramontane type, Agrarianism, and Fenianism. All the Home Rulers, though in different proportions, owe their

seats to a combination of these elements. The Church can take care of herself, and always swallows the oysters, whoever may get the shells. It matters little to her who is elected, for every candidate takes the necessary pledges. But her policy has been to discountenance the violent Nationalists, and thus win a character for moderation. Clerical interests being safe for the present, so far as Irish votes can secure them, it remains to get something for the farmers, who are not only sound and submissive Roman Catholics, but are the parents, the brothers, and the cousins of the country clergy. Mr. O'Donnell has notified his intention to keep the Liberals out of office "till the crack of doom" unless they eat his leek. It is to be hoped that their Salford warning will be enough. Perhaps Mr. Edward Jenkins may think it prudent to disregard the threats held out to him about the Irish vote at Dundee. It may turn out that Englishmen and Scotchmen, and not Irishmen, really have the command of English and Scotch towns. Lancashire has already given more than one hint. In any case the Union, and the constitution of Parliament are more important than the Liberal party. The danger is that in the righteous indignation felt against the Obstructionists, the Ireland which is apart from them may be forgotten. There are always plenty of men to clamour for severe measures, to point out that this ungovernable island cannot receive the constitutional gospel, and requires the sword of a despot. This sort of talk is very easy, and infinitely mischievous. There is no choice but to retain Ireland in full partnership or to hold her down by that state of siege with which Cavour said any fool can govern.

Even towards the Parliamentary Obstructionists, sharp measures are, with all respect to Mr. Fawcett, to be deprecated. To do Mr. O'Donnell justice, he seems to have no wish to bring down the active wrath of the House on himself. If it should unhappily be necessary to devise means for the protection of the majority next Session, it is evident that Sir Stafford Northcote's new rules will not do. There has been a sort of fatality about the matter. The only use of the new system has been to silence Mr. Whalley for a few minutes. It is even probable that he was silenced illegally, not having been first heard in explanation.

In the meantime, if Mr. Parnell and his friends are capable of learning by experience, let them remember that the continental *clôture*, if it should be found necessary, would press very hardly on them. Irish members, in so far as they form a separate class, must necessarily be often in the minority. It may not be advisable to send those guilty of contempt to the Tower, or to that less illustrious place of captivity where a famous patriot was once confined. But a padlock may be put upon the tongue, and that would be a dreadful privation to some gentlemen, while it might not increase their popularity with their own constituents. But probably nothing of this sort will be required. A fixed resolution on the part of the Government and the House neither to be coerced by the Obstructionists nor to be hurried into severities which would make them less contemptible, may, in due time, have its influence. Even Meath may weary of her Aristides, and give him what he calls a mandate very differently worded from any which he has yet received:—

"Solvuntur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis."

The consummation is devoutly to be wished for.

The Conservatives have a great opportunity. Let them shew that they can bring in practical good measures for Ireland, and so take the sting out of the Home Rulers' taunts. They might begin with the Grand Jury laws, which are very bad and utterly indefensible. Some valuable parts of the present system might thus be preserved which will be swept away if the ques-

tion is kept open till times change. In any case the Irish party is likely for some sessions to be a clog on the Parliamentary machine. Time and good temper may smooth even Mr. Parnell's acerbity. However this may be, it is to be hoped that no amount of provocation will induce the House to give him, or any of those who act with him, the honours of an easy martyrdom. The strong can afford to be patient.

R. BAGWELL.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Danish Greenland, its People and its Products. By Dr. Henry Rink. Henry S. King and Co. London. 1877.

Dr. Rink, an acknowledged authority on matters relating to Greenland, gives us, under this title, an exhaustive account of that chilly region. Our author, who is director of the Royal Greenland Board of Trade, and was formerly Inspector of South Greenland, has evidently had ample opportunities for personal acquaintance with the land of which he writes; and an intimate account of any little-known country can never fail to be interesting to some class of readers among the omnivorous public. This volume offers something tempting to most minds; it treats of the history of Greenland, of its language and traditions, of geology and mineral products, of plants and animals, domestic and wild; chapters are devoted to the configuration of the country, climate, and the limits of perpetual snow, and vegetation; the trade question is discussed, as well as the origin of the floating ice-berg; there are antiquarian and meteorological notes, and synopses of the Greenland fauna and flora. And all

these solid matters are made interesting by a pleasant style, while they are diversified by quaint accounts of the Eskimo, and the pages are full of reality and actual experience. Indeed the realism becomes pathetic, when our author defends Greenland from the imputation of dulness thus:—"Nobody need be in want of occupation and entertainment in Greenland, and living there is not much more dull than in some very isolated places in the mother country."

Few people but can recall "some very isolated place" where stress of weather, or perhaps a dutiful visit to a relation, has imprisoned them for a while: and if their imagination can successfully depict something "not much more dull," how charming will a life-time in Greenland appear to them! In a certain delightful place called Umanak, the sun is not seen from November 7th until February 2nd, and "when one is confined to the narrow rooms, with nothing to vary the monotony of the darkness that reigns without except the howling of the dogs," even Dr. Rink allows that "Christmas time is exceedingly dull, especially," as he quaintly adds, "to single people!"

Our author gives us, however, some much more cheerful pictures than this of life in Greenland; and the accounts of the natives, some of which are by native authors, are exceedingly interesting: the woodcuts, also, the drawings for which are executed by native and untaught artists, are wonderfully graphic. It seems, however, that the Greenlanders are a plainly decaying people. The old aristocracy of the race was formed by the most successful seal-hunters; but now it is considered a more elevated position to act as servant to a European master: consequently the true pursuits of the Eskimo must by degrees be less respected and less excelled in. They appear to have an abject admiration for Europeans, and it is found useless to elevate one of themselves to authority. Dr. Rink has attempted, at least to some extent, to defend the Eskimo character from the charges of different kinds of vice brought against it; for instance, they have been much accused of untruth, but it appears that some of their reputed untruthfulness is of a kind paralleled by our own social "not at home."

"Anybody who has travelled in Greenland knows the phrase 'Kam-ekángilanga,' i.e., 'I have no boots,' by asserting which a man always makes his first attempt to escape being engaged for a journey which he dislikes to undertake. If then a pair of boots are offered him into the bargain, he will most likely try to back his refusal by referring to the critical state of his trousers, and so on."

But, notwithstanding some intelligible explanations of this kind, the Eskimo fails to appear, except in individual instances, as an elevated personage, and even Dr. Rink's pleasant writing can hardly make Greenland seem an attractive residence.

Mortimer Collins : his Letters and Friendships, with some Account of his Life. Edited by Frances Collins. Two vols. Sampson Low. 1877.

A widow, however well disposed, is not the best estimator of her husband. She has seen him in too personal a light to be able to give him his due place in the clear atmosphere of impartial biography. She is apt to over-estimate what another might little value, and to under-estimate what others might prize. If, moreover, she has been the partaker of but a fractional part of the life of the subject of her memoir, it is all the more dangerous for her to step in as chronicler. Since from internal evidence surely never wife knew less of her husband's past than the compiler of the present volumes, it was naturally to be expected that the book would turn out to be a domestic autobiography of Mrs. Collins, with much interesting matter connected with her own friends, and perhaps some account of Mortimer.

Happily these volumes are a little superior to our imaginary description. That they have the value they possess arises from three circumstances. That their compiler, who was for eight years the wife of Mortimer Collins, has appreciated one side of his character, and has depicted it fairly; that a few of the memorial letters from old friends are so characteristic as to overbalance others that have little value; and finally, that it has been impossible, amidst carefully collected valentines and nonsense-books never meant to be printed, altogether to keep out the true touches of the inimitable Mortimer himself, however few and far between these may be.

As to the style in which the memoir is written, it is bald and jerky, as a rule, with an occasional exception.

The *Saturday Review* remarks: "Between Collins's first marriage in 1850, and the death of his wife in 1867, we are told scarcely anything about his career." That this should be the case under the circumstances of a second marriage is most natural. With the feeling that prompted the omissions we can fully sympathise, but as literary critics we cannot but allow that it is an awkward element in biographic writing, and that the wisest course for the lady in the present case would have been to select some impartial person as chronicler. The author of course could please himself as to whether or not, when pressed, he should write doggrel, but it is something of a cruelty to him now to reproduce it to the exclusion of work which would have conveyed a better idea of him. It is a peculiar and special injury to his literary fame that these volumes should be what they are; and for this reason, that he had long suffered from lack of any one at the same time both able and in a position to gather up his real gems from the innumerable literary bye-ways where they had been scattered, and so present him to the public at his best. To cite the *Saturday Review* once more, we fully agree that "too many of these letters in rhyme are reprinted." How differently Mortimer Collins wrote when he wrote for press, and when he threw off an idle valentine to please exigent ladies, may be seen by comparing stanzas which were meant for publication in any periodical of position with others written merely for home circulation. The fact of this difference, which, omitting one or two exceptionally beautiful verses, is easily verifiable, is evidence of a wrong done to the vanished author by bringing forward bushels of his private and careless nonsense in a book bearing the dignified

title of "Letters and Friendships." To judge by these volumes, at least nine-tenths of the serious friendships of his life were formed in its last few years, and were for a circle of ladies who found him willing to amuse them in his idle hours.

We laboured under the impression that the object of poetry was the communication of the deepest intuitions; but we have it suggested by our lady-editor that a good poetic exemplar is a copy of verses on white satin, written to celebrate a wedding. This might be pleasant work for a poet to take up now and again for a friend; but to suggest it as a means whereby "millionaires might give encouragement to poets" strikes us as advice peculiarly commercial and snobbish, which we imagine no true poet is at all likely to follow. *Apropos* of such a matter, we will quote a sonnet which is not to be found in the volumes before us, but the authorship of which may perhaps be guessed at.

Rhyming's a general accomplishment:

Pert linen drapers scribbling valentines—

Young ladies who delight in honied lines,

On rosiest paper, exquisite of scent—

And writers of sublime advertisement,
Teeming with metaphors on coats
and blacking,

Resource of shopkeepers when custom's lacking—

These are our poets now. The Eloquent
Of Earth are fled. Is there no single
voice

From the inner silence of our
sacred land,

Which, heard as yet where forest-winds rejoice,

May through the toiling commerce-throngs expand,

Witnessing that some have a far nobler choice

Than the vain wealth of the acquiring hand?

The *Spectator* very properly accepts "with some reservation the biographer's judgment" that

her husband looked aristocratic, a description which is just what a romantic school-girl might be expected to give of her earliest passion. Mortimer Collins did not look aristocratic in the modern sense of the word; he did not belong to a class at all. He might fairly have been described as idiosyncratic, characteristic; nay, he was unique in his way. He was as little aristocratic as he was plebeian.

We have looked through these volumes with no minutely analytic eye; nevertheless, sundry minor imperfections force themselves upon the attention. For instance, a reference to a proposed collaboration between the subject of the memoir and Mr. Fred. Locker is made in both volumes, and in a slightly varied form. In Volume I. it is said, "Mr. Locker liked the notion, but did not at the moment feel poetical;" in Volume II., "Mr. Locker seemed to fall in with the idea, but Mortimer Collins did not live to carry it out." Again, more than a dozen lines referring to the novel, "Sweet Anne Page," are to be found in both volumes. They are, it is true, slightly varied, but the variation is due, not to the author but to the editor. In one we read, "Sow your wild oats and grow the wheat of wealth or the glorious grapes of genius." In the other, "Sow your wild oats and grow the wheat of wealth *on* the glorious grapes of genius."

Some stanzas written by Mortimer Collins to his only child and placed in these volumes, as we learn, without communication with the recipient, we have been allowed to compare with the original in the fly-leaf of the book in which it was written. The editor's version is full of glaring errors.

In the original we have—

"The eternal want of pence
That vexes" poets like a pestilence."

In the "Letters and Friendships" the quotation marks are omitted, which might lead anyone to suppose that the writer had stolen the pith of his lines from the well-known

"Eternal want of pence
That vexes public men—"

whereas his evident intention is to quote the phrase with honour. Further, the verses are mutilated by the omission of their last and best line. Finally, to shew how much a little poem of only sixteen lines can be made to suffer, we have only to quote another line from it, as given in the work before us:—

"Upon a couple of two well-known books."

It need hardly be said that this is not what Mortimer Collins wrote.

About herself, too, the compiler of these volumes does not appear to be more sure than about her husband's verse. In one place she writes: "The secretary [a name assumed in these volumes by Mrs. Frances Collins] was proud that her criticism should be valued by so clever a man as Mortimer Collins, but she always reminded him that she was but as Molière's housekeeper, and, having only ordinary intellect, could come nearer to the understanding of the general public than he himself could." This sentence may be reasonably compared with another, to the effect that he and she were in such complete intellectual sympathy that "they worked and thought together." Again, she speaks of her constant companionship developing his character; why, the man, by the recorded evidence, was forty years old when he married her, and had been a married man for over seventeen years out of the forty. He must have been wonderfully plastic for a boy of forty, or some of the

other sex are marvellous moulders of character.

Another pair of careless errors make us feel really sad, for occurring as they do in the first and last lines of a nine-line stanza quoted from "Mr. Carington," they entirely spoil a little poem that was one of our most loved ones. We will quote the verse correctly:—

"Helen and I looked out upon the west.
O unimaginable sunset! O
Soft sky in mystic waves of colour drest,
With great Apollo's final kiss aglow!
O lights that lessen, linger, glisten, grow!
Almighty Artist, never do I see
Thy little lightest touch of fire or snow,
Of bird that sings, of blossom upon tree,
Without that inner silent saying:
I love Thee."

Again, some memorial lines are quoted as if they had never been printed before, whereas they appeared at the time in a Berkshire paper. This is a trifling error, but the lines as originally printed were meant for the public; as given in these volumes they contain a line modified to suit a private individual to whom they were sent. With choice in such a matter it would reasonably be expected that the lines should be reprinted as originally published. We might cite other errors in dates and minor details, but refrain, remembering that it is a lady's book that we have before us.

We will cease our unkind work of criticism, which these volumes have so readily opened themselves to. They contain many a charming page, but taken as a whole we can only regret that a scholar and a poet has been so travestied.

The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

By Walter Thornbury. A New Edition. Chatto and Windus. London. 1877.

We all like to know all about "our great men," and very few people are above a relish for personal details. The love of biography which has developed in these modern days is perhaps only a refined form of the vulgar taste for gossip; yet surely we must be forgiven for taking a great interest in Mr. Thornbury's very bright and pleasant book. Most lovers of art who have felt the magic which glows from every wall in the Turner Gallery, must have wished to know something of the personality of the great artist. It is difficult to tell whether the man whom Mr. Thornbury brings before the reader most pleases or disappoints. It is a little disappointing, after gazing into that bottomless lake Avernus, which is so full of enchantment that it is indeed an entrance into faery realms; or looking long upon that marvellous romance, Queen Mab's Grotto, where every touch is full of quaintness of fancy and unrivalled breadth of imagination—it is a little disappointing to find that these magical creations proceeded from a human being of the same mould as other frail mortals. Some spiritual existence, burning to bring wisdom and beauty from a higher sphere to this, might have flung itself into the world of colour, and expended its desire upon these living, glowing productions. A corporeal form can scarcely have been needed to produce such *spirituelle* results! But we are soon brought down from our fancies by finding that all this mystery of beauty was wrought by a red-faced little man with dirty hands and the appearance of a bluff sailor!

But on the other hand, it is also rather pleasant to find such an ec-

centric, idiosyncratic, thoroughly human individuality behind these almost supernatural canvasses. The artist who was unique in his art was also exceedingly odd in his life. Mr. Thornbury has very cleverly put together the quaint picture of Turner's daily living in Queen Anne Street: the dingy, dirty, ill-kept house; that extraordinary picture gallery, containing works which he prized too highly to sell to individuals and reserved for the nation; some thirty thousand proofs of engravings; all suffering more or less from the state of neglect, dirt, and damp in which they were kept. Few artists have valued their own work so highly or treated it so carelessly, as Turner. It seems as though the extraordinary powers of production he possessed, and the large sums of money he realised by his engravings and in later years commanded for his pictures, produced in him an almost reckless feeling of power. A man who leaves behind him some nineteen thousand sketches may perhaps be excused if he prefers that some one else should undertake the labour of arranging them: although Mr. Ruskin must have needed the help of much Christian charity and affection for his old friend if he could go through those nineteen thousand pieces of paper, torn, dirty, folded in four, used on both sides, often for the same sketch, half being on one side and half on the other; and retain amiability of temper throughout.

The same Turner whose touch and colouring were supremely delicate was also thus dirty, untidy, careless; the same Turner who knew the rapture of supreme artistic conception could also periodically enjoy a revel in a low sailors' pothouse; the same Turner who was munificently generous was capable also of laughable

meanesses. The man who has left an unparalleled artistic bequest to the nation yet could not rest in his grave unless certain two pictures of his own should for ever hang next to, and thus be in constant comparison with, two of Claude's. It is extraordinary, too, that a man who could leave behind him such a monument as the Turner Room in the National Gallery, should think it necessary to enhance his glory by leaving a large sum for a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral!

Mr. Thornbury's volumes are full of anecdotes, which help to make up the picture of the man. We have a glimpse of the heroic side of him in reference to his art, as when he speaks of the "Snow-storm" thus:—

"I did not paint it to be understood, but I wished to shew what such a scene was like. I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it. I was lashed for four hours, and did not expect to escape; but I felt bound to record it if I did."

When the critics cried "Soapsuds and whitewash," Mr. Turner, though with his strange sensitiveness to criticism he was annoyed, yet had the consolation of thinking that probably none of those gentlemen had gone through his experience for the purpose of observation.

Many such stories of the descriptive powers of the critics and their vexatious effect upon Turner are current among the friends who remember him, "lobster-salad," "eggs and spinach," and various extraordinary compounds being suggested to the pseudo-critical mind by some of Turner's grandest pictures.

Turner had no great idea of his own appearance, whatever other vanity he may have been guilty of; indeed, he imagined that were the public acquainted

with his exterior, they would think less of his genius. The dislike to have his portrait taken seemed to produce a desire in others to take it, and the queer-looking little man was continually sketched. The "precious portrait" painted by John Linnell was done from memory, after sittings afforded him by being placed opposite Turner at successive dinner parties at the house of Mr. Daniel. There is a sketch in existence also of Turner's father, taken by Linnell at a lecture given by Turner, when, as we have heard the veteran artist describe it, "the father was gazing earnestly down upon the son, who was continually getting into hopeless fogs over his lecture—turning several pages over at once and then turning back too far." The delicious anecdote of Turner's daring checkmate of Constable at the last moment we cannot forbear quoting, for it is so wonderfully illustrative of the artist's enormous powers and the man's delight in a small triumph that it will bear repetition.

"In 1822, when Constable exhibited his 'Opening of Waterloo Bridge,' it was placed in the School of Painting, one of the small rooms at Somerset House. A sea piece by Turner was next to it—a grey picture, beautiful and true, but with no positive colour in any part of it. Constable's picture seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver, and Turner came several times into the room while he was heightening, with vermilion and lake, the decorations and flags of the City barges. Turner stood behind him, looking from the 'Waterloo' to his own picture, and then putting a round daub of red lead, somewhat bigger than a shilling, on his own grey sea, went away without a word. The intensity of the red lead—made more vivid by the coolness of his picture—made even the vermilion and lake of Constable to look weak. On Leslie entering the room just as Turner had left it—'He has been here', said Constable,

'and fired off a gun.' . . . Turner did not come again into the room for a day and a half; and then, in the last moments that were allowed for painting, he glazed the scarlet seal he had put on his picture, and shaped it into a buoy."

Altogether, Mr. Thornbury's book is not only a valuable collection of records of the great, erratic genius, but a charming, gossip volume.

A Handbook to the Public Picture Galleries of Europe. By Kate Thompson. London: Macmillan and Co.

This little volume, although avowedly nothing more than a handbook, is one of the most useful and interesting of its class. Miss Thompson having personally visited all the great European galleries and a large proportion of the smaller ones, and having made, throughout, careful notes to assist her own memory, has constituted herself an excellent guide, companion, and friend to the amateur art-critic. The opening chapters, which give brief sketches of the rise and progress of art in Italy, Flanders, Germany, France, England, Spain, and Holland, with chronological tables, embracing the dates of birth and death of the principal painters of the different schools, make the volume additionally valuable to the student, as a great deal of information is concisely given.

A Constant Heart. By the Hon. Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Henry S. King & Co. London.

A novel should be a gem well worth setting, to be so daintily dressed as is "A Constant Heart." Binding, paper, print, and all, are quite enjoyable, so chaste and pretty are they. A volume so pleasant to hand and eye tempts one further, and luckily we find

good writing within. Mrs. Chapman has chosen an old-fashioned drama, and tells a tale that has been told many a time before; but her telling is so quaint, so realistic, so witty, that it is a charming journey into bygone days which we make in her company.

The central feature of the story is the abduction of the heroine; and never have the trials and sufferings of a young girl, carried against her wish from her home by the superior physical force of a fast-living gentleman and his retainers, been described in a more graphic and natural style. But besides the dramatic interest the novel is worth reading for the careful rendering of old world people and their modes of thought. The heroine's father, who was good-natured enough if not bothered, and who regarded the sale of a troublesome colt, and the marriage of a daughter (to the wrong man) as equally cheering incidents, for "she would like being married very well when she came to it, all women did—let the man be what he would;" and the stern mother, who cannot forgive disobedience, or the breaking of a promise, are equally well drawn. So is the old maid, who tries to instil correct views into the mind of this young lady who objects to marrying a man whom she dislikes. Says this wise old lady:—

"You go to church, you make your promise, and you come home to be a good housewife; and lucky for you if you've got a man you can trust. But if he's been stuffing your head and his with talk and promises to be your true love, and the like of that, he's not likely to be that sort of person."

There is, perhaps, too much theological clear thinking and plain speaking on the part of the heroine in the early part of the book. Though a young lady given to thinking for herself, and to reading novels, "Robinson Crusoe," and

the "Pilgrim's Progress," might not believe everything which the parson and her parents expected her to, still she would hardly, in the time and society in which the story is located, have brought out such advanced and nineteenth-century notions as are now and then put into her mouth.

It is difficult to resist quoting Dame Martha, who presides over the establishment of the gay gentleman that carries off the heroine. Her description of the last days of this man's mother—a fashionable lady, shut up by her husband in his country house, when her good looks left her—is inimitable.

"But my lady that was, when first she came down, she laid on her paint pretty thick. Lord bless you, 'twas nought but dressing and tiring from morning to night. But presently she wearied o' that. There was no soul to look at her, but just the priest and me, and the servant-folks; and she was a-falling sick, mortal sick, and so she began to think she must *make her soul*, as the Papists call it. And she laid by her paint, and took to her mass-books. Well, she was trouble and sorrow enow to herself, poor lady. Somewhiles it seemed as if she couldn't a-bear herself. She'd sit just there, Madam, by the window, a-biting her finger, till I could ha' laid my life she wasn't in her right wits. First she played at cards, picquet, or what not, with the priest. Then she took fright o' that for her salvation. I thought as he would ha' persuaded her not to *give way* like that. . . . He was for her taking things a bit easy, and for the matter o' that, she might ha' kept her temper better, and God Almighty would ha' winked at the cards."

"Heaven's not likely, after this world I've known. 'Tis like nought here," says one of the characters; and these words indicate that Mrs. Chapman can touch upon the deeper doubts and sorrows of humanity, as well as write brightly and amusingly.

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SKETCH OF ROUMANIAN HISTORY.

RECENT events on the Danube have given to Roumania, in the eyes of the public generally, an interest which it never excited before. The struggles of Servia and Montenegro, of Bosnia and the Herzegóvina, have either become things of the past, or have ceased to attract anything but a comparatively languid attention. Each of these principalities and provinces has, so to speak, had its day; its antecedents and present condition have been studied with avidity; books and articles of wonderful power and eloquence have been written thereon. During the insurrection and the Turco-Servian War, Roumania, on the other hand, kept in the background, and preserved a strict neutrality. No one could safely hazard a conjecture as to the side on which its sympathies, if indeed it had any, were enlisted, for

Moldo-Wallachia played a dark game. As soon, however, as the Russians began to talk of crossing the Pruth, a clue was found to the eventual attitude of the Principality; and the publication of the Russo-Roumanian Convention soon placed beyond dispute the fact that the Government of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern was determined to pronounce in favour of the stronger party in the quarrel, and to strive to obtain what it could through the pursuit of a spirited policy. The imprudence of the Porte, combined with the apathy of the guaranteeing Powers, lent new force to the arguments of Bratianu and Cogalniceano, resulting in the proclamation of independence, and in the immediate occupation of Kalafat. In thus making common cause with the Czar, Roumania now poses as an active belligerent, and

the interest formerly enjoyed by Servia and Montenegro is transferred to it for the nonce. Little, however, is known in England with regard to the history of the Danubian Principalities. As far as I am aware, and I have made diligent search, no book on the subject has ever been published in this country. It is therefore with a view to supplying this want that I pen this article. A residence of several years in Roumania and a prolonged study of its history have supplied me with peculiar facilities for acquiring accurate information of a kind which few Englishmen possess. In this paper I propose to give merely the most important outlines of Roumanian history. At a future date I may perhaps furnish further particulars regarding the social life of the inhabitants, their character, and the general aspect of the country. And here I may remark that my observations will be entirely free from all political bias. My sole design is to deliver "a plain, unvarnished tale," and to tell the truth as I have found it, without any romance.

The early history of the Rouman race is shrouded in mystery. The Dacians were the original inhabitants of the country. Brave as lions, with their front on the Danube and their rear on the Dniester, this people long proved a very thorn in the side of the Roman Empire. But Decebalus was finally obliged to succumb to the arms of Trajan, whose triumphal column long formed one of the most striking ornaments of the Forum. Under Trajan's fostering care, Dacia soon became a highly flourishing land. Colonists were transported from Italy to people anew a country devastated with fire and blood; and a mixed Daco-Roman population soon sprang up, which cultivated the arts of peace with unexampled

success. Bridges spanned the Danube and many of the smaller rivers; and a grand military road, called to this day *Drumu Trajan*, extended from the Iron Gates to the town of Bender itself. Sarmisægethusa, the capital, afterwards known as Ulpia-Trajana, and now the village of Varhély, was the residence of a Proprætor and the site of temples, baths, palaces, and aqueducts innumerable. These were the palmy days of old Roumania—days to which patriot and peasant love to revert in song. "Dacia Felix" and "Trajan" are names which are still in everyone's mouth, and which are cherished with pride by all classes alike. But the incursions of the Goths swamped the colony and dispersed its inhabitants in every conceivable direction. Some crossed over into Moesia, and even found their way to the shores of Macedonia and Thrace. Others seem to have gone far west, and to have penetrated to the coasts of the Adriatic. When the Huns appeared on the scene, the Goths were allowed by Valens to cross the Danube and to pass into Moesia, starting from which they marched against the Emperor himself, whom they defeated and slew at Adrianople. The greater part of Dacia then fell for a time a prey to the Huns. After the Huns came the Gepidæ; then the Slavic or Sarmatian races, among which were the Serbs and the Chrowats, the Wallacks, and other kindred tribes, the last-named occupying Wallachia and Moldavia first in the 14th century. The Avars and the Chazars are not to be overlooked, for the latter people obliged the Magyars to acknowledge their supremacy. The Magyars, I may here observe, are said to have conquered the Banate of Craïova, or Little Wallachia, about the middle of the 11th century, and to have entrusted

its government to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. About this time Transylvania also became subject to the Hungarians. It is not until the Mogul invasion of 1241, by which Poland, Hungary, and Moravia were overrun, that we hear of the existence of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia as such. Radu Negru was, if tradition is to be believed, the founder of High Wallachia, and Bogdan of the sister dominion. The two Principalities were separate; but they were alike in their religion, their laws, and their institutions. They were inhabited by a very mixed race, in which Daco-Roman blood certainly could not preponderate. And the arrival of the Wallacks complicated matters still more. I am well aware that the Roumans claim to be almost entirely of Latin origin; but after an impartial investigation I cannot admit this to be the case. They have also plenty of the Dacian, Gothic, Hunnish, and Slavonic elements about them. The fact that their language is evidently based upon that spoken by Cicero simply proves nothing; for witness the now Slavonised Bulgars, who are undoubtedly of Ugrian stock, and are thus akin to the Magyar. The French some time ago took as much delight in their attempts to establish the Latin origin of the Roumans as the *litterati* of Moscow have taken in their search after Slavonic relations. But the theory will not hold water, and the sooner it is exposed and abandoned the better. It is simply ridiculous that a land which formed the very highway of successive hordes of barbarian invaders should have preserved unmixed a race whose identity has never been made clear.

We are now beginning, however, to work our way out of the almost interminable labyrinth of

fables by which the early history of Roumania is begirt. We see Tartars, Hungarians, and Poles fighting in turn for the possession of different parts of the once favoured province, and the Rouman populations are thus harassed by constant warfare. Nor is this all. The might of the race of Othman is beginning to make itself felt in Europe, and the Roumans, from their very position, have to form the Christian vanguard. That they did their duty manfully and well on more than one occasion is evident, for Stephen, Prince of Moldavia, who had beaten both Hungarians and Poles, long offered a stubborn resistance to Bajazet I. This Sultan, however, proved the victor in the long run, finally reducing the whole of Wallachia, which, in 1392, recognised the suzerainty of the Porte, the only concession being the payment of an annual tribute. The Wallachian Hospodars of those days were practical men, and when they found that they must eventually succumb to the ambition of their Christian neighbours, they strengthened their connection with Constantinople. In the year 1460, the first agreement was renewed under Mahomet II., when a number of Articles were drawn up, to the mutual advantage of the contracting parties. In the 1st Article the Sultan undertook to protect Wallachia, requiring nothing but a supremacy over its sovereignty. The Voivodes were pledged to pay to the Sublime Porte a tribute of ten thousand piastres. In the 2nd Article it was stipulated that the Sublime Porte was to have no share in the local administration of the Principality, and that no Turk should be allowed to enter Wallachia without an ostensible motive. The 4th Article secured the right of electing the prince, the Porte only being allowed to

invest him. Finally, the 10th Article forbade the erection of any mosque on Wallachian ground. Thus it will be seen that the suzerainty of Turkey over Wallachia was an honourable bargain concluded between two independent States, and no oppressive compact forced by the victor upon the vanquished. So well, indeed, was the new system found to work during its earlier stage, that Stephen the Great, Voivode of Moldavia, when on his death-bed, advised his son Bogdan to place that Principality also under the supremacy of the Porte. Bogdan therefore sent an ambassador to Constantinople, and soon afterwards arrived there in person. He presented, we are told, to Solyman I. four thousand crowns of gold, forty mares with foal, and twenty-four falcons, promising to remit the same amount every year as a mark of feudal submission. Bogdan, it appears, was received with considerable pomp. He was invested with a robe of honour, and Solyman gave him a tuft of egret's feathers, which the Princes of Moldavia alone had a right to wear. The position of the Roumans was thus from the first entirely different from that of their neighbours, who were brought under the Turkish yoke by force of arms. They formed for a time a kind of oasis in the desert of blood and fire. Whilst Maygar and Serb, Bulgar and Bosniak groaned beneath the heel of the conqueror, the Moldo-Wallachians were, after a certain fashion, exempt from the horrors of war. True, this was not always the case, for we find the Pashas of Widdin, Silistria, and Rustchuk every now and then crossing the Danube, and carrying away flocks and herds; while the Hospodar of Wallachia, Vlad V., anticipates the Bulgarian atrocities by impaling twenty-five thousand pris-

ners belonging to that ill-fated race in the vast plain of Proclatu. This same Christian Prince, I may add, has also the credit of having burned alive four hundred missionaries from Transylvania, besides slaying in one day five hundred of his own boyards. He also once, so it is reported, had the turbans of some Turkish envoys nailed to their heads, because they refused to remove them in his honour. Still the principle remained the same. Roumania, isolated from the other Christian States, made its own terms with the Porte, and consequently suffered less than its neighbours, with whom it apparently had little in common, and whose ravages had inflicted much misery upon it at different times.

Wars, conquests, and immunity from hostile criticism gradually encouraged the Porte to indulge in various exactions. The tributes were raised little by little, the thrones of the Voivodes were sold to the highest bidders; but, be it remembered, it was the rulers who most felt the strain. We now enter upon a new phase of the history of Roumania. Brancovano, Hospodar of Wallachia, and Demetrius Cantimir, Hospodar of Moldavia, were each dissatisfied, and not without reason, with the authority of the Sultan, which now encroached sorely upon their rights and privileges. The defeat of Charles XII. of Sweden on the bloody field of Pultowa induced these Princes, although sworn enemies, to intrigue separately with the Czar. But their subjects rose in revolt against them. Cantimir was obliged to seek an asylum at the Court of Peter the Great; while Brancovano, less fortunate, was seized and borne to Constantinople, where he was beheaded, together with his wife and four sons, the family preferring

death to conversion to the Mahomedan faith. When the Russians, at the invitation of Cantimir, entered Moldavia after the victory of Pultowa, they were amazed at the novelty of everything which they beheld. The fertility of the land, the luxuriance of the vegetation, the geniality of the atmosphere, combined with the splendour and ease of indoor life, were a striking contrast to the barrenness of their native steppes, with their forests, their fogs, and their dismal poverty. A banquet given by Cantimir to the White Czar dazzled, while it intoxicated, the retinue of the great monarch, who, when all the revellers were prone on the floor, overcome with wine and sleep, stripped the Moldavian boyards of their boots, richly ornamented with gold lace and tassels, and, carrying them to their quarters, exchanged for them their own rough and tough appendages. It is tolerably evident that this glimpse of

The clime of the East, the land of
the Sun,

inflamed the Muscovites with the desire to learn more of this favoured region; a desire which, as may well be believed, was carefully encouraged by Cantimir, who, laden with favours by Peter, initiated the Czar, in return, in all the mysteries connected with the administration and resources of the Ottoman Empire.

The treason of Brancovano and Cantimir was the source of much subsequent affliction to the Moldo-Wallachians, as the Porte, mistrusting the fidelity of the native rulers, appointed as Hospodars Greeks from the Phanar. The Phanariote Greeks have been for centuries the middlemen between the Porte and its subjects, whom they have ground down in too many instances in a manner which would

almost surpass belief. Mr. Evans, in his admirable work on Bosnia and the Herzegóvina, gives a vivid description of the tyranny of many of the Phanariote bishops, and there can be little doubt that in this respect his remarks are perfectly justifiable. The Phanariote Hospodars, who were men often of the basest origin, stole from the grand houses of the Byzantine Empire family names for themselves, and swaggered in their borrowed plumes to their own delight and that of their friends and sycophants. When a Greek child was born, the bystanders were wont to pray that he might one day become, as others had before him, "a pastry-cook, a seller of lemonade, and a Prince of Wallachia." The tyranny, the cruelty, and profligacy of these *parvenus* almost exceed belief. They deceived the Porte, while they pillaged the people. Sometimes they received condign punishment at the hands of their suzerain; sometimes at the hands of their subjects. The Greeks were, by the way, never popular in Roumania. Witness the massacre which took place throughout the whole of Wallachia in 1617, and from which not one of them escaped. To make matters worse, the Roumans had, as we have seen, severed all connection with the outer world even in matters of religion. Once upon a time they had all belonged to the Catholic faith, and their Princes and boyards long adhered to the Church of Rome after the people had abandoned it for Greek Orthodoxy. But Gregory Zamblic, Metropolitan of Moldavia, decided in favour of the schism, and Bible and Liturgy were written in the Cyrillian characters. The mass was said in Slavonic, though little understood in that tongue, and thus was laid the foundation of

an influence which afterwards brought the Roumans in a great measure under the power of Russia. The following account, which I translate from the French of a reliable author, will give some idea of the effeminate habits of these Phanariote Hospodars:—

“As for the Greek boyards, who form the ordinary retinue of the Prince, and preside over the household department, they overstep the last bounds of servility. They only approach his person in attitudes of adoration. If he rise to pass through his apartments, two or three of them seize him by each arm, and raise him in such a manner that the tips of his toes scarcely touch the ground, whilst others reverentially support the train of his robe. He thus advances without bringing a single muscle into play. One could easily mistake him for a paralytic, were it not that he lazily turns in his fingers the beads of a priceless rosary. At table there is the same *inertia* in the exercise of his muscles; everything that is served to him is cut into small pieces; even the bread is broken into bits. The *coupary* (chief cup-bearer) stands behind him, always holding in his hand a half-filled glass, which, at the slightest sign, he puts to the lips of the automaton Prince. It is one o'clock; the meal is at an end. Instantly a loud cry is heard in the chamber occupied by the Prince. This cry, which proceeds from a *tchaouche*, summons the coffee and the *cafedji baschi*, or grand coffee attendant, who, half prostrate, presents the brown liquor in a little cup studded with diamonds. At the same time the *tchaouche*, leaning out of the window, utters a second ringing cry, informing the town that his Highness is taking his coffee, and that the hour is dedicated to slumber. From this moment all is perfect stillness. Bucharest holds its breath, that not a noise from without may interrupt his august repose; and all work within the Palace is at an end. Three hours are thus spent in general torpor—three hours of respite from the tyrant. At four o'clock the noise of the innumerable bells of Bucharest announces to great and small the solemnity of the

awakening of the Hospodar, and the general right to follow this grand example.”

The Phanariotes tried on a large scale the system which is said to be in vogue among the middlemen of Bosnia, the Herzégovina, and other Turkish provinces. As the result of gradual encroachments, the Porte had at last learned to lay claim to a monopoly of all the produce of the country. The peasants were thus obliged to send all their crops, at a given date, to the markets of Galatz and Ibraïla. These were never priced above one-third of their real value, and the Greeks, by using false weights, and by playing tricks with the coinage, contrived to add to these unjust gains. Sometimes the Porte sent the Prince a stated order for so much wheat and so much cattle. The Prince could then publish a requisition for at least twice the amount, buying the necessary surplus at the Firman tariff, and afterwards selling it at the proper price. Other iniquitous means for raising money were resorted to in a similar way. The whole land groaned under the frightful tyranny of the *Graculus esuriens*, and the people were reduced, little by little, to a condition of apathy and despond from which they have never entirely recovered. One prolonged wail ran throughout the length and breadth of the land. Their very music became a dirgè; and the songs and airs which we hear on festal occasions are even now more suggestive of woe than of mirth.

By the Treaty of Carlowitz, in 1699, Dacia was stripped of Transylvania, the Banate of Temesvar following, through the Treaty of Passarowitz, in 1718. The latter agreement was the result of the battle of Peterwardein, won by Prince Eugène, who took Temesvar on the 13th October, 1716.

The detestation in which the Phanariotes were held is proved by the fact that the Imperialists penetrated as far as Bucharest, being everywhere enthusiastically received, and that Wallachia submitted, without striking a blow, to the authority of Charles VI. An insurrection at Bucharest, in 1765, led to the recall of the Hospodar, Stephen Racoviça, who was strangled at Constantinople in the same year. Thus did the Porte, when complaints were made, sometimes mete out fair justice to its vassal populations at the expense of the Greek middle-men.

We find Turkey at war with Russia and Austria in 1736; and Russia demanding, in 1737, that the Principalities should be declared independent under its protection. In 1770 not a single Mussulman remains in Moldo-Wallachia. Catherine, in 1772, offered peace on condition that Stanislas Poniatowski should be appointed Hospodar of the united Principalities, which should, at his death, be placed under Russian protection. In the same year, at Fockshani, the Empress again offers peace on condition that Moldo-Wallachia be declared independent under the guarantee of several European Powers. The Treaty of Kainardji, concluded in 1774, brought this war to an end. This treaty has been so much discussed of late that I need only refer to one Article, which bears upon the two Principalities. The 10th Article runs thus: "The Sublime Porte moreover consents that, according to the circumstances in which the two above-mentioned Principalities may be placed, the Ministers of the Imperial Court of Russia may speak in their favour; and the Sublime Porte promises to listen to these remonstrances, with the attention and courtesy proper among friendly and re-

spected Powers." In 1774, Russia made over the Bukowina to Austria, the Porte protesting, but in vain. Gregory Ghika, Hospodar of Moldavia, who strongly opposed this surrender, paid for his fidelity with his life. This Prince, I may add, was the only Phanariote who perished in a good cause. Fourteen Hospodars were strangled or beheaded in the course of a century; but this was for far less creditable reasons.

Russia and Austria established consulates at Bucharest in 1782. These two countries appear to have made common cause for many years in their dealings with the Principalities; though Russia generally contrived to get the lion's share. Instead, however, of improving matters, the consuls made things worse, and thousands of families left the land. The loss of the Crimea in 1787 led Turkey into a new war with Russia, in which Austria joined. The Principalities were again invaded, and the Muscovites once more put everything to fire and sword. The Peace of Jassy, in 1791, concluded this war. The policy of Russia all through would seem to have been conducted with sufficient regard for its own interests. Had it really interfered, with Austria, to protect its fellow-Christians from Phanariote tyranny, it would have done much good. As it is, we often see it obtaining concessions from the Porte resulting rather in its own aggrandisement than in any definite advantage to its weaker neighbours. If this were not the case, why did Russia accept Bessarabia by the Treaty of Bucharest, signed in 1812?

The invasion of Moldo-Wallachia by Alexander Ypsilanti, a Phanariote, the son of an ex-Hospodar, and a major-general in the Russian service, led to new disturbances in 1821. Ypsilanti was one of the

heads of the Hetairia movement, and occupied much the same position with regard to Russia as Tchernaiëff filled during the Turco-Servian War. He was well received at Jassy by Michael Soztzo and the Greeks, who swarmed in the town, but on the other hand, the native boyards and the people generally fought shy of the Russian "liberator." There can be little doubt that the Czar was secretly implicated in this adventure; but Ypsilanti had been premature in his advance, and the Government repudiated all connection with him, and immediately deprived him of his military rank. Ypsilanti, however, still marched on, notwithstanding unmistakable symptoms of disapproval, for Soztzo, the Hospodar of Moldavia, had been driven out of the Principality by his subjects. In Wallachia, Theodore Vladimiresco, better known as *Toudour Voda* (Prince Theodore), who was no believer in the disinterested intentions of Russia, called his countrymen to arms. "Roumans," said he, "the hour is come to shake off the yoke of the *Ciocoï* (crouching dogs), and the Archondas of the Phanar. Follow me, and I will put an end to their spoliations. I will restore to you your rights and your national government." The people rose *en masse* in response to this appeal, and in a few days Theodore became master of the whole of the Banate of Craïova, for the Wallachians had no ambition to become the dupes of Russia and the tools of the Hellenic movement. The little army soon increased so much that Theodore was enabled to advance upon Bucharest, and then there was a regular stampede of boyards and consular agents. Vladimiresco now seized the reins of government, and renewed his promises of fidelity to the Porte. Ypsilanti marched on until he reached Bu-

charest, where he had an interview with Vladimiresco; but, being disappointed at the result, he retired to Tergovisti, where he abandoned himself to revelry and luxurious indolence. His troops passed their time in pillaging the people and devastating the land. The Turks having entered Bucharest, Theodore retired to Cimpolongo, where he was assassinated through the treachery of Giorgaki, Ypsilanti's most trusted ally. The Turkish forces now spread over the Principalities, and Ypsilanti beheld the ruin of his hopes on the banks of the Pruth, where the *élite* of his army was cut down to a man. The Russian general, who fled into Austria, was imprisoned in the fortress of Montgatz.

The rule of the Phanariote Princes continued uninterruptedly, and still there was no visible improvement in the condition of the unhappy Roumans. The Porte apparently remained satisfied with the *status quo*. But its appointment of Greeks, instead of the native boyards, led to renewed complications every year, for the Phanariotes openly intrigued with Russia, whose avowed intention was the amelioration of the hard lot of the oppressed Christians, while its real design was the possession of Moldo-Wallachia. Unlike the Serbs and Montenegrins, the Roumans never took kindly to Russia, which they always distrusted. Often did the Muscovite generals cross the Pruth as liberators; often did they return after laying waste the land. Although a proportion of the degenerate foreign aristocracy always declared for the Czar, the real Rouman gentry and peasantry never had any sympathy for such a movement. Even at the present time the fact remains the same.

The Treaty of Akerman, in 1826, secured for Russia an equal share

with Turkey in the control of the Danubian Principalities, and the invasion of 1828 nearly made them Muscovite for ever. On the 7th of May, 1828, one hundred and fifty thousand Russian soldiers crossed the Pruth. John Stourdza, Hospodar of Moldavia, was taken prisoner; but Gregory Ghika, Hospodar of Wallachia, had time to flee into Transylvania. Marshal Wittgenstein, the Russian general, published the following manifesto:

“Inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia; His Majesty the Emperor, my august master, has ordered me to occupy your territory with the army the command of which he has deigned to entrust to me. The legions of the monarch who protects your destinies, passing the borders of your native land, bring to it every guarantee of the maintenance of tranquillity and perfect security. Severe discipline will be maintained in all the *corps d'armée*. The slightest disturbance will be put down.”

In spite, however, of all these protestations, the people were not to be deceived. The cruelties of this occupation were simply abominable. We see more than thirty thousand Roumans alone serving as beasts of burden, goaded with the Cossack lances. And, worse than all, pestilence sets in, and fills the cup of sorrow to the brim. The Russians remained in the Principalities until October, 1834, and did absolutely nothing for the people. So frequent had been their arrivals and departures that a Moldavian peasant had remarked to his landlord: “I see them go, and come, and turn their backs to each other, as we do in the dance. If they are really to go, they must turn their backs on us once for all.” In 1838, the Wallachians were forced to express their adhesion to an Article which they have always declared to have been fraudulently introduced by the Russians into their “New

Constitution” some years before. The Moldavians had been compelled to sign in 1836. The Article stipulated that no law voted by the Assembly and confirmed by the Prince should be promulgated unless it had previously been approved by the Czar. Heliade thus accounts for the introduction of the Article in question:—“As the 190 signatures of the members composing the Assembly could not all be got into the last quarter-page, President Minziaki thus addressed the representatives of the country: ‘Archondas, have the goodness to sign on the following page; for you see that there is no room on this.’ It was a very natural reason, and the good boyards, one after the other, placed their signatures, according to all the rights of the hierarchy, on the following page. The meeting was over; the *règlement*, bound in silver and gold, lay in the archives; but the same hand that had so beautifully illustrated the golden book introduced itself into the shadow of the archives, and added on the last quarter of the last page a single Article, very small, the Article which deprived the country of the right of autonomy.” Twice before he appended his name to the document did Prince Ghika throw down his pen, a prey to the most poignant anguish. But resistance was hopeless, and the whole land abandoned itself to mourning and despair.

The year 1848, as everyone knows, was one of general revolution. All the populations of the Austrian Empire were in a state of the wildest excitement. The Slavs and the Roumans of Transylvania fought against the Magyars beneath the banner of Austria, while their brethren in Wallachia and Moldavia rose against Russia under the Ottoman standard. The

patriotism of Vladimiresco lived anew, and the Golescos, Tell, Maghiero, John Ghika, Heliade, Chapca, the Bratianus and Rosetti became the heroes of the day. The Government of Bibesco, the *protégé* of Russia, was upset. Maghiero, intrenched at Trajan's Camp, addressed a letter to Fuad Effendi, the Turkish general, in which he offered to place himself and the inhabitants of the Principalities at his disposal. "All your antecedents as a statesman," said he, "lead us to hope that, in the Principalities as well, you will be able to defend with energy the interests of the Porte, without suffering yourself to be led astray by the falsehoods of Muscovite policy and by Russian agents, whether native or foreign." But Fuad Effendi, with characteristic apathy, would not stir; and the Russians once more occupied the country, until they left it for Transylvania, in July, 1849.

The Convention of Balta-Liman, signed on the 1st of June, 1849, took from the Roumans their last guarantee of independence. They lost their electoral rights, their General Assembly, and the privilege of choosing their own Hospodars. As a great favour the Czar allowed Turkey to enjoy the power of nominating the Moldavian Hospodar; but he took good care to appoint the Wallachian Hospodar himself. Stirbey, the new *protégé* of Russia, even contrived to surpass Bibesco in the wickedness and corruption of his rule, while in Moldavia there were also grave complaints. Such was the condition of affairs when, on the 3rd of July, 1853, the Russians crossed the Pruth, and ordered the Hospodars to pay to the Czar the tribute which they had hitherto always given to the Sultan.

The war which followed, the readjustment of affairs, the election

of Cozza, a native, to the thrones of the two Principalities, which were thus united under his rule, his abdication, with the subsequent accession of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, are so much matters of history that I need not give them more than a mere passing mention.

But, in conclusion, the question arises, What is to be the future of Roumania? Is it destined to independent sovereignty, or is it to remain, as heretofore, a vassal appanage of Turkey? No one who has perused the foregoing pages, which I have written with the strictest impartiality, with even ordinary attention, can fairly maintain that Turkey any longer possesses the slightest right to regulate the fate of the Danubian Principalities. In robbing Wallachia and Moldavia of their home-rule privileges it wilfully broke the agreement which placed their suzerainty in its hands, and thus brought upon them years of hideous oppression and misery. On the other hand, Russia has equally lost every claim to a hearing from the manner in which, time after time, it has thrown its promises to the winds. It is with the Great Powers of Europe as a body, not with Turkey alone or with Russia separately, that Roumania has now to deal. The native populations both of Wallachia and Moldavia are justly entitled to full and perfect liberty so soon as Europe, which liberated them from an unrighteous tyranny, gives them the signal for action. Surely it is high time that due justice should be meted out to one of the most ill-used nationalities in the world. But the result of the war alone will shew what is best to be done. For it should be borne in mind that since the Treaty of Paris the Principalities have had no urgent grievance against the

Porte, although they have been obliged by force of circumstances, as in the Russo-Roumanian Convention, to come to terms with Russia. If Bulgaria is to be severed from Turkey; if Servia and Montenegro, Bosnia and the Herzégovina are to be rendered fully independent, then Roumania must be made independent too. This is but simple justice. On the other hand, other matters of grave import may have to be considered as well. Be this

as it may—and we cannot yet peer too far into the future—it is for Europe, and Europe alone, when the opportunity arrives, to decide whether Roumania shall form an independent kingdom under King Carol I., or once more resume its position, now happily of easy vassalage, under the tutelage of the Porte, in the interests of the general peace, and for the better maintenance of the balance of power.

J. W. OZANNE.

A ROMAN POET AT HOME.

FROM THE *Ad Sirmionem Peninsulam* OF CATULLUS.

Sweet Sirmio, eye of isles, peninsular retreat
 Transcending all in midland pools or vasty seas
 That fresh or briny Neptune's dripping shoulders tease,
 Welcome the gleams of thee that now my glad eyes greet !
 Scarce can I make myself believe I've left the plain
 Where dwell far Asian tribes, and safe see thee again.
 O what is blessedder than troubles taking wing ?—
 When mind lays by its load, and very tired we come
 From toil in foreign lands to make ourselves at home ;
 Reach our own cot, and yield a soft consent to bed,
 Long-missed, and sole amends for so much wearying.
 Hail, O my lovely Sirmio, joy with thy lord,
 And ye too, ripples of the lake, your glee afford,
 Laugh with such laughter as only at home is bred.

K. C.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 45.

THE REV. HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS, M.A.

THIS is not a record of parochial squabbles and tea meetings. It is the brief story of a clergyman who is a traveller, a musician, a journalist, an author; a divine without cant; a preacher without commonplace; a parson who is in sympathy with the advanced tendencies of his age, who knows his own mind, and is not afraid to speak it. Not yet in the prime of years, Mr. Haweis has done the work of a lifetime. Commencing with deliberate intent at the lowest rung of the ministerial ladder, he has worked his own unaided way to a foremost place in the van of the great Broad Church party. He stands out to-day as perhaps the most practical religious teacher of the educated classes in London, one who has done much to solve theological difficulties of the age, and lay down luminous principles for guiding the Church of the Future.

Hugh Reginald Haweis was born at Egham, on the 3rd of April, 1838, and is the eldest son of the Rev. J. O. W. Haweis, present Rector of Slaugham, Sussex. His mother, Mary Davies, was the daughter of a retired civilian in the India Company's service. His grandfather, the late Dr. Thomas Haweis, Rector of Aldwinkle, was one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, a trustee of Lady Huntingdon, and an eminent light of the Evangelical party at the commencement of this century. Our subject was an eccentric child, with a sharp touch of wit, a keen critical faculty, and a precocious power of observation; fond of every kind of athletic exercise, but by no means enamoured of the school-room. On leaving Egham, at a very early age, he lived for several years at Crown Lane, Lower Norwood, usually coming to Spanish Place, Manchester Square, to visit his grandfather, at Christmas. While in

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE 1877.

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

yours ever faithfully

R Haweis

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOCK & WHITFIELD LONDON

town he was taken by his godmother, at the age of seven or eight, to Portman Chapel, where he still remembers being much struck with the Rev. Mr. Reeves's explanation of the Atonement, which consisted in satisfying Divine justice by punishing the innocent for the guilty. He has often wondered since how anyone above the age of seven or eight could be contented with such an explanation. But whilst living to preach a very different doctrine within a stone's throw of Mr. Reeves's chapel, he has always expressed the highest regard for that excellent clergyman's personal character and pulpit abilities.

He suffered when a boy from two attacks of hip disease, the second of which was attended with such serious consequences that his life was despaired of by Sir Benjamin Brodie. As a last hope he was then taken to Brighton, where he gradually recovered a measure of health and soon returned to Lower Norwood. Although slightly lame he remained a vigorous cricketer, and climber, making for himself a large collection of birds' eggs in which he took the greatest delight. His father had early marked his strong musical faculty. As a child he had a clear soprano voice and shewed the keenest delight in harmony. When a mere baby of six, the violin shops excited his attention and roused his curiosity, and a succession of toy fiddles—subsequently merging into nursery shovels—fed an instinct which in a few years was destined to develope rapidly under the tuition of a local organist.

At the age of fourteen he was a remarkable violin player, and became a favourite pupil of the eminent violinist Oury, an old pupil of Paganini, who taught him many of the Paganini traditions and artifices with which in later years he was destined to electrify the audiences of the Cambridge University Concerts. His remembrance of the first appearance of the boy Joachim, the prodigious Bottesini, and the famous quartet parties at Willis's Rooms, consisting of Sainton, Piatti, Hill, and Cooper, is as keen as ever, as are also the evenings with Jullien's band at the Surrey Gardens. Mendelssohn's death in 1847 made the deepest impression upon the boy, then nine years old, and both at that time and for twenty years afterwards he was a thorough going Mendelssohnian.

Meanwhile, his general education was far from sound. His Latin and Greek were in arrears, his arithmetic shocking, but he had learned to speak French fluently from an accomplished lady, Mdle. Sophie Kammerer, whose devotion to him throughout the serious illness of his childhood was doubtless the means of saving his life. About the age of twelve he developed a love for reading, and went through the

Waverley Novels, and sundry travels; touching poetry first with Longfellow and Byron. A few years later Tennyson became, and remained, his favourite poet.

At sixteen, when his health was moderately good, he was sent to Freshwater, Isle of Wight, under the care of a private tutor, the Rev. John Bicknell (now vicar of a church in Highbury), whose small establishment numbered some half-a-dozen other pupils.

At Freshwater he remained for a year and a-half, and then came with Mr. Bicknell and pupils to Brighton. This marks a decided development in his career. Mr. Bicknell was a man of rigid High Church views, severely simple in practice, a sound but kind-hearted disciplinarian. The new pupil conceived a strong admiration for his teacher, though clearly perceiving already that their views and sympathies were widely divergent. The deep, earnest piety of the tutor drew out all the boy's affections; and his first impulse towards religious inquiry may be traced back to his Freshwater and Brighton training.

The bent of the lad's mind, we have said, was critical and introspective, though highly imaginative. Instinctively drawn, by the force of sympathies and surroundings, into the study of religion, he probed to the very quick the dogmas and theories of the High Church party. The strength of the principle which governed his tutor he clearly saw, but he recognised its weakness also in the jejune and one-sided type of life it was calculated to produce, and in the systematic way in which at least two-thirds of human existence were branded as unclean or superfluous, whilst the Church was hopelessly confounded with the clergy, who became the spiritual tyrants of the people instead of their loving servants. With a genuine respect for the High Church leaders, but a deep distrust of the High Church method for the soul's improvement, and an intense dislike towards priestly scrutiny and the principle of confession, the apparently docile pupil combined a decided love for the ceremonialism of the party, as exhibited at St. Paul's, Brighton, where for two years he was a daily attendant. His tastes were strongly æsthetic; his fancy almost of an Oriental exuberance. The solemnity of the ancient Jewish, and the modern Roman Catholic and High Church ritual fascinated him; and it was imagination, more than anything else, that now inspired the boy with a vivid liking for an æsthetic form of worship, a pronounced example of which is to be found in the service and arrangements of his present church, St. James's, Marylebone.

At Mr. Bicknell's his reading in play hours was wide, including the whole of Alison's "History of Europe," most of Miss Yonge's and other High Church novels, Pope, Prior, Dryden, and Milton; he pursued, moreover, a particularly close study of dogmatic theology, including especially Butler, Paley, and Pearson. At this time, too, the young student read and meditated over the works of Newman, Manning, Pusey, Faber, and Gresley. He thus made himself intimately acquainted with the theology which he was preparing himself to reject as wholly unsound, and if in his writings he makes little use of its statements and distinctions it is not because he is ignorant of them, but because he knows and rejects them. Side by side with Newman, Voltaire, Rousseau and the *Encyclopædia* absorbed his mind, and especially Mirabeau's "System of Nature," and other works on natural religion. The result of this intellectual mixture was given to the Brighton townsfolk in many of the local journals.

As a youth he was fond of sympathetic company, and had the great faculty, which he has preserved through life, of making many friends. With his few intimate associates he was exceedingly popular, but it was in his love of solitary walks in the Isle of Wight that he first conceived the idea of becoming an orator, an idea which he kept to himself when frequently assured that there was no career for a man in the Church.

At the time he turned his thoughts to religion the old Evangelical movement under Wesley, and the later one under Edward Irving had long passed by. The first great High Church movement (commenced by the famous "Tract Ninety" of John Henry Newman) had also subsided. It was only the afterglow of all this that Hugh Reginald caught. At Brighton, although he attended regularly the St. Paul's services under Henry Gresley, and then heard Dr. Pusey for the first time, yet his favourite preacher was a man of the extremely opposite school, Joseph Sortain, then head of the Lady Huntingdon connexion. Mr. Haweis still believes (and it was also an opinion expressed by Thackeray) that Sortain was the most eloquent preacher of his day.

For three years, from sixteen to nineteen, he remained under the care of Mr. Bicknell, omniverous in his reading, and voluminous in his writing, and learning from the firm, quiet method of the tutor many a deep lesson of self-restraint and moral dignity that were to be turned to practical account in years to come. The warmest personal affection has ever existed between the master and his pupil, and though the latter has strayed widely from his preceptor's early counsels,

nothing has ever interrupted the kindly and generous friendship that unites the two men to this day.

Leaving Brighton, Haweis, now nineteen, entered at once upon University life at Trinity College, Cambridge. It was not long before the lack of a solid educational basis began to be sharply felt. Haweis quickly perceived, on trying his attainments by those of the men around him, that he was behind his set. He could not compete with the public schoolmen on their own classical or mathematical ground. Religious notions, gleanings of philosophy, imagination and wide sympathies, and interest in all sorts of topics he possessed; but in mathematics, and even in classics, he was not up to class mark. Perplexed, and in a manner disappointed, he forsook an arena in which he felt his inability to win the first or even the second place, and plunged again into the desultory reading of his boyhood and youth, lounging away his time on the banks of the Cam and in the University libraries, with Carlyle, Emerson, and books, French and German, of every description, on all conceivable topics. Politics, political economy, philosophy and fiction, were stowed away in the hidden places of the student's brain, to be brought out in after years in the picturesque form of metaphor, simile, and illustration. The peculiar fondness for self-analysis which had characterised his early days expanded now into a fixed and wider passion for the analysis of human nature. Emerson's Essays, Bacon, Montaigne, and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" were his constant companions. But Haweis by no means confined himself to philosophy; he was no bookworm. Mixing with many sets, good, bad, and indifferent, boating men, riding men, and reading men, he acquired a large circle of College friends.

The wide generosity of principle which is the characteristic feature of his life and doctrine was here fortunately developed. Still pursuing his literary fancies, Haweis floated and edited, under the title of *The Lion*, a somewhat crude and pompous journal, which brought down swift retribution in the shape of *The Bear*, under the auspices of George Otto Trevelyan.

But at Cambridge, as at Brighton, music was the chief faculty which made him acceptable and sought after in general society. The fame of him went abroad through the Colleges as a violinist of extraordinary power, and in his first term he was called upon by the President of the University Musical Society, and invited to give the public a taste of his quality at the next University concert. The storm of applause which greeted his first public appearance, on which occasion he was accom-

panied by Sir Sterndale Bennett, placed him in the position of solo violinist to the Society, which for three years at Cambridge he held without a rival.

He was prodigal of his talents in private, and every house and College lodge in Cambridge was freely opened to him. There were jovial supper-parties, at which Haweis's rendering of Paganini's variations and imitations, from the squeaking of a pig to the warbling of a nightingale, were the chief excitement. His wonderful command over the humorous and pathetic elements of his instrument—a fine Stradiuarius of great power—attracted the attention of Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, who, himself completely devoid of musical talent, would withdraw from the company, and sitting opposite Haweis, would follow every turn and passage with absorbed attention. The University Concerts were his great field-days, when enthusiastic encores repaid the lack of signal honours in the ordinary routine studies. As the late Dr. Donaldson observed at the Master of Sidney's table, whatever he might be in the Senate House, in the concert hall Haweis invariably passed a brilliant examination.

On the whole, the main value of his University career was the accumulation of a vast amount of general knowledge, the widening of his social and religious views, and the intimate connection with many men who have since distinguished themselves in other spheres.

In 1859, Haweis took his B.A. degree. It was then decided by his father that he should travel, and he started alone for Italy. After visiting Milan and the lakes, he fell in with Mr. Montague Chambers and Major Byng Hall at Genoa, and in 1860 steamed for Naples, then in the full ferment of Garibaldi's successful revolution. He witnessed the glowing entry of the enthusiastic Liberator into Naples, experienced not a few exciting and dangerous adventures in that city, then fired with the hot flame of revolution; and left it finally in company with his brother, an officer in Her Majesty's Navy, to be present at the siege of Capua.

The journey, performed on foot, was attended with no small risk of life itself, and many times along the white dusty roads they could hear the bullets of the sharpshooters whistling about their ears. Arrived at the scene of action, he managed, by outwitting the sentries, to pass into the heart of Garibaldi's camp. "All about," he described, "in the plain beneath the hill on which we stood lay the poor Garibaldians, ill-clothed, ill-fed, with no tents at all, exposed to the scorching sun by day, and often lying in absolute swamps at night, under a pelting rain."

Passing on to watch the heavy guns at work against the white walls of Capua, "a shell burst at our feet, reminding us that we were within range. As I left my post a Garibaldian sat down carelessly on the rock on which I had been standing, when a shell took him in the middle and blew him to pieces."

Leaving the seat of war he wintered in Rome, making himself minutely acquainted with every nook and corner of the old City of the Cæsars and the Popes. From Rome he travelled by post to Sienna and Florence, where he passed the spring; thence on through all the great cities of Northern Italy, Venice, Verona, Turin, &c., spending whole days of careful study in the rich picture galleries and art studios of the most beautiful towns in Europe.

After nine months of continental sight-seeing, Mr. Haweis returned full of new ideas about men and manners, with a mind expanded by strange sights, an intellect strengthened by artistic culture, and an instinctive faculty for observation sharpened by constant intercourse with French, German, Austrian, and Italian adventurers collected in the perturbed peninsula in 1860. At Florence he was very solitary, usually reading theology the greater part of the morning, giving the afternoon to pictures and lonely walks, and the evening to the Florentine play-house. Returning to Cambridge, he passed his voluntary theologicals and prepared to take Holy Orders.

The perusal of the "Essays and Reviews," striking its well-known free, bold note on religious subjects, had a great effect in solidifying his floating Broad Church views. But it was more than anything else the intimate personal communication into which Mr. Haweis was just now brought with Frederick Denison Maurice that developed and moulded his religious opinions. "I owe more to Mr. Maurice," says Mr. Haweis in his funeral oration, "not only as a man but as a thinker and a theologian, than to anybody else in the world." Indeed few men have exercised a wider unseen influence over every school of contemporary religious thought than Denison Maurice, who, says Mr. Haweis, "received in its highest sense the spiritual life of the Low Church, the spiritual order of the High" ever maintaining that "life and order were inseparably bound up together in any healthy form of religion." From his theories and the emancipating tendency of the time arose and was gradually developed what is known as the Broad Church. Poor Maurice! it was a terrible grief to him that he, who had all his life been denouncing sects, should be hailed as himself the founder of a new party.

Mr. Haweis had now completely resolved to enter the Church. His views assimilated largely with those of Maurice, whose earnest disciple he became. He was ordained at once by Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, the present Dean of Westminster being the examining chaplain.

This closes the student's career ; that of the parson commences.

The first thing was to find a curacy. Resolved to begin at the very lowest step, Mr. Haweis deliberately came to town without an introduction in the world. He had neither patron nor interest, and steadily avoiding the fashionable end of the Metropolis, cast about for a *terra incognita*. In the wilds of Bethnal Green he found one. Here in the midst of the densest portion of London, surrounded by fever dens, noxious vapours, foul atmospheres, and struggling paupers, the novice would try his prentice hand.

The Rev. John Packer, Incumbent of St. Peter's, in need of a helper, gladly received him. A strange, unwonted sphere for a young beginner, but one wherein the work lay ready to his hand. Mr. Haweis set about his labour with a will. Day after day he threaded his way through neglected alleys and crowded slums, now watching the ravages of small-pox, consumption, and cancer, and sitting for hours by the bedside of sick children, telling them stories, reading, praying, and sometimes administering to them the physic which they would take from no other hand. But he saw quickly, thus early in his career, that the Bible and exclusively religious teaching was not pabulum fit for all. Little in the shape of moral and social entertainment had yet been provided for the denizens of Bethnal Green. The public-house and the gin palace had their crowds of nightly votaries, and sent many a sodden toper, male and female, to the workhouse and the grave. The foul underground theatres, the reeking, noisome music-halls poisoned the minds of young and old. Attempts had been made, but of a disjointed nature or misdirected character, to lighten the spiritual and intellectual darkness in which these unwashed groppers struggled. Night schools and even clubs were valuable institutions for certain classes, but they none of them met Mr. Haweis's parochial views. One must touch a chord that shall rouse a general sympathy, and give the people something to draw out their genial, mirthful, intellectual appetites ; stir up the better parts of them by stimulating an interest in healthy amusements. Penny Readings of a homely, sympathetic kind ; tea meetings and musical entertainments ; lectures on subjects suited to the taste and capacities of the hearers, were started by the new curate.

Parish school-rooms were rigged out, lighted, and warmed for the reception of all classes in the parish. Neighbouring clergy, and friends from afar lent eager assistance. Mr. Haweis himself lectured to large and attentive audiences on Tennyson, Garibaldi, the Mormons, etc. On one occasion, to a crowded room Signori Regondi, Pezze, and C. H. Deacon gave a concert of West End quality and refinement. It is a curious fact that since his ordination, Mr. Haweis's violin has seldom been heard in public or in private, and of all the thousands who have made his acquaintance during the last ten years hardly a dozen have heard his instrument—he felt that the new kingdom of success had to be subdued by entirely new weapons.

From first to last these readings and lectures were an immense success, and fairly answered the shepherd's purpose of diffusing a kindlier social life throughout his flock. But in the pulpit his success was not rapid.

“When I first began to preach,” he himself relates, “in the East End of London, I used to write elaborate sermons, but the people would not come to church. Then I thought I would preach extempore; so I went up one evening into the pulpit with my Bible only, and proposed to address the scanty congregation before me on the words, Luke xxiv. 29, ‘Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent.’ I do not think I had any misgivings about my ability to go on, but when I had read the text over once I was glad to say it over again. I then found I had forgotten my first head, and went on to the second; but the instant I had begun the second I could recollect nothing but the first. It was too late then, so I tried the third; but of course that fitted in nowhere without the first and second. So I read the text over again, and when I had done that I recollected another text which had nothing to do with it, and said that, and then I got exceedingly uncomfortable, and so did the congregation; and in about ten minutes from the commencement of my extempore sermon I read the text over again, and as nothing more occurred to me I was glad enough to leave off.” His friends then advised the young preacher to return to his manuscript; but he refused, determined to plod on and master the art of public speaking. In the end he triumphed but for two years he never preached a sermon without the greatest pain and labour, and to this day he declares that he never enters the pulpit without anxiety, and seldom leaves it without a sense of depressing failure.

When the cholera broke out Mr. Haweis, who had gone to the West End, revisited the East and acquired a new experience.

"I used," says he, in a later sermon, "to have the greatest horror of dead bodies in those days, but by the time the cholera broke out I had gone through such a training in that matter that I could rub a cholera patient very comfortably in the London Hospital while the dead were being lifted out of the next bed."

During his Bethnal Green ministry, Mr. Haweis became acquainted with Mr. J. R. Green, best known as the author of a "Short History of the English People." The two friends were at that time zealous workers in the same field, and developed many a project together for the social and moral improvement of their parishioners. For two years Mr. Haweis worked a good work in the unknown regions of the East, and the handsome testimonial presented to him on leaving bore witness to the loving appreciation in which his services were held.

It was to Westminster that he now turned his steps. The Rev. George Dickson, Incumbent of St. James the Less, held out an offer which was accepted. Under Mr. Dickson there was greater leisure for self-preparation, the fruits of which were rapidly visible in a more settled style of preaching. A certain mental incoherence and want of clearness which had proved such a stumbling block at St. Peter's, began to disappear, and its place was taken by a clearness of statement and a striking originality of manner, combined with a generous breadth of doctrine, that began at once to attract thoughtful attention.

We find him, too, rapidly enlarging his sphere of work, commencing to take a wide interest in the social and political questions of the day, eager to acquire fresh views, zealous for information on all subjects that dealt with the life of the people. We see this man—little more than a novice, unknown, obscure—with his simple, unconventional idea of the duties of a pastor towards his flock, going about amongst them, not as a parson in white tie, broad beaver, and long coat, but as a friend and helper, one who knew what human nature was, and knew, too, that whilst creatures would go on sinning as long as the world lasted, the best way to cut the evil out of them was to keep the brimstone and the lake of fire in the background, and put something better to the front.

After a short course at Westminster, Mr. Haweis migrated to St. Peter's, Stepney. Here he worked again conjointly with Mr. Green for several months, and then, at the request of his former rector, Mr. Dickson, returned to St. James the Less. Amongst those interested in the advanced views which the young preacher was already putting forward, was the Right Hon. Cowper Temple, then First Commis-

sioner of Works. From time to time he seemed to follow with interest Mr. Haweis's pulpit exhortations, and one morning in June, 1866, a letter arrived stating that the First Commissioner would be glad to see Mr. Haweis "on the subject of some clerical duty that might perhaps be acceptable."

Calling later in the day upon his patron at Whitehall, the curate received an offer of the incumbency of St. James's, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone. This was the "clerical duty" which the First Commissioner was desirous of entrusting to a young, little-known curate, not yet thirty years of age.

It was a decisive step, and one that Mr. Haweis intuitively shrank from, doubting his own capacities. Delighted as he was at the notion of a church of his own, his heart sank before the task of filling it. Nor was the first sight of the sacred edifice itself peculiarly reassuring. Lying in a back street (the shortest in all London), although in the immediate vicinity of Wimpole and Harley Streets, there was a lonesome, un-getatable appearance about St. James's at that date which made the embryo incumbent quake. The place looked as if the Gospel had turned its back upon it as a bad business. Inside, a damp charnel-house odour pervaded all things. The rain was strongly inclined to come through the roof. The seats had an air of rickety mould. The windows would have rattled if they had dared. The place was totally out of repair, and wholly unendowed. It was not a hopeful prospect, but Mr. Haweis accepted it. He was the youngest incumbent in London.

Mr. Maurice, who had always a word of cheery encouragement for his young friend, told him that his very distrust was the best sign of his fitness for the post. It was the same kindly critic who, when he first heard that Mr. Haweis had gone to Bethnal Green, said that it was like setting a razor to chop wood.

Commencing with a step of pleasant wisdom, the incumbent married a wife, and in the eldest daughter of the late T. M. Joy, the artist, found a young lady of rare gifts and exceptional qualities, who, at the age of seventeen, was an exhibitor in oils at the Royal Academy, has since illustrated two of her husband's books, and is best known to the general public as the author of "*Chaucer for Children*."

At first there was literally no congregation, two old ladies, almost the only seat-holders, having left in a huff; the rest being chiefly non-resident. Mr. Haweis began by erecting a new organ, and laying on gas all over the building; and the chapel, as we have said, being

without endowment, the income being entirely dependent on the pew rents, the debts thus incurred left him considerably out of pocket at the end of the first year. At the end of the second the congregation had much increased, and a subscription raised by the seat-holders partly indemnified the incumbent for his losses. In another year or two the number of renters had greatly swelled, and through the generous assistance of several members the interior of the chapel was entirely remodelled and handsomely decorated. But the church was by no means crowded. As the breadth of his doctrine became gradually known, Mr. Haweis met with some, but at no times serious opposition. Small venomous attacks appeared in various sectarian journals, and vague remarks were thrown out as to the flexible nature of his creed. Narrow minds fought shy of the new preacher, but he invariably met his opponents with silence, conciliation, or generous indifference.

Mr. Haweis was now rapidly earning fame in the paths of general literature. He was amongst the earliest leader writers in the *Echo*, then under the talented conduct of Mr. Arthur Arnold. Mr. Haweis's contributions to this journal would fill several volumes. Every week he poured forth articles on the most varied topics of the day—political leaders, written with keen judgment; social sketches of the raciest touch; musical reviews, varying from ephemeral criticisms to elaborate dissertations on the "Origin and Influence of Music."

As a journalist his pen was soon in general demand. He had the rapid, easy swing of a practised quill-driver, with little of the slipshod haste that ruins too many over-worked drudges. It was of immense value to Mr. Haweis just now that he was under no necessity of scribbling for bread. Personal ease gave leisure for the cultivation of style; and though much of the vigour and originality that characterises his later works is visible in these early contributions to contemporary literature, we trace a gradual expansion from year to year, both in the manner of execution and in the tendency of thought.

When the *Contemporary Review* was launched under the late Dean Alford, Mr. Haweis, at the editor's request, was enrolled a member of the staff. To the *Argosy* he sent a minute review of the career of Garibaldi, with a crisp recital of his own adventures in Italy. He contributed largely to the *Quarterly Review*, and to the *Globe*, *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Spectator*, *Good Words*, *Quiver*, whilst for a year he edited *Cassell's Magazine*, bringing out Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife," and some contributions from Victor Hugo, illustrated by Mrs. Haweis,

from Garibaldi, the Archbishop of Canterbury, &c. During his holidays abroad he sent home to the papers "Holiday Letters" from Spa, Antwerp, Rotterdam, The Hague, Utrecht, Amsterdam, Bruges, Louvain, Amiens, Abbeville, Vitré, Chartres, Rouen, Caen, Falaise, &c., bright, gossipy descriptions of continental life, full of observation and humour.

The pews were now filled rapidly; the church was at last becoming known, notwithstanding the difficulty of finding its whereabouts. Many hearing that there was strange, practical matter to be had from the new preacher, actually set out for his temple, and returned after a fruitless quest.

The religious revolution that has been working for some years past was on foot. It was an universal though almost an imperceptible movement. Frederick Maurice may be said to have roused, or at any rate to have keenly stimulated it. Hardly tangible enough for actual definition, its first symptoms lay in the gradual unhinging of men's minds, in the casting them adrift on a sea of religious doubt. Day by day science was revealing new facts, shooting forth fresh theories that tended to undermine the old orthodoxy. Deep-thinking prophetic theologians were discovering heterodox meanings in Bible passages, throwing new light on old mysteries. An attitude of scepticism, of dissatisfaction, of doubt began to manifest itself towards the old settled dogmas. It was felt that there was not life enough in them, that they were behind the wants of the age. Again, the width of the gulf that lay between the Church and the world was becoming more clearly visible. Men said that the Church stood still while the world around progressed. To an age of science it was offering "a creed that touched it at no vital point." Need was there of some doctrine that should appeal not only to science itself, but to the thousands whose views were coloured by scientific teaching. The conventional parson, with long-drawn physiognomy, and little string of monotonous commonplaces, was out of keeping with the spirit of the times. It was very well to deck him in mournful garb, arm him with a pocket Testament, and send him forth into the wicked world, labelled "I am a missionary, a guiding star, a shepherd looking around for a flock; I will shew you how to cope with the Evil One." But in nine cases out of ten he was not a guiding star, nor was his method of coping with the Evil One remarkably practical. He was a meek University student, well meaning but feeble; or he was one, perchance, of thin, narrow intellect, who lived, moved, and had his being in a close doctrinal world of his own; who knew not the inner lives

of his people; who sympathised not with their physical pleasures; who said only, "You must not do this," or, "My friend, they are heaping on the coals for you below." To souls thirsting for a practical faith, who wearied of hearing ever what they might *not* do, who doubted whether there was anything under the sun they might do, sole answer was made, "Touch not, taste not, and in matters of faith be content to walk blindly on in the tracks of your fathers; you may not, pioneer-like, strive after new paths, you must not inquire into these things."

"You speak words of blasphemy," said the priest to a faith-seeker, suggesting that eighteen hundred years of wear and tear had somewhat wasted the old creeds, "I may not reason with you on this matter."

Never, perhaps, had there been awakened so earnest, so persistent a striving after truth. It was a deep unsentimental longing for simple practical guidance, the outcome of a firm conviction that the old teaching was unsuited to the existing conditions of the people. The Church seemed to have forgotten or ignored the great reality of *progression*, the stubborn fact that the wants and habits of society are ever in a state of transition, and that what may have been clear profitable *doctrine* a hundred years ago is useless *dogma* to-day.

Mixing freely with men of the world, Mr. Haweis had realised and grasped the fullest significance of this religious movement. From practical experience, as well as from personal convictions, he knew that it was no surface excitement, no passing fanaticism. The outspoken sentiments of these wanderers embodied his own inmost belief. He knew that men were daily falling away from the English Church, from all Churches, as not finding there the tangible comfort they needed. He could lay his finger upon many who were at that moment living upright, faithful lives, and yet who rented no pew in church, for the simple reason that they knew from constant repetition all that the preacher had to tell them. He could see, too, where the evil lay. All his life he had been studying the creeds of the day; he knew the various religious sects, their arguments, their dogmas.

We have noted, in some degree, the gradual growth of his own mind on matters religious. We have seen above all how from very boyhood the spirit of his faith was broad and generous; how, as a clergyman, he never knew the narrow feeling of sectarianism; how his one great principle amongst his people was to make them realise that he was, before a priest, a man like themselves. He knew his own mind now, for he saw that the conventional sermon was exterminating religion. Then this new man—this obscure preacher with his great soul,

thought that if he could but get the people to his chapel, holding about 1,400 in all, in the shortest street in London, he could throw a broad ray of light across the dimness of their path. So he announced that he would preach a sermon on the "Position of the Liberal Clergy." The title was not peculiarly *à propos* of the subject, and many who read it in the daily papers didn't exactly see what it had got to do with their especial needs. Nevertheless, there was a better congregation than usual. Mr. Haweis, as is his frequent practice, gave no text, but plunged into his subject at once. Defending himself from a possible charge of unsettling people's minds, he declared that he spoke only to those whose minds were already unsettled. And first he spoke of the obstacles in the path of the truth-seeker—Interest, Prejudice, Tradition, Force of Example, Old Associations—explaining the special nature of each, and shewing forcibly that none must be cherished to the hindrance of a new belief. And then he told how the old-world dogmas (which he defined as "doctrine crystallized") stood in the way, chaining us to ancient, worn-out formulas, holding us down to the observance of rules that were no longer a guide but an impediment. He shewed how the world was ever striding on; how, on every subject, old ideas were continually yielding to new ones; how the conditions of society were perpetually changing; and how that religion, to be of any practical service, must obey the universal law. He would not sweep away the old formularies, but would have them moulded to the wants of each successive age. "Christianity itself," said he, "is not a fixed term, so ready is it to change, so eager is it to assimilate with every new mode of life and character in every age."

In combating fearlessly the infallibility of certain portions of the Sacred Book, he said, "If we value the Bible, we do not value it for its infallibility; that is not the nature of its value, that is not an element in its inspiration." Here he distinguished clearly between Belief and Faith; defining Faith as "the instinct of trust in the Invisible," a something "which underlies all religions, and impels men to practise outwardly what they believe inwardly." The object of Belief, on the other hand, "is not decided by any intuition, but is decided simply by the mind." Belief is distinct from Faith; "you may believe a thing, yet not have any faith in it." It is no real matter whether a beautiful truth is inspired or not, "our faith in it is the same."

From beginning to end the whole sermon was one which gave the fullest expression to the religious difficulties of the people. It was published, and naturally enough stirred up wrathful controversy. There are sects in every age who would stamp out all that is new and

true, and cleave to that which is old and worn-out. "This fellow," said they, "is going to turn religion upside down; he preaches against the law of Moses and the Prophets." It was said that he had no doctrine, that he taught no system, that his position in the Church was an anomaly; not unfrequently was he assailed as a pretender, a hypocrite, and there was need of resolute will to weary or break down the voice of opposition.

To this day it is constantly urged against Mr. Haweis by the extreme High Church party that he does not know theology. It is but a cant cry, a meaningless objection. Was he not bred in the hottest atmosphere of High Churchism? Did not the Ritualistic high priests themselves instruct him both in the esoterics and the exoterics of their doctrine? It is because he does know every phase of their teaching that he denies its soundness.

Some of the deepest reasoners of the day were on his side, and in proportion as his views became widely known, Mr. Haweis's church became full to overflowing. Little by little his fame was noised, and each successive Sunday saw a gradual increase in the congregation. Many who had forgotten the inside of a church, who had long seceded from public worship, came and returned again to the chapel in Westmoreland Street. The old high pews were cut down, hundreds of camp stools and flap seats filled every nook and corner of the building, rattling casements were replaced by stained glass windows, the gentle rain from heaven no longer trickled through the disreputable roof and down the necks of the worshippers.

The foremost thinkers, writers, politicians of the age are seen during the season at Westmoreland Street, and amongst those present we have noted at different times Gladstone, Tennyson, Froude, Rubinstein, Costa, Millais, Holman Hunt, Gounod, Hartington, Stafford Northcote, &c., &c. Looking down the centre aisle over the densely packed rows of listeners, one realised at a glance how wide already was the influence of the preacher's words. There seemed to be men and women of all ranks, of all professions; there were old men with grey beards, men of middle age, and a strangely large proportion of young men on the verge of manhood. Here and there a face of great note in the scientific world, whilst ladies of the highest rank and fashion seemed glad to stand in lobbies, or struggle for camp-stools in the aisles. The very choir-stalls are frequently invaded, and every square inch of the floor crowded by listeners, seated on hassocks handed to them out of the pews. And Sunday by Sunday

“the preacher was wise and still taught the people knowledge.” It seemed to the faith-seekers as though they had found the truths they sought, this new teacher brought religion down close to the every-day world, placed it in such near relationship with the daily lives of his hearers.

Let us understand clearly what his position was. He taught no lax, easy-going creed, no loose-fitting system of religion whereby a man might abjure all his old belief, and trust blindly to the guidance of the unknown. The key-note of Mr. Haweis's theology is *morality touched with emotion*. It is his mission not to force upon the people any scheme of religion, but to preserve the moral health, to promote at once the virtue and the spiritual aspirations of the community. He binds upon men the absolute necessity of living up to a high standard of physical and spiritual energy. He holds the purpose of the Church to be moral and spiritual rather than theological; an institution for the development of religious life, and the diffusion of the religious spirit, not a society for the propagation of dogmas.

He will have us continually climbing upwards, shaking off every incumbrance to a life of higher intent on earth, flinging aside our most time-honoured notions, lest they stand in the way of a continual rise. We are to be bound by no fixed dogma in religion. Doctrine, faith, and morals are all to be progressive. But there is nothing vague in his teaching. Never before has so practical a doctrine been uttered in the pulpit. For here is a preacher who says that a man may yet mix with the world around him, take part in the physical pleasures of life, yet not be “in danger of the judgment.” One by one he has taken up the pleasures of society, shewed the uses and abuses of which they are capable, and the utter uselessness to the present age of a doctrine condemnatory of all mundane amusements. No man wages a more vigorous war against the vices and abuses of the day than Mr. Haweis. Bubble companies, trade swindles, false elections, social shams, are attacked with an honest intensity, with a passionate demand for truth, whose homely earnestness often makes his hearers smile. Many a modern pretender has been picked to pieces by him in the pulpit, and left without a leg to stand upon. As a fluent speaker he has not an equal, in law, politics, or the Church. Preaching from no written MS. often without a note or a text, he will discourse with marvellous rapidity (gasping sometimes for breath in his eloquent haste) for an hour or an hour and a-half. Sometimes he will talk to his congregation as though he were privately admonishing his own family circle.

("You, my dear friends, as a congregation have many faults.") Again, he will leave the majority of them far behind in deep musings on "The Idea of God." Mr. Haweis's style is partly moulded on that of Henry Ward Beecher, but there is a fire of originality about his utterances that is all his own. Many of his similes are drawn from personal observation in his daily outings. A shop window, a street row, a journey by rail, a walk down Oxford Street, supplies him with abundant matter for humorous illustration, and he does not shrink from telling a smart story in the pulpit by way of pointing a striking passage.

In the summer of 1873 he was chosen by the Dean of Westminster to be special preacher at the evening service in Westminster Abbey. On that occasion he paid a funeral tribute to the Bishop of Oxford, who had been killed the day before by a fall from his horse. Part of the sermon was printed next day in the *Times*. Last spring, the walls of Mr. Haweis's church being declared unsafe, he preached in St. James's Hall, and on every occasion the Hall was crowded. Yielding to numerous requests, he proposes to conduct four morning services there in the month of May, 1878, his own church being quite inadequate to accommodate the numbers seeking admission.

As an author Mr. Haweis stands high in the literary world. His best known work, "Music and Morals," a vigorous attempt to do for Music what Mr. Ruskin has done for Art, is now in its seventh and cheaper edition. He has published also three volumes of sermons, (each an admirable book for young men of the day who boast any thinking power—clear, terse, practical, without a particle of dryness or dogma); "Thoughts for the Times," in its eleventh edition; "Current Coin," third edition; a popular little book called "Pet, or Pastimes and Penalties;" and a most original novelette on Cremation, "Ashes to Ashes," of which a German edition has considerable circulation. Mr. Haweis has a large public in America, and Australia, and even in Africa, and various foreign editions of his works are in circulation.

Several more or less inaccurate accounts of his career and ministry have been published, the best known of which is perhaps the recent sketchy paper in the *Whitehall Review*.

The London correspondents of provincial journals seem to live upon Westmoreland Street on Sunday, where they pick up "copy" freely; and unscrupulous reporters are especially fond of printing and selling his discourses without leave and without corrections, to the preacher's very constant annoyance.

Socially, few men of the day are more widely known, and it seems to be a settled principle with him that he who would preach with effect must mix with the various classes he proposes to instruct. In his walks through the Metropolis his eye is keen to detect a municipal abuse, and wherever he notes an evil habit, a social law that seems to press heavily on the poorer classes, he is not slow to interfere in person, or to set the machinery of the Press in motion. A passionate lover of everything musical, he is often seen in the concert-room. An ardent admirer of Mr. Irving, his face may also be seen in a private box at the Lyceum, and the managers of that theatre in their turn are not unfrequently to be found at St. James's, Westmoreland Street. Indeed, a short time ago the managers offered Mr. Haweis the Lyceum for a course of popular evening services—an offer which considerations of expediency, urged upon him by the Bishop, alone deterred him from accepting.

Mr. Haweis is on the best terms with his ecclesiastical superiors; the Bishops are frequent attendants at his church as hearers, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has twice preached in his pulpit. Mr. Haweis, though mixing little with the clergy, is on excellent personal terms with all his clerical brethren. This summer he was invited by the Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, to address a large gathering of the Metropolitan clergy on Sunday Recreation, and although naturally in a minority his reception was most cordial and flattering. Mr. Haweis is a clergyman of the Church of England, which he labours to make also the Church of the Future.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

WINGS OF ESCAPE :

OR, THE LIMIT OF MAGIC.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

I SEE a large, lofty, and very beautiful room, old fashioned in appearance. I see an old man and a young man, playing chess; the old man dark-browed, his companion bright-looking and handsome. Beside them, watching the game, and at the same time touching a harp with wandering fingers, I see a very fair and delicate girl, draped in white.

And now I see approach the table what seems like the wraith of that fair young girl—but no, it is a woman as real as herself—it is her twin sister.

I can see that the powers of good and evil are fighting a sore battle—not upon this chess table, but on the table-land of life. I can see the spirit of tragedy brooding over these people. And looking upon them I can see the past—I can trace their footsteps, as day by day they approached this hour, which is a climax in their lives—an hour of fate.

* * * * *

In the fragrant heart of one of our sweetest counties stands a very quaint and picturesque old abbey. At the present time any traveller will have it shewn to him as a sight of the country side, for it is not only a beautiful and ancient building, but its interest is heightened by a legend of a scarce-

ly modern character, although its date is comparatively recent. Many a would-be purchaser or tenant of this pleasant place has been scared thence by the memory of the too touching and uncanny tale of magic which to every neighbour is so intimately connected with Mereham Abbey.

Not too long ago for many a buxom village matron to remember as a vivid recollection of her childhood, Mereham Abbey was inhabited by the last of the old family who held it, and had been lords of the surrounding manor for long generations back. Roger Seytoun was a man much disliked by his tenants and his servants. His early life had been passed abroad, and he had returned home to take possession of his property, after his father's death. Those who remembered the old master's son as a fair-haired, merry little lad, found it no easy task to recognise or welcome the dark-browed, surly man of more than middle age who returned to take his position among them. He brought with him two daughters, twin children of a dead mother; and with these young girls he took up his residence at his old home.

He had not been among his people many years before they gave him, though with bated breath and fearful look around, the name

of the *Old Wizard*. His strange manner, his many mysterious doings, and the tremendous will which characterised him, and which compelled obedience even from those who desired to withhold it, led his inferiors and servants to regard him as one of the evil practitioners of the black art. His neighbours of his own rank also grew to regard him shyly; and with the superior wisdom of the more educated classes, they did not hesitate among themselves to pronounce him mad.

When first the two fair twin sisters, Annette and Sybilla, entered upon their new home, they were much liked and admired. For a certain indefinable charm hung about these girls: they seemed to breathe an atmosphere of delicate purity and sweetness of living, which altogether removed them from any of the associations of their father. But as the years passed over them in their beautiful and quiet home, where every health-giving and beauty-nourishing agent surrounded them, the bloom of health vanished with swift and unarrested footsteps. Sybilla's fairy form first bore evidence of the inherent feebleness of her condition; and friends who had been wont to say that it was impossible to know the sisters apart, now asserted that Sybilla was easily to be recognised by her more wearied movements, by the dark circles beneath her eyes, and the pallor of her cheeks. Both girls were essentially delicate in appearance, as a flower is delicate, but not as an ailing person is delicate; but now Sybilla's languor earned her that epithet in its less agreeable sense.

Yet still together they wandered among the deep fern covered glens that surrounded Mereham Abbey; still hand in hand they climbed the

wooded hills and sought all their pleasure of life among the swift birds and nodding wild flowers. For small pleasure had they within the old Abbey walls. Seldom did their father's friends please their more fastidious taste, and they played but passive hostesses at the dinner or supper parties now and then held in the great dining-room. For Roger Seytoun was a rough and boisterous man, and even those who found his uproarious hospitality congenial wondered profoundly whence had come the two delicate sprites that he called his children. If they reproduced their mother, no wonder then, thought they, that the poor lady died; for ill must she have been suited to bear company to Roger Seytoun's tempestuous living.

Yet this old man, so rough, and apparently so random when in his hours of enjoyment, could condense his powers and concentrate his faculties, so that he was a man to fear, when the whim of power was on him. Long hours of the day and night were passed by him alone in his own room—a chamber luxurious enough for the reception of any visitor, so dearly did the old man love his personal living—yet rigorously closed against all, save his daughters. Here he would frequently lock himself in with the two girls, and no servant dare approach that bolted door, even with the most urgent message. But more often Sybilla alone bore him company in this room, which was regarded by all but themselves with dread: Annette being sent alone to wile her time away out of doors, or perhaps to hunt up some reference for her father in the big library. For Roger Seytoun, with all his uproarious love of life, was a hard reader, and a student of many subjects.

Some of the neighbours, who

had learnt bitterly to dislike their manorial lord, made strange murmurings over Sybilla's ill health, and evident decrease of spirits, as the time wore on, and still the change in her was only for the worse. They asked angrily of themselves how was it that the years which passed made so little difference to the old man?—indeed, he might have been thought younger, and of more vital life than when first he came among them. And the servants of the Abbey would whisper to one another as to the doings in that dread room of the master's. Why did the frail Sybilla come ever thence more tottering in her steps, more deeply pallid in her countenance than she entered it? Yet none had answer to such queries; only the old crones shook their heads, and would turn aside hurriedly not to meet the old Wizard, while the gentlefolk among themselves openly expressed a wish that the old Maniac of Mereham Abbey would do some sufficiently mad thing to justify his daughters being removed from his charge.

But there was no chance of that desirable event. Roger Seytoun's eyes were as wide open, if not considerably wider, than those of the country squires and their wives; he knew well enough how to conduct his own life safely.

So the two girls merged into early womanhood, and together passed daily through the village street, still undistinguishable each from the other to a stranger's eye. But the villagers knew well that 'twas Sybilla who always leaned heavily now upon her more erect and swift-footed sister; that 'twas Sybilla who paused at every wayside resting-place, while Annette stood beside her, or wandered away to gather flowers.

One fair autumn afternoon, as the sisters, returning home from

their daily walk, entered the house at a side door, they were met by the maid who waited on them.

"You are late," she said, "and I was afraid you would have no time to dress. For there is a gentleman that the master told us to have all things at their best for; he has gone now to the cellar after some special wines for the dinner."

"Another guest!" said Sybilla, wearily. "Surely we have enough of strangers—I had hoped for some quiet days."

"Ah, but this is a very handsome gentleman," said the maid; "he is young and fresh in face."

The twins were sufficiently loved by those that served them to make the maids wish each handsome gentleman who visited the Abbey would carry them away to a brighter home. These women served for awhile, for the sake of the good pay that Roger Seytoun loved to give those who waited on him; but they pitied the girls who were always to dwell beneath his tyrannical control.

Annette laughed lightly at the woman's words; for she knew well enough the meaning hid in them. But Sybilla sighed; for her heart was too subdued to cast away its sadness.

Some weariness too heavy for her to bear was to-day upon her; and she would not go to the dining-hall. She bade the maids tell her father she was ill, and dressing Annette with her own hands in the white robes which in the evening the sisters always wore, she sent her down alone to act the hostess at the table. Annette went willingly enough; she still had gaiety in her heart, and was ready to see a stranger, as well as to relieve, as far as possible, her sister from the task.

"Sybilla ill," growled Roger Seytoun. "She is always ill now. I'm tired of hearing of it."

Annette flushed, but made no answer; and young Lord Lamont, sitting opposite, saw the flush, and quickly spoke to divert attention from the harsh-sounding speech.

Annette's eyes wandered often during the dinner, to the pleasant face of the young lord. But after a while she cast them down, and her gaiety deserted her. Why was he here, and welcomed so warmly? He was of a wholly different type from the chosen companions of her father's social hours. Her heart sank within her when this chill wonder came upon it.

But, though Annette grew pale and silent, Lord Lamont still gazed upon her, half wondering, half admiring. Something in the delicate face aroused his interest and sympathy; he recognised an unusual atmosphere which emanated from her.

He was glad when the old man rose from the table, and they followed Annette into the wide, quaint, old-fashioned hall of the Abbey, which was used as a drawing-room. A modern drawing-room opened from it, which contained the only coal-burning fireplace in the house: but Roger Seytoun hated that room, for he delighted in real comfort. He liked on these cool autumn evenings to see the great logs from his wood-yard burn slowly on the ancient hearth. And he liked the wide, well-used hall, with its warm, heavy old curtains and dim family portraits on the walls.

So here they gathered; and while the two men played chess by the broad hearth, Annette brought her harp, and drew from its strings some plaintive airs. She would not sing; she was not gay enough at the moment, but she knew that it pleased her father that she should shew her power over the old-fashioned instrument

that looked so in keeping with the room. Yet she watched the game with fascinated eyes; for her father's skill in all such contests had become to her a thing of terror. Watching each move, she soon noticed that after a while he played less skilfully than was his wont; his mind was not upon it. Annette looked at him with a quick shudder. What then was that strong, and to her terrible, mind intent upon? She saw that he looked ever and anon at the dark curtain which screened the door.

Soon it was raised and dropped again, a light footfall came across the polished floor, and on the hearth, on the other side of the chess table, stood Sybilla—opposite her sister, but with her eyes fastened upon her father's face.

She was dressed in her white robes, and white flowers nestled in her hair. Annette saw all this, and again she shuddered. Why was Sybilla thus compelled to appear before their guest?

"My daughter, Sybilla. This is Lord Lamont," said the old man; "sit down, child, you are tired?"

Sybilla bowed to the young man, and then stood silent. Lord Lamont had risen at the words and stood as silent as Sybilla, amazed, startled, almost horrified at the apparition that had so quietly appeared before him. For it seemed to him that Annette's wraith stood opposite her, only a shade paler and more *spirituelle* than herself. But quickly conquering his surprise, he drew a chair near for Sybilla, and the old man, again saying "Sit down," pointed imperiously to the chair behind her. Sybilla, who had stood rigidly and coldly beside him, now sank obediently into it, with a deep and heavy sigh.

The game was resumed, and

Roger Seytoun now turned his full mind upon it, so that Lord Lamont soon found that he must do so likewise if he would not be most ignominiously beaten.

Another game was played, and then Sybilla, who had appeared gradually to recover some natural colour and vivacity, was bidden by her father to play or sing with Annette. She rose to obey, without a word of excuse or demur, and the sisters, going to a piano which stood near, sang together, making sweet echoes in the lofty hall.

And young Lord Lamont sat gazing upon them in wonder. It seemed to him—as to all who were admitted to as close an intercourse with the family of Mereham Abbey—that some magic charm or spell lay upon these two pale, dreamy women.

The evening soon passed away with pleasant talk, music, and the various amusements which the queer old Abbey provided. And when Lamont went to his room he walked as though in a mystic dream—in which two fair women continually became one, and yet were two! The twins, so marvelously like and so spectral in their ways, affected him strangely.

When their guest had left them, the sisters were ordered to their father's room. All together, yet in silence, they entered it; the old man was full of his thoughts, and his daughters were troubled with ominous fears. And Annette—though stronger than her sister—trembled the most—trembled and kept her eyes upon the ground.

“You are silent, my children,” said the old man, taking his accustomed seat in a large and beautiful carved chair. “Do you not like our young friend? I have waited many a year for just such an one as he, and he has come in the nick of time. The foul fiend himself

must have guided his steps this way to-day in my interests! Unmarried, a not unmanageable disposition, a gentleman, and above all, rich! Come, children, which of you shall it be? *He shall love either of you, so choose quickly!*”

And as he spoke, Roger Seytoun laughed a long and loud guffaw at his own confident words.

“It shall not be I,” responded one of the pale maidens, in gentle but curt words.

“Nor I,” said the other, with even a deeper tone of decision.

The old man looked angrily at Sybilla, who spoke last. As her quick, resolute words fell on his ear, his mood changed. He had been full of a horrible jocularity, disposed to laugh over his unholy purposes; but as Sybilla spoke, his brow grew black with a sudden rage.

“What!” said he, fiercely, “you refuse? Then how are we to retrieve our exhausted fortunes? What other plan have we neglected? this is the only one open to us now. Hitherto knowledge has been power to us, and it must continue to be so, or ruin is our inevitable lot.”

Sitting in the beautiful carved chair, his broad and massive form supported by its high back, Roger Seytoun did not look a man destined for ruin. In one fashion or another the brain beneath that beetling forehead and broad brow would surely accomplish its ends! The man was a man of power—but what a power—which made his children shrink from him—if they could,—defy him!

While he spoke his eyes were still upon Sybilla, and when he ceased speaking he did not take them from her. His piercing gaze was but an indication of the force of will which she felt him to be directing upon her; she shrank from, yet unwillingly turned to—

wards him; and this not because of that remarkable gaze so much as because of a subtle yet most potent influence which he threw upon her, and which held her as though by chains.

Annette was deeply lost in her own thoughts and anticipations, and did not notice that Sybilla grew paler beneath her father's eyes.

He, by this exercise of his will upon her, gained, as he well knew, a double end: Annette, less influenced than usual by his presence, because he did not notice her, gained more confidence in her reasons for disobedience, and her power to carry it out. Like the poles of a magnet, he both attracted and repelled. By using his whole power to bend Sybilla to his wish, he, at the same time, furthered his purposes by releasing Annette from that power.

"Come," he said, angrily, but with unmoving eyes upon Sybilla's face, "choose now which of you shall have the love of this young man. I will bid his spirit hither and enthrall it."

Sybilla rose from her seat proudly, and stood facing her father.

"I will be no party to the deed," said she, trembling beneath his fixed gaze as she spoke, and yet retaining, as by a tremendous exercise of her own will, the stately carriage of her form. "When I was beautiful I might have been truly loved, but though you have taught us many wiles, you have taken our early bloom from us. Yet do I think we are neither of us fallen so low as to accept a love compelled from its giver."

The old man looked with his steadfast gaze upon her while she spoke: and ere the words were fully out of her lips, her erect bearing relaxed, and she sank into the

seat from which she had risen. Her eyes appeared to be fascinated by his regard; she leaned towards him as she sat.

"Go thou," he cried, suddenly and fiercely, when she had so far succumbed. "Go thou, rebellious child, and visit him in his dreams!"

As he spoke, he raised his arm with imperious gesture, and seemed as though with that action he finally gained control over her struggling spirit; for her form sank helplessly back upon the chair in which she had been sitting: the pride of will vanished utterly from its attitude. Sybilla's eyes closed, and her volition was gone.

Annette, meanwhile, had flung herself upon a couch behind her father's chair, where she was screened from his sight. Only mechanically did she observe what was passing between him and Sybilla: her mind was absorbed in the thought of what Lord Lamont's fate would be if allowed thus to become Roger Seytoun's prey. And earnestly she pondered how to save—how to warn him!

Her father took no notice of her. He knew she was in the room, and ready at hand when he needed her. So she remained undisturbed, and deeply brooding over the probable events of this unhallowed night.

Lord Lamont, whose fate she was regarding with trembling terror, lay in a wide and amply furnished guest chamber at the other side of the old Abbey. Two dark and lonely corridors must needs be traversed by any human foot that would go from the old man's room to his; but the visitant who now approached his bed delayed no space of time upon the way. For, even as Sybilla sank helpless on her chair, at that very moment the young

man stirred uneasily in his deep and quiet slumbers. For, with those inner eyes—which the magic wand of sleep will sometimes open when it has closed the physical sight—he beheld bending over his couch the slender form of one of Roger Seytoun's delicate daughters.

Sybilla's spirit stood beside his couch—compelled there and held there by the fierce will of the old man. But she stood there a brief moment silently, gazing only into Lord Lamont's wondering and dream-charmed eyes: for she was passionately battling against the speech her father strove to force upon her.

The ghostly shape waxed and waned—grew dim and again grew strong—as Lord Lamont gazed upon it—before words issued from its lips. But at last Sybilla conquered: and into the sleeping man's inner ear the melancholy tones of her soul's voice penetrated.

"I am sent hither to bid thee love me!—*but do not thou*—for I am bewitched. I am an accursed and unhappy being, and those honest eyes of thine should earn for thee a true woman's love."

Ere his startled spirit could realise the utterance—ere his tossing body could breathe in its awakening a muffled cry of distress and wonder—Sybilla vanished from his side. And as the dim shape died away from his sight, Sybilla's inanimate form again stirred, and her resolute will flashed out from her physical eyes upon the old Wizard's face. Anger clouded his brow: yet a dark smile hovered upon his lips.

"Rebellious little one!" said he, gruffly, but with a sound of scornful amusement in his voice, "frail sapling as thou art of the old oak, yet hast thou some of thy father's power in thee. But I am too

strong for you, my children, and I will have my way! Stay thou still there, Sybilla; and, Annette, come, I want you."

Annetterose, unwillingly enough, and approached him.

"Fetch hither your crystal," said he, imperiously. And Annette slowly approached a large old cabinet which stood at the side of the room. There were many secret drawers and unexpected recesses in this ancient keeping-place; but she put her hand unerringly upon a certain drawer, and drew from thence a carved ivory casket.

With reluctant footsteps she came near to the old man, who watched her with knitted brows. Seating herself upon a low chair beside him, she unlocked the casket, and took from out of it a piece of white silk. Wrapped in this lay a large and beautiful crystal; she put the casket aside, and held the crystal in her hand, shielding it from surrounding reflections by the folds of the white silk.

"Is the spirit of the crystal present?" demanded the old man.

"Yes," said Annette.

"I desire that Lord Lamont's home and life shall be made visible to you. Is the crystal clouded?"

"The cloud is separating. I see the visions coming within the crystal."

"I desire to know the truth about him. I command that it be shewn to you. Is he as rich as he seems—is he worth the great stake which I put upon my success with him, and is his heart free?"

Annette gazed long and earnestly into the mystic depths of the crystal ball: thickly crowded the visions before the eyes of the seeress. But she said no word.

"Speak," said the old man, in his imperious tones, "speak and give me the answer."

Annette paused yet a little; but

when her father exclaimed again more angrily at her silence, she spoke, though with seeming difficulty.

"He is not rich," she said, "he is not as rich as you suppose, for he has troubles——"

"Child," interrupted the old man, with furious passion, "you lie!"

She trembled, and was silent.

"You lie!" he repeated, observing her conscious face. "Annette, if you speak false, and keep not your vision true, I will punish you as no woman was ever punished! Flatter not yourself that you can stand against me!—you are but an instrument in my hands. I command you to repeat truly to me what is given you by the spirit of the crystal. If you do not obey me, I will make you bow before this man like the grass before the wind, yet shall he not answer to your love!"

The old man's rage was terrible. His brow knotted, and the purple veins stood swollen upon it. Long possession of power and years of unscrupulous use of both knowledge and power, had made him unable to endure a slight thwarting of his will. And, indeed, it was most necessary for him to retain his command over Annette.

But she, gazing into his tempestuous countenance, gathered again her courage. His words went too bitterly home to her; they gave her the strength to act, they stung her into desperate defiance.

"I have borne enough," she cried, "I will not be your tool in this, for—I love this man! I swear you shall not hurt him!"

And starting from her father's side she swiftly fled from the room.

Sybilla had sat in her chair throughout this scene with wearied attitude and pallid face. Her feeble strength was exhausted; she

could not rouse herself to any further defiance. She was too utterly wearied to aid Annette by word or deed. But now, when her sister's wild words fell upon her ear, she started, and sitting up in her chair, looked after her as she fled.

"My poor sister!" she murmured. "Is there no God indeed that so cruel a fate should fall upon her? My poor Annette!"

Yet, though the revelation of Annette's heart had roused her so far, she was too weak to do aught but rock herself wofully backwards and forwards in her chair. Her power was well nigh spent; her physical forces had been too severely taxed.

The old man's glaring eyes followed Annette from the room. He made no attempt to arrest her, for he seemed exhausted by his passion. A paroxysm of rage had flashed throughout his frame, leaving him shivering and enfeebled. He leaned back a second with closed eyes: but then quickly gathered himself together, and rose to his feet. He moved towards Sybilla with a less firmly planted step than usual. He approached her, and leaning over her chair drew her towards him, so that the fair head lay upon his breast, while he held one hand fast in his. The attitude, to any looker on, might have appeared one of deep affection; yet it was plainly felt by both to be an attitude expressive of anything rather than that. Roger Seytoun, in his gigantic selfishness, thought nothing of the girl whose physical life he drew from her; while Sybilla easily recognised her decreased vitality when she had been in close proximity to the old man. She would have freed herself from him now, at the risk of his passion, for she earnestly desired to retain what strength she had to help Annette.

But she had not enough force to repel him, so that he drank greedily the little that she had. Breathing deeply, after a few moments, he stood erect again, once more himself.

Annette, meantime, was traversing the dark corridors with fleet and frightened footsteps. The high stained windows cast strange lights upon the floor, more bewildering and more terrifying than the darkness. Annette was of too highstrung a nature, was too sensitive a seeress, not to be very timid, as well as by the virtue of her upright soul, very brave. Her strong heart urged her on, while her whole body trembled at each sound and each flitting shadow. A most daring and terrible enterprise was hers; she was determined to enter the chamber of this man she loved and warn him of his danger. Even as she neared his door misgivings thickened in her heart. How could she hope he would not think her mad? How could she shew him the terrible truth of her words?

She softly tried the door—it was not locked—and pushing it, she entered.

Deeply and quietly Lord Lamont lay dreaming upon his couch. In his slumbers he still sees Sybilla's form and pursues it. That white robed phantom still flits from his grasp.

But suddenly he is recalled from this phantom-realm—he is startled by a light and delicate touch, which softly, but by its magnetic force, effectually arouses him.

Annette's hand upon his shoulder thrilled him; and he opened his eyes to see what seems to him the white-robed form of his sleeping vision again bending over his couch.

"What!" he murmured low, scarce drawing breath in his amazement, "is it thou indeed?"

"Arise!" exclaimed Annette, in passionate and earnest tones. "Arise and fly from an immediate and terrible danger."

"Nay," said Lord Lamont, still with his wonder and his slumbrouness upon him, "I am no coward, and never yet did I fly from an enemy—why now begin?"

"Alas!" cried Annette, "you know not the subtle danger that approaches you! Bravery is no weapon to meet it with. Fly at once, I entreat you."

But, even while she is speaking, Lord Lamont's form sinks back unresponsive.

Has sleep alone had power to overcome him so suddenly? No, his face is pallid. She knows that her father's superior force of will has conquered. She has failed. The spirit of the young man has fled from her presence, called away at the command of the Wizard, into whose atmosphere—a very web of power—he has allowed himself to be drawn. Stands it even now in his presence and Sybilla's? Annette trembles and cowers down by the bedside as the horrid thought flashes upon her, that not only is her influence upon the young man averted, but that already he will be directly beneath the unscrupulous exercise of her father's will.

Once again she bent over him, and tried passionately to arouse him—but in vain! In vain! She knows only too well that her efforts are indeed useless. And with bowed head and drooping form she leaves the room, and wanders, like a dim and homeless ghost, along the shadowy corridors.

Sybilla, meantime, sat immovably in her chair, rigid, scarce breathing: wholly governed and subdued by her father. With sick heart she beheld the spell worked which enthralled the youth's spirit—she saw the honest and un-

suspecting soul yield to the hideous force exercised against it—she recognised its presence by her subtle and refined senses. And Roger Seytoun, while he worked his will, made her his instrument of sight and sense. Those perceptions which his eager physical life deprived him of, he possessed, as for his own, in his daughter.

In the present instance her task was to describe to him the psychical attitude of his victim, and the effect which his spells were producing.

“Your power is great,” she said at length, “very great; but you are not fully successful. Annette has unwittingly worked against you more powerfully than she was aware of. When he saw her beside him to-night, his newly-aroused soul recognised the love in her eyes. He is Annette’s in his true spirit!—by your magic he is mine!”

“You foolish girls may talk of love!” cried the old man, fiercely, “but magic shall prove the stronger! *I will* that you become Lord Lamont’s bride! I have now bound him to you. I cannot undo the bonds which the powers of the air have aided me to forge! You cannot escape, Sybilla! He is yours, and you must fulfil your obedience to my will.”

Sybilla’s frail form writhed upon her chair.

“Have pity!” she cried; the appeal, indeed, forced itself from her lips, although she knew that it was made to that most pitiless quality of man—selfishness. “Undo these well-forged bonds! I cannot breathe in union with this man—for the bonds are false!”

The old man turned furiously upon her, and she trembled.

“Hold thy wailing voice!” he exclaimed; “thou knowest I can-

not undo my work! I have summoned all my genii to accomplish this deed to-night—not in a thousand nights can it be undone—even if I listened to the foolish cries of a girl!—therefore submit thou.”

And Sybilla—conquered in the flesh—sank helplessly before him upon the ground.

Quiet fell now upon the old Abbey. Lord Lamont slept peacefully, with dreams of his host’s white robed daughter filling his mind. Annette had reached her own chamber, and leaning from the window looked out into the mysterious moonlight. To her eyes, phantom forms glided among those shadowy woodland depths. Silently, through the night hours, she gazed upon them: for no slumber could visit her brain, so terribly active was it to-night.

When the weird moonbeams gave place to glimmering dawn, she drew back from her window, and moved across the room to the door of Sybilla’s chamber, which opened into hers. The door was ajar, and looking in she saw her sister was not there.

Immediately she stepped out into the corridor—now not so ghostly, for the morning light was banishing the shadows—and made her way quickly to the Wizard’s room. She opened the door and looked around—her father was not there, but as she softly entered she could hear the quiet breathing of his slumber, through an open door which led to his bedchamber.

Where, then, was Sybilla?

There—upon the floor, where last night she had sunk before her father. There, seemingly unconscious, seemingly scarce alive, lay Sybilla. Roger Seytoun, notwithstanding his selfishness, was not wont to be so careless of his daughter as this. After he had exhausted her, as on the preceding

night, his habit was to administer to her some drops from one of a number of mysterious little phials which he kept, and then to call Annette or their maid to help her to bed. But to-night, for some reason—either because he considered Sybilla's use for him nearly at an end, or with some idea of punishment—he had left her, lying exhausted where she fell.

Annette knelt down by her, and raised her head. "My poor sister," she said, "rouse yourself, and come with me to my bed."

Sybilla stirred, and moaned; and presently raised herself, and, leaning heavily upon Annette, went with her.

Slowly the two moved from the room, and along the corridor, the momentarily more brilliant sunlight falling strangely upon their wan faces.

Annette led the way to her own room, and there undressing Sybilla, lay down beside her, clasping her in her arms. But no sleep visited their strained eyelids, and they lay still and motionless in a long silence.

The window of Annette's room, whence she had watched the moonlight, still stood open, so that there came through it not only sunshine but the sounds and scents of a fresh autumnal morning. The birds who dwelled around the house well knew that window, and a merry robin who hopped about the sill, gathered courage from the quiet to fly into the room and out again once or twice.

And Sybilla, her eyes upon this little red-breasted scrap of wholesome gaiety, said, in terrible and hopeless accents—

"Is there no escape?"

"No," responded Annette, in a voice of greater despair, "not in the flesh, we are too weak—too weak. If we fled, Sybilla, his will would force us to return."

These unhappy women seldom used the word father when together now.

"Only in the spirit," continued Annette, "can we escape! We have weakly and blindly surrendered ourselves to this intolerable bondage; and not till death can we be free!"

"Then," said Sybilla, with strange look and tone, "we must die!"

* * * * *

The group of the past evening formed itself again around the breakfast table. Sybilla, though unutterably languid, forced herself to rise; and Annette, wearied of sleepless rest, had been out in the garden and orchard an hour before the others appeared.

Though the bright morning air was scarcely chill, the logs burned cheerily on the dining-room hearth, and Roger Seytoun, boisterous and jovial, moved from their pleasant warmth into the sunlight, revelling in both. He patted the old hounds who followed him backwards and forwards as he moved; he talked to Lord Lamont; he enjoyed his breakfast with all the gusto of a hearty physique.

Lord Lamont answered his host's remarks with equal cheeriness. But his eyes wandered continually to Sybilla, who sat near the blazing logs, being chilly as death, and as if emptied of vitality. He spoke to her, in a low and hesitating way, but often, and seemingly was not discouraged by Sybilla's manner, which, though sweet, was full of languor. He was glowing with delightful fancies; he knew not that any of his midnight memories were other than dreams. The words spoken to him by the sisters had vanished from his mind, as such things will when wakening has drawn over them the veil; the events caused by magical influence were now but a

dim dream. His recollection was of a vision of love—the light that had burned from Annette's eyes had kindled his soul. But he was spell-bound. Sometimes his looks wandered in perplexity from one twin sister to the other; but, so far, magic proved stronger than love. Annette's averted gaze and silence hid her secret; he was impelled towards Sybilla, and he looked yearningly towards her for the lovelight which had touched his true heart. But it flashed not: yet he comforted himself by holding his dream prophetic.

But the likeness between the sisters still affected him strangely; each veiled her looks, in the distress of a separate yet sympathetic agony, and sometimes—his inner self unconsciously leaning towards Annette, his dominated physical being turning to Sybilla—he could scarce distinguish between them.

Sybilla clung to her father's side that morning with an unusual tenacity; and naturally, in his present state of feeling, the young man made a third with them. Roger Seytoun paid some brief visits to the kennels and stables, and then established himself in the hall, and challenged Lord Lamont to chess to draw him into quiet. Sybilla placed a chair close to her father's, and there sat down: looking into the fire with abstracted gaze.

Annette, meantime, absented herself. It was an unbearable ordeal to her, to watch the rapid approach of the climax of this tragedy; and as none of the actors in it needed her presence, they did not inquire for her. Old Roger Seytoun was only too pleased that she kept safely out of the way; he thought his plans were fermenting and working to completion gloriously.

He did not know that Annette's

absence and quietude were due, not to her obedience to him, but to her faith in Sybilla.

And he failed, through lack of eyes accustomed to any kindly observation, to see that Sybilla's pallor was unusually deathly; her languor more remarkable than wont.

And his confidence in his power was so great that he attributed Sybilla's willing presence to her compliance with his will; he never guessed the dread thought she cherished in clinging to him as she did.

To her that day was as a thousand years: it dragged its weary length along with a dreadful peacefulness. To Lord Lamont it was a wonderful space of time; never did he forget the charm of those bright hours in the great hall where he played chess, gazing all the while in a rapt reverie upon Sybilla's face.

That evening he had to leave: so that the spell must needs be made work more fiercely to accomplish its ends in the brief time. Ere the sun's rays began to slant he had resolved to ask Sybilla for her love before he departed from the old Abbey. His hot young blood was wildly coursing through his veins: his vivid imagination fed greedily upon its dream-food.

Old Roger Seytoun observed him covertly and keenly; and, well satisfied with what he saw, he proposed a walk in the gardens late in the afternoon. Sybilla's weariness made her pray to be left behind; and the young lord pleaded for her company with eloquent eyes. She saw not that—her own eyes were cast down—but she was unable to rebel against her father's curt command. He saw then her unusual paleness, but there was no time to lose. So he brought her some drops from his medicine-

chest, which gave her a momentary strength, and together the three went forth into the dying afternoon sunlight.

The old man left them after they had walked the length of the broad avenue which led to the gates. One of his men came to him with some news about the fish in the mere that gave its name to the Abbey. He went across a meadow to see what was the matter, but peremptorily forbade Sybilla's coming upon the already dew-laden grass. Verily, she looked, as she stood beneath the trees, her face almost as white as the shawl upon her shoulders, more like an already disembodied spirit than a human being.

So Lord Lamont remained to take care of her, and she must perforce walk by his side to the house—with no third party to help her, save the old dog, who having lazily refused to follow his master over the big meadow, walked with drooping head by her side.

She shuddered at this ordeal, and scarce found strength to walk. But she forced herself silently to move on, for she dreaded anything which could cause conversation between them. Her unnaturally large eyes were fixed upon the house—how long would it take her weak limbs to reach it?—and could the safe silence last so long?

It lasted for half the avenue's length: Sybilla, in her intense nervousness, counting to herself the trees already passed, and those to come. How many steps more before a temporary haven was reached?

When but half the trees were numbered, Lord Lamont turned suddenly upon her, and without a note of preparation, poured burning words of love into her ear.

Burning!—indeed, yes; they contained both the fire of his own

true heart and the baleful passion put upon him. They seemed to scorch Sybilla's ears and to sear her soul.

No blush rose upon her cheek—no words trembled on her lips—she only shrank back—more pale, more tremulous. And when, with a passionate gesture, he entreated her to speak, and stepped towards her—a wan woman sank lifeless in his arms.

“My God! what is this!” he cried; “poor child, I have terrified her!”

Hastily he felt her face—her hands—her heart—and in touching her, something indefinable struck a cold chill to his own breast. A nameless horror fell upon him. He clasped the slender form closer, and hurriedly advanced towards the house.

Annette—looking from the hall window (for a bitter anxiety had made her watch the avenue since the others had gone out)—saw him approaching. She flung wide the window, which reached to the ground, and hastily went out upon the pathway to meet him.

The sun had almost gone; only a few gleams fell upon the Abbey windows. The falling leaves fluttered to the ground sadly, in the rising evening breeze. Lamont, as he advanced beneath the great, wild-limbed, shadowy trees, recognised that in his intercourse with these weird sisters he had entered a magic sphere: a land of doubt and mystery. For he held in his arms the woman to whom he had passionately declared his love; yet when Annette swiftly came towards him, rustling the yellow leaves with her flying white draperies, her clear eyes full upon him—when she came close, and after a long look into Sybilla's face, raised those eyes again to his—then he recognised her glance. When she put her

arm around Sybilla, and her hand touched his own, he recognised the delicate touch which had thrilled and aroused him from his sleep. And yet—Sybilla?

He said nothing. He felt himself lost—bewildered hopelessly. They carried Sybilla into the hall, and as they laid her upon a couch, Roger Seytoun, who had been coming quickly up the avenue, entered at the open window.

“What is this? What is this?” he cried. “What ails Sybilla?”

Annette, who stood by the couch with bent head, turned suddenly full round and faced him. She drew herself up, standing cold, erect, and even terrible in her aspect.

“Sir,” she said, “she has escaped from you.”

The words were few, but they contained a bitterness, an intensity of indignation and anger; her manner expressed even a horror and contempt. Lamont was startled inexpressibly.

Looking quickly into Sybilla’s face, the Wizard saw that her spirit had indeed fled from his tyranny—that no longer was that delicate shape his slave.

“What do these words mean?” cried Lord Lamont, aghast.

But neither answered. Father and sister stood beside the dead girl, and said no word.

The silence became too terrible for Lamont; he turned away, leaving the father with his children—holding within his breast the secret that his love had been told to the dead woman. He held his secret—he left them theirs.

They had not spoken or moved, when the sound of a horse’s hoofs was heard. Annette knew, without looking up, that Lord Lamont was riding down the avenue; and then, in a dull voice, she uttered three words—

“He is gone!”

“And right glad I am that he is gone; we can have no love nonsense now,” said the old man, fiercely. “I can spare you less than ever. We may do without riches, but I must have life.”

“And I will not refuse you mine, God knows,” said Annette, wildly; “I had rather lose my life than live under your bondage!”

She flung herself upon her sister’s form, and a long silence fell within the old Abbey walls.

* * * * *

Lord Lamont went back to his own home; but the recollections of the weird night spent at Mereham Abbey pursued him, and would not let him rest. He crossed the Channel; seeking to cool his brain by the sea freshness. He went to Paris—into Italy, and there he stayed some months, amid the brightness of its sunny natural life. But at last, when the English winter had well nigh worn out its severity, he turned homewards. For he could not forget Annette; indeed, as the months passed by, her form seemed to grow more distinct before his inner eye. And so, impelled by a deep longing to look once more into those mystic, meaning eyes, he decided to brave the mysteries and horrors of her home, and so returned to England.

Annette, who since her sister’s death had steadily grown weaker and paler, sat all through the long winter days by the great hall window. From here she could see down the avenue. Here she watched, day by day, for the horseman who she believed would some time or other ride up between the trees again. As the winter wore away, she watched more anxiously: for she felt her strength daily decrease.

The old man spent most of his time at her side; but he was less

boisterous company than of old. Indeed, the servants began to whisper that at last his health was going. With his loss of vitality departed much of his power. His servants did not obey or fear him as before. The old Abbey had become but a cheerless place, for poverty had planted its foot there: and Roger Seytoun seemed unable to make any further effort to dislodge it. If, each day, he had his fire warmth, and some few luxuries, he let larger matters slip from his control.

At last, one chill and windy afternoon, Annette, sitting in her accustomed seat, raised her head and said, "He is come."

Roger Seytoun looked from the window, and saw, riding up the avenue, Lord Lamont. He went to the door to welcome him, and brought him straightway into the room where Annette sat, looking

"Pale. . . . as the moonshine upon snow."

The young man stepped at once to her side.

"You are ill!" he exclaimed.

"I am dying," she answered, quietly, "you have come but just in time."

Soon afterwards her father left them alone; he went to his room, where sometimes now, when very weary, he locked himself in. He had grown to dislike the presence of anyone but his daughter.

"Come close beside me," said Annette, when they were alone. "I have but little time or strength and I have much to tell you."

No word of love had ever been spoken between these two, yet only too plainly did they understand each other. Silently Lord Lamont came and sat beside Annette, only telling her by the clasp of his hand of his true love and deep pain.

And then Annette unburdened her soul of its secrets. She told him the whole story of Sybilla's death, and as he looked into her eyes he read the history of her own love plainly writ. Thus all was made clear to him.

"My father will not live long after me," said Annette, "and I entreat you for my sake to take some little care of him. For the people around hate him. I do not know how it is that with all our care his wicked life could not be hid. I know the servants whispered among themselves that he preyed upon Sybilla's life; and I have heard that when she died people outside openly accused him of her death. When I die it will go hard with him, I fear, for all hate him; and his natural weakness and age will then fully come upon him."

Little more passed in words between these two, and ere another day had passed Annette died quietly within her lover's arms.

He remained at the Abbey to fulfil Annette's one request; and he found it a very necessary one. For the neighbours began to ask, how was it that she had faded out of life just as her sister had faded? What was the mystery of Mereham Abbey? Why had two bright, fair girls thus died there, in their early prime? Was the hated old man a wizard, or was he mad?

Lord Lamont stilled these inquiries as much as possible by spreading the truth, which was that whatever the old man had been, he was now almost imbecile, and very near death. He watched over his safety, until one day he found him sitting upright in his high-backed chair, dead. No peace lay upon his face; the slackening of the flesh only made more evident the hideousness of its evil.

Mereham Abbey has stood empty ever since, for no one has felt disposed to live there save the old crone who takes care of it, and who will shew it to the curious visitor. The place is almost untouched, and whoever likes to venture into the Wizard's room—which he will find to be very dusty, for even the old housekeeper has an unaccountable shrinking from its associations—he will see the beautiful old carved chair where Roger Seytoun yielded up his evil breath. The cabinet stands there too, in

a certain drawer of which the seeress Annette kept her crystal; but that is not to be found. Doubtless Lord Lamont carried it away, hoping to make it a link between himself and the bright spirit that he loved.

Though like her sister she fled on wings of escape, he was wild enough to dream that she might return on wings of love; and many a time in the long after years, a lonely traveller through the cities of earth fancied he felt them fan his brow.

THE GENTLE SCIENCE.

By F. R. CONDER, C.E.

pure and perfect health, of body and of mind. Others will say that health is but a poor portion for the rustic, who has no other gift; that the very hunger of a healthy man is to him but a whip to labour; that rude, unbroken health rises at the best but to the rank of an animal virtue and happiness; but that the possession of wealth—wealth without bound or stint—as it can command climate, enjoyment, repose, activity, travel by land and by sea, by rail, by steam, by carriages that are the artist, pictures, music, jewels, bright soft smiles—is the

OF MAN IN THE possession of what, it is asked, does his chief happiness lie? Some will reply that there is no blessing comparable to that of health; that in the absence of health all human life is saddened and embittered; that the presence of that priceless quality turns sorrow into joy; and that beauty itself is but the outward form of

real key to human happiness. The philosopher may turn from the glowing description, and say that in the command of self lies a nobler source of happiness than wealth can command. A philosophy more ancient, more true, and more durable than that of the Stoic says that the one dream of human existence is to love and to be loved again; and

the silver tones of a man grown old in

Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
And all that should accompany old age,

repeat, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the perfection of man."

As to each of those elements of happiness to which we have referred, as well as regards those which are derived from the triumphs of art, of science, of ambition, of love, of war, or of peace, a certain amount of success may be hoped for by anyone who will give enough time, energy, and resolution to the pursuit. Health may, except in exceptional cases, be maintained or regained by due regimen. Wealth may assuredly be gained by almost anyone who will make the needful sacrifices. Learning and the lessons of philosophy are the reward of study. Love usually awakens its own echo. And that religion loves them that love her is the doctrine of her earliest records. But there is one thing, and possibly only one thing, that no effort can attain, no wealth can purchase, no human or superhuman means procure, for those who have it not by nature. That is the proud consciousness of hereditary nobility.

Not but that there is the dross, as well as the true gold, in this as well as in other pretensions to any superior virtue. We must carefully define what is meant. It is not mere rank of which we speak. The highest rank is attainable—has been attained—by men and women who were not born to the purple. Empire has been grasped by the simple soldier. That ancient dignity which has long claimed to rank as Prince over the Kings of the Earth has not unfrequently been attained by the penniless

beggar boy, who was taken in charity to sweep a church or a convent. The establishment, in 654 A.D., by Pope Eugenius I., of the celibate of priests, deacons, and sub-deacons, was the destruction of the clergy as an order of hereditary nobles. Directly opposed as it was to the ancient ordinances of the Jews, and anomalous, as connected with a theological system based on the principles of hereditary representation, it is possible that the celibate offered, during the Dark Ages, a salutary check to the power of the territorial nobility. It is no less clear that it did much to prepare for the overthrow of the best safeguard against the debasing rule of money and the frantic fury of the Commune. In England, at a time not very remote, the metropolitan dignity, ranking next to that of Royal blood, has been held by a man of very modest extraction. Great captains have risen from the ranks, by the genius of the soldier. Great lawyers have risen to the ermine, from a cradle beneath the work bench. Great merchants have risen to fabulous wealth, and have left hereditary honour to their heirs, from as low an origin as great Churchmen. But these men, while by many they have been more honoured as having achieved greatness than would have been the case had they been born great, have ever had the whisper in their ear that there was some incommunicable difference between the founder and the inheritor of a name.

Again, it is not always the hereditary coronet that distinguishes the enviable man. Qualities of mind, no less than of body, are handed down with lands and lordships. In one line the condottieri blood, the vigour of which, three or four centuries ago, swept a path to fame for the hardy soldier in whose veins it flowed, speaks now

in rude harsh tone, and grasping, covetous, or quarrelsome disposition, as loudly as it did when Popes fought for principalities for their *nepoti*. In others the curse of some ill-gotten land, some martyr's blood, some ravaged sanctuary, some defrauded orphan, seems to reproduce its mystic evil generation after generation. Much as it is to inherit a great name, it may be much of evil, unless it be also a good name. It is an unblemished, as well as a long descent, a heritage of the blood of spotless women and men without fear and without reproach, that is so far the very choicest human gift, that it is not only in itself most excellent because the consciousness of its possession is a constant source of content to its possessor, but is also of extrinsic value as being, not only rare, but utterly unattainable by money, by genius, by piety, or even by love.

At a time when man had more of the savage in his outward habits than is now usually held to be the case, men and women of such a strain as the above were regarded, and wisely regarded, as the very salt of society. At that time, rude though men might have been, they had this advantage over

the rude men of the present day: they acknowledged the priceless character of this noble heritage. They openly respected it in those who had it. They endeavoured, each and all, to shew and to put forward the closest claims that they could themselves urge to even a scrap of the mantle of the high-born gentleman.

This instinctive admission of the value of that principle which alone, there seems to be every reason to believe, has power to resist the over-powering and debasing influence of wealth, gave rise to the science of gentle birth.*

This science, like others, had its symbols and its terminology. Of its rise we know almost nothing. When we first become acquainted with the symbols and the language of heraldry—about 800 years ago—it was as precise, as symbolic, and as conventional as it is to-day. Of all human studies the gentle science, as it is called, or the study of the art of blazon, is the only one of which the cradle is unknown, and of which the aspect is unwrinkled by the advance of age. Unaltered, that is to say, among those who hold its true tradition.

When Napoleon Buonaparte ticketed his brand-new dukes and

* There is great necessity to distinguish the "Gentle Science" from what may be termed the "Genteel Art," by which in this or a former age are evolved "factitious monuments of fictitious ancestry," mere embellishments of plutocratic pride and not its noble opponents. If, by three-and-sixpenny coats of arms, however, and dexterous pedigrees, a sense of honour could be created which would not otherwise exist, that would be so much clear gain. But the continuity of honour such as obtains for the descendants of some of our unblemished families a distinctive respect that could scarce be earned by a life-long stainless personal prestige, must be a different attribute from that which can begin by the small dishonour of the fictitious *armiger*. It is not all that can trace with truth to great ancestors, but all may begin a noble line by being their own greatest and best, their true and not their imaginary heroic selves. Rare Ben Jonson may put in a word here:—

Boast not the titles of your ancestors
 Brave youths; they're their possessions, none of yours.
 When your own virtues equalled have their names,
 'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames—
 For they are strong supporters, but till then
 The greatest are but growing gentlemen.

counts with a badge, indicative of their factitious rank, to be worn on the face of their new and imaginary coats-of-arms, he created an imperial peerage, but he could not create an ancient nobility. The heraldry of the Empire was as appropriate and characteristic as is the purchased and imaginary heraldry which is not uncommon even nearer home.

II.

It is not matter for wonder that the doctrine of the primary value of descent should have been the theme of attack and contumely from numerous and widely different groups of people. An ordinary disposition, inimitably painted by Æsop, as one of the most general weaknesses of human nature, the desire to depreciate that which we do not possess and cannot acquire, would alone account for a vast and wide-spread unpopularity. It cannot be denied, again, that some representatives of races that have not only lost their origin in the times of fable, but have borne noble and brilliant names on their pedigree, have been guilty, not only of crimes, but of dishonourable meanness that reflects dishonour even on the scutcheon of saints and kings. Such is the shudder that is caused by the mention of the name of Egalité, Duke of Orleans. The most rigid moralist would fain hope that, by some strange disturbance or other, the blood of St. Louis did not flow in the veins of that traitor to the House of France. Again, where the principle of purity of descent has been dissociated from one of its main features, the right of primogeniture, the lapse of time brings nations back to a savage or semi-savage state. There are said to be villages in Germany in which the very horse-boys are noble.

The Celtic cattle-lifter scorned to work, because "She was ta shentlemans." When the idea of primacy and of representation is laid aside, we come very rapidly down to that degree of national or tribal pride which characterises all nations in the dawn of history, and distinguishes the most ignorant people at the present time. We must also remember the great effect that has been produced by certain political convulsions. The conversion of France, once the most aristocratic of countries, into the arena where the ochlocracy has obtained its most sanguinary triumphs, may be traced to the systematic degradation of the *noblesse*, commenced by Louis XI. in his strife with the great peers, and carried to a fatal success by Louis XIV., in his conversion of the territorial nobility into a Court *valetaille*. The impoverishment thus effected, involving the total loss of independence, of the class which formed the glory and defence of France, led to a cruel oppression of the peasantry which is yet unforgotten and unforgiven. Blood feuds are of the East, not of Europe; money feuds are of all the world. They are unforgetting and unslumbering. At more periods than one in history, Jacques Bonhomme, or Jack Cade, or Arouet, the notary's boy, has exacted a fearful revenge for evils of which the crime was not altogether on one side. But it is in all cases the nation which is the deepest and most permanent sufferer from such revenge. The Reign of Terror has not exterminated the blue blood of France, though it has made the stream run thin and poor. But the absence of the natural leaders of the French army appears, if we may judge from the experience of the last half-century, to have broken the sword of France. Insubordi-

nation in rank and file, incompetence in commanders rising from such ranks, and the constant howl of treason which is the usual *refrain* of popular rule, did more to prostrate France before her foe than all the admitted martial qualities of the Germans.

Again, when our own children and colonists, being treated, as we now think, with singular blindness and injustice, rose against British rule, and laid the foundation of a transatlantic England; as they could look only to the country against which they strove for historic associations and for descent of territorial nobility, they were naturally impelled to adopt the old-fashioned language of democracy. And yet in no part of the world is the thirst and passion for personal distinction more strong than it is in republican France, and in republican America. The scarf of a Mayor—the authority of a Prefect—the title of Colonel, General, Judge, Professor; some label, some certificate that Citizen Chose, or Mr. Rufus T. Bunkum is distinguished above the general run of his French and American equals, is regarded with a reverent covetousness which rises to a positive cult. In fact the proofs that the claim to equality is merely the resultant of the incompatible and irresistible personal vanities of the great mass of the population, are irresistible. It is not satire, it is simply delineation of nature, in Rabagas when—after the abolition not only of titles, but of names—the persons designated by the smallest numbers look down with unmeasurable contempt on those whose numbers are told by hundreds or by thousands. The Feudal duke, or the representative of the Cornelian or the Valerian House in Italy, can sit on the same bench, and serve in the same troop, with the poorest peasant on his estate.

And he does so, daily, to the honour and to the advantage alike of the duke and of the peasant. The reason is, that as the peasant never forgets the dignity of his superior, the other has no need to assert it. Perfect ease of manner, and in association, accompanies perfect distinction of rank. But when number 315 is constantly striving, on the one hand, to make out that he is as good as number 31, and on the other hand that he is immeasurably superior to number 315,000, we see what we do see daily, and what is, in fact, the essence of snobbishness.

III.

Against all this, however, the inherent weight of hereditary prestige may be held likely to maintain its position. There is yet a more dangerous class of assailants—dangerous, that is, to the country in which its members are able to influence the masses. The men who by intellect—perhaps by genius—by patience, by industry, by qualities admittedly of a high order, rise above their native level, and either by the acquisition of wealth, by political adroitness, by eloquence, or by less worthy means, appear as powers and leaders in the State, usually furnish the most envenomed foes of hereditary distinction. Such men, it might be thought, might be content with being founders of Houses; with being *anoblis*; with being admitted to the councils of the nation, to the Senate, to the service of the Sovereign. And yet we need not travel beyond our own country, or seek beyond the present time, to point out men of such status and description in whose mouths may be put the words—“Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see”—not Mordecai the Jew sitting in the King's gate—but the effect pro-

duced on society by the announcement of such a name as Monsieur de Montmorenci—taking the premier name of Christianity, now extinct in France, in illustration of a class of *noblesse* such as no Sovereign can create. We have had men whose fame was, deservedly, European; whose power in the House of Commons, or in the country, was dictatorial; whose names might have gone down to posterity with as much *éclat* as if they had traced their descent to the Giant Hoel, or to Odin himself; but who could never get over a sort of angry shame at the memory of their honest but humble origin. Sometimes we see men whose whole course seems to be blighted and twisted by a similar discomfort, and who are, therefore, the loud and constant proclaimers of the doctrine that riches, honour and virtue spring only from what they call the people, and are to be dispensed only, in right, by the voices of the majority—that is of the mob.*

The eyes of the present generation have had the mournful lesson of seeing a real though brief supremacy attained by the ochlocracy, and we ought to note the use that was made of it. Persons who do not use the preposition *de* before their names may have forgotten the red records of the Reign of Terror. Writers belonging to that class of public teachers to which we have just alluded have done their best to represent that foul saturnalia under favourable colours. But the proposal—carried out to no inconsiderable extent—to purify Paris from all historic

association by petroleum, has been a lesson not to be despised. So has been the rapid and surprising organisation, for a time successful, of the have-nots and do-nots against the have-somethings and do-somethings in America; and the temporary victory obtained over law and order by the railway strike in that country. That there is a profound depth of good feeling, good sense, and good conduct to be found in the working classes of England we are among the first to acknowledge. But that there is a strong, determined, and persistent effort on the part of the dangerous classes and of their leaders (some of whom by no means wear fustian jackets), to reform society in England to their own satisfaction, the man must be either feebly or wilfully blind who fails to be aware.

Against a movement of this kind the power of wealth is absolutely untrustworthy. For wealth is not only the visible badge of that distinction of class which is odious in a society that has once laid aside respect for the hereditary principle, but it also is the magic wand that confers such distinction in the eyes of all but that minority which it is desired to exterminate. It is difficult at this hour to say what doors in this country do not fly open at the call of wealth—wealth pure and simple, unaccompanied by either birth, education, moral grandeur, piety, talent, or any non-material excellence. And this wealth, like some of our old titles—such as that of the Earldom of Arundel—appertains to the strong hand. If it belongs to the Duke of Lambeth

* One of the most instructive incidents that has occurred within the personal knowledge of the writer is the fact that the well-known Englishman, who more than any person in the British Isles insisted on the importance of what he called "surroundings," as being the real origin of differences in character, attributed his own success in life, and in teaching this and his other doctrines, to the energy due to the ancient blood of Welsh princes that flowed in his veins.

or the chairman of the Lunar Bank, or the contractor for the Spanish Cortes Railway to-day, and gives him the command of horses, wines, jewels, spectacles, smiles, and the cap and knee of men, what then? It will do the same for Mr. John Cade to-morrow, if Mr. Cade can only dispossess the new-made peer, or the commercial or industrial magnate. Wealth, then, can never be an element of stability in society. It may be a means of luxury, a sign of progress, an outcome of development—a matter many ways desirable. But in its very inmost nature it has something of the brigand and of the pirate. It is a dog that will follow any master; and that will bite the hand of the old one at the bidding of the new. It offers a perpetual challenge, irritation, and cause of hatred—if not to most of those who have it not, yet at all events to a very dangerous proportion of them. A society of which the social grades and orders are actually founded on the possession of wealth, is like an ironclad vessel without stability, and may turn over at any moment, as did the unfortunate Captain, if ever so little sail be set, and ever so little gale arise.

And yet in the euphuism of the Court, the pulpit, the parliament, the Press, and conversation in general, we find society spoken of as consisting of the richer and the poorer classes; in frank admission of the plane in which we consider the element of stability to lie.

The hereditary principle is not an exclusive peculiarity of noble blood. In those ancient and magnificent monarchies which endured for almost as many centuries as any modern dynasty can count tens of years, the hereditary principle ran through society. It seems difficult to imagine, if we take note of the latest and best

accepted discoveries of the students of the science of wealth, any order of things which could so directly tend to the national welfare and stability. To the division of labour, the great weapon of modern industry, was added a traditional and hereditary culture, the great desideratum of modern science. It is, perhaps, not too much to say, that the stability of institutions, and the possession of the greatest amount of happiness by the greatest number of persons, are the natural results of the hereditary transmission, not only of houses and lands, but of trades, professions, mysteries and callings of all sorts. One class of persons alone numerically shrinks and tends to disappear under such a *régime*. It is the class to the hereditary maintenance and increase of which, and of which alone, our actual institutions and reforms directly tend—the class which we call paupers, and which contains nearly a twenty-fourth part of our population.

The social bond, in a country where the hereditary principle is in vigorous activity, is drawn together by the union of each class in itself. The public order thus consists, not in the congeries of individuals, but in the mutual respect and interdependence of co-ordinated classes. The mill, under the old *régime* in France, was as hereditary a possession as the château. The miller might look back to an occupation by his ancestors for five hundred years, under the ancestors of the same seigneur. Proud of his good *bourgeoisie*, as the seigneur was of his sixteen quarters, there was as little wish to assume the habits, the manners, and the attire of the other class entertained by the lower as by the higher of these distinct strata of society. Thus the constitution of the country,—not using the word as a matter of

theory and of compromise, but as signifying the essential elements of national stability, was rather like that of a solid edifice than of a semi-fluid mass in which every particle is endeavouring to displace every other particle, and what there is of equilibrium is but the resultant of uncounted mutual repulsions.

IV.

Through great part of Europe now exists, in the form of the family name, a survival of the hereditary institutions, which, in France, at least, may be distinctly traced back as far as about eight centuries ago. In the charters, testaments, and other documents that were executed by the nobility of Languedoc when preparing for the first crusade, it is remarkable that surnames are absent. At times a descent for two or three generations may be presumed, from the repetition of a Christian name in the holder of the same castle or lordship; but patronymics, and even territorial designations, arose for the most part in France later than the first crusade. In Rome the *gens* existed from the earliest times, but the *gens* seems to have been a more comprehensive group than the modern family. Among the Celtic tribes the *gens* appears in the form of the clan; descent from some common ancestor being the original bond. With the feudal *noblesse* territorial possession, involving lordship, representation, and primogeniture, introduced a more fertilising element of national prosperity than could exist under the ruder form of the clan, holding to one common, but distant head. While municipal institutions gradually converted serfs and boors into merchants and citizens, the feudal hereditary institutions filled Europe with an armed, and

to some extent an educated, *noblesse*, in the place of a horde of savage warriors. Thus order arose from beneath the *débris* of the devastation and overthrow of the Roman Empire by the Teutonic barbarians.

The family name, as we trace it back to the time of the crusaders, arose under different forms. In some cases a personal designation, or as we call it a nickname, became hereditary, as in the instance of Guillaume Tête d'Estoupes, Duke of Aquitaine. Sometimes a symbol, or badge, chosen by a nobleman, grew into a patronymic; as in the names of Plantagenet or of La Croix. At times a title of honour or dignity became permanent, as Le Sénéchal, in France; Butler, in Ireland; Steward, or Stuart, in Scotland. Still more rarely some Roman or even Gaulish name has been handed down as a patronymic; as in the cases of Polignac, derived from the possession of the site of a temple of Apollo; and of Reignier, a name which appears in Roman history in the form of Brennus, and, later, in that of the virgin and martyr Saint Reine. As old as the introduction of the family designation, whether a true patronymic, or territorial, as more usually denoted by the *de*, were those colours and arrangement of colours which are as distinctive and hereditary as the name itself. The clans among the Scottish Celts were distinguished, from time immemorial, by a somewhat complex interweaving of colours, special to each sept. Greater simplicity characterised the adoption of those family colours which, as worn over defensive armour, or painted on the shield, received in course of time indifferently the name of the coat-of-arms and of the escutcheon.

In some of the most ancient and noble coats-of-arms a single colour

was borne. The scutcheon was then said to be *plein*, or full. Such was the case with the arms of the Counts and Dukes of Bretagne, who bore, at least from the time of Jean V., a surcoat and a shield covered with ermine. Such was the case with the scutcheon of the House of Albret, which was called, in heraldic language, *gules plein*, or simple red; and was so borne from the time of Amanieu the First, Sire of Albret, whose son went on the first crusade, until it was charged with a silver chain around and across the scutcheon, or as the heralds call it, in cross, in saltire, and in orle, in memory of a great battle.

In other cases the coats or scutcheons were divided: horizontally, vertically, diagonally, or in more complicated modes. Thus, the families of Tournemine, of De Vere, and of Astarac, bore their arms divided in four quarters; the first and the fourth, and the second and third, being respectively of the same colours. The House of Asserac, and that of Berenger (like the Clan Campbell, in Scotland) bore a scutcheon divided radially into eight, or, as it is called, *gironné*, two colours alternately succeeding one another. Other divisions of the shield followed the lines of, or were replaced by, what are called the honourable ordinaries of heraldry. Of these the most important are—(1) the chief, which is a bar, or division, of one-fifth of the width of the scutcheon, occupying the chief, or head, of the shield; (2) the pale, a similar bar occupying the middle of the scutcheon vertically; (3) the fess, a like bar occupying the middle horizontally; (4) the bend, a similar bar drawn diagonally from left to right; (5) the chevron, a bar of like width in the shape of an inverted V; (6) the cross, of which the name denotes the form;

and (7) the saltire, or St. Andrew's cross.

A remarkable and unexplained feature of heraldry is the fact that these honourable ordinaries, which must be regarded as highly conventionalised symbols, cannot be traced to any gradual origin, but appear when first borne in precisely the form and proportion which they have ever since retained. Thus, the Marquis of Montferrat, of crusading fame, bore a chief *gules* on a silver shield; the Sire de Melgueil, a *sable* chief on a silver shield; the House of Vivonne, a chief *gules* on an ermine shield. A red cross on a gold ground was the original coat-of-arms of Montmorenci, and with the *cri* "*Dieu aide au premier Chrétien*" is attributed to the year 497 A.D. In 978 Bouchard de Montmorenci added four blue alérions to the cross, and in 1214 the Constable Matthieu de Montmorenci increased the number to sixteen. A golden saltire on a field *gules* was borne by Britaut; a golden bend on a field *gules* by Chalons; a fess *gules* on a silver shield by Sedan, and the same bearing with the tinctures reversed by Austria; an ermine chevron on a field *gules* by Ghistille. At times the shield was divided into six, eight, or ten parallel stripes, in the direction of either of the simple ordinaries. Thus the Sires of Couci, Longueval, and Chatillon, bore shields divided in six pieces, alternately of *gules* and of golden *vair*, the first *barry*, or in fess, horizontal; the second in bend, or diagonal; the third vertical, or in pale. The family legend is to the effect that the heads of these three houses were unexpectedly attacked, when bathing, by the Saracens in the Holy Land; that each wrapped his furred velvet mantle round his left arm as a shield, and that they thus successfully defended themselves with their swords. In com-

memoration of the event the three nobles adopted the arms in question. Another crusading incident is said to be recorded by the three alérions, or young eagles, which the imperial House of Lorraine bears on a bend gules, in memory of the shooting of an eagle by the crusading knight of Lorraine in order for a pen to be made from his wing feather for the signature to some military convention. These instances of ancient arms shew that it was not from the representation in the first instance (at least, as far as our records go back), of natural objects (such as shields, or saddles, or swords) that the ordinaries have been gradually modified, but that, like the patronymic or territorial designations which they symbolised, they have been but little changed from their origin so far as can be now ascertained.

the herald, one of the most rigid is honoured in the single breach, as well as in the general observance. The colours of the coats or scutcheons were of three sorts. They were either metals, gold and silver: tinctures, azure, blue; gules, red; sable, black; rarely synople or vert, green; or purple, purple: or furs, ermine, minever, and vair, the latter being either golden or silver. The one main rule of distribution was, that metal was not to be borne upon metal, tincture upon tincture, or fur upon fur. Thus a red cross on a sable ground would be impossible in heraldry. In cases, however, where a second bearing was added to a charged coat the rule does not apply. Thus the arms of France, azure, semée of fleur-de-lys, or; later, azure, three fleur-de-lys or; were charged, or as it is called

V.

Among the rules (which by degrees became very complicated,) of

oppressed, with a bend gules, as the difference of the House of Bourbon,* and with a silver label,

* A coat of arms was considered as a whole, and as such the law against tincture on tincture did not apply. Thus it was not the azure scutcheon, but the field of France, which was a mixture of azure and or, which was oppressed by the label gules of the House of Anjou, the bend gules of the House of Bourbon, and the argent label of the House of Orleans. In the same way Robert le Vaillant, and the Counts of Anjou of the House of Chateaufort bore as their coat "gules, eight bastons fleuronsnés, or, à la bordure de France," that is with an azure border semée de fleur-de-lys.

as that of Orleans. It is said that about the time that the assassination of King Henry the Third opened the succession to the crown of France to Henri de Bourbon, King of Navarre, a flash of lightning struck the stained window of the Chapel of Bourbon Archom-baud, and broke out the bend from the scutcheon; leaving unchanged the Royal arms, to which Henry then became entitled.

The exception to this cardinal rule is a remarkable instance of the mode in which, in the crusading times, the study of heraldry assumed a sacred character. Such indeed, from the date of "the tale of Troy divine," has been the function of the herald. He was the messenger of the Gods. His person was sacred in war. His interference was necessary for the rightful proclamation of war, or establishment of peace; for the anointing and coronation of a monarch; for the transmission of a fief; for the establishment of a pedigree; for the registry of the right to bear arms; and for the marshalling of dignities. This special character, clothing the herald, seems to be a survival from the time when kings were regarded either as sharing the divine nature, as in Egypt; or as being the descendants of the Gods, as in Sparta, in Macedon, in Rome itself in pre-Christian times; or in Teutonic derivations from Odin. The mystery of the herald was sacred, and this is probably the reason why the growth and development of the science of blazon have been left unrecorded in writing. The arms of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, the origin of which may with justice be attributed to the date of the founding of that kingdom on the capture of Jerusalem

by Godfrey de Bouillon and the crusaders in 1197, were, a golden cross, *potencée*, or with crutched ends, between four crosslets, or small plain crosses, all of gold, on a silver shield. And the reason assigned by the heralds for this anomaly, in the case of a kingdom which was held to be more sacred than any other kingdom, was taken from the words of the Psalm which was regarded by the host of Godfrey as a special prophecy of their recovery of the Holy City from the Paynim.

"*Rex virtutum dilecti dilecti,
Et speciei domus diudere spolia
Si dormiatis inter medios cleros
Pennæ columbæ deargentatæ, et
posteriora dorsi ejus in pallore
auri.*"*

Faith, justice, and constancy, purity, truth, and hope; were the qualities symbolised by this unique *juxta-position* of the metals of the herald; or rather, to use the terms of blazon special to kings, of this conjunction of Sol and Luna.

It is impossible to read the old accounts of some of the crusading arms without becoming convinced that, unless the writers drew exclusively on their imagination, the law and order of blazon had been long established by the close of the eleventh century. Thus, the arms assumed by the Sires de Courcy, as before mentioned, were adopted instead of the bearing "gules, a bend accompanied by two cottices, or"—arms as thoroughly conventional as it would be possible to design. The three *alérions* of the House of Lorraine are charged on the bend, and thus intimate the greater antiquity of the use of that honourable ordinary. The arms of the kings of Austrasia, of Soissons, and of Orleans, of the first race of French kings, those of

* Ps. lxxvii. (Vulg.) v. 13-14.

the kings of Aquitaine, of Germany, and of Italy, of the Second, and those of the royal Capetian line of France, at different periods of history, are to be found duly blazoned in "*Le Théâtre d'Honneur*," a work published at Paris, in 1620, by Favyn. Charles VI. restored to the scutcheon of France the three lilies, first borne by Clovis; the race of Pepin having borne the azure field, *somée des fleurs de lys sans nombre*, which were also borne by the House of Capet down to 1389. The ancestors of Pepin le Bref bore three golden eagles on a field gules. Charles Martel bore gules, six eagles or, with a chief of France; that is to say, an azure chief, powdered with fleur-de-lys. Charlemagne bore a golden eagle on an azure field. As we approach the ante-Carlovignian times, the pages of the herald are as bright with miraculous legend as are those of the ecclesiastical chronicles. Whether the predecessors of Clovis bore "or, three crapauds, synople, or sable;" "gules, three crapauds argent," or "argent, three crowns gules," is matter of debate, unsettled by either Favyn or Le Père Anselme, whose work, "*Le Palais de L'Honneur*," was published in 1668. No less than three supernatural signs of sanction are recounted as given on the baptism of Clovis. The *Sainte ampoule* was brought from heaven by a dove, containing the sacred oil that was used to anoint the Kings of France, from Clovis to Louis XVI. In the Revolution the *Sainte ampoule* was wilfully destroyed, and the remains of the sacred chrism thrown away, though a few drops are said to have been scraped up from the stone on which they fell by the piety of some faithful servant of God and of the King. The gift of this golden *ampulla*, which was used by St.

Remy, at Rheims, in 496, was commemorated by the foundation of the knightly Order of the *Sainte Ampoule*, the cross of which bore a dove carrying the sacred vessel in her beak. The Lilies, *Sacrum Francorum Signum*, were brought from Heaven by an angel on the same occasion. *Lilia ipsi Chlodoveo de celo emissa e lapidei scuto hodierna die sculpta videntur*, are the words of an old *Tractatus de Flammula, sive de vexillo S. Dionysi, vel de oriphla, vel de auriflamma*, in the *Libraria Borbonica* at Naples. *Apud Francos*, says the writer, *Chlodoveo Regi, aqua fontis sacri lavato, Deum a celo per angelos suae vexillum misisse vox communis est*. The lilies were mysteriously connected, by the words recorded in the Gospel, with the Salic law.

Ecce campi lilia !

Serta non similia

Cingit Rex in gloria ;

Laborare, nere,

Nunquam didicere,

Dicitur historia.

"They neither toil nor spin," were the prophetic words. They toil not—the lily crown cannot fall to the ignoble; they spin not—it cannot fall to the spindle, or descend out of the direct male line. Such was the doctrine that the French herald opposed to that which Shakespeare has with admirable fidelity put into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in support of the pretence of the great English king to the throne of France.

As to the Oriflamme, there has even been dispute as to its colour. The *Tractatus de Flammula* says, *ex auro et purpura compositum est*. According to Moreri it was the *Etendard de l'Abbaye de St. Denis, en forme de bannière ancienne avec trois queues; fait d'un étoffe de soye de couleur d'or et de feu, les houpes vert, sans franges d'or*. In this guise it was borne in the arms of

Auvergne. It no doubt resembled those hangings of the Chapel for the Chapter of the St. Esprit, which are yet to be seen in the Louvre, of crimson sprinkled with golden tongues of flame. The *Signifer Ecclesie* was originally the Comte de Pontoise, or du Vexin, Protecteur de L'Abbaye de St. Denis. Louis VII., "Le Gros," was the first king of France, who, in his quality of Comte du Vexin, had the oriflamme borne before him, in 1124, against the English and the Flemish. It is said, however, to have been used by Robert the Pious, in 997. In 1214 it was raised by Philip Augustus at the battle of Bovines. In 1145 it was borne before Louis VII. in his voyage to the East, and under Louis VIII., in 1226, against the Albigenses. Saint Louis raised it in 1242 against Henry, King of England, and had it borne in his voyages to the Holy Land; but before his death it is said *Rex ipse flammulam S. Dionysii antistiti reddidit*. Philippe le Hardi bore it in 1276 against Alfonso of Castille; Philippe le Bel, in 1304, raised it at the battle of Mons en Puelle, at which the standard—or its counterfeit—was lost. Under Louis Hutin and Charles V. the nobles chosen to the honourable office of *porte oriflamme* are known. Under Charles VI., in 1381, that dignity was held by Pierre de Villiers, Seigneur de l'Isle Adam, Grand Maître d'Hôtel de France. Pierre d'Aumont is mentioned as *garde oriflamme* from 1397 to 1412, and the Sire de Montmor, a cadet of the house of Reignier, in 1418. On the capture of Harfleur by the English, in 1414, the oriflamme was unfurled. After this the banner of St. Denis is not mentioned as being used as a royal standard, the *cornette blanche* having been introduced by Charles VII. It is said to have been in the treasury of St. Denis from 1534 to

1594; but Louis d'Harcourt, Marquis de Thoury, in virtue of a female representative descent from Villiers de l'Isle Adam, is called *garde oriflamme* in 1577. Marie de Brouilly, demoiselle de Piennes, daughter and sole heiress of Gellone, heiress of the Marquis de Thoury and of the elder branch of the House of Harcourt, married Henri Reignier, Marquis de Guerchy, the head of the House of which the Sire de Montmor was a cadet, at Saint Fargeau, the residence of La Grande Mademoiselle, in 1654. The Marquis Henri, who was son of Claude Reignier, second of the name, Baron de Guerchy, and Julie de Brichanteau (through whom the Marquisate of Nangis finally came to his descendants), bore, among the forty-nine quarterings of his pennon, the arms of France, of Anjou, of Sicily, of Castille, and of England. He traced a lineal descent to eight sons of France—sons of six different kings; to Stephen and William the Conqueror of England; to Ferdinand III., King of Castille, and to Eustace of Boulogne, brother of Godfrey and Baldwin de Boulogne, Kings of Jerusalem. His great-uncle, George Reignier de Guerchy, Grand Prior of France, whose portrait is at the commencement of this article, was the only person not of royal birth who held that dignity from 1563 to 1748. Jacqueline de Silly, dame de Dampierre et de Saint Agnan, the mother of the Grand Prior, and of the first Claude Reignier, was a descendant and co-heiress of Charles Sire D'Albret, de Sully, et de Craon, Comte de Dreux, Constable of France, who fell at Agincourt. Thus when French history closes over the oriflamme, that standard is left under a guardianship not unfitting the historic importance of the banner.

In that fantastic riot of intrigue which is now called French politics, Henri, fifth of the name, head of the House of France, is said to have lost the offer of a momentary elevation to the throne of his ancestors by refusing to renounce the *cornette blanche*, introduced by the Maid of Orleans, in favour of the revolutionary tricolor, which had been invented by adding the white of the City of Paris to the blue and red liveries of the Bourbons.

VI.

The favourite ground of the herald is the heraldry of France, which has a national and chivalrous character special to itself. Few or none of the great old Houses of France trace their descent to a period less remote than the tenth century, when names first began to be hereditary, and when the great châteaux of the *noblesse* began to be reared. Only one Irish, and three English, peerages exist which date as early as the reign of St. Louis. Of these the Irish barony of Kingsale is held by a De Courcy, and bears date in 1181. Of the three English baronies only one, that of De Ros, has fallen from lance to lance, the patronymic being still the same as the title. By the same date, in France, though what was called the peerage was still confined to the original number of six spiritual and six temporal peers, (the former being the prelates* of Rheims, Langres, Beauvais, Laon, Chartres, and Noyon, and the latter the Dukes of Aquitaine, Burgundy, and Normandy, the Counts of Toulouse, Champagne, and Flanders;) the great Seigneurs, or Sires as they were called, had attained such power and dignity that their

heiresses were eagerly sought by the monarchs for the brides of their sons. They thus became ancestresses of Royal lines, as in the case of Beatrix, heiress of Bourbon, who was married by Robert of France, seventh son of King Saint Louis, the source of the Royal House of Bourbon. In fact what Shakespeare justly calls the "almost kingly dukedoms" of France were semi-independent though minor sovereignties, to which we can shew no parallel in England, unless it be the kingdom of Man, since the subjugation of Wales. The King of England himself, as Duke of Normandy, was a peer of France and as such was summoned to do homage to his suzerain. This interposition of the imperial peerage between the crown and the great territorial lords, gave to the development of the feudal system in France a character entirely distinct from that which it assumed in England, where the cadets of the noble Norman families who followed Duke William arranged their new homages directly with the King. The first peerage created in France after the date of the twelve peers of Charlemagne was the Duchy of Bretagne (long an independent sovereignty), created by Philip IV. in 1297. The title of Prince of Wales was given to the heir of the crown of England in 1301. The first extant English dukedom, that of Norfolk, dates in 1483; the first marquise, Winchester, in 1551; the Earldom of Shrewsbury, the premier earldom, in 1442; the premier viscounty, Hereford, in 1549; and the premier barony, De Ros, in 1264. By the year 1390, including the Duke of Bretagne, 21 peers had been created

* The titles were, the Duke-Archbishop of Rheims, the Duke-Bishops of Laon and Langres, and the Count-Bishops of Beauvais, Chartres, and Noyon.

in France. The fifteenth century added 13, the sixteenth, 38, the seventeenth, 55. The era of the duchy peerages, limited to descent in the male line, on the maintenance of the privileges of which the Duke de Saint Simon (a duke of 1635, though a descendant of the Carlo-vignian kings) prophetically foresaw that the stability of the French monarchy depended, commenced with the creation of the Duchy of Valentinois in 1499. The erection of estates of a certain magnitude into marquisates, which was carried out under Louis XIV., did not add to the peerage of France, properly so called. The English peerages of earlier date than the accession of Queen Mary are 55 in number. But the mode in which the nominal degrees of the peerage were regarded in the two countries was altogether different. No increase of dignity could be felt by the head of the house of De Montmorenci or of D'Albret on receiving the patents of their duchy peerages, in 1551 and 1556. Montmorenci still traced back his descent from father to son to the marriage of Bouchard de Montmorenci with Hildegarde, daughter of Thibaud, Comte de Chartres, in 955; and D'Albret to Amanieu Sire d'Albret in 1050. What could the sign manual of Henri de Valois add to such titles as these? It was to the Constable de Montmorenci that the sons of Henri II. were chiefly indebted for maintaining their seat on the throne of France; and it was the Sire d'Albret (which line had fallen to the distaff, and, together with the kingdom of Navarre, was represented by Henri de Bourbon) who replaced the last Valois on that throne.

The Duke de Saint Simon was unquestionably right in his view that in the maintenance of the privileges of the peers, as a distinct order, was to be found the

only safeguard against that gradual degradation of the *noblesse* by the exercise of the arbitrary power of the Crown, which was carried to so destructive an extent by Louis XIV. It was this which rendered possible the utter collapse of society before the fury of the Reign of Terror. The establishment, from the time of King John, of the rights of the baronial peerage in England, gave an element of stability to the growth of the English Constitution, which it was too late to attempt to establish by a new peerage in France in the 16th century. The element of the independence of the nobles, essential as it is to the freedom and stability of a state, was the one object which, during his long reign, Louis XIV. most sedulously laboured to destroy. Even his bitter persecution of the Huguenots was rather whetted against those gentlemen who did not think the King's religion good enough for them, than prompted by any really ecclesiastical motives. Again, in the duchy-peerage of the 16th and 17th centuries, the episcopal element, which had formed half of the peerage of Charlemagne, was absent. The interests and power of the Church were thus dissociated from those of the *noblesse*, and the House of ducal Peers never rose to the dignity of a senate. The struggles of the cardinals, of the princes of the blood, and finally of the bastards, for precedence in the House of Peers were thus seen, by Saint Simon, in their true light, as sources of danger to the country. The insolent and audacious independence of the high *noblesse* had risen to such a pitch by the time of Louis XI. that that astute monarch saw the need of a vigorous policy of repression, in the absence of which the Royal power would

have been gradually obliterated. But the pursual of this policy until the entire territorial *noblesse* was either extinguished by poverty, or converted into the mere paraphernalia of the Court, was a more irreparable evil to the country than even that petty tyranny which was thus swallowed up by the master tyranny of the King.

The heraldry of France tells the tale of the great slaughter of nobles at Agincourt in unmistakable language—

This note doth tell me of ten thousand men

That on the field lie slain ; of
princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there
lie dead

One hundred twenty-six ; added to
these

Eight thousand and four hundred ;
of the which

Five hundred were but yesterday
dubbed knights.

So that, in these ten thousand they
have lost,

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;

The rest are princes, barons, lords,
knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and
quality.

Down to the date of Agincourt, the patronymic and the territorial designation were as a rule the same. The head of a family was simply called by his Christian name and by that of his estate. But after 1415 we find the family name generally specified, while for the most part it is different from the territorial designation ; a mark of the great number of male descents that were terminated by the slaughter of that fatal field. In many instances the last lance of a family was broken at Agincourt. In some, confiscation of property from infant heirs occurred. Thus when Gui, sixth of the name, Seigneur of Roche Guyon, fell, he left an infant son and daughter.

Henry V., King of England, demanded the homage of Dame Perette, widow of Gui, a daughter of Bureau de la Rivière. This lady refused to hold her castle and lands at the price of acknowledging an usurper. The estate was confiscated by Henry in 1419, and Dame Perette wandered into exile with her two infants. On the expulsion of the English, the little boy returned to his castle, as Gui, seventh of the name. He was the last male of the line, and his only daughter, Marie, carried the estate to her husband, Bertin de Silly, in her right Seigneur de Roche Guyon. This is an example of the mode in which the difference between patronymic and territorial designation so frequently originated in the fifteenth century.

VII.

The honourable ordinaries have been regarded by some heralds as significant of different portions of the panoply or of the attire of the knight. Thus the chief has been said to represent the helmet, the fess the military girdle, the bend the baldric or sword belt, the pale the lance, and the chevron the saddle. It may, however, well be doubted whether these supposed resemblances are more than imaginary. The cross and the saltire, which form ordinaries of the same group as those above enumerated, cannot be referred to the same symbolism. Nor is there any heraldic tradition known which associates the ordinaries with military events, in such a manner as the barry coats of the De Chatillon, the De Coucy, and the De Longueval, the alérions of De Montmorenci, or the chains of D'Albret, are attributed to the commemoration of famous fights. With regard to some of the bearings of a secondary nature, this hieroglyphic significance is more probable.

Thus besants are said to indicate the sovereign right to coin money; and the six besants borne by the Dukes of Aquitaine are cited in support of this view. Billets are said to signify castles; tourteaux, bread of munition; fusees, patience; the bordure, protection. Sometimes 'the minor charges are associated with distinct family traditions, as in the case of the chabots, or bull-heads, borne by the noble House of that name, in commemoration of a siege when the defenders were reduced to support life on that insignificant fish. The thirteen crutch-shaped pieces which accompany the bend and cottices of the arms of Champagne are said to be intended to signify the 13 châtellenies into which that ancient county was divided. But charges of this kind usually originate within historic dates, and have little resemblance to the simple and noble divisions and ordinaries of the most ancient coats. The chain was imposed on the gules scutcheon of D'Albret in 1212, and the coat thus charged was borne by Henri the Fourth in a separate shield, under the crown of France, side by side with the scutcheon of the lilies, as King of France and Navarre, before the union of the kingdoms. It is probably more accurate to regard the ancient ordinaries as originally means for the regulation of the bearing of tinctures, and as the first step in complexity of armorial bearings from the simple division of the coat.

The imports of the several heraldic metals and tinctures are described by the ancient French writers. Much is to be found on this subject in "*Le Palais de L'Honneur*" of the Père Anselme. The association of the heraldic colours with the planets, to such a degree that the names of the planets were at times used, in blazoning the

arms of sovereign princes, to denote the tinctures, gives weight to the attribution in question. The chief symbolisations of the tinctures were as follows :—

Or, gold, in the language of heraldry, Sol, the sun, in the coats of princes, topaz in those of great nobles, which is represented graphically by dots over the surface of the field, symbolised faith, justice, charity, honesty, prosperity, constancy, or wealth.

Argent, silver; Luna, the moon, on royal coats; pearl, as a gem; a white field; signifies purity, hope, truth, conscience, beauty, gentility, frankness, and candour.

Azure, blue, the colour of the planet Jupiter, and of the gem sapphire, signifies chastity, loyalty, fidelity, and good repute. It is denoted by the engraver by parallel horizontal lines.

Gules, red, the colour of the planet Mars, and of ruby among gems, signifies love, valour, hardihood, courage, and generosity. It is denoted by vertical lines.

Sable, black, the colour of Saturn among planets, and of diamond among gems, denotes prudence, wisdom, and constancy in adversity and in sorrow. It is denoted by vertical, crossed by horizontal, lines.

Vert or synople, green, the colour of the planet Venus, and of the emerald, is held to denote courtesy, civility, love, joy, and abundance. It is denoted by diagonal lines drawn from left above to right below.

Purpure or purple, a rare and probably a lately introduced heraldic colour, has no planetary equivalent. It is held to denote devotion, temperance, liberality, and (as the colour of the imperial robe) sovereign authority. It is denoted by diagonal lines, in the opposite direction to those signifying vert.

Ermine denotes purity, chastity, and immaculate honour. The ermine shield, plain, or uncharged, with the motto, "*Malo mori quam foedari*," was assumed by Jean V., dit le Vaillant, Duc de Bretagne, in 1255.

The arms of the temporal peers of France are good examples of early heraldry. They were as follows:—

The Duke of Burgundy, which (before the legacy of the lordship of the Dauphin of Auvergne to the King of France gave the title of that noble to the heir of the throne) was the first title borne by a French subject, bore bendy of six pieces, azure and or. This very ancient coat is still worn, by descent, among the quarterings of the Emperor of Austria, and of the King of the Two Sicilies. The Dukes of Burgundy of the second line, originating in Philippe le Hardi, son of Charles V., King of France, bore the lilies of France within a bordure compony (or composed of alternate squares) of argent and gules.

The Duke of Normandy bore two lions, or, on a field gules. In ancient heraldry the posture of the animal borne was not distinguished. William the Conqueror, Duke of Normandy, neither changed nor augmented his arms on the conquest of England; and the arms of Normandy alone were borne by the Kings of England and Dukes of Normandy down to the time of Henry II., who is said to have added the third lion on his marriage with Eleanor, Duchess of Aquitaine, in virtue of her territorial rights. Three lions have since been borne by the successive English sovereigns; and have been quartered with the arms of Scotland, of Ireland, of France, in virtue of the claims long urged to the French succession, and, under the Kings of the House of Guelph, with those of

their German dominions. The lions of England (which some heralds assert to be leopards, on the supposed ground that only one lion can be borne on a field, unless two are represented fighting) are now blazoned as passant guardant. The arms borne by Edward the Confessor, and not adopted by Duke William, a cross molinée between five merlets, are preserved in the scutcheon of the Abbey of Westminster, and afford a very authentic example of coat armour more ancient than the crusades.

The Duke of Aquitaine bore azure under a chief or, six besants, argent. In English heraldry the besants are termed plates. The arms of Aquitaine do not appear to have been assumed by the kings of either France or England on their successive marriages with the same Duchess Eleanor, nor are they borne in subsequent heraldry. The House of Reigner, which was allied to the Dukes of Aquitaine, bears the besants without the chief.

The Count of Toulouse bore one of the most curiously conventionalised forms of cross known to the herald. His arms are described as *gules à la croix pattée, vidée, or, pommétée argent*. The bearing, of which we give a cut, was the skeleton or outline of a curvilinear cross, with three silver besants, or apples, on the end of each limb. These were said to represent the twelve apostles. That the Cross of Toulouse was older than the first crusade appears from the fact that the Papal Legate, Adhemar Viscount de Lombes, Bishop of Puy, bore *parti, France and Toulouse*.

The Count of Flanders bore Or, a lion sable; a bearing which has descended to the Imperial House of Austria, and to the Royal House of the two Sicilies.

The Count of Champagne bore

azure, a bend or, accompanied by two pairs of cottices, charged with thirteen pieces potencées, argent; the symbols, as before said, of the thirteen châtellenies of the county. It should be remarked that Stephen de Champagne Blois, King of England, appears to have borne as arms of his own selection three centaurs, which are even now to be found on the tiles of the Chapter House of Westminster, instead of those of either his maternal ancestor, the Duke of Normandy and King of England, those of Champagne, or those of Boulogne.

VIII.

One striking peculiarity of French heraldry is the simplicity of the bearings, coupled with the great antiquity of their origin. In the heraldry of all countries, when a family becomes extinct in the male line, leaving a daughter as heiress, the husband of such an heiress bears the arms of her House in a small shield, called a scutcheon of pretence, in the middle of his own coat of arms. The children of such a marriage quarter the arms of both parents; unless, as sometimes happens, it be arranged in the settlement that the first child shall carry on the representation of one House, and the second that of another. In the course of 600 or 800 years, some Houses, by continually marrying heiresses, have accumulated quarterings. The most famous, if not absolutely the most complicated, coat of arms thus produced, is that of the Emperor of Austria. So remarkable was the fortune of that House in this respect that it is commemorated by the old line,

"Stent alii gladio, tu, felix Austria, nibe."

The Emperor Francis Joseph bears sixty-six quarterings on his scutcheon, which is divided into

nine grand quarters, six of which bear scutcheons of pretence. The centre quarter contains the three coats of Hapsburg, Austria, and Lorraine. A French prince would have borne the arms of Austria alone, viz., gules, a fess argent.

In French heraldry the rule has prevailed from the earliest times that the head of the House bore on his scutcheon the original arms of his line alone, without charges or quarterings. The appearance of these on the shield denoted a younger son. In England a special charge, or difference, is attributed to each son; the first bearing what is called a label on his paternal coat, the second a crescent, and so on for as many as nine sons. In France the distinctions of the younger sons, if they established lineages of their own, were more arbitrary. Labels of three, four, or five points were borne; bordures were introduced; or the quartering of maternal arms was adopted. What was called the pennon, indeed, was also carried by the great families, and contained all the quarterings to which they were entitled. But the scutcheon, as before said, was simple, and for the most part unaccompanied by either crest, supporters, or motto; which accompaniments, since the 14th century, have been always borne by English peers. The French nobles sometimes adopted a *cri*, or war cry, which was borne over, and not under, the arms. Sometimes these *cris* are of great antiquity and significance, as in the case of the proud invocation of the De Montmorenci. Sometimes several nobles had the same *cri*, indicating the crusading chief under whom they sailed to Palestine. Thus some of the oldest nobles in Languedoc had the common *cri* "Tolose," as the companions of the Count of Toulouse to the Holy Land. *Godefridus mihi dedit*

is a crusading *eri* belonging to the family of Thomas. *Fert, fert, fert*, is the *eri* of the House of Savoy, from the time of Count Amadeus, the defender of Rhodes. It is said to indicate the words *Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit*. The Dukes of Guise, younger members of the House of Lorraine, bore a shield of eight quarters, with Lorraine on a scutcheon of pretence. The Duke de Merceur, another cadet of this great house, bore the same arms with a blue label over all. The Duke de Mayenne, yet another cadet of the same house, quartered the nine bearings of Guise with the arms of Bretagne, Este, and France. The Duke of Chevruse, still a younger branch, quartered Lorraine as before with a piece containing six minor quarters, Albret in the first and fifth, La Mark in the second and sixth, and Burgundy in the third and fourth.

IX.

Twenty-five regal and royal lines descended from Hugh Capet, and may be traced from father to son through the course of the history of France. The more ancient the establishment of each such line, where a representative yet exists, the more distant is the affinity from the actual head of the House of France. The direct line of the Capetian kings came down from lance to lance through 14 descents to the infant Jean I.; the male line ending, as has been the case with so many royal lines, with the succession of three brothers to the throne.

Under the Salic law, then for the first time enforced in the House of Capet, the kingdom of France, on the death of Charles IV. without a son, devolved on Philip, Count of Valois, son of Charles, Count of Valois, third son of King Philip III. But the king-

dom of Navarre, which had been assumed by Philip IV. of France, in right of his wife Jeanne, daughter and heiress of Henri le Gros, King of Navarre, descended, according to the ordinary rule of heritage, to Jeanne, daughter of King Philip V. She married the Comte d'Evreux, a descendant of King Philip III., and the kingdom of Navarre, falling to the spindle successively in the houses of Evreux, Foix, and Albret, descended to Anthony of Bourbon, under the crown of whose son it was again united to the kingdom of France. "By the which marriage" as Shakespeare remarks of the earlier marriage of King Philip II.,

The line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of
France.

The lines that branched from the original stem of the house of Capet were as follows:—

(1) The line of Robert of France, Duke of Burgundy, son of King Robert the Pious, which endured for ten male descents, after which the Duchy was re-united to the crown in 1361. The arms of Burgundy were before described.

(2) The line of Henri of France, King of Portugal, grandson of King Robert the Pious, which endured through thirteen male descents to the year 1580.

(3) The line of Fleury of France, son of King Philip I. and of Bertrade of Anjou. Fleury married the heiress of Nangis, and the heritage fell to the spindle through the houses of Venisy, Britaut, Montmorenci, Veres, and Brichanteau, to Louis Reignier, Marquis of Guerchy and of Nangis, in 1744.

(4) The line of Robert of France, Comte de Dreux, son of King Louis VI., which lasted for seven male descents. Pierre de Dreux, grandson of Robert, married Alix de Thouars, heiress of Bretagne. The dukedom of Bretagne was created

in 1297, in the person of Jean II., who married Beatrix of England, daughter of King Henry III., and was temporarily re-united to the Crown of France by the marriage of Anne, heiress of Duke Francis II., with Charles VIII., and on his death with Louis XII.; and permanently on the marriage of Claude of France, Duchess of Bretagne, with King Francis I.

(5) The line of Pierre of France, brother of Robert, who married the heiress of Courtenay. The line endured for five male descents, giving two emperors to Constantinople. The heiress, the Empress Catherine, married Charles, Comte de Valois. The arms of Courtenay are, or, three tourteaux; or roundels gules.

(6) The line of Robert of France, Comte D'Artois, son of King Louis VIII., endured for seven male descents. The heritage passed through Catherine, daughter of Robert III., to the house of Ponthieu, and thence to those of Harcourt, Brouilly, and Reignier. The arms of Artois were those of France, charged with a label of three points gules, each point charged with three castles, or.

(7) The line of Charles of France, Count of Anjou, brother of the last, King of Sicily, endured for five male descents, and attained the throne of Hungary by the marriage of Charles II. with Mary of Hungary. The crown fell to the spindle, in the person of Mary, Queen of Hungary, in the fifth descent. The parallel line of the Kings of Naples ended in the person of Jeanne I., Queen of Naples, and wife of Andrew, King of Hungary; and that crown was bequeathed by that princess to Louis of Anjou, founder of the third House of that name, second son of John, King of France. The arms of Charles, Comte D'Anjou, were France, with a bordure gules.

(8) The line of Robert of France, Comte de Clermont, son of St. Louis, who married the heiress of Bourbon, and is represented, in the nineteenth generation, by Henri of France, fifth of the name, now called the Comte de Chambord. Arms, France, oppressed with a bend gules, until the time of Henri IV., King of France, when the bend was removed.

(9) The line of Charles of France, Comte de Valois, son of King Philip III., which in the second descent was called to the throne. The arms of Valois were those of France, within a bordure gules, being the same as those previously borne by Charles, Comte D'Anjou.

(10) The line of Jeanne of France, Queen of Navarre, daughter of King Louis X., which united the following line.

(11) The line of Louis of France, Comte d'Evreux, brother of Charles of Valois, which, as before mentioned, obtained the kingdom of Navarre. Arms, France, within a bordure compony, argent and gules.

(12) The line of Charles, Comte d'Alençon, son of Charles de Valois, the heritage of which fell to the House of Bourbon; the male line ending in 1525. Arms, France, with a bordure gules, charged with 8 besants, or.

The representation of the male line of St. Louis, and the inheritance of the crown of France fell, on the death of Charles IV., as before mentioned, to (13) Philip VI., grandson of King Philip III. The crown fell from lance to lance for six descents, which ended in the person of Charles VIII., in 1498. The next male heir of the line was Louis XII., (14) son of Charles, and grandson of Louis, Duke of Orleans, son of King Charles V. Louis XII., leaving at his death

only two daughters, Claude, Duchess of Bretagne, and afterwards Queen of France, and Renée, Duchess of Lorraine, the crown descended to (15) Francis, first of the name, Count d'Angoulême, great grandson of Louis, Duke of Orleans, before named. The line of Orleans-Angoulême endured for only three generations, ending, as the Capetian line had done, in the successive elevation to the throne of three brothers; Francis II., Charles IX., and Henri III. On the death of the last, in 1589, the next male heir was Henri de Bourbon (16), King of Navarre, descendant, in the tenth generation, of St. Louis.

Two lines branched from the House of Valois, after its accession to the throne of France; that of (17) Louis, Duke of Anjou, King of Naples, and that of (18) Philip, Duke of Burgundy. (19) Jean, Duke of Berri, brother of the last named princes, all of whom were the sons of King John le Bon, left only daughters. The lines of Anjou and of Burgundy both ultimately fell through the spindle to the House of Lorraine. The arms of this, the third, House of Anjou, were France, charged with a label of five points, gules. Those of the second line of Dukes of Burgundy were France, within a bordure compony, argent and azure.

The remaining Royal lines of France have branched from the House of Bourbon. (20) The Princes of Condé, descendants of Louis, Prince of Condé, brother of Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre, became extinct in the person of Louis Antoine Henri, Duke D'Enghien, kidnapped and murdered by Buonaparte at Vincennes in 1804, in the 17th generation from St. Louis. (21) The Princes of Conti became extinct in 1734. The smaller branches of Bourbon Soissons, La Roche-sur-Yon;

Bourbon Carenci, Bourbon Duisant, and Bourbon Preaux, have been long extinct, without furnishing any personage of great historic importance. The House of Orleans descended from Philippe Duke of Orleans, second son of King Louis XIII. The representative of the royal line nearest to that of France is (22) Jean Charles Marie Isidore, Infant of Spain, the descendant of Philippe, Duke of Anjou, and King of Spain, grandson of King Louis XIV. (23) Francis, King of the Two Sicilies, Francis de Assisi, King Consort of Spain, and Francis of Bourbon and Braganza, Infant of Spain, are cadets of this branch, descended from Charles III., King of Spain, son of King Philip V. (24) Robert, Duke of Parma, descends from Philip, brother of Charles III., and is thus a step further removed in affinity from the main line than are the three princes previously mentioned. (25) The House of Orleans is the junior of all the branches of the House of Bourbon; its derivation from the same being two generations earlier than that of the Spanish and Italian Princes. The Comte de Paris and his uncles have a maternal descent from Louis XIII. through the Neapolitan Bourbons; but it is difficult to admit, on the principles of high Legitimist doctrine, that a lineage can be traced to St. Louis through the individual who was deservedly guillotined under the name which he had given himself of Egalité.

It is true that the Salic law is an anomaly in the laws of descent of the Aryan nations, and even of the Franks themselves, being limited to the crown of France and certain ancient fiefs. Orleans is one of these. La Grande Mademoiselle, daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, succeeded to her father's Dukedom of Montpensier, to the

sovereignty of Dombes, and to other honours, while the Dukedom of Orleans, under the Salic law, reverted to the crown. But it must be remembered that, from the death of Hugh Capet to that of Louis XVI., not a drop of French blood had been shed in the quarrel of a disputed succession. It may be said that the claim of Henry V. of England to the crown was a case of disputed succession. It is true that the advocates of the English king objected to the Salic law. But it must be remembered that even if this had been abrogated, the heiress of France would have been, not Isabelle, Queen of Edward II. of England, but Jeanne, Queen of Navarre. The English wars in France were simply those of foreign conquest. In England, on the other hand, a clear title to the crown in the reigning sovereign has been the exception rather than the rule. On no conceivable principle of legitimacy could both the daughters of Henry the VIIIth claim to

succeed to his dominions. If Mary Tudor had a claim, her heir was Mary, Queen of Scots. If Elizabeth had a claim, Mary Tudor was a usurper. Again we must remember how the Spanish peninsula had been deluged with blood in the present century, in consequence of the illegal attempts of two sovereigns to dispossess the male heir for the benefit of their own daughters; a procedure condemned by every rule of right and sense of justice. The fact is that a bad law, if understood and observed, is better than a scramble. The claims to succession in England, since the death of Henry I., and in Spain and Portugal since the attempt to abolish the Salic law, have been a succession of scrambles; and the adoption of either the Salic law, the law of Mohammedan descent, or borough English itself, if honestly and invariably carried out, would probably have secured the peace of the country as completely as would the observance of the true law of heraldic representation.

NOTE.—By the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Daldy, Isbister & Co., we reproduce three of the woodcuts of Mr. Conder's book, "*The Child's History of Jerusalem*," in illustration of the preceding article. The initial letter gives a portrait of Georges Reigner de Guerchy, Grand Prior of France in 1604, from a portrait by Rubens. He wears the costume of his rank. The second cut contains the arms of the Christian Kings of Jerusalem. In the centre is the gold cross of Jerusalem on its silver ground, under the helmet worn by King Reigner the Good, of the third line of the House of Anjou. On the pennons are the arms of (on the left hand) 1. Godfrey of Bouillon, d. 1100; 2. Baldwin, his brother, d. 1118; 3. Baldwin II. (du Bourg), d. 1131; 4. Foulques, Comte d'Anjou, d. 1142; (on the right hand) 5. Guillaume de Montferrat; 6. Gui de Lusignan, d. 1192. 7. Henri de Blois, Count Palatine of Champagne, d. 1197; 8. Jean de Brienne, Comte d'Eu; and 9. the Emperor Frederic II., who successively held the title of King of Jerusalem. The crosses below are those of the Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, and the Knights Templars. The arms represented on the last cut are those of the Count of Toulouse, of Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, and of Sir Pierre Reigner, the first Christian knight killed in the first Crusade.

LAYS OF THE SAINTLY.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

NO. 17.—SISTER BEATRICE.

This is the metre Columbian. The soft-flowing trochees and dactyls,
 Blended with fragments spondaic, and here and there an iambus,
 Syllables often sixteen, or more or less, as it happens,
 Difficult always to scan, and depending greatly on accent,
 Being a close imitation, in English, of Latin hexameters—
 Fluent in sound, and avoiding the stiffness of commoner blank verse,
 Having the grandeur and flow of America's mountains and rivers,
 Such as no bard could achieve in a mean little island like England :
 Oft, at the end of a line, the sentence dividing abruptly
 Breaks, and in accents mellifluous follows the thoughts of the author.

I.

In the old miracle days, in Rome the abode of the saintly,
 To and fro in a room of her sacred conventual dwelling,
 Clad in garments of serge, with a veil in the style of her Order,
 Mass-book and rosary, too, and a bunch of keys at her girdle,
 Walk'd, with a pensive air, Beatrice, the Carmelite sister.
 Fair of aspect was she, but a trifle vivacious and worldly,
 And not altogether cut out for a life of devout contemplation.
 More of freedom already had she than the rest of the sisters,
 For hers was the duty to ope the gates of the convent, and take in
 Messages, parcels, *et cetera*, from those that came to the wicket.
 Ever and often she paused to gaze at the face of Our Lady,
 Limned in a picture above by some old pre-Raphaelite master ;
 Then would she say to herself (because there was none else to talk to)—
 “ Why should I thus be inmured, when people outside are enjoying
 Thousands of sights and of scenes, while I'm not allowed to behold them,
 Thousands of joys and of changes, while I am joyless and changeless ?
 No ; I can stand it no longer. I'll hasten away from the convent.

Now is the time, for all's quiet ; there's no one to see or to catch me." So resolving at length, she took off her habit monastic, And promptly arrays herself in smuggled secular garments ; Then on the kneeling-desk she laid down the keys, as a safe place Where some one or other, or somebody else, would certainly find them. "Take thou charge of these keys, blest Mother," then murmur'd Beatrice, "And guard all the nuns in this holy but insupportable building." And as she spoke these words, the eyes of the picture were fastened With mournful expression upon her, and tears could be seen on the canvass : Little she heeded, however, her thoughts had played truant before her. Then stole she out of the portal, and never once looking behind her, Wrapped in an ample cloak, and further concealed by the darkness, Out through the streets of the city Beatrice quickly skedaddled.

II.

Out in the world went Beatrice, her cell was left dark and deserted ; Scarce had she gone when, lo ! with wonderment be it related, Down from her canvass and frame there stepp'd the blessed Madonna, Took up the keys and the raiment Beatrice had quitted, and wore them, Also assuming the face and the figure of her who was absent ; Became in appearance a nun, so that none could discover the difference, Save that the sisters agreed that the portress, Beatrice, was growing Better and better, as one who aspired to canonisation, Daily abounding in grace, a pattern to all in the convent ; Till it would not have surprised them to see a celestial halo Gather around her head, and pinions sprout out from her shoulders, That, when too good for this world, she might fly away to a better. Her post was below her deserts, and so by promotion they made her Mistress of all the novices seeking religious instruction. Such was her great success in that tender and beautiful office, Her pupils all bloomed into saints—and some of the very first water.

III.

Many a day had pass'd since Beatrice escaped from the convent ; Much had she seen of the world, and its wickedness greatly distress'd her ; Oft she repented her act, and long'd to return, yet she dared not, Oft was determined to go, still she "stood on the order of going." Thus at last it occur'd that her convent's secular agent Entered one day in the house where the truant sister was staying, But, changed as she was in appearance, he did not know her from Adam, Whilst he in his clerical garb was to her a familiar figure.

“ Now I shall learn,” thought she, “ what they say of my flight and my absence.”

And so she eagerly asked of the nuns, and of Sister Beatrice,
As of a friend she had known when living near to the convent.

“ Truly,” the factor replied, “ she is still the pride of our sisters,
Favourite too of the Abbess, and worthy of all our affection ;
Would there were more of her kind in *some* houses monastic I know of.”
Puzzled, and rather distress’d, then answered the truant *religieuse*,

“ She whom I speak of, alas ! was less of a saint than a sinner ;
She fled from the veil and the cell, so surely you speak of another ? ”

“ Not in the least, my child,” the secular agent responded,

“ Sister Beatrice, the saint-like, did *not* run away from the cloister ;
Mistress is she of the novices. Why should she go ? Stuff and nonsense ! ”

“ What can it mean ? ” thought Beatrice, “ and who is my double and namesake ? ”

So when the agent was gone, resolved she would settle the question,
Off to the convent she went, and knocked at the portal familiar,
Ask’d for the Sister Beatrice, was shewn to the parlour and found a
Counterpart of herself, as she was in her days of seclusion.

Down on her knees went Beatrice—the why and the wherefore she knew not.

“ Welcome, my daughter, again,” said her double, the blessed Madonna,

“ Now I restore you your keys, your robe, and your other belongings.

Adding the excellent name and promotion I’ve won in your likeness ;

Be you a nun as before, but more pious ; farewell ; take my blessing.”

Speaking, she melted away in the holy pre-Raphaelite picture.

Again was Beatrice “ herself,” like Richard the Third, *à la* Shakespeare,

Growing in grace from that day, and winning the glory of saintship ;

While each of the pupils she taught went to heaven as surely as she did.

DID JESUS KNOW GREEK ?

IF we suppose the existence of a society of sublime sages in the huge planet Jupiter, and that the leader of them, in the exordium of a flood of wise eloquence, were to be transported instantaneously and unconsciously to earth and placed upon one of our platforms, to proceed with his speech, what effect would he be likely to produce upon his new listeners? His mien might be majestic, his gestures might surpass in grace and emphasis those of our orators in the ratio of his planet's size to ours; his voice might be of stirring music, his eyes of inspiring fire; he might impress us with an indefinable feeling of awe and admiration; he might even sway us by the influence of his mighty and magnetic presence, but we should be unable to understand a single one of his words. And if we succeeded in mastering his vocabulary, we should in all likelihood find that for at least a large proportion of his words we had no corresponding ideas. And should we strive, further, to catch his metaphors and his figures of speech (such as we derive in our most ordinary conversation from the host of natural objects and combinations historically or actually around us), we should be still more at a loss. His comparisons would be meaningless to us, for lack of knowledge on our part of the objects from which they were drawn. We could not possibly reach to any satisfactory apprecia-

tion of him, and most probably most of us would laugh at the ignorance he, on his part, would shew of our state and circumstances, and his assumption in addressing us in the guise of a teacher. Did he really seek to communicate with us, he would have to adapt his large and jovial actions to our smaller habits and customs; he would have to laboriously learn the use and meaning of everything by which we are surrounded, and painfully acquire our language word by word. More than that, he would have to study the modes of thought familiar to us, and how to see things from our points of view; or he would be so terribly original that he would shock or startle the weaker minds amongst us, and puzzle our profoundest with sudden and unexpected novelties. And unless he sojourned with us some little while to gain experience of our various needs, of our hopes and fears, our peculiar prejudices and our nobler aspirations, his words would be no more to us than a curiosity: to be seriously addressed we must first be understood. So much for a messenger from another world situated in the same physical plane as ours.

Let us now take up a more difficult hypothesis. We will suppose (in spite of the materialists) that there exists a state for which, in however obscure and purblind a fashion, all nations yearn; as an ordinary reader, in face of a book

that he cannot understand and in which he yet is dimly conscious there is something really intelligible, might regard it in a way at once sulky, dissatisfied, half-contemptuous, and yet inwardly curious and doubtful. Let us imagine a state relative to ours as is pure and perfect ideal thought to our patchwork actualities, our political semi-chaos; a state where the life and surroundings of the individual are his own simple outcome, the beautiful or terrible truth of himself. This state, which may be called spiritual or ideal, actual or Utopian (if indeed it be not too purgatorial to be called Utopian), we may draw into comparison with that in which we at present dwell, a state muffled (for kindness to our too sensitive weaknesses) with the veil of the flesh. A state containing many refuges of unrealities, hiding-places of comfort and consolation, coverings of conceit, huge Caliban forms that we hug and fondle. A state or condition with surroundings that ensure to us the comparative repose of only a partial responsibility, wherein we are enshrouded from the fierce light that beats about the inner throne of Spirit by wrappages that are not our own; that is to say, by habits of physical or intellectual heredity. Outside of our personality we are surrounded by vast elemental coverings from whose dull but kindly thrall we rarely enfranchise ourselves. For we are blind to our native powers, or afraid to know them, lingering by preference in an easier, if more cloudy, condition of life.

Let us imagine the sweet and sorrowful prison-house of earth to have become more dull than its wont, its human denizens to have entered into a state too much shrouded from the regions of light for the secret commune known as, or resulting in, inspira-

tion, aspiration, intuition, poetry, revelation, prophecy, to be possible. Let us picture a world lost in worldliness, and wrapped in selfishness as in a cloud. What then? Why, the steps of the ladder of light have become a vanishing dream; the inner ear that caught the whisper of the angels passing along it is closed; for men have the power to close or open as they will, since the citadel of their individuality is their own to keep. This being the state of things, and the people unconsciously deteriorating within it, as they will, even with the calmest and most profound ethical teachers among them, high Nature's loving laws must evidently include some new development or fail from inadequacy.

We can imagine only three classes of reasons for a human individual being born on earth. We will roughly mark them out, touching as little as possible upon the deeper aspects of birth in a material world. One is pleasure, delight, enjoyment of external life. Another would include the gaining of experience, the growth of strength, the correction of special weaknesses, or the chastisement for faults; the third is surrender of personal life in order to benefit others. Sense-life or pleasure; probation or growth; mission or volunteership. There may be interminglings between the classes, but they are radically distinct; and in their separateness may be represented by animals, men, angels; consciousness, humanity, spirit:—imaginatively only, of course, and by permission of the materialists.

When earth grows dullest, then it requires the brightest teachers; this surely is the law.

We are imagining the earth to be very dull, and we have allowed that the inward voice man has the power to shut out.

If now the greatest archangel

from the realms of light were sent on a mission to earth, he could only approach us in two ways. He could impress the interior nature of such of us as might have any soul-side open to heavenly impress; a poet here and there, or a great preacher might feel a strange glow in his heart, and a new power and fire in his upflowing thought. The literature of the day would bear unwonted marks of heightened spirituality that might enrage the materialists as an outburst of moonshine unamenable to logic, and be voted meaningless and wanton because unprovable, self-condemned as the mere dogmatic assertion of imaginative ecstasies. The other way of approach to us would be that of our giant from Jupiter; the angel would have to take lips of flesh and descend to our language by learning our childish speech, and our worldly ways. And it would be very difficult for him to reduce his large area of vision, and its exposition in speech, to our customary standards, without assuming one of our hereditary bodies, to do which he would have to take the trouble to be born. Without intellectual training, and the possession of the measure of the habit of our minds, he might indeed communicate as it were by music, might make us conscious of strange and fascinating splendour, might exhale love like perfume, and awe by majestic presence. But if he set in order the grand machinery of the intellect, then indeed, and without losing his more mystic powers, he would be able to speak to us face to face, and in plain speech. We can deaden the heart's voice, we can stifle conscience, we can beat down love, we can be deaf to the inward monitor; but he would be able to arrest our attention by his commanding speech, to win our open-

hearted men by his sublime utterances, to hurl words like the sound of an awakening trumpet to those well nigh buried in the external senses, and to charm or dismay us with the example of a noble life. He would come home to us, and would be an undoubted power amongst us, apparently with little effort; a number of orderly persons, jealous of his influence, ashamed by his terrible truths, or afraid of his fearlessness, would protest against him as a disturbance; he would become the bane of the officials of autocratic governments, and might be sent to the treadmill. But he would be heard first, and not forgotten afterwards.

A man of a simple habit, but singular splendour, was living on earth near a score centuries ago, born, as was understood, of parents of moderate station, but of pure blood. He had some unusual notions about himself, and even said, not in an arrogant way, but as if he believed he were speaking the truth, that he had come from Heaven, and was not staying here for more than a little while, but was going back again. He gave little trouble, for, as the story runs, he maintained himself by carpentry. When he was about thirty, or the age when a man was thought to be a man, he left off making ploughs and yokes, and went about the country wherein he was born, as the old national prophets had gone about, and somewhat more busily than the rabbis of his day. He did more, however, than teaching or expounding, for he found time and strength to cure a number of shattered persons wherever he went, and shewed a special gift in the field of healing, and in divers other powers of which our present men of science have but small knowledge. He seemed to be embodied health and communicative of healthfulness.

He made little worldly show or appearance, seeming not to care for grandeur or position, or such greatness as magnates know; and he was a man of few requirements, being content with only one dish at a supper, and ready to go with none. He was ever brimming over with kindness in his manners, and ready to do anything for any one that needed it. He had a way of speaking out when indignation was called for, and some people are afraid of hearing the truth, and as they are stirred up, get angry. The rabbis generally were puzzled by him, for he seemed like themselves, and yet not like themselves. Whenever they tried to overthrow him in argument, a pursuit in which the learned schools of the time were much accomplished, he had a way of coming off best, and overthrowing them in a manner painful to their pride, and suggestive that they had not studied the Sacred Law in its highest spirit. He shewed a knowledge of the dialectic discussions of the time, and of the Scriptures on which they were founded, equal to that of the most reverend and cultivated doctor.

Considering the interest that is taken in him, it is strange that more attention has not been paid to his surroundings and to the probable circumstances of his early life and training. It seems—and it is perhaps indeed not unnatural that it should be so—as if conclusions were formed about him on different rules from those current in respect of ordinary men. And yet one modern person, in whose path many follow, with strange lack of insight alludes to him as being an amiable country youth of but scant culture, and shewing unmistakable evidences of provincial narrowness and lack of experience. Whatever

his narrowness in the chemical light of modern assumption, we find him at least a match, even in rhetoric and epigram, for the masters amongst a race well trained in learned argument; and, furthermore, he has been able to attract to him, in one way or another, both during his life and afterwards, the widest intellects as well as the largest hearts of the world.

To turn now from a general question to details more proper to our title. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said at a dinner party, in his enthusiasm for the great language of culture, that it would add to his happiness if he could prove that Jesus spoke Greek. It is unlikely that the Master currently spoke Greek, or that his sayings as we have them are his *ipsissima verba*. He would naturally converse in the best known language of his locality, which was Chaldee. From this Hebraic tongue were no doubt translated the original *logia* of Matthew.

But the question we would discuss is not whether he discoursed in a tongue that was not the vernacular, but whether he knew, sufficiently to read or speak it, a language that was too familiar to be regarded as entirely an alien in the country where he dwelt.

Many persons seem averse from considering the question whether Jesus received any scholastic education. Some, perhaps, take it for granted, without proper grounds, that he had no definite intellectual training at all.

Why, should he never have been a student, nay, a diligent student? and with fair and full opportunities of learning open to him. He was experienced in the modes of thought of his time; we have expressed our opinion on the somewhat difficult question of the power of the most sublime stranger

to use serviceable speech to men without knowing the ways in which they are wont to be spoken to. Why should not Jesus have been a student, whether of Hebrew or Hebraic, of Greek, or of Egyptian? There is no apparent impropriety in the idea, and yet, when some years ago we first conceived it, there was an inexplicable novelty in the consideration. We wrote to a learned acquaintance that we were engaged in a research upon the literary or philosophic studies to which Jesus might have had access. He replied, as no doubt would many on the first impulse of thought, "There seem to be few signs, if any, of Jesus's having been influenced by Greek literature; and the fact that Greek learning was eschewed by his contemporaries adds to the unlikelihood of his having been thus influenced. There seems to be no sort of clue to his history, until he appears on the stage for so short a time."

Was the master never a disciple? Did the labour and struggle of earth bequeath to him in his natural life no heritage? These questions are such that in every case but this one it would be supererogatory to put them, the answers are so obvious.

Every Jewish rabbi is described as the son of another rabbi; the teacher is regarded as the spiritual father of the taught. Clement of Alexandria says, "It is a good thing, I reckon, to leave to posterity good children. This is the case with children of our bodies. But words are the progeny of the soul. Hence we call those that have instructed us, *Fathers*." These questions arise, Who in this special sense were the Fathers of Jesus? At whose feet did the boy sit? In what "sacred vineyard" or school? Over what roll of a book did the young man earnestly

bend?—He learned at his mother's knee, and his books were the Prophets and the Psalms; such is the ready reply that rises to the lips. Too ready, indeed, it seems in presence of the fact that in his day the language of those Scriptures was a dead language. The ancient Hebrew was not the vernacular, required a scholar to read it, and was unknown to the masses.

Before considering the question of what literary culture was likely to reach a carpenter's shop in an obscure village of Galilee, we have to realise the fact that speculation must needs fall before evidence. Jesus, like everyone else that has entered this earth, shews a distinct and large indebtedness to the words and thoughts of his predecessors or fathers; the fact is clearly provable by a multiplicity of instances that may be adduced, of the correspondence, parallelism, relativeness, or sympathetic connection between their words and thoughts and his.

It remains then only to shew how Jesus could have become subject to such influences, or have commanded such culture, and on investigation it will be found that there is no difficulty in the explanation. The matter is simple in itself, and is complicated only by the habitual pre-judgment of the many that the career of Jesus, outside the accepted records, which do not profess to be exhaustive histories, is hidden in a vague golden cloud that it is not only profane but impossible to pierce.

As Greek was the dominant language of the literature of his time, we may take as a centre of investigation the question, Did Jesus know Greek?

For a period both preceding and subsequent to our era the Jewish people might thus be reckoned: An aristocratic Judaic party at Jerusalem, striving to keep together

the semblance of a nation that was in rags and tatters; intensifying all that was patriotically narrow, and yet touched within by a more expansive spirit, due to the freedom and culture of the schools. A mixed multitude in the north, lax and almost cosmopolitan in their habits (here was Galilee of the Gentiles), with whom nationality—perhaps never very strong—had been almost annihilated by repeated invasions; and where foreign influences conspired against the exclusiveness that Jerusalem strove to maintain. In Babylon the most famous school of Jewish thought had established itself, and was not to be bound by Jerusalem. And fourthly, in and about Alexandria were most important Jewish colonies, where Egyptian and Greek philosophy flowed over the old Judaic beliefs. Here and elsewhere transplanted Israelites read their Scriptures in a Greek dress; and gradually learned to use that language for original composition, as well as for translations of religious books, such as we may find in the collections known as Apocrypha, or mystic writings.

Greek language and culture overspread the countries traversed by the Macedonian conqueror, with Oriental ideas infusing themselves into the Greek system wherever it penetrated. Pyrrho, one of the philosophers who followed in the train of Alexander, had his mind filled with more doctrines than he could well digest and make fruitful in himself; and falling into a desolating unbelief and incredulity, established the school whose dogma was the unattainability of truth. Such, fortunately, would not be the hap of all who walked in the roads travelled by the great leaders of armies; when the treasures of wisdom were unlocked and their stores communicated, there were

many eager minds ready to profit thereby. As commerce opened the road between the western bazaars of Hindostan and the traders of Egypt, the scholar passed along it with joy, and the bonds of isolation that cramp the catholicity of thought and knowledge were somewhat loosened. There was a convergence of the remains of the great religious movements of old to the points where they most naturally met; and Judea was unable to be exempt from their influence. The sympathy between the best Oriental, Egyptian, and Hellenic thought and the spiritual ethics of Jesus, as also the deeper teachings of the rabbins, is evidenced in hundreds of parallelisms, of form as well as of substance, and proves that Palestine was not untouched by the expansion of the spheres of each nation's philosophy. The prolific harvest of Egypto-Judaic, Judeo-Babylonian, and Judeo-Hellenic literature, and the activity of the Jewish schools themselves, evidence the interior ferment; historic records can but shew the tracks along which these streams were tending. The disciples were full of doubt, disputation, and intelligence; they were but waiting for the master who should bring them the fire without which intellectual qualities are nothing.

The Greco-Syrian and Greco-Egyptian multitudes not only traversed Palestine through and through, as the Babylonians had previously done; but terrible oppression was brought to bear to crush the Jewish bigotry. The obstinate few, persecution doubtless hardened in their proud, patriotic exclusiveness; the reasonable many could not and did not escape a considerable Hellenisation.

In the Talmud, says Deutsch, an undoubted authority, "We hear of Coptic, Aramaic, Persian, Median,

Latin, but, above all, Greek. The terms in which this last language is spoken of verge on the transcendental. This also is the only language which it seems to have been incumbent to teach even to girls." Knowing the charm of the language, and the pure poetry of its loving religion to be found underlying its gross corruptions, it is not to be wondered at that Greece wielded a magic wand of influence over those with whom she came in contact. Even the dominant classes gave way to her fascination, those that were ever ready to revolt at any foreign indignity, for very fear of being swallowed up imperceptibly by the terrible Gentiles; even the stiff-necked race that proclaimed itself unique, isolated, superior to all, was not insensible to the charm. Says Deutsch again (Deutsch, whose article on the Talmud so interested Englishmen as to lead to repeated editions of the number of the *Quarterly Review* in which it appeared):—"As the commonwealths successively came in contact, however much against its will at first, with Greece and Rome, their history, geography, and language came to be added as a matter of instruction to those of Persia and Babylon When Hellenic scepticism in its most seductive form had, during the Syrian troubles, begun to seek its victims even in the midst of the 'Sacred Vineyard,' and threatened to undermine all patriotism and all independence, a curse was pronounced upon Hellenism. . . . But the danger over, the Greek language and culture were restored to their previous high position in both the school and the house." The very denunciations of the Jerusalemites of Greek learning, which in the Talmud mingle with the voices of other rabbis singing its praises,

are a sufficient proof that its influence had penetrated far. And the small aristocratic and priestly band of unimpeachable pedigree at Jerusalem, intrenched in the central fortress of their religion, had no power to prevent that influence from constantly exerting itself upon the mixed bulk of the people. Their jealous words are evidence of their consciousness of the growing cosmopolitanism that was fatal to the old pretensions. The incorporation of foreign thought was gradual and unseen; the forswearing of it spasmodic and local.

In regarding ancient religions from a modern point of view, there are special matters to be borne in mind. Of all the nations of antiquity perhaps the Jews were the most tenacious of their orthodoxy, and the most jealous of change. But even they again and again borrowed their ceremonial; and as to their ethical treasures, though they idolised their Scripture even to the letter, yet they had their own familiar methods of making it give sanction and cover, nay, more, an apparent origination, to the widest interpretations and the most unfettered spiritual thought. Most other races, however unwilling to break up any ceremonial observance that was the wonted charm of the multitude, yet amongst their wise ones were under no such fear or restriction, and freely communicated such things as they had. The seven immortal benefactors or preservers of the universe who form the members of the divine company of heaven, according to the Zoroastrians, are found to represent no persons, and to be named by no proper names, but to be personifications only or symbols of the attributes of the one God. So among the Hellenized races, to add a new God to the Pleroma was to the wise but to enlarge the con-

ception of the supreme qualities of the Eternal—another facet of the infinite lustre was brought to view; another addition to man's faculty of appreciation and reverence was made. A large part of Palestine may be considered to belong to this latter school of freedom.

Another difference between the present and the past must be borne in mind. Now, the world is open to everyone. There are no guarded secrets that may not be mastered by study—for the truly occult is buried almost out of sight. No writer withholds his most cherished thought from the multitude. Our means of communication are superb, our power of distributing intelligence unexampled; and the chief use made of the magnificent means of inter-communication is to flash backwards and forwards the prices of stocks and rates of the markets, with the details of politics, regarded, not from the point of view of interior or wide significance, but from the selfish eyehole of trade. The daily bread that our newspapers give us is mainly the bread of earth. Almost all can read, but there is no room in the journals, and no eager call from their readers, for a word betokening or calling heed to man's spiritual needs and interest, as the ancients held it. The main chance, as now regarded, is the chance of the nether world.

That the necessary work which results in our sustenance, shelter, and certain civilised advantages, is best done without any intrusion of the mystical part of us, we fully agree. There is a time for everything, and when we are weighing out coals or speculating in merchandise, our business is to do that well, and not to make a miscalculation from having our brains filled with shining webs. The ideal can well afford to be remote and merely

incidental while the bodily needs are being served; it has its own due and lofty place in our economy, and seeks no further; in the highest art work alone, or in that soul only whose religion is a thing of every day can the ideal and the real go hand in hand.

But with regard to the supply of that inner life in its own due time, it may be said that we accumulate freshly and constantly for our physical needs, but allow the store of the bread of heaven to become thin and dry and eaten out with the worm of unrealised doctrine. The accumulated religious thought of the world waits but our option; lies ready for our earnestness to turn it over and make it our own; all is easy to us. With the philosophers of old circumstances were very different; the acquirement of knowledge was beset with the gravest difficulties, but they surmounted them for themselves; they perhaps were not many in number, but they had open souls that loved to feed at the founts of inspiration and sacred lore. The few sought strenuously for the esoteric knowledge and eagerly prized it; now everyone has it (at least in superficial appearance) but it is not of priceless estimation as of old. We must not forget to reckon our own glorious gains of breadth and freedom, but the true test of comparison is not in the opportunity but in the use made of it; in the state, and not merely in the position, of the individual man. What was lacking in convenience was made up for by effort; a man would spend half his years in getting hold of a key that would unlock the deepest mysteries of life; now we are somewhat careless of that deeper spring, and distracted by the multiplicity and importance of the external and superficial:—
The world is too much with us;
late and soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste
our powers ;
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a
sordid boon !

Some few words of this kind seem to be necessary to enable us to appreciate the difference between the ancient and the modern student. In the time of Jesus knowledge, being more difficult to acquire, was acquired more really, more vitally. We read widely now of diffuse writings, and outside the field of physics are but seldom clear or deep thinkers. The oral teaching of old, on the other hand, abbreviated expression and intensified thought, which took the form of the pithy sentences, sayings, epigrams, gnomes, parables, oracles, that have come down to us. The memory, strengthened by exercise, held fast these crystal forms, and gave the mind time to drink their essence to the full. Prominent with us to-day are speculations on the physical origin of man, but they shew a blank as regards the inner or real man ; the spiritual law that is the essence of his being, past, present, and future, is ignored and unknown. This fact should rebut modern civilisation's shallow arguments in favour of itself, and in depreciation of earlier forms of life. Once intercommunication was difficult, but Pythagoras, and such as resemble him, are found gathering like bees of the golden honey of many lands. Now we may penetrate into the depths of the ancient mysteries at will (on second thoughts, no, we may only touch their surface!), by taking a volume from a shelf close to us ; but the prevalent lack of interest on our part makes those mysteries more remote from us in a true sense than did the continents and seas that barred the eager students of old, or the primitive mechanical knowledge

that had failed to provide them with steamboats, newspapers, circulating libraries, penny posts, or telegraphs. Now, with wide knowledge, and power of analysis enlarged, we languidly discuss a sermon, or criticise a new book ; then, truths that were felt and held because self-estimable, were passed like a sacred torch from hand to hand, among the reverent and ardent few, kindling beacons of philosophy from which, unknown to ourselves, we still derive illumination. We are not without earnest students and teachers, but with all our advantages how little we have to shew of any really profound knowledge of our inner selves !

Were there not determined prejudices in vogue, were there not an artificial halo surrounding Judea, and a crudely miraculous nimbus made to encircle the head of Jesus (a nimbus of less glory, magnitude, and miracle than his own true light), it would not be necessary so to insist upon the fact that the religious thought of the Jews at the commencement of our era was more largely indebted to later foreign influences than to its early sources. The matter proves itself so simply that it needs only that unbiassed, unexpurgated history be left to speak for itself. Neither would it be necessary to assert that the teachings of Jesus, although original and with the inevitable heightening and deepening that he gave to every thought he touched, indeed almost too original to be borne by his hearers, were not wholly original, but in reasonable part, the heritage of his fathers. Nor, further, would it be necessary to shew that in an age of insignificant traffic, as compared with our modern commercial interchange, there was one commodity that so transcended other merchandise that it was

sought for from land to land, and borne in the shrine of men's souls over difficult continents and seas,—the priceless freight of wisdom.

It is of outside influences as affecting Jesus that we have first to speak, and some cloudy prejudice has to be fairly met and penetrated. There are many, no doubt, who cannot at once step from the consideration of a mystical child, kept secretly apart for fear of jealous kings, and nurtured in a remote village in a rural province of Palestine, or of a still more mystical man, an ineffable unit of a composite Godhead, to that of a man of laborious learning, a skilled logician and a profound philosopher. Of the quality and character of his life and actions there are many things to say, but here we consider him a teacher, and have to do with the mundane expression of his thoughts, and with the question how he gained that faculty of expression.

The Hebrew Scriptures, as we have said, were in a dead language; and Galilee, far from being a sparsely inhabited region of idyl, a sort of poetic lakeland, was the most densely peopled part of Palestine. If we are to believe Josephus, its population extended to millions, and its smallest city or village was of fifteen thousand inhabitants. The province was an object of jealousy, and Galilean a term of reproach with the southern Jews, whose chief men sought to keep themselves uncontaminated by foreign influence; for it was tenanted by a mixed rather than a Jewish race, and subject to continual intercourse with Greeks, Phoenicians, and others.

Jewish Galilee as a tract was what Palestine was as a country, the least self-contained in the world. Palestine, though severed from other countries by a sea on the one hand, and desert regions on

others, was, as we have shewn, isolated in seeming and not in reality. It became the meeting ground of opposing nations, and a pathway of commerce; and the sea rather brought foreign influences to its shores than kept them away. Moreover, within its own borders it contained a multitude of tribes that had never been wholly subjugated or banished by the Jew; and it was subject to such a variety of foreign dominion that its physical barriers and hedges could have been of but small account. Galilee, similarly, though apparently the most remote and isolated of provinces, is really the least so. Its division and remoteness is from the province representing national Judaism; its isolation is that it is environed by what is not Jewish. It is bounded on the north by Phœnicia, renowned for its activity and trade, prone to letters, and possessed of an immense theogonical literature. On the east flows the Jordan, and the districts on the other side were Syrian and Greek. On the south was Samaria, with her own version of the Pentateuch, her own mount of worship, and her hostility to her rival at Jerusalem. Galilee was not like Jerusalem, fighting the battle of national pride against foreign thought; for the foreigners overpowered the Jews. Cæsarea, a coast town on the borders of Galilee, and twenty-five miles from Nazareth, although the civil and military capital of Palestine, was chiefly inhabited by other races than Jews, but contained some thousands of the latter. There was a standing dispute to whom the city belonged, and frequent contentions, owing to the diversity of faiths within its walls. It was built by an Idumæan, Edomite, or half Jew; but filled with statues and temples that were by no means Jehovistic or Jewish.

The direct rule of Greek princes for more than a century and a half had left its indelible mark—a mark that the succeeding rule of the Maccabees could not put away, and which the Roman rule rather deepened than, otherwise. Ptolemais, which owes its name to the first Greek sovereign of the line of the Ptolemies, was but twenty miles from Nazareth. The foreign mark was to be seen in the name of the lovely plain of Esdraelon (the Greek form of Jezreel), which sweep of land extended to within two miles of Nazareth; while the border of Phœnicia was within two hours' walk. Within a mile or two east of the native place of Jesus ran a great trunk road from Damascus southwards, while westward twenty miles was the mystic Mount of Carmel, then Syrian, but always the haunt of prophets, who meditated in its groves that were like “thick tresses of the bride.” There are caves there with Greek inscriptions, “cave of the sons of the prophets.” Elijah had been there; and Pythagoras, journeying to Egypt, spent several days upon the mount (Iamblichus, *Life of Pythag.* III.) This was a half millennium before the time we are now speaking of; but the character of the place abided, for it now possessed a temple and college, and a few decades after our era commences we find Roman Vespasian consulting the oracle there.

As in Samaria there were great Herodian towns, the capital being given the name of Sebaste, the Greek equivalent of Augustus, so with Galilee. Mount Tabor held a fortified town. Sepphoris, an hour's walk from Nazareth, had a college of doctors, and a Sanhedrim established by the Romans. This and Tiberias were the largest cities of Galilee. The “masters of the law” composing such a Sanhedrim

were not necessarily all Hebrews. They formed, says Deutsch, “the most mixed assembly in the world. There were not only natives of all the parts of the world-wide Roman Empire among them, but also denizens of Arabia and Judea.”

The direct rule of Greek princes had ceased a century and a half before our era commences, but the better educated Romans spoke Greek, and their edicts, though officially published in Latin, were translated into Greek, which was the pre-eminent language of civilisation. As the Greek dominion began to wane, whether in Egypt or in Greece proper, some two centuries before our era, it might be thought that the language would also have lost ground. It seems rather to have established itself until it became, not the vernacular of a nation, but the common language of the learned. Without knowing this relation of the Greek language to the Roman power, it would be difficult to see how Palestine, although while under Greek rule it might have been fully impregnated with the Greek language, should not under Roman rule have lost it. The epigram of Horace (*Epist.* II. i. 156) will keep the truth in our mind:—
“Captive Greece took captive her rude conqueror.” During the reign of the earlier Ptolemies, Alexandria, the largest city in the world, and possessed of the largest library, had been the home of scholars, who flocked thither from Athens and the coasts of the Mediterranean. The cruelties of the seventh Ptolemy drove out the scholars in crowds, and they distributed themselves over all the islands and coasts of the Archipelago. Here there were schools at which Roman Emperors were taught. If other evidence were wanted that Greek was not unknown in the large Galilean towns,

it would be found in the fact that the Roman standards floated over them. It was an affectation of cultured Romans not only to know Greek but to speak it; and whole libraries they brought over from Greece, with which the Roman poets of the period of which we are treating amply enriched themselves. Julius Cæsar studied at Rhodes in the celebrated Greek school of Molon; Augustus was a master of Greek. Cato, when young, opposed Hellenic influence, and, when old, learned the language. Horace, though his father was in poor circumstances, was sent to the Greek University at Athens to learn philosophy; so also Ovid. Virgil, of course, read Homer. Cicero was a translator from the Greek; so was Catullus. Greeks of talent flocked to Rome, and gave lectures in their own tongue, which was made the natural language of philosophy and letters.

Josephus, the Jerusalemite Jew, who was born soon after the death of Jesus, wrote in the Greek language as well as in Syro-Chaldee. He speaks in his "Life" of Greeks residing at Tiberias in Galilee; among them was one who had written in that language a history of a Galilean war.

The common language of these days was, says Deutsch, "an odd mixture of Greek, Aramaic, Latin, Syriac, Hebrew;" a "corrupt Chaldee or Aramaic, mixed with Greek and Latin." "Though gifted with a fine feeling for the distinguishing characters of each of the languages then in common use ('Aramaic lends itself best to elegies, Greek to hymns, Hebrew to prayer, Roman to martial compositions,' as a common saying has it), they yet mixed them all up."

Besides other influences from outside to which Palestine was subject, there was ever the communication open with the scattered

ones of their own nation, and there were visits from their foreign brethren. It is difficult adequately to realise what these Jews of the dispersion were. A section only of the captives had returned from Babylon when their own territory had become equally part of the vast empire that extended from Thrace and Egypt to India, and embraced the entire Oriental world. Since that time the Jews of Babylon and of Palestine were always closely linked; they possessed an almost identical tongue. Three centuries before our era Alexander carried the Macedonian rule and the Greek language over the entire region that the Jews inhabited, Babylonia, Media, and Judea alike. These Jews were under Grecian rule and influence without the break that in Palestine must be allowed for the Maccabæan period. A decree of Gamaliel, the elder, issued from the Temple a few years after the death of Jesus, is addressed, "To our brethren the exiles in Babylon, Media, Greece, and all other exiles of Israel, greeting!" (Sanhed. Tosifta, c. ii. Jer. Sanh. 18 a.)

The second area of dispersion was Egypt and the adjacent African regions. Alexander in founding Alexandria peopled a third of it with Jews; and the Ptolemies added to these importations, until the Egyptian Jews were estimated at the commencement of our era at a million in number. These Jews were under purely Greek auspices, and knew no Hebrew. Their Scriptures had been rendered for them into Greek; they read them in a free and liberal way, and books of a broad and cosmopolitan philosophy, written by Hellenized Jews, are numerous and important. The habitable world, says exaggerative Josephus (Ant. xiv. 7, 2), was so full of Jews that there was scarcely a corner

of the Roman Empire where they might not be found; and the Talmud (Jer. Meg. iii. 75, cit. Deutsch) speaks of nearly four hundred synagogues in Jerusalem as belonging to different communities of the Dispersion. There was no interruption to communication between the Jews abroad and the Jews at home, and as Babylon gave its language to the captives, it might fairly be expected, even if there were no other influences tending in the same direction, that no educated Palestinian Jew could be wholly ignorant of Greek, the language of so many thousands of his brethren dwelling in so near a land as Egypt.

We have now fairly combated the prejudice found to be occupying the field of our inquiry, by shewing that the country of Jesus was peopled by no mysterious and unique race, separated from the rest of the world, and living a sacred and sequestered life of light in the midst of a pagan darkness; but that its knowledge, like the knowledge of all the world, is to a large extent adoption, and of foreign origin. The mistake which has given rise to the prevalent misconception is perhaps due (apart from its adaptability to minor doctrinal necessities) to the fragmentary early history of the primitive Jewish tribe, as written by itself, having been taken to represent the records of the mixed and divided race of a thousand years later date, both in point of time and experience. Jesus was born, not of Abraham's seed only, but of a people long mingled with the Chaldean, the Egyptian, and the Greek.

We have so far proceeded with our inquiry as connected with a national condition; it must now be entered upon with a more personal reference to its object.

If Jesus was a well-educated

son of his time, he knew Greek; if he was able to converse freely with the foreigners that composed the largest element of the towns that lay close around his home, he knew Greek. Was he well educated? Any argument to the contrary has clearly no basis in fact. The sneering remark attributed (John vii. 16) to the southern Jews, "How hath this man literary knowledge, having never learned?" is probably a depreciatory mode of representing that he came from the north, and was not educated in the schools of Jerusalem. There is no reason to doubt the story that he entered into the synagogue of Nazareth and stood up to read from the roll of the book; he must then at least have known the language in which it was written, and how to interpret from it to the people in Aramaic, after the usual custom of the meturgeman (Dragoman, or interpreter). That he did teach in the synagogues seems to be a historic fact, and such teaching always consisted in taking a portion of the Scripture, and interpreting and commenting upon it. If the narratives we so much prize are credible as we suppose, Jesus constantly taught as a rabbi, and was recognised as a rabbi. This implies the "literary knowledge" of the class. There is no reasonable doubt that Jesus received a thorough scholastic training. Probably enough he obtained it mostly for himself, but so does every deepest student; sufficient for our argument that we may reasonably infer from the history of the time that a solid groundwork of instruction was bestowed upon him in youth. Men of some amount of culture, too, were probably many of his disciples, even though they might be fishing-boat proprietors, and might aid their hired servants by manual labour. For a considerable period before our era schools

had been multiplying throughout the country. There were both elementary schools, where a teacher was appointed for every five-and-twenty children; and superior colleges or academies in the more important towns. Eighty years before our era commences superior schools were introduced into every large provincial town, and it was ordained that all the "youths from the age of sixteen should visit them" (Kethuboth, Jer. viii. 11). It is elsewhere said (Aboth. v. 21), "At the age of five, a boy has to study the Bible, at ten the Mishna, at fifteen the Talmud." The superior school, therefore, must have been one that succeeded the instruction thus specified. There was one of the colleges where scribes and the bearers of "the traditions of the fathers" received instruction, at Tiberias in Galilee. Hillel the Great was president of these colleges at the time of the birth of Jesus. A few quotations from the Talmud will shew what importance was given to education at this period:—"The world is preserved by the breath of the school-children." "A town in which there is no school must perish." "Teaching of school-children is of such importance that it must not be stopped even for the building of the sanctuary." (Shabb. 119 b.) And Josephus says (c. Apion i. 12), "Our principal care is to educate our children." The most highly esteemed persons were not the priests, whose services had become little more than ceremonial, but the "Masters of the Law," the "Sages," the "Disciples of the Sages." "Let thy house be a meeting-house for the wise, and sit in the dust of their feet; and drink their words with thirstiness." (Pirke Aboth.)

There is no presumption against Jesus and several of his disciples having studied at the higher

schools from the fact of their being fishermen or carpenters. Rabbi Gamaliel, who dates about 40 B.C., declares, "Learning, no matter of what kind, if unaccompanied by a trade, ends in nothing and leads to sin." (Aboth ii. 2.) Another Talmudic saying is this (Nedarim, 49 b.), "Labour honours the labourer." There was also another pregnant maxim, "He who does not teach his son a trade, teaches him to steal." (Kiddushin.) Rabbi Ismael, the great astronomer of about 100 A.D., was a needle maker; rabbi after rabbi is described as "the tanner," "the shoemaker," "the weaver," "the carpenter." True teachers indeed these may have been, workers the more sincere in that they were men who gloried in the fact that they could teach independently of payment, and were proud of adding to their names the trade that was their means of livelihood.

What possible chance, then, with education compulsory, is there that Jesus remained uneducated, or that the carpenter's shop was not also the "house of learning?" Josephus plumes himself on having made such progress in his studies that when he was fourteen he was sometimes consulted by the priests and elders on points of law. What likelihood is there that the studious boy who is said to have been found engaged in discussion with the Temple doctors, should not have sought in every way and by every channel to add to his education between the years of fifteen and thirty, so as to qualify himself for the work he felt to be his own? There being little or no exclusiveness in Galilee, in that region one might freely learn anything. Whether dedicated to Syrian or Jewish Deity, what better resort for one whose vision pierced through external forms, and

through the merely adventitious seized upon the real and true, than the meditative solitudes of Carmel, whose groves an old prophet had referred to (Micah vii. 14) as a refuge for hermit priests? "Tend thy people with thy rod, the flock of thine heritage, which dwell solitarily in the wood, in the midst of Carmel; let them feed in Bashan and Gilead, as in the days of old." Where in the world could an eager soul be placed that it could not find something or someone wherefrom to learn? Galilee, despised as it was by the exclusives of Jerusalem, was not without its fruit of excellence. A century and a half after this time sprang from it the reputed originator of the Kabbala, and author of the Zohar. In Galilee, even if Jesus never travelled afield to the Essene communities near the Asphaltic Sea, or to the Egypto-Hellenic Therapists that dwelt further south, there was no hindrance to the study of Greek, or of the message of the prophet, the lore of the sage, the ethics of the Talmudist, whether foreign or Hebraic. We do not know that Jesus never travelled beyond the borders of Palestine before he entered upon his work; he may have traversed Egypt, or visited India like other students; nothing is told us. And in olden times earnest students were wont to travel. Pythagoras journeyed to Egypt to learn; Megasthenes visited India; Chaldean Magi are described as reaching Palestine; and the disciples themselves, or their successors, widely traversed Grecised Asia Minor.

Philo, the Jew, wrote in Greek, as Alexandrian Jews had written for two hundred years, or since the time of the Septuagint. Both Greeks and Hellenists, like Philo, were constantly to be found in Judea (Acts vi. 1, ix. 29, xi. 20),

that is to say, Jews who knew Greek. Philo himself came over to Jerusalem for the Temple requirements—as, indeed, every devout Jew was supposed to do, and as many of the thousands that were scattered over Egypt and built up a large Hellenistic literature must often have done. Few men of culture in Palestine could have been wholly ignorant of a language currently spoken within their own borders, and the tongue, both for speech and writing, of so many thousands of their brethren, from whom they were never cut off by any worse barrier than an oft-traversed route of some days' journey.

Among the relics of Jesus are to be found thoughts not paralleled in any Hebrew work known, but provably related, and that frequently even by phraseological identity, to passages in the works of Philo, who wrote and spoke in Greek. So, too, must have spoken the school from which Philo drew his spiritual sustenance; and the allegoric lore which they possessed could not have been withheld from an inquirer such as Jesus. There is traceable connection also between the words of Jesus as reported and those of the books called apocryphal, which were either composed in Greek, or early translated into that language. Paul speaks in Hebraic and writes in Greek; James gives his name to an epistle that is Greek, full of Hebraisms, which are to be expected in such a case. Peter and John, if they wrote the books that bear their names, wrote them in Greek. The redactors of the Gospels quote from the Greek Septuagint direct rather than translate from the Hebrew original. The inscription over the Cross is said to have been in Hebraic, Greek, and Latin: Hebraic as the language of the common people, Latin as the

official language of the rulers, Greek as the tongue usually spoken.

During the lifetime of Jesus a young student was in Jerusalem, acquiring Hebraic learning and continuing his education in Greek from a master acquainted with both languages. The master was Gamaliel, a renowned and liberal Pharisaic rabbi, who became president of the Sanhedrim in the year 30 of our era. The scholar was Paul of Tarsus, who comes into historic notice about six years after the date just named, when he was a young man (Acts vii. 58), or probably about thirty years of age. The age at which he entered upon study at Jerusalem might most reasonably be about fourteen; he would consequently have been a pupil there between the time that Jesus entered the Temple precincts as a boy and as a man. The death of Jesus occurred about the year 28 or 29, when Paul would have been, what we term, "of age;" that in his writings he should never have referred to Jesus as one whom he might have met, is an almost inexplicable thing. But he realised a mystical attractiveness rather than a personal element in the mission of the Master.

To return again to the records, there come, we are told, Greeks (or Hellenized Jews) to Philip, a Galilean disciple (John xii. 20 and 59), and beg him, presumably in Greek, to let them see Jesus; was the disciple of greater linguistic attainments than the master? According to the Fourth Gospel there was nothing improbable in Greek knowledge being attributed to Jesus, for the Jews are represented as saying (John vii. 35), "Will he go unto the dispersed among the Greeks, and meet the Greeks?" Jesus himself meets with a Syro-Phœnician woman, otherwise

described as Greek; and no difficulty is on record as to his ability to converse with her.

When the Greek language entered Egypt, it rapidly made its way there: it had been the language of the Government in Syria throughout the reign of the Seleucidæ; it would indeed be strange if it found itself estopped there from its ordinary power of spreading.

It is recorded that Jesus on the Cross repeated in Aramaic the words of a psalm, and cried on Elohîm; the bystanders were so far Greek that they misunderstood him, and mistook the word—not unlike, indeed, in sound—for Elias (Heleias), the Greek form of Elijah.

Some have gone so far as to suppose that Jesus most often discoursed in Greek, but that when most deeply moved he fell into Aramaic, as for instance in the occasional fragments now left to us,—Raka, Bar-Jona, Rabbi, Helōi He ōi (otherwise Hēlei) Lema Sabachthani, Talitha Koum, Ephphatha; in Matt. v. 22, xvi. 17, xxiii. 7, xxvii. 46; Mark v. 41, vii. 34, xv. 34. But only half of these could belong to emotional utterances, and the distinct traditional assertion that the entire *logia* were noted down in Hebraic, goes against this hypothesis.

The Greek language was in the air; it enwraps the whole era of Jesus; not a sentence of his now lives in any other language, save these minor fragments of Aramaic. In that tongue he doubtless spoke most often, but it is reasonable to regard him as not less cultured than his disciples and followers, and not below the standard of his time. His manifest acquaintance with Greek written thought speaks for itself, and is its own argument.

The hatred of Greek culture ex-

pressed at intervals by certain of the rabbis is evidence, at least, that it largely pervaded the community. And all, moreover, were not so bigoted; an allegoric comment upon Genesis (Midrash Rabba Gen. xxxvi.) speaks of the fringed garment of the Jews and the philosopher's robe of the Greeks as parts that ought to be united again to make one whole. R. Jochanan, son of Napucha (Talmud Jer. Sota), not only urges the study of Greek as a needful part of a man's education, but recommends it also for women. And another rabbi, himself a consummate Greek scholar, quoted this opinion (Jer. Sabb. iii. 1 Sota) and had his daughter instructed in the language, as a necessary element of a good female education.

We shall be prepared to compare the utterances of Jesus with the relics of the religious sages of antiquity without prejudice, now that we see there is no antecedent improbability of his having learned the language in which at this period the bulk of the world's treasures of thought were to be found. And we may find for ourselves a deeper interest in so doing if we realise what is submitted at the outset of this paper, that the divinest thought conceivable, to reach man on his own ground, must be brought down to his level, and be clothed in garb familiar to the mind. Truth dwells on infinite levels, the lower corresponding to the higher: to the mind is open always the best it can take and make fruitful in itself.

KENINGALE COOK.

EARLY DAYS OF MORTIMER COLLINS.

Continued from page 356.

WHEN our author was in his cradle, a not very usual event happened to him, and one that, precocious though he was, he was powerless to prevent: his wife that was to be was married to some one else, and against her will. This is, perhaps, a rather *bizarre* way of alluding to domestic facts, but as Mortimer Collins himself was sufficiently prone to the *bizarre*, there is some appropriateness in following the same thread of fancy in his biography.

Before referring more particularly to his marriage we must return to the poet as we left him in 1848. He was very diversely engaged, namely, in school teaching, writing for newspapers, and falling in love. During 1848 and 1849 he was a regular and voluminous contributor to *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, up to the close of the former year hailing from Windermere. Lyrical translations from both ancient and modern languages continue to appear, and were probably the accumulations of the preceding years of tutor life.

Under the head of "Polyglotisms," before adverted to, we find the following in October, 1848; it has a certain appropriateness to the life of the translator:—

SCHILLER'S PUNCH SONG.

Four noble elements,
Mixing in mirth,
Make up life's royalty,
Upbuild the earth.

Forth from the lemon
Sharp juices press;
Chief of existence
Is life's bitterness.

Sugar's soft mildness
Temper ye next;
Soothing the acid
Fiery and vex.

Water in plenty
Dash in the bowl;
Water in quiet
Surroundeth the whole.

Drops of the spirit
The master-hand throws,
Life on the living
Which only bestows.

Quaff ere it deaden!
Stay not, nor shrink!
Drink it while glowing,
'Tis life that ye drink.

When a tutor at Windermere in 1848, Collins made the acquaintance of a Mr. Farmer of whom he speaks in "The Secret of Long Life" (1871), as "the pleasant and erudite gentleman who edited the (Westmorland) *Gazette* then, and who edits it now." The past date here refers to 1848, when Wordsworth discoursed to Collins of the health-giving properties of "a hill country, well watered, of primeval soil and stimulating air," and referred him for proof to the obituary columns of the Westmorland newspaper. This Mr. Farmer, says Mr. T. J. Bennett, the present editor of the *Westmorland Gazette*, "like his friend, has gone over to the majority."

But Mr. Bennett fishes up from some memorial receptacle that has retained it for thirty years, the following characteristic anecdote of a call made by Mortimer Collins at Mr. Farmer's house:—

“Collins, as you may know, was a tutor in a gentleman's family near Kendal. His successor in the appointment was a Scotchman, one Thomas Alexander. During Alexander's tutorship Collins visited Kendal, and in calling upon Mr. Farmer one morning, he saw a reprint of a lecture on mathematics which Alexander had delivered before the members of a Mechanics' Institution, and which 'partial friends' had induced him to publish. Collins, having taken up the pamphlet and turned over its pages, sat down and threw off the following:—

Behold, what elocutionary attitudes
Scotch lecturers confer upon their
platitudes.

How pedagogic axioms meander
From the sage lips of Thomas Alexander.

His “partial friends” who laid their
heads together,
Persuading him to publish all this
blether,
Were certainly by no means partial
zanies,
A fact which I consider very plain is.

Dolts who frequent Mechanics' In-
stitutions

May be content with villainous effu-
sions,

But why the deuce should this tame
fool transmogrify

His humbug into rascally typography?

The above was repeated to me by a gentleman who read it as soon as it was written, and who has retained it in his memory ever since. I am assured that it has never been in print.”

Mortimer was very hot against any sentimental apotheosis of blissful mediocrity. The author without pith or power, doing his wretched best, was the exact converse of himself, who had faculty in superabundance, and

did not always direct it to its highest level.

The following appeared the same autumn set in a story, as so many hundreds, we believe we may say with truth, of our poet's songs have found place since. His stories of this date, it may be named by the way, were not stories at all; but rambling effusions with some dash, but not the smallest evidence of constructiveness. The song is rather less distinctive than most: (*Felix Farley*, 2nd Sept., 1848):—

O, songs of the Olden Time

As your free tones through me
quiver,

I pant with the bounding chime

Of my heart's own billowy river;

But I soon sink breathlessly

Into slumber calm and deep,

As a skiff on a halcyon sea

Is rocked by the wave to sleep.

O, songs of the Olden Time!

Ye bring me memory's chalice,

Of mirth, and of mirthful rhyme,

And of freaks of friendly malice;

And I dream some power has given

An Eden of joy in the air—

A half-way house to heaven,

And that I and my love are there.

This is better, published the
same day:—

A music rare swelled through the air,
none knowing whence it came,

The setting sun streaked all the west
with undulating flame;

There lay a lake all hushed and still
beneath the fading light,

Which, sinking slowly from the hills,
brought on the summer night;

The stars leaped through heaven's
holy blue into a golden birth,

Night shook her odorous tresses o'er
the rejoicing earth;

And through the shades a poet-boy
raised this aspiring cry—

“O, Beauty, Beauty! I would die to
know thy mystery!”

A thunder roar from many a shore
told of terrific war,

Heroes and Demiurgi smote the
nations wide and far;

A chorus of mad voices—a chaos of
 mad dreams
 Fright the pale world, and through all
 lands the threatening fury gleams.
 It is the birth of a holier earth ; free-
 dom now triumpheth ;
 Short, sudden, silent is the path from
 empery to death ;
 And manhood now beholds the bard—
 he heads the hero-race—
 “O Glory, Glory ! I would die in
 thy sublime embrace !”

Wild splendours burn ; the High
 Eterne is desecrate by man ;
 The tranquil eloquence of truth sub-
 dued by tyrant ban ;
 The hurricane, which scattered
 thrones in its strong vengeful
 burst,
 Urgeth to terror’s anarchy, and fierce
 demoniac thirst.
 Age whitens now the poet’s brow ; the
 madness of the Past—
 The beautiful—the glorious—to him
 are faintly glassed :
 “Seek wisdom’s fount !” to the whole
 world his dying music saith ;
 “Peace ! peace celestial ! Thine my
 hope beyond the gates of death !”

In January, 1849, he had found out, probably from Coleridge’s “Table-talk,” quaint, strong old Asgill. “Translated Asgill,” after being turned out of both the Irish and the English Houses of Parliament, for a brochure reputedly but not really blasphemous, occupied himself in a debtor’s prison in writing those singular pamphlets of his, which are full of fire and a faith of their own, and lived to near a hundred. Writes Collins, “Why should not man be immortal ? Asgill says men only die because they are cowards : I believe it. Two people in this world I would give half a life to see : the Wandering Jew and Mephistophiles.” There is not much to be said for this choice of companions ; but perhaps they are the only people of the kind to be had. Asgill reappears in a chapter of the “Secret of Long Life,” and may perhaps have afforded

the first suggestion of that work, although Collins’s “Secret” differs widely from Asgill’s.

In 1849 long discussions on mesmerism were occupying the columns of the journals to which Collins was a contributor, and from them, or from Miss Harriet Martineau, he may have acquired a slight interest in the subject, which enters into his earlier romances.

He was also a Pythagorean from first to last in a sort of half-humorous way of belief. The following (*Felix Farley*, 3rd March, 1849) some may think prodigious, but Mortimer Collins had a way of laughing at and with himself at the same time ; and we may safely defy anyone to say to which kind of laughter he the more inclines in this :—

“If there be any truth in the theory of Pythagoras—and there probably is we, gentle reader, we were undoubtedly Homer the eternal himself. Yes, we sang of crest-waving Hector, horse-taming Achilles, the wine-coloured ocean, ivory-wristed Aphrodite : we remember it distinctly. What plaudits there used to be ! What cheers and *encores* ! We shall scarcely get so warm a reception now-a-day.”

Mark the exquisite bit of banter of himself at the end. This sage hypothesis would certainly account for his ease in the classic tongue, and unconquerable habit of classic quotation and imagery ; but why did he not do himself the honour of translating himself ? Was it more polite to turn instead to Aristophanes and Anacreon ?

He continues in a somewhat different vein :—

“O geologising, archæologising . . . money-making, glory-forgetting, and altogether degenerate and ‘used-up’ world ! how we are weary of thee. Is there better cheer and better society in Venus or Jupiter ?”

This is the only cry of weariness we have ever found of his; he never lost his habitual and remarkable cheerfulness until his last few years, and then it failed but rarely. His mirth was half the natural joy of his poetic disposition, half philosophy, and that compounded of the Epicurean and the Stoic.

A curious mistake of ours in the preceding paper of this series will serve to illustrate our author's love of the English language even to its forgotten roots. We mentioned the words "ethel and manly spirits" as occurring in a paper published in 1848, and supposed the word "ethel" to be a misprint, and the suggestion of emendations to be a fit task for a German brain. We were misled by a gap in the text immediately preceding the word, which led us to a premature conclusion that some letters had fallen out in the printing office, and altogether carried us away from the thought of "ethel" being itself a complete word. When one has seen "persecution" printed "pewcushion" one may perhaps be excused for jumping too soon to a conclusion of typographic error. An Englishman, not a German, has set us right. "Ethel" is pure Anglo-Saxon; an ethel is a noble, and the names of the Anglo-Saxon kings occur to the mind at once, Atheling, Ethelred, and the rest. Mortimer Collins was ever a loving student of the "ethel and manly" language that is the backbone of our English.

The head of the school at Westbury, where Mortimer Collins was tutor about five years before this time, had a friend and old fellow student who kept a school at Lechlade, having formerly been head-master of the important grammar school of Mill Hill. Through this connection, no doubt, it was that in January, 1849, the young teacher found himself on the coach

on his way to take a new tutorial post at Lechlade. A little girl, nick-named afterwards by him, from her check frock and evening curl papers, the "little plaid owl with the white horns," peeped out from the gate, and saw get down from the coach a young man of apparently terrific height, slight but upright, wearing a straw hat, and looking much older than he was. The school-house was an old-fashioned one, the drawing-room a pretty quaint room, with deep windows, lattice leaded panes, red flock paper, and high wainscoting all round it. The head-master was seriously ill in bed, and the only representative of the school that the new tutor ever met was a lady who came to the drawing-room to receive him. When she left the room to go upstairs and acquaint her husband of the new arrival, the absurd youth who had but just seen her, as he confessed afterwards, made the remark to himself, "If ever I marry, that shall be my wife." As "adventur es are to the adventurous," so with romantic people, the fates are sometimes strangely at one with the romantic and the improbable. Three weeks afterwards (and we need hardly say without the slightest suspicion of poison, to which novelists are so prone) the one absolute obstacle to that dream-marriage died, the master of the house, and husband of the lady.

As at the beginning of this article we made a reference of questionable taste to this lady's age, we owe her a few words of apology.

Susanna Hubbard (whose home name was Minna) was the daughter of William Hubbard, a Russian merchant and banker, uncle of the present right honourable member for the City of London. Her father, a remarkable man, had inspired with a *grande passion* the

Czarina of Russia, who had to be prevented from seeing him. There must have been something strangely lovable or attractive in the family. The daughter, when a girl, seated on a rustic gate, with her gipsy hat all full of flowers, singing by herself, was observed by the Rev. Lord J—— T——, who came up to her and shewed an inclination to bask in the charm of her beauty, when the girl's step-mother from hard by appeared on the scene and opportunely carried her off. Offers of marriage came fast and furious, numbering a score while she was yet a girl. She is described as bewitchingly pretty, of the bright old English type. She was a petite and very sparkling brunette, with a great quantity of brown hair curling in ringlets all over her head, and caught back with little gold combs. It is said—and perhaps this may be intelligible to ladies or artists—that she always looked her best when she did her hair in the dark. She was remarkable for small and pretty feet and ankles up to the last day of her life. In the streets of a southern watering-place she was seen by the Duke of B——, who forthwith fell in love, and set his "runners" after her. Her father and stepmother sat up with her all night watching the house, and took her home the next day. A pretty daughter was a greater trouble to a father in those wilder times than now. Those days are not remote in point of time, but the railways seem to have carried us a long journey from them to our present state of civilisation and *nil admirari*. On one occasion a medical man attending her for a slight ailment in London had appeared at her bedside with a pistol, and threatened to shoot himself if she would not promise to fly with him. But she threw the medicine bottles at him and screamed.

Arrived at home and out of the way of the ducal danger just passed, her father swore that as she was so much trouble she should marry the next man that offered. An estimable minister fell in love with her from the pulpit, and proposed while fresh from his sermon. She was told to marry him. She objected, but was coerced. Her father, a passionate man, sat by her bedside until two in the morning and vanquished her obstinacy. Mortimer Collins was asleep in his cradle, or ought to have been; he could not help her. Fortunately for her—though a week after her marriage she threw her wedding-ring at her husband and vowed she would not wear it—this union was one of a placid happiness to both. At the time of our story she was helping her husband keep school. Her mode was original, but she was an immense favourite with the boys. The old-fashioned house had a deep, square porch, over which was a balcony with verandah, overhung with clematis and jessamine. a perfect bower. She was fond of going out into this balcony with a huge basket of apples, and sending for all the boys into the garden below, when she would pelt them with her apples, making capital fun for both boys and herself. They were spoiled boys at that school; she would make a huge baking of biscuits, and send great trays out hot, with bunches of house-grown grapes, for the boys' lunch. She would often wheedle her more serious spouse into giving a holiday, and on one occasion went into the school-room herself, sat down at the preceptor's desk, and called out for the first Greek class to come up. All these great boys came up, and saw her sitting gravely on the high stool. She flung the grammars at their heads (throwing varied articles,

from wedding-rings to medicine bottles, was evidently quite a specialty with this bright little lady!), and informed them that they had got a whole holiday. As surprise at the new teacher's method was recovered from, and her meaning promptly apprehended, fancy the hurrahs!

Some time after her husband's death the young widow went to town with a music-mad son of hers, and was taken at the opera for his sister. There is, therefore, some explanation of the fact that an ardent young poet should fall in love with a widow, married during his cradlehood, and possessed of six children, the eldest but a few years younger than himself. There was reason also for the sage advice of her sisters that she could not go on with the school in concert "with that handsome tutor." For a little time after her husband's death, the tall tutor used to come and read Coleridge with her in the evenings, after school work was over and the boys were in bed. This pleasant spring, amidst

The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve,—

led on to a summer in which the school was sold and transferred to others.

The following sonnet, particularly graceful in its concluding lines, was written at this time in Lechlade Churchyard:—

O Isis ! gentle Isis ! flowing on
Through meadows green with
odorous delight,
Through woods that rustle with the
breezy flight
Of wondrous dwellers in the deep
unknown,
Soft is thy music, and in unison
With the star-whispers of the elo-
quent night ;
Glad are thy waters in the golden
light
Dropt from the long locks of Hyperion.

O Isis ! noble Isis ! in thee quivers
Eternal Oxford's wondrous Gothic
glory,
Poetic towers and pinnacles of
pride :
And, loftier in thy power than classic
rivers,
Changing thy name by some green
promontory,
Thou lavest London with an ampler
tide.

On leaving the school the lady took a little cottage far away in the country, one long afterwards associated with the life, or lives, of Mortimer Collins, a cottage, half hidden with trees, at Knowl Hill, in Berkshire. The gentleman found another tutorship at Rothwell, in Northamptonshire. There he probably learned what loneliness meant, and in the autumn of 1849 a letter went from Rothwell to Knowl Hill. Whatever allure-ment, poetic or otherwise, the missive contained, the reply was in the negative. But Mortimer Collins had made up his mind, and a plaintive sentence found in an old family Bible may help to explain why love was allowed to have its way:—"There were too many children, and friends would not help me, and boys were unmanageable for *me*." This was a reasonable apology for being so unconventional as to plight troth with a man so much her junior, if she loved him. Many years afterwards, troubled about some thoughtlessnesses of that period towards her children, she said: "It was a very difficult time for me. None but those who have passed through something like it can sympathise with me as I was.—I, an old woman according to the world, (she was forty) met with my real true love, and it affected my nature strangely." Near relations naturally could not see things in this light at the time, and there was great opposition to the marriage on the part of the families of both.

The young man's mother and uncles said things against him to her, one journeying down to Knowl Hill for the purpose; while her friends gave her up in despair.

At length, after consulting her little daughter as to how she would like the tall tutor for a father, a letter of acceptance was written. The family uproar increased, correspondence was multiplied. The poor little lady had to fly to town to see irate relatives and try and arrange her affairs. She had her little property also to look after, having had ten thousand pounds originally from her father, which by this time was much reduced, a portion remaining under settlement on her children. Having once been bullied into one marriage, she was now almost badgered out of another. The match was all but broken off once, but Mortimer having been accepted had now doubtless something to say for himself.

During this winter he retained his tutorial appointment, but in the spring, for the few days preceding his marriage, he found quarters at Reading, and used to walk the nine miles to breakfast at Knowl Hill, and back again at night. The day was often spent in a trip in the lady's pony carriage to Burnham Beeches. At Wargrave Church, some two miles from Knowl Hill, the pair were married, on the 9th of May, 1850. A somewhat unusual feature in this wedding was that the lady's only bridesmaid was her own little daughter.

Before proceeding with our more personal sketch we may refer to the literary work done at this time. Besides the sundry signatures under which Collins wrote in *Felix Farley*, is another, "Porro," the word being sometimes met with in its Latin, sometimes in its Attic form. A most appropriate

alias it is for one writing under many names, for it means further or besides, that is to say, one more. Porro signed himself "a picker up of unconsidered trifles," and he collected such strange accounts as of "How men meet death," with the various modes and moods in which men depart, whether in curiosity or in doubt. A strange subject for a young man to take up, but they much misread this one who regard him as a mere careless writer of society verses.

FLY LEAVES FROM A COMMONPLACE BOOK.

(*Felix Farley*, Sept. 8, 1849.)

"As various as are the modes of quitting this world and plunging forth into the darkness of space in search of another, so various have been the ways in which men have prepared to attend at the levee of that great ruler—The King of Terror. Men have met Death with joy and fear, with smiles and tears, with horror and with delight. . . .

The way in which great minds have met death is almost a matter of history. To consider them makes us for a moment think higher of man's godlike nature, which could thus disregard the 'greatest ill that flesh is heir to.' . . .

Nothing is, perhaps, more remarkable in death than the retention of the ruling passion. When all the senses wax dim, and the mind wanders, the predominant feeling of life seems to retain its wonted predominance. An eminent French grammarian is said to have expended his last breath in correcting the false grammar of his father confessor. . . .

Why should Death be feared? it is the 'gate of fame', the threshold of another world. As a spirit, we desire it; as of clay, we fear it. May the hand of love wipe the death-sweat from our brow and close our eyelids! Indefinable as are the thoughts and unfathomable the aspirations of man, proud as he may be, Godlike, 'but a little lower than the angels' in his mind, yet can he little afford to part with that greatest

of all earthly blessings—human sympathy !

PORRO."

The thoughts here suggested may be compared with the stately poem of later years, entitled "Coming of Age."

Here is a portion of a poem published as early as April, 1848 (*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*), "Solitary Thoughts," in the religious vein that through life was ever at one with the gay gladness of the author:—

Most High ! to see Thee ever on my
way,
To read Thy might in every changing
ray,
To feel Thy presence all my life
surrounding,
Give to Thy servant : nor to turn
away
From any whom Thy love, to all
abounding,
Lifts whence the weary storms o'er-
whelm,
By firm belief, to hail a happier
realm.

We may compare this with the following as an instance of a very different mood. It is verily a boy's shout at holiday:—

IDLESSE.

(*Felix Farley*, July 7, 1849.)

To make life a long vaca-
tion, all indolence and fun,
Gay, lounging, desultory days, un-
heedful of the sun ;
To breakfast late, and read and dream
till almost eventide,
Then out beneath the fading skies in
youth's untrammelled pride ;
To shout among the mountains, to
plunge into the streams,
To roar a thousand rhapsodies beneath
the starry gleams ;
These, these are what I truly love, nor
shall they ever die,
While still propitious are the stars,
while still my pulse is high.

CARRERA.

It is remarkable how through life Mortimer Collins bore side by side two distinct natures, one that

revelled in physical life, into which he plunged not always wisely ; the other a road by which he passed lovingly, without pretence, make-belief, or any touch of mawkishness, into religious feeling, and passionate spiritual Pantheism. His poetry, wherein he could apparently without effort flit from Anacreontics to the sense of immortality, seems to have been the link that bound these two natures together. That such union is difficult and not always able to shew a smooth consistence, may well be believed. A sage has said of him, "There cannot well be fostered both the physical and the spiritual at once. The twofold nature can never be completely united. In the domination of the physical, not in the union with it, lies the triumph of the spiritual nature : there can be no equality. He believed that the two natures could grow side by side, and that blinded him often. The material life is to be regarded as an instrument ; directly it is regarded as a *perfect life*, the spiritual life is driven away."

Porro did not confine himself to his weird gatherings of unconsidered trifles ; he rivalled Carrera in Anacreontics. Carrera, however, surpasses in exquisiteness aught of his *alter ego* in the following excerpt:—

ADA OF GRASMERE.

(Part II. *Felix Farley*, Aug. 18, '49.)

Ada arose, most beautiful,
Threw off the silken coverlet
Which her snowy breasts had kissen,
And thoughts most strange began to
glisten
In her large eyes of violet.
Then, of timorous gladness full,
She robed her in her raiment white,
White as the single lily flower
Braided in her flaxen hair,
And veiled from the voluptuous sight
Of stray spirits of the night
The loveliness which was her dower.

Whispering a quiet prayer,
Ada threw wide her chamber door,
And softly trod the rustling floor,
Gliding on her shadowy way
Like a silver-footed fay.

The galleries were long and dim,
Long and dim, with rushes strewn ;
Through painted forms of seraphim
Shone the faint sweet summer moon ;
All without was dense and green ;
A mavis scarce could glide between
The thick leaves round the oriels high
That opened proudly to the sky.

Into the courtyard passed she forth—
All was very silent there ;
And soon she trod the warm green
earth,
Where the great boughs swung to an
eerie tune
Under the eye of the tranquil moon,
And to herself with moving lip
Whispered still a quiet prayer ;
For she heard in all that stirred—
Footstep of the startled fawn
Pattering o'er the even lawn—
Old gray mossy fountain's drip—
In aught that stirred fair Ada heard
That wondrous voice of hope and fear
—In the lonely midnight be thou here !

The maiden is called forth by
the voice of her lover. She never
is found again, and her lover—

Florian the brave and true
Had fallen upon the holy sword
On the very night of Ada's flight.

* * * * *

—Heaven's most favouring breath
On the path of true love lingereth
Even to all-embracing Death.

The following, taken almost at
random, may close our quotations
from poems published before
1860 :—

TWO STANZAS FROM APHRODITE
ANADYOMENE.

(*Felix Farley*, Feb. 24, 1849.)

Change thy tremulous foam, O sea,
Of an amethystine hue !
Cometh one to honour thee
Queen of all idolatry,
From the depths of solemn blue.

Let thy twenty thousand islets,
Purple with celestial violets ;
From thy caves and hollows deep
Where thy antique wonders sleep,
Which have slept in awful trances
Many long eternities,
Bring thy treasures, stolen fancies
Crimsoned with ocean-dyes ;
Bring away
Out into the golden day !
Cometh one to honour thee,
Anadyomene.

Where thou seest isles divine
'Mid the clasping waters shine
Coraline, crystalline,—
Where the waters musically
Sing of love,
And the zephyrs play and dally
On the ever glassy-deep
In its sleep,
Whispering songs of haunts above,—
Where each breeze of summer flies
Ere it dies,—
There in beauty she arises
From thy bosom, surly sea !
Filling Heaven with surprises,
Anadyomene.

SONNET.

(*Felix Farley*, April 14, 1849.)

Coleridge ! gay fountains of the fluent
South,
Pure forest-springs that ripple with
divine
Delight, are nought to thy deep
hyaline
Earth-buried wondrously, disdaining
drouth
Icily clinging to the loving mouth,
Cooled by its holy wave. No tremu-
lous vine
Nor classic myrtles round that
brink may twine,
But English oaks of strong and kingly
growth,
And birch low drooping. O too
early dying !
Who among mountains a grey pro-
phet stood
And spake with the world's soul and
heard, replying,
Voices of thunder dimly under-
stood.
Why hence depart, while our pale
earth is lying
Unheedful of the glorious and the
good ?

CARRERA.

POLYGLOTTISMS.—No. XXII.

(Felix Farley, July 14, 1849.)

THE WOODSPRITE'S SONG FROM
CALDERON.

Hither ! O hither !
 The stars peer through,
 And the bright calm ether
 Is unveined blue.
 There's a stir in the dense cool forest,
 Harken the fairies pass,
 Pretty coquettes,
 In green chemisettes,
 With wreaths of poppies and violets—
 They will dance by the streams,
 In the yellow moonbeams,
 And scatter the dew on the grass.

Hither ! O hither !
 Away with sleep !
 Or choose some mossy pillow,
 Beneath some whispering willow,
 By waters deep.
 They are teasing the eloquent echoes,
 Those laughter-loving fays :
 O come and lie
 Under the sky,
 And with ebon wand will I purge
 thine eye,
 Till away fly the tears
 Of the world's dim years
 From the sound of ethereal lays.

Hither ! O hither !
 Ah, dream no more !
 Or sink in visions æry,
 Brought from the land of Faery,
 From this green shore.

CARRERA.

Here is a bright, quaint little
 piece from the "Polyglottisms,"
Felix Farley, Nov. 11, 1848, en-
 titled, "Yesterday," and said to
 be "from the Persian of Achme
 Ardebelli" :—

Students and sages stern and grey,
 Ladies and lovers, glad and busy,
 I want a glimpse of Yesterday :
 Where in the name of wonder is
 he ?

Autumnal wine he gaily drank,
 Through Winter's frosts he jested
 merrily,
 In Summer's lap voluptuous sank ;
 And now he's off !—a queer thing,
 verily.

Call forth the jocund bottle sprites—
 Always at leisure when we want
 'em—

And let the foes of our delights,
 Seek Yesterday, or else his
 phantom !

Aye, sprinkle odours, quaff your wine,
 Bring all the joys of this world
 hither,
 And rosy garlands haste to twine
 Before like Yesterday they wither.

Raise goblets to the purpled lip,
 Sing songs that make the wide
 sky tremble—
 Ere this short hour away shall slip
 To where the Yesterdays assemble.

CARRERA.

To return to the personal life of
 our author, and his marriage,—on
 the very day of the wedding all
 left Knowl Hill. Tutorship was
 exchanged for a time for journalism,
 the editorial chair and emoluments
 having been obtained of the
Lancaster Gazette. The latter were
 not large, amounting to one hun-
 dred pounds a year. Mrs. Editor
 had her furniture and about two
 hundred a year from her settle-
 ments, but the younger family was
 not self-supportive, and those that
 were out in the world required aid
 at times, and maintenance when at
 home.

A brief honeymoon was passed
 at an hotel at Morecambe, built
 upon the edge of the sea shore,
 with grass sloping to the beach.
 A comical incident of this time is
 that from the hotel was obtained,
 "while the great hills opposite
 rose cloudwards, and the blue
 waters rippled to our very feet,"
 a recipe for lemon pudding which
 afterwards figured in a published
 collection of sublimities in cookery.
 At this time even was manifest
 that tendency to epicurism which
 marked more strongly the later
 years of Collins's life. During
 these years, however, and the great
 majority of those that followed,
 he was always well content with

simplicity at home, light-hearted gaiety being rather his passion than heavier enjoyments.

A little house was taken at Morecambe, then known rather by the name of Poulton-le-Sands, several miles from Lancaster. Hither a few weeks after the marriage, came three of the children, while two others came soon for six weeks' holiday, and the sixth came from town after a fever, to be nursed back to health. Some maintenance money was obtained, which naturally reduced the principal.

In spite of minor troubles and housekeeping difficulties, for the bright little lady was a desperately bad economist, the home was a very pleasant one, and the time known as the "grand honeymoon." In the summer there was bathing on the beach, when the party would run down from the cottage, a stone's throw distant, in bathing and dressing gowns. On days when editorial duties were light, the head of the household would come early from Lancaster, and there would be a picnic on the sands in some picturesque spot along the bay; the lady on donkey-back, guarding a store of provision on the pommel. In the small house there was but one servant, and tall Mortimer would carry trays up and down, and do all sorts of small services for his bride, as happy as a king. As winter came on, he was to be seen on the bleak route between Lancaster and Poulton, clad in a most savage *poncho*; a black blanket with a hole cut in its middle to admit the head, a garment in which he looked a gaunt, enormous creature.

The following may be quoted as specimens of the poetic produce of the time. They were printed in the *Lancaster Gazette* in the autumn of 1850, chiefly under the signature

of Reginald St. John, the editor evidently being unwilling to complicate his more prosaic duties by lyric notoriety. This is from "Night":—

O stern and sorrowful night!
Whose brow divine is dinted by no
scars;

Whose coronal of might
Is the everlasting splendour of the
stars,
Whose royal march may no cessation
know,
But ever in silent joy thy glories
come and go.

O night, voluptuous night!
Shining a poetry which may not die,
Out-doing all delight
With the sweet aspect of thy azure
eye—
When dying I go forth to the un-
known Powers
Be it in the calmest time of all thy
starry hours.

OMEGA.

What follow are chiefly versions of Anacreon, and are remarkable for their facility, and the poetic wholeness so rarely attained in a translation.

ANTIQUE GEMS. ANACREON'S FIRST ODE.

Eis Luran.

I wish of the proud days of Atreus,
Of noble old Cadmus to sing;—
My barbiton soundeth a gay truce,
And Love is the theme of the string.
Then changing the cords, to Alcides
I tried a few strophes to play;
But in vain, for the musical tide is
In favour of Eros for aye.

While life on its pathway shall linger,
Farewell then, ye Heroes, farewell,
Though martial the touch of my finger,
Young Love is the lord of the shell.

ANACREON'S SECOND ODE.

Eis Gunaitas.

Bulls' horns advancing,
Horse hooves for prancing,
Hares' feet quick glancing,
Nature has given;
Lions' teeth clashing,
Fish water dashing,
Birds, too, wing flashing,
Through the wide heaven.

Man had from Nature,
High mental stature ;
To woman—dear creature—
She'd naught to afford ;
Yet is she not cheerless,
For Beauty the peerless
Vanquisheth, fearless,
Both fire and sword.

ANACREON'S FOURTH ODE.

Eis Heauton.

On tender myrtles as I lie,
And lotus herbage very soft,
I drink to all in goblets high ;
Eros shall bind the vest aloft
About my neck, and court my eye
With foaming wine, exhausted oft.
For like a rapid chariot wheel,
Life rolls along, and is no more.
To lie beneath the traveller's heel,
A little dust upon the shore,
Is ours. Then why to marble kneel,
And very vain libations pour ?
Me, not the gods, with perfumes greet—
Bind on my brow a rosy wreath,
And hither call my mistress sweet.
O Eros, ere I yield to death,
And the dark choirs infernal greet,
I wish to draw a careless breath.

ANACREON'S FIFTEENTH ODE.

Womanish Attys,
So poets have said,
Grew mad in the mountains,
By Cybele led.

Some drinking at Charos,
The garrulous stream
Of laurel-crowned Phoebus,
Have sunk in a dream.

But I, who am weary
Of Psilas the glad,
Of my mistress, of odours,
Wish, wish to be mad.

ANACREON'S TWENTIETH ODE.

Eis Koren.

An old woman was changed to a
stone, ochone,
At which all her relations did groan,
ochone ;
King Pandion's daughter,
When her governor sought her,
In the shape of a swallow had flown,
ochone.
But I'd be a looking-glass clear, my
dear,

Or a soft robe thy form to insphere,
my dear,
Or water cool flowing
To circle thee glowing,
And embrace thee without any fear,
my dear.

A perfume thy beauty to greet, my
sweet,
A scarf on thy bosom to beat, my
sweet,
The pearl that's reclining
Where tresses are twining,
Or the slipper that's under thy feet,
my sweet.

With these we may appropriately include a version of Catullus, from an article in the *British Quarterly*, where we find our author saying :—

“In our schoolboy days we attempted a rhymed translation of this very poem (*Quæris quot mihi*). Here it is :—

Lesbia, dost thou inquire
What would satiate my desire
Of thy kisses ? Libyan sands
Lie around Cyrene's lands,
Which gum-bearing trees entwine,
'Twixt of Jove the burning shrine
And old Battus' sacred tomb ;
Stars unnumbered, in the gloom
Of the silent midnight, scan
All the furtive loves of man.
Kisses plenteous as these
Might my wild desire appease ;
Prying eyes could count them never,
Nor ill tongues by sorcery sever.”

And lest there be surfeit of lyric love we will put by the side of these a bit of blank verse done later from a splendid passage of Virgil (*Georg. iv. 219-227*) :—

Some, arguing from these signs, have
deemed the bees
Possessors of some godlike spirit ;
drinkers
Of divine ether ; for that God pervades
All lands, all tracts of sea and fathom-
less sky.
Hence cattle, herds, mankind, the
race of beasts,
Each living creature seeks its subtle
life ;
Hither all things are brought again,
returning

When time dissolves them : death has
here no place,
But living things fly to the stars, and
pass
Into the ample heaven.

The home at Lancaster was very bright and joyous; its mistress had a genius for floriculture, and loved to toil in her garden, which, wherever she was, came to be the admiration of the vicinage. But she had been brought up in wealthy surroundings, loved large airy rooms, and well-appointed details, and was altogether unfit for the small economies necessary in the house of the most sublime genius, if his income be but a single hundred pounds a year. There came on a scarcity of coin, and our poet's eldest step-son, a tutor in a school, wanted money too. So a trustee came in with a bright suggestion; by co-operation of both interests money might be raised on a reversion. The money was obtained and divided by mutual consent. With the lady's share a step was taken intended to better the family fortunes. A school on sale at Launceston was heard of, considered, and purchased. Singular as it may seem, no one went to see the school; its excellent qualities as a property were all taken for granted as described, in a spirit of ideal trustfulness. All migrated thither. Lancaster and Launceston are at extreme ends of England; the old-fashioned heavy furniture that had belonged to the rich Russian merchant was carried those many miles southward, as it had been brought northward from Knowl Hill a year before. The "ponderous unrealities" of life are real enough in their exactions, and this transit must have absorbed something like half a year of the editor's salary.

The *Saturday Review* (Aug. 4, 1877) remarks: "It is rather odd, by the way, that Mr. Collins does

not appear to have known writings which would have been so congenial to his tastes as those of Thoreau." One of the present writers owes his first introduction to Thoreau to Mr. Collins, who, however, could not have known the works of the philosophic Norman-American naturalist at the date of which we are speaking, for "Walden" did not appear in Massachusetts until 1854. Thoreau says in his sardonic manner, "I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. . . . They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met, well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty." Our heroes were not bound by worldly attachments anywise too strong, but what material possessions are in subtle metaphoric sense to many, they were literally to them—things to be laboriously pushed before them.

At Launceston they duly arrived, *impedimenta, paraphernalia*, poetry, and all. The purchased school, with such diligence pursued,—the school that was to surpass the Lancaster editorship in providing for the rude necessities of life, was found to consist of one boarder and one day-boy. It was worse than Dotheboys Hall; it was Dothemaster. Our idealists were having fine times—for idealists.

The school—if indeed it can be called a school—lasted about three months. Another school was heard of in Guernsey through an advertisement, and the now experienced buyer went over to see it. He reported it a suitable one, bought

a partnership, and wrote for his wife to join him. She took her two youngest children and very innocently followed with the sole item of her possessions that could be taken as personal baggage, the silver. At Plymouth the steamer that started weekly was obliged to put back from stress of weather; and the passage being thus delayed, lodgings had to be engaged in Plymouth. Whilst these gentle and helpless creatures were so sojourning, an awful man came up from Launceston. He had already pounced upon the furniture in liquidation of rent or other due, but loudly cried for more, and would not let the lady go without she rendered up her little heritage of silver also. So that when the pair met in the Norman isle, they were like Adam and Eve in Eden, rather naked.

The school, however well-inspected, turned out a disappointment in another way than the first: it was a very third-rate commercial academy, and to be connected with it would not admit to any society in Guernsey, where people are rather particular. After about a year, a piece of pleasanter fortune came. The leading knowledge-shop in Guernsey was the old foundation-school, Elizabeth College. The head-master of this institution, Dr. Bromby, was a man active in mind and body, a man too scholarly for a school-master, and too independent to be popular. A few loved him, including his boys. He was a respectable classic, a chess player, and manifestly a genius, for he always wore his hat on the back of his head. A man of a wiry strength, he was accustomed to bathe in the sea all the year round, as many do in Guernsey. In this gentleman Mortimer Collins found an appreciator, and received at his hands the appoint-

ment of head-master of the lower school in Elizabeth College. With capitation fees the post might have been worth some £150 per annum, and there was the additional chance of taking boarders, and of private pupils. The family lived at first in a house overlooking the New Ground, a public park, cricket ground, and general arena of recreation, containing a fine avenue of trees. From the upper windows of the house was visible a glimpse of the sea, where lay the track of the steamboats.

This was a busy and a pleasant period. Collins was an excellent teacher, cunning in bright suggestions and able to evoke dormant capacities, interested in his work, idolised by many of his pupils, and visited with the especial respect of some among the parents.

He had, moreover, pupils at home, a step-daughter and step-son, who have a lively remembrance of his method of teaching. His faculty of humour set a young mind in its brightest attitude, ready to absorb anything presented in so pleasant a guise. And his method of teaching was as thorough as his manner was playful.

A childish tribute from one of the above-named pair—now a busy barrister—we copy from the leaf of a volume of Collins's verse:—"In the book of the author I write my grateful thanks. Dear Gov, how much do I owe you who have given me almost all I know; who have taken the trouble to write so many letters for my edification. The saying of Quintillian is indeed true, 'that we ought to love those who instruct us as much as the sciences we study.'"

A lady who looks back to the time when she was in the first class of a school where Mortimer Collins gave lessons, contributes her recollections as follows:—

"It is said, with how much truth I know not, that one's whole physique changes once in every seven years. The writer is almost inclined to accept this dictum without reservation if personal recollection is to be balanced against the apparently universally accepted idea of Mr. Mortimer Collins's appearance in later years. 'Great unconventional giant,' 'that burly form,' 'his huge figure,' are epithets curiously at variance with the remembrance of the outward man of the sometime master of Queen Elizabeth's College. He was tall, but very thin, and stooped very much, with a narrow sunken chest, and round shoulders. He was known amongst the College boys by the sobriquet of 'long Tom,' from his length and slimness. His head was large and well-shaped, with a low but broad forehead, surmounted with masses of curly dark brown hair. The most remarkable feature in his face was his eyes; under well-defined eyebrows, gazed at you in a dreamy, unpractical, far-off way, a pair of gray-blue eyes, but they also told, or seemed to tell, of subdued suffering. His hands were peculiarly noticeable, especially seen in the act of his very remarkable penmanship; they were very long, muscular, and nervous, with filbert nails. Ten years after this time the writer met him accidentally in London, and was surprised at the change. The face and head were the same, but held more erect, the look of pain had gone, the chest had filled and expanded, the stoop had almost disappeared, and the increased physical development gave a commanding look to the entire figure; and his very dress, never a matter of much importance to him, had a superior air. He lived quietly enough in Guernsey for some years, popular amongst the College boys, to whom, however, he was much too lenient, and whom he only rebuked with a smile when, taking advantage of his momentary abstraction over a sonnet or fugitive rhymelet, they would let fly paper pellets amongst his hair, with numberless other tricks,—popular amongst his girl pupils, for he taught in a neighbouring school also; and popular in the town, where he occasionally lectured on the poets, chiefly

modern—Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, &c. He lived in a pretty little villa overlooking the sea, and here he passed several years, adored by his wife and step-children, and in turn worshipping his own child, his little Mabel, or May, as he called her. To him this little plump, brown-eyed, baby maiden was everything. Poems were written to May, sonnets were written to May, in everything he wrote May appeared. This, by the way, was a habit of his. The name of any favourite was sure to appear in whatever he wrote at the time; and his pupils, friends, and acquaintances might almost be traced through life by means of this peculiarity. His favourite female pupils appear again and again with the merest transparent veil drawn over their individuality, and in some cases no veil at all, in his less serious verse. However lax he was with the boys, with the girls though lenient also, he not only exacted and encouraged hard work, but obtained it. Among the things he taught, and taught well, naturally his forte was composition. Many of his pupils owe their power of expressing themselves clearly and well to their early drill under Mortimer Collins, and look back with a pleasant and grateful recollection to the hours spent with him in the school-room. Even with unmistakable favourites he was just and conscientious, and had ever a word of praise for the industrious, and gentle sarcasm for the idler. Some of these pupils he met in after years. With one of them who was ambitious of trying her hand at literary work he kept up a correspondence, the sensible advice contained in which would be of infinite use not only to the novice, but to many a modern bookmaker.

'If you really desire to become a poetess, work hard. . . . Narrative, with intermixture of lyric, should be the poet's everyday work. . . . Choose a difficult rhythm and write it accurately.'

Again :—

'Why confine yourself to poetry? A novel is the natural outlet of a young and vigorous feminine intellect. . . . Try your hand at a prose tale. Let the characters be few. For character, incident, and scenery, go to what you have seen or

experienced—don't trust your imagination. Work at your tale for a week, then put it aside and give the alternate week to poetry. Be very particular in choice of words and accuracy of rhyme, and on no account be diffuse. Diffuseness is the worst vice of modern writing.

A lady cannot write a novel now
Without describing all her hens and
chickens,
And the particulars of a vulgar row
Will fill a volume and a half of Dickens.

I give the above as a sample of the rhythm I recommend, *not of the style*, of course. Forgive me if my directions are too dogmatical. There are leagues of land and sea between us, so you can disobey without peril.'

These axioms almost read like a cookery recipe in Mrs. Glasse, so minute and apparently exact are they—but after all, this is really the grammar of literary work. Another time he says:—

'You are too easily discouraged. Not to be satisfied with what you write is a good sign It is my own experience that what I have written under pressure of a necessary engagement, against my inclination, and with much difficulty, has generally pleased the public better than what I have produced under happier conditions. And no one is capable of judging accurately in his own case. Again, as to style, you know the French proverb, *Le style c'est l'homme*—it is probably *la femme* also. Napoleon used to say, *Soyez clair, tout le reste viendra*—by no means bad advice. Never use a long word where a short one would do, and so construct your sentences as to require few commas. As to being satisfied with what you do, don't expect it. If you were I should advise you to write no more. The mind must be a very shallow one that is satisfied with its own work. Therefore accept your dissatisfaction as a good sign, and expect the editor to differ from you.'

Thus in the midst of all his work he found time to encourage an ignorant but anxious novice, and his kindness and patience will be always gratefully remembered by one whom, however, he neither met nor had any communication with for the last ten years of his life.

While he was in Guernsey Mr. Collins wrote many songs and poems, some of which he published, all little gems of sparkling conceits, and musical flow, and accuracy of rhythm—a faculty on which he particularly prided himself."

Besides Dr. Bromby, several friends of character gathered round

the individual whose course we are sketching. There was George Metivier, a literary hermit of some sixty years of age, living in one of the little bays at Moulin Huet, writing on Norman philology, and publishing at this time (1851), a translation of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" into French! He afterwards brought out a rendering of Matthew's Gospel into the Norman of Guernsey. He was the literary antiquary of the island, and happily is living still, a most respected octogenarian. There was also of the circle George Pearce, a musical composer and exquisite instrumentalist. Painting was represented by Paul Naftel, a water colourist and master in the College, who was an intimate visitor at the New Ground house. In addition to these various social elements, in which with archæology and art were mingled the scholarship of Bromby and the poetry of the younger master, there was the representative of recreation in the person of a chess enthusiast, Mr. Wood, who with Mortimer Collins started a chess club and boldly challenged Jersey.

At this time Collins had ambitions in the direction of athletic sports. But though he had considerable physical energy, he lacked the steady force and skill necessary to reach excellence in cricket or other such pursuits. His frame was not of the most manageable; and his heart was proportionally larger than his lungs.

The following will give some idea of the place and the friends, though the individualities of the latter seem rather mixed up:—

THE COLLEGE OF ST. CHRISTABEL.

O pleasant quadrangle of shaven turf!
O College well-beloved, whose turrets look

Down on the village street of
Clovernook,

And further, to the ocean's turbulent surf,
Where its wild waters foam themselves away,
Cooped in by island shores to one
blue restless bay !

No college ever had such students yet—

The very fair-ideal of mortal boys,
Who never made an unmelodious noise,
Or caused their tutors worry or regret :

They would have sat at old blind Homer's feet,
And heard him, happily, dactylic rhythm repeat.

And yet, well-booted, did they love to urge

Through th' autumn air, in parabolic fashion,

A flabby leathern spheroid : they'd a passion

For cricket too—for boating ocean's surge—

A healthy love of toil, which must continue

So long as mortal men are made of bone and sinew.

There were three Principals when I was there.

The first the queerest, quaintest, dreamiest, greyest

Abstract philosopher and algebraist,
Who found numeric puzzles everywhere :

Of difficult problems resolute uncoiler—

Lover of Gauss, Laplace, Jacobi, Abel, Euler.

The second the most eloquent and graphic

Of lecturers—a perfect pedagogue—
Master of Plato's golden dialogue :

All swift-winged birds in summer air that traffic,

All haunters of the forests and the floods,

Familiar were to him ev'n in their shyest moods.

The last a poet—with a pretty daughter :

He often (weary of perpetual boy)
By the white sea-foam courted dreams of joy,

Imbibing draughts of hock and soda-water ;

While to the saffron-tinted clouds he flung

Such rhymes as long ago The Teian might have sung.

The following picture of an easy-going artist (*D. U. M.*, May, 1854, "The Painter Festus") may be partly descriptive of one member of the circle ; if so, he must have been a somewhat queer fellow :—

Besides, he understood neurhypnotism—

Could comatize at any time or distance,

And by the aid of the clairvoyant prism

Gather the whole world's news without assistance.

Though somewhat touched by the prevailing schism,

He was the luckiest fellow in existence ;

His pictures always sold, however lazy—

He might have made a fortune, but was lazy.

He was no wit—few painters are, I fancy ;

Nor of rich eloquence a great dispenser.

With all his mesmerism and cheiromancy,

Was neither chess player, cricketer, nor fencer ;

But strong in his unshaken occupancy

Of Art's chief pinnacle, he feared no censor ;

Studied whate'er he listed, sketched and rambled,

And on life's pathway like a setter gambolled.

It might be thought that our poet's troubles were now over and that he was comfortably niched in the most agreeable life of the fascinating little island, which truly is a microcosm in itself. It includes, in spite of its tiny area, rich meadow tracts in its centre, where one might never dream of the unheard surrounding sea. It has orchards, wooded tracts, and

farms. The coast has all varieties. There is the sunny level of L'Ancrese, where the sand is broad and yellow, and the sea and sky are blue; there is the melancholy, monotonous Cobo, with its jagged, tooth-like shore; there is the plain where Victor Hugo has founded romance, whence can be seen the cruel white rocks ever lashed by the sea; there is the precipitous coast of cliffs, cut deeply into chasms awful to gaze down into; the Gouffre, where the sea rages wildly and spends itself in unavailing foam within its narrow prison. Besides these varieties of nature, there is the busy life of St. Peter's Port, with its shipping-trade and fishery, and its islet-satellites within easy sight and reach.

Our poet's difficulties were by no means over, though he enjoyed a brief period of uneventful quietude; and the various charms of the island did not prevent his mind stretching out towards the larger island across the Channel. "The Channel is that silver strip of sea," he wrote in 1853, and a phrase very like it has taken root, "which severs merry England from the tardy realms of Europe. That belt of water has done great things for England; has kept the Anglo-Norman race pure from admixture with metaphysical Germans and vivacious Gauls; has given to modern ages a nobler, because a freer and more peaceful asylum, than that of Romulus and Remus on the seven hills of old. The Channel Islands are those specks upon the ocean-stream which, close upon the kindred coast of France, yet appertain to the royalty of England. They are our sole reminders of the chivalrous days when Normandy was ours; an heirloom from the Conqueror and his race, from the renowned Plantagenets."

In earlier days—we are taking

him now at 23 to 24—Mortimer Collins had found an occasional place for his poetic contributions in the monthly periodicals, to which he had advanced from the weekly broadsheet of the provincial newspaper. Now he found an appreciative editor, and became a regular contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*. To see how his contributions attracted the attention of the editors, and rapidly won for the author both their esteem and affection, is so interesting that we venture to reproduce the scenes from the back numbers of the *University*. It is more than twenty-five years ago, and the editors, poetic writers themselves, had a pleasant and lively way of treating a new poet.

The first scene (*Dublin University Magazine* for June, 1851) is of the editor flying to the country for a holiday, accompanied by a mysterious red-leather box, out of which, when he finds a quiet time, rare for editors, he draws "Our Garland for June." He says he draws at random from the shoal of MSS. in this valuable red box; if so, our friend in Guernsey was lucky, for the "first poem that comes to our hand" is a Canzonet from Camoens, bearing indeed no name, but as to the authorship of which there need be no doubt.

Three months later (*Dublin University Magazine*, Aug., 1851), we are introduced to "A Symposium in Summer."

Poplar, Slingsby, and Bishop are discovered sitting amid the *débris* of fruits and flasks; in the midst of the table stands "the red leather box." Poplar opens the box, and draws forth at a venture.

"Now may fortune favour me. Ha! said I not soothly? Here is something to the very matter. Are we not now in the midst of bright and beautiful July? Listen, then, how one of the bards of Maga celebrates

it for us." (*Reads a poem entitled "JULY."*)

"BISHOP.—Most delectably melodious! The words absolutely sing themselves. Wait a moment till I get to the piano, and I will thrum you off an air incontinently to them. . . . Come, Anthony, try your luck at another dive into the red box.

POPLAR.—Here goes then. What have we got here? The handwriting is the same, and I'll be sworn the strain is not less sweet than its sister."

What turns up is "A Toxophilite Picture," which we will quote as it appeared in this magazine, and also as it was printed nearly five years afterwards in a newspaper, for it will afford an instructive example of revision, and from an author rarely given to revision:—

A TOXOPHILITE PICTURE.

The summer waters gleam. The summer boughs

Are rich with blossoms white as alabaster:

The odorous clematis doth espouse
This century-stained pilaster.

Where shines the tranquil lake
through pleasant trees

A laxen sail in the soft air is
fluttering;

The boatmen move the helm with
languid ease—

Their song discordant uttering.

Two lovely sisters by the sycamore—

One, dark as Midnight, one more
fair than Dawn—

Tell their sweet playful fancies o'er
and o'er

Upon the shadowy lawn.

The Gothic shafts with silken scarfs
enfolden,

Like old Romance in modern metre
sung:

The arrows by those dainty fingers
holden—

The lance-wood bow unstrung.

Ay, sister beauties! whose long lashes
pendent

O'er radiant eyes a dusky shadow
fling—

Eros the Archer is your page at-
tendant,

Nor ever lifts his wing.

"POPLAR.—A charming bit of painting, upon my word; rich, soft, glowing, and spirited, Beshrew my heart, but I think the fair archers, one or both, must have sent a shaft to the heart of the poet.

SLINGSBY.—I know not how that may be, but I pronounce these two little poems to be full of promise. Let us drink the bard's health, and may we soon hear again from him.

Thus the later version:—

The summer waters gleam. The
summer boughs

Are rich with blossoms white as
alabaster:

Tendrils of odorous clematis espouse
This century-stained pilaster.

There shines the tranquil lake through
pleasant trees,

Flaps in the indolent air a lateen
sail:

The boatmen move the helm with
languid ease—

Their quaint songs never fail.

Two lovely sisters by the sycamore—

One, tress'd like Midnight, one
more bright than Dawn—

Tell their sweet playful fancies o'er
and o'er

Upon the shadowy lawn.

The Gothic shafts with silken scarfs
enfolden,

Like old Romance in modern metre
sung:

The arrows by those dainty fingers
holden—

The lance-wood bow unstrung.

Ay, sister beauties! whose long lashes
pendent

Fling dusky shadow over radiant
eyes—

Eros the Archer is your page at-
tendant,

Nor ever seeks the skies.

CARRERA.

By December, 1851, when we find a paper entitled "Christmas with our own Poets," the editors had obtained their contributor's name:—

"Let us give you a song of the month that is just passed, such as one sees it in the country. Mortimer Collins shall sing it to you——"

Then followed, "November," afterwards reprinted in "Idyls and Rhymes":—

"Give ear to Mortimer Collins chanting a 'love passage in his life,' but you must not believe it all happened to himself, however——"

Here followed a poem entitled "Ada." The genial members of the editorial gathering then "sing the year out" to the stately verses entitled "A Midwinter Chant," and ending—

For the power of earth is passing,
like the morning's glittering rime,
And the swiftest of Thine angels
guides the chariot of Time
Onward to the end of all things,
onward to the Holy Clime.

In May, 1852, we come to "Maga's May-Bush":—

"SLINGSBY.—Here is something good, I promise you, for it comes from a genial soil far away in the Channel Islands. Listen:—

'LILIES OF THE VALLEY.'

By Mortimer Collins.

POPLAR.—You said truly, they are beautiful flowers, of a delicate fragrance and graceful form. Mortimer is a capital horticulturist; we shall not fail to rifle his garden periodically."

Another poem they find, "Parva Rogasse Sat Est," and Poplar says—

"Ha! ha! What a gay little wild flower, and smelling so freshly of the sea breeze. Capital fellow, that Collins. Come, bind it in and go on."

In the same magazine for August, 1852, we are introduced to "A Midsummer Day Dream; or a Mesmeric Myth." A litten banquetting room is the scene where the Spirit of Maga presides, and calls her children:—

"Now, then, children, what have we got for mortals at the next full of the moon? Mortimer Collins, let us have a chant from thee first. Thou comest from a sunny clime, and

shouldst sing of summer blithely as the bird in sunshine."

It must be remembered that "the action is laid partly on the earth, partly in nubibus." It is the Collins of the editorial ideal who speaks, but it is not untrue to him:—

"Collins. loq.—From breezy morn till dewy eve I wandered over the green earth through the long summer day, and my soul was filled with the visible glory and goodness of God, and my thoughts took shape, and here is my hymn, O Maga."

"A Chant for the Midsummer" follows, homometric with the Midwinter Chant above-named.

"MAGA.—It likes me well, that solemn chant of thine. That is a sweet picture of a sultry summer noontide, like one of Cuyp's or Wouverman's, where we see the cattle knee-deep in the cool, wood-sheltered stream, and the yellow sunlight pouring on the green sward. But say, hast thou, a child of the island, no song of the ocean?

COLLINS.—Mistress mine, I will essay to tell thee how I have listened through the revolving year to the voice of the wondrous sea—yet learned I never thoroughly the mystic import of its language."

"The Voice of the Sea" is what follows, whereupon speaks sympathetic Maga:—

"Well hast thou uttered thy heart."

In March, 1853, appeared an article entitled "Spring Time Flowers," in which the Guernsey schoolmaster found place with "The Daffodil," provoking the comment—

"These are, indeed, graceful verses. There is a fine, rich, luxurious fancy about them that bespeaks true genius. Mortimer Collins is an especial favourite of ours, and therefore right gladly do we find another flower of his culling, which we shall now give you:—

'THE PILGRIM OF ART.'

Fine thinking and finely ex

pressed, in all that majesty of motion which the stanza of Spenser so admirably suits."

After this time the poetic symposia ceased to include Mortimer Collins, and he figured at frequent intervals in the magazine with verses separately set. The majority of the poems and songs soon afterwards collected had appeared from time to time in these pages.

The following sonnet was published about this time in *Punch*, on the regular staff of which journal Collins served in his closing years:—

I idolise the ladies. They are fairies
Who spiritualise this world of
ours—
From heavenly hotbeds most delicious flowers,
Or choice cream-cheeses from celestial dairies.
But learning in its barbarous seminaries
Gives the dear creatures many wretched hours,
And on their gossamer intellects sternly showers
Science, with all its horrid accessories.
Now seriously, the only things, I think,
In which young ladies should be instructed,
Are stocking-mending, love, and cookery—
Accomplishments which in oblivion sink,
While algebra and Sanskrit conversation
Always form part of female education.

Collins's energies were no whit exhausted—they never were exhausted at this period of his life—by his school-teaching, his private tuition, his chess-combats, his symposia with his friends; nor was sufficient absorption of his ever flowing poetic stream provided by the *Dublin University Magazine*. He ever sought to find an impossible sphere for himself in the life around him, whether narrowly

local or otherwise. He contributed to the *Star* of Guernsey, the present proprietress of which journal has pleasant memories of him. And he did something much more venturesome; he started a magazine. Some six years ago, when making a stay in Guernsey, we hunted up its first number, which is before us as we write, yclept *The Channel Islands Magazine*, "actually in typographic existence" as when its progenitor first saw it "on this bright May Day of 1853." From its leading article came the allusion, quoted above, to the "silver strip of sea" upon which lay the speck of an island where this miniature *Maga* was born. Its founder well said in his exordium, "To attempt the establishment of a magazine in these islands is a thing

'As full of peril and adventurous daring,
As to o'erwalk a torrent, roaring fast,
On the unstedfast footing of a spear.'"

He hoped, no doubt, to obtain a circulation beyond as well as in Guernsey, and advertised agents for the magazine in London, Jersey, Southampton, at the office of the journals, to which he had been a contributor, in Bristol, Bath, and Weston-super-Mare, and at the office of the then publisher of the *Dublin University Magazine*. We wonder how many copies they sold. The pink-covered little stranger, however, made some excitement in Guernsey; the College boys were proud of it, and came to ask for it at the office on publication day. But success was altogether impossible with so limited a reading public to work upon; the prosperity of the lively venture went no further than a *succès d'estime*; there was no one to back up the versatile pedagogue, and unliterary people soon got tired of the *Channel Islands Magazine*. It

attained to number three and died. If it had been called the *Mortimer Collins Magazine* it would not have been misnamed, for out of the thirty contributions or so that make up its literary matter, we can find but two or three which are not plainly tell-tale of a single characteristic pen. Yet there was no lack of variety; there was the essay that was to arouse dormant minds to the proud sense of "Literature in the Channel Islands," with another on the state of insular society; there were "School Colloquies" between Byron and Sir Robert Peel in the Playing Fields of Harrow; between Coleridge and Lamb in Christ's Hospital cloisters; between Disraeli, Tennyson, and Praed on the Thames side at Eton. There were papers on Science and Art, and of course Dr. Lukis's lectures on the megalithic architecture of the Druids were referred to. There was plenty of poetry, that goes without saying; there were epicurean recipes and dissertations on the quality of pastry, as far above ordinary housewives, it may be guessed, as the notion of a tumbler of Manzanilla thrown on a pine-apple ice was above the Guernsey wine merchants, who, with spirituous sherry in their stores, had never heard of the

Spaniard's natural beverage. There were also several serial stories; with regard to the first chapter of one of them *Fraser's Magazine* was accused of having done a very unusual thing, namely, of printing it without the author's permission. How this came about we know not, but in *Fraser* of December, 1852, may be seen the bright fragment of the "Magic Chessmen," which is reprinted, with its continuation, in the *Channel Islands Magazine* for May, 1853.

In Guernsey saw light, too, what our poet would humorously describe as his "best work"; his only child, who was born in 1851:—

Well do I love September: best for this—

A daughter's kiss
First knew I in that pleasant time:
First saw beneath September skies
My Mabel's eyes,
Full often sung in careless rhyme.

As this young lady contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine* some ten years ago, when the late Sheridan Le Fanu was editor, and has lately, again become a contributor, she speaks in these pages for herself.*

Darwin has described his babies so minutely that no one has any reason to say a word more on the

* In the course of the contribution of these papers a letter came before the Editor, dating from the office of the "American Cyclopædia" in New York, and making inquiry thus:—"There is a very popular little poem which is generally entitled "The Two Worlds," begins "Two Worlds there are," &c., has the refrain "Evermore and Nevermore," and is always credited to the *Dublin University Magazine*. Can you tell me who is its author? and in case he is not otherwise known as a writer, can you give me any information about him? If not, can you tell me the date when the poem appeared in the magazine? I wish to use the information in a collection of poems which I am editing, and shall be very greatly obliged for even the least. I do not like to print any poem as anonymous, if it is possible to find the author.—ROSSITER JOHNSON." As it is no small matter to investigate ninety volumes, this letter was laid aside until opportunity of search could be found. When these papers on Mortimer Collins were commenced, the letter was given to his daughter, who was about to make some references to back volumes of the magazine, in case she might meet with the poem. At length she came upon it (*Dublin University Magazine*, October, 1859), and the signature to it turned out to be the familiar name of her father, who has written so many poems that no one could remember them all.

subject; the papa of poetic habit was seen marvellously scanning with most unscientific puzzlement pink hands and feet so small as to appear ridiculous to humorous and affectionate "Makrocheir."* Mr. Metivier, in 1871, sends through this daughter his "best wishes to the papa (now a veteran *homme de lettres*), in whose arms I last saw, after a convivial meal, the, so to speak, unevolved Mabel, albeit hatched, unfledged. She must forgive the metaphorical impertinence of an octogenarian hermit whose vocabulary is full of flaws."

A simple and sweet childlike prayer, made for this little daughter, will serve to shew how tender Collins was in his domestic relations, and how old-fashioned was his religion:—

O God! who lovest everything!
Be good to little May;
Sweet slumber to mine eyelids bring
When daylight flies away.

O make me happy, give to me
A tender heart and true,
And let me love to learn from Thee
The things I ought to do.

And wake me when the pleasant light
Awakes the birds and bees,
And carollings of pure delight
Are heard among the trees.

This pleasant and idyllic state was not to last long; after Mortimer had held his mastership in Elizabeth College for about two years, Dr. Bromby accepted an offer of the headship of Victoria College, Melbourne, and was soon lost to Guernsey and to his friend. He was not forgotten; a few years afterwards, when Mortimer had left Guernsey too, the following appeared (*Plymouth Mail*, 9th June, 1858):—

To J. E. B. IN AUSTRALIA.

I.

Mourn thou, vague spirit of the
granite isle,
Whose cliffs above the turbulent
Channel rise!
On the unimaginable southern skies
He gazes somewhat sadly, who ere-
while
Traversed thy glens which no vain
feet defile;
Watched thy wild waters with poetic
eyes,
At the fresh morn, or when rich
sunset dyes
Purpled the heaving sea for many a
mile.
He where the Southern Cross hangs
high in heaven,
And long Pacific waves a myriad
freights
Up to the shores of that young
empire bring,
May dream he hears a Guernsey
blackbird sing—
But scarce will think of one whom
calmer Fates
Have placed amid the haunted vales
of Devon.

2.

(HORACE, CAR. II. 6.)

B....., across the illimitable main,
Where wild birds traffic never, it was
thine,
To pass and see old constellations
wane
Beneath the horizon's line.
Entering a younger world of sterner
toil,
In that nethe hemisphere, as though a
man
Had power to cast aside his mortal
coil—
And a new life began.
Noble the task, which thou didst not
refuse,
To pass the hyaline, and try thy
powers
'Mid a young nation, where the earth
renews
Her great heroic hours.

* Longhand: a signature used by Mortimer Collins in his frequent contributions to "Notes and Queries."

Yet there's one corner of the earth
to thee
Than any other pleasanter and
sweeter—
That Norman island on the narrow
sea,
Oft sung in poet's metre.

Rathest the vernal flowers in that
green isle—
Softest the southern wind whose sweet
susurrus
Bade the young blossoms of the elm
tree smile,
Freshened the ocean furrows.

Pleasant the morning dip in Fermain
Bay,
Pleasant the cliffs, to any daring
climber,
Pleasant the chess thou never more
shalt play
With thy old friend the rhymers.
C.

When the head-master departed,
the vice-principal, who had been
an opponent of his, took his place,
and forthwith gave the head of the
lower school notice to quit. So
our friend had again about his
neck what the Rabbins call the
yoke of *derek orek*,—the anxiety
proceeding from the struggle for
existence on the material plane.
Perhaps it had never been entirely
removed. Although the wearer
in this case ever ignored it and
made joyful cheer, yet the yoke
was none the less upon him.

Now, being a great favourite
with a few, he essayed adventure
again, and started a private school
on his own account. One gentle-
man would have sent his boys any-
where to be under his teaching,
and took them from Elizabeth
College to the new school, which
began with a dozen pupils. It
lasted about a year, not having
made the maintenance of its pro-
prietor. The reversions of two
of the sons of Mrs. Collins were
converted into cash by arrange-
ment, themselves sharing in the
proceeds with their mother. This

step was necessary in order to
satisfy the Guernsey tradesmen.

There were other reasons, more-
over, for leaving Guernsey than
the unsatisfactory result of private
school keeping. The narrowness
of the field of life was beginning
to be felt; though the fight on a
wider field might be fiercer, still
it was sought for. Here are some
Guernsey verses before the change :

1854.

Minnie, dearest, why was chill No-
vember

Chosen as the month to see thy
birth—

Misty time in wood and wold and
meadow,

Time when brown leaves heap the
humid earth ?

Not a blossom in the windswept
gardens,

Save a few faint violets, dares to
dwell ;

Why should Minnie's birthday be No-
vember—

Minnie mine, who loves the flowers
so well ?

For her voice is full of summer music,
Sweeter than the blackbirds' vesper
tune ;

And her cheerful smile is like the
sunlight

Flashing on the odorous flowers of
June.

Minnie mine was born in grey No-
vember

That old autumn might have dreams
of glee ;

Whistle, bleak wind, over hill and
moorland—

Her perpetual summer dwells with
me.

The following shews how Guern-
sey was loved :—

To THE EAST WIND.

Blow swift o'er land and ocean, bitter
East !

Thou hast not ceased

Thy wild uproar for many a day ;

Old Autumn's fluttering raiment, dyed

In amber pride,

Thy eddying surge shall sweep away.

Blow on, and strip the lindens ! Whirl
thy spoil

With rough turmoil
Against our windows ! We, within,
Are gladdened by thy sough sonorous—
A pleasant chorus
Thought gathers from thy turbulent
din.

Within, my Minnie of her birthday
thinks :

Her memory links
Present with Past. Far-sloping glades
Of Wiltshire, winding English streams,
People her dreams ;
And Guernsey from her fancy fades.

And voices long unheard again she
hears ;

Again appears
Some form well loved and oft caressed,
Reft by inexorable Time
From earth's dim clime ;
Ah, well she knows who loves her
best.

And merry Mabel like a linnet sings ;
Her fancy flings
Pictures before her. Gambol free,
Darling of mine ! and let thy song
Be gay and strong !
Blow on, shrill East—we heed not
thee.

Thou comest straight from Central
Asia, where
Wide realms are bare
Of human life. Thou canst not see
In all that long unending race
One dwelling place
Happier than God has given to me.

MORTIMER.

20 November, 1855.

But, charming as the life in
Guernsey had been, it was a
limitary existence for a man of
cosmopolitan mind. Perhaps even
if Dr. Bromby had remained at
the College, he would not have
retained his friend the rhymers
when the migratory impulse came
upon him. The following stanzas
embody the feeling we have re-
ferred to. If anything could have
retained the poet in Guernsey it
might have been Millbrook, an

old-fashioned house abutting on a
quiet lane, with well-wooded gar-
den and orchard, and overhanging
clematis, from which the present
writers plucked a blossom several
years ago which is possessed still.

MILLBROOK.

A quiet house, with leafy limes
O'er-shadowing pleasant spots of
turf,
Whence you might hear in windy
times
The thunder of the surf.

Yes, such was Millbrook. Nevermore
Those limes will whisper rhymes to
me :

I shall not tread again the shore
Of that blue restless sea.

O island quaint, whose Norman race
Are human snails, and wear a shell :
Dull, somnolent, delightful place—
Receive my last farewell.

Is it a fancy ? deem it such—
That ocean has a brighter gleam,
A healthier breath, a fresher touch
Than any lake or stream.

So Minnie thinks. 'Twas mine to
yearn
For England's dusky forest-realms—
Quick antlers flashing through the
fern—
And rooks upon the elms.

Nor this alone—but England's life,
I thought, would cheer my heart
like wine.

I pined to go : my darling wife
Gave up her will to mine.

And now we dwell at England's core.
The fresh wind frets those waters
clear,
And strews the *vraic* upon the shore—
It cannot reach us here.

We have traced in the present
paper something of the career of
a schoolmaster who was also a
poet : we may contribute a future
paper touching upon the life of
Mortimer Collins as a journalist,
and the effect produced upon him
by his life.

K. M. C.

THE MEDICAL BASIS OF CHARMS.

“CHARMS” are as old as superstition, and superstition as old as man. The essence of *fetichism* (*feitico*, Portuguese, from Latin *factitius*, i.e., made by art) is ignorance; and however poetical and even religious may have been, in its higher phases, the veneration of divinity as embodied in natural objects and powers, we must not lose sight of the fact that the main element of fetich-worship is the degrading sentiment of fear. Terror exerts ever a demoralising influence.

The words *amulet* and *talisman* are often used as synonyms, the latter is said to possess more extensive powers than the former. The essential difference between them is to be sought in their respective histories.

Amulets, more modern, are as much the offspring of a mystic faith as the talisman is the child of astrology. An amulet is animated by the spirit of a *person*; a talisman has been influenced by *celestial bodies*. Hence any tangible object—a piece of metal, a stone, even an egg—may become endowed with talismanic virtue, but the metal must have been cast, the stone cut, the egg laid in a certain planetary hour and with particular incantations.

Nothing seems to have been too low or insignificant for the influence of the talisman. Warburton tells us that in order to free any

place from obnoxious vermin, the figure of the animal should be made in wax or consecrated metal during a planetary conjunction.

It is to this custom that Butler sarcastically alludes in his lines—

He swore that you had robbed his
house,
And stole his talismanic l——e.

Budibras.

Certain priests of old produced eggs having peculiar marks averred by them to represent the figures of comets, or of eclipses. During the culmination of a star, they drove a very brisk trade in these fragile commodities, which certainly must have been credited with the power of imparting a greater degree of immunity from danger than they themselves possessed!

The Samothracians were once noted for their ingenuity and industry in producing talismans. These were little pieces of sacred iron, formed into images, and variously set in rings, &c.

There is a certain business-like magic in this island manufacture, because Byron tells us that if any one were seized with a passion for exploring the neighbouring Archipelago, he would need a good supply of talismans, did he desire to return with life and limb! The advertising of these talismans was an ingenious mode of ensuring that strangers should pay their footing.

It seems to have been a custom,

when one wished to pay court to a man who had done a thing so unusual in the East as to "write a book," to bind a part or the whole of his literary efforts on the forehead, as a sort of delicate compliment intimating the superiority of his intelligence over one's own. Bernard, a former Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, assures us that this was the true meaning of Job, when he desired that his "adversary had written a book," a passage usually misquoted as a satire on Job's part.

That it was said in all humility we may see by a careful analysis of the two verses which immediately follow:—

"Surely I would take it upon my shoulder,
And bind it as a crown to me.
I would declare unto him the number of my steps;
As a prince would I go near unto him."

From the Babylonish Captivity the Jews brought to Palestine a revived faith in talismans, whose aid they had learned to invoke on the banks of the Nile nearly a thousand years before. These were called phylacteries (Greek, "phylacterion," i.e., preservation). They consisted of parchment inscribed with texts, usually drawn from the books of Exodus and Deuteronomy. /

The use of these pieces of parchment, worn, during prayers in the synagogues, attached to the front of the head, is a curious example of that intense literalness so severely censured in the sect of Pharisees. This particular form of phylactery was defended by the singular abuse of such injunctions as those contained in Proverbs iii., 1—3; vi., 21.

A favourite passage was that taken from Exodus xiii., 16; "And it shall be for a token upon thine hand, and for frontlets between

thine eyes: for by strength of hand the Lord brought us forth out of Egypt."

This passage is interesting, as shewing another source of the amulet. The Hegira of the Hebrews occurred almost 1500 years before the Christian Era.

We know from actual research that charms consisting of written pieces of papyrus, tightly rolled up and sewed into a covering of linen, closely resembling the Jewish phylactery, were in common use in Egypt, for many such have been found at Thebes. /

Hence, too, was doubtless brought to Italy the custom still extant amongst noble Roman children of wearing a *bullæ*, suspended from the neck. /

Sir Gardner Wilkinson, in his elaborate work on Egyptian Antiquities, speaks of the custom of hanging round the necks of children a string of beads, with a *bullæ* or charm attached to the centre, representing the symbol of truth and justice, supposed also to indicate the heart; usually found, too, in the balance of the judgment scenes before Osiris, as representative of the good works of the deceased. A *bullæ* of this kind was worn by the youthful deity Harpocrates. It was probably of gold, or hard stone, like those of the Romans; others, worn by the poorer classes, were, as at Rome and in modern Egypt, formed of leather. They were supposed to prompt the wearer to virtue and wisdom, to keep off the evil eye, and to avert misfortune. Superstition induced many to appeal to them in danger and to derive from them omens of forthcoming events. /

A medical man is frequently made use of in the present day as a fetich. However difficult the case, he is superstitiously believed in and asked about the omens. Faith is so strong that in many instances his

mere presence brings relief. The minor fetich has degenerated, and those who in the present day wear the common ornament of a bead necklace closed by a heart little dream of its origin in remote antiquity. Is this the reason why young ladies of the 19th century style their trinkets "charms"?

The old custom of wearing the *bulla* gives us the key to what must have puzzled many of us. Why is a Papal edict called "a Bull?" To find the origin of this we must go back to the Roman occupation of Egypt. Undoubtedly the Romans formed a high estimate of the learning of the Egyptians. We know that they adopted their science. Unfortunately, at the same time, they incorporated Egyptian superstitions with their own. We find the *bulla* worn at first by well-born Roman children till they attained the age of seventeen, when they assumed the *toga virilis*, and suspended the *bulla* as a consecrated offering to the Lares or household gods. We can readily understand how intimately these *bullæ* would be associated with the personality of the possessors. How naturally they would come to be attached to the deeds of Emperors, and after the removal of the Imperial throne from Rome, to the diplomas of the Popes. Hence such manifestoes earned the name of "Bulls."

Christianity tended to abolish the faith in talismans, Superstition now substituting amulets, or means of invoking Divine aid against occult powers; these differ from talismans, which either conciliated those powers or summoned a more potent evil genius to overcome an adverse gnome. The word "amulet" has been derived by some from the Latin: *amolior*, *amolitus*, to remove; a more probable derivation is from the Arabic: *hamâlat*, *himâlat*, from *hamâla*, to

bear or wear—as of a sword-belt, i.e., that which is worn.

^We may weave a little romance here, and picture the dusky love of some Paynim warrior, broidering for her "Soul's Delight" a cimeter-belt, which should go with him in all his wanderings, and give him a charmed life—guarding from all ill—peril of sword by day, and pestilence by night!^

The early Christians wore the well known *ichthus* or fish-amulet, the letters of which word formed the initials of the anagram of their patron deity.

ICHTHUS is found engraved on many seals, rings, urns, and tombstones belonging to the early times of Christianity.

We are all familiar with those fish-shaped sacred lamps supplied from the Roman catacombs to English travellers—those lamps which illustrate the truth of a recognised commercial axiom that "supply will keep pace with demand!"

Since the beginning of our era, the Gnostic Schools have done much to revive and sustain the faith of men in amulets. Foremost in the ranks of the disciples of Simon Magus stands Basilides, an Egyptian by birth—a Gnostic in faith. He lived in the second century, and is said to have originated the famous "abraxas" or "abrasax" stones, which continued for many centuries to enjoy a very high reputation as amulets.

^The word "abraxas," in the literal numeration of Greece, signified 365; hence, one possessing a charm of this kind enjoyed a protecting influence for every day of the year. This was certainly a brilliant idea, and is quite sufficient to account for the popularity of these amulets. From abraxas is considered to be derived the famous magic word, ABRACADABRA.^

The abraxas stones were en-

graved with the word "abraxas" and with either human limbs, a fowl's head, or a serpent's body.

The opportune discovery by Helena, the mother of Constantine, of the True Cross, on the 3rd May, just 300 years after the Crucifixion, gave a fresh impetus to the sale of amulets which were now formed of fragments of this "True Cross."

We gain here some knowledge of the marvellous antiseptic properties of the soil of Jerusalem, for this Cross lay buried deep in the ground, with two others, for three centuries! Three crosses were discovered, and now arose a difficulty of discriminating which had borne the body of Jesus. This problem is soon solved—a sick woman touches the True Cross, and straightway she is healed!

This cross was carried away by Chosroes, King of Persia, on the plundering of Jerusalem, but was recovered by the Emperor Herodius, who defeated him September 14th, 615.

Since 642 that day has been commemorated by the Roman Church as "The Festival of the Exaltation of the Cross." I suppose that this same Cross has proved to be the most prolific piece of wood ever known to man!

Coins marked with a cross and attributed to St. Helena, were in great repute as amulets. They were credited with great virtue against Epilepsy (*morbis sacer*), doubtless because this particular disease of the spinal cord was considered to be evidence of "possession," and therefore peculiarly in the domain of the priests.

In the fourth century the priests were deprived of a very valuable source of income arising from the manufacture and sale of these amulets.

During the sixth century we first find churches decorated ex-

ternally with crosses. The original intention in placing these on buildings was that they might act as charms to guard against evil influences.

In A.D. 721 the wearing of amulets was solemnly condemned by the Church.

From this time the faith in charms has diminished in Europe *pari passu* with the advances of physical science.

We have seen that the Christian faith had not the effect of abolishing a belief in amulets. Perhaps a reverse effect was sometimes seen, for Christianity cultivated Faith, and what was faith in the intelligent classes easily degenerated into credulousness and superstition amongst the ignorant.

In the beautiful Priory Church at Christchurch, on the borders of the New Forest, may be seen what was an alabaster reclining statue of Sir John Chydioke, a brave knight who fell in the wars of York and Lancaster. The New Foresters have an unfortunate belief that the scrapings from this statue are specific for various diseases. The result is that a great portion of the effigy has been pared away. When the writer saw it ten years ago poor Sir John appeared to be in very reduced circumstances!

Nowhere perhaps in our islands (saving in Ireland), does superstition linger so tenderly as on the spot where a curiously anachronistic fanaticism has found a congenial soil even in our own day.

To illustrate the faith the Hampshire folk still have in charms we cannot do better than quote from "The History of the New Forest," by the learned John Wise:—

"Let us notice some of the superstitions of the New Forest. No one is now so superstitious, because no one is so ignorant, as the West Saxon. One of the commonest remedies for con-

consumption in the Forest is the 'Lungs of Oak,' a lichen (*sticta pulmonaria*) which grows rather plentifully on the oak-trees, and it is no unfrequent occurrence for a poor person to ask at a chemist's shop for a 'pennyworth of lungs of oak.'

So, too, for weak eyes, 'brighten,' another lichen, is recommended. A specific for consumption is still to kill a jay and place it in the embers till calcined, after which it is drunk at stated times in water. Hares' brains are recommended for infants prematurely born. Children suffering from fits are, or rather were, passed through cloven ash-trees. Bread baked on Good Friday will not only keep seven years, but is a remedy for certain complaints. The seventh son of a seventh son can perform cures. In fact, a pharmacopœia of such superstitions might be compiled.

The New Forest peasant puts absolute faith in all traditions, believing as firmly in St. Swithin as his forefathers did when the saint was Bishop of Winchester; turns his money, if he has any, when he sees the new moon; fancies that a burn is a charm against leaving the house; that witches cannot cross over a brook; that the death's-head moth was only first seen after the execution of Charles I.; that the man in the moon was sent there for stealing wood from the Forest, a superstition, by the way, mentioned in a slightly different form by Reginald Pecock, Bishop of Chichester, in the fifteenth century. And the 'stolen bush' referred to by Caliban in the *Tempest* (Act ii., Sc. 2), and Bottom, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act vi., Sc. 1), is still here called the 'nitch,' or bundle of faggots.

Not only this, but the barrows on the plains are named after the fairies, and the peasant imagines, like the treasure-seekers of the Middle Ages, that they contain untold wealth, and that the forest wells are full of gold."

The thoughtful reader will see here ideas like the Platonic doctrine of tutelary deities, which take him back to Greece; others still older, as the faith in the number seven, remnants of Chaldean mathe-

matical science, and Hebraic theology.

But confidence in charms is not confined to the New Forest swain; many a hearty country squire, with plenty of common sense and rational enough in other respects, nails up a horseshoe over the door of his "den" in full faith that it will keep him from ill-luck. Will a sailor be found bold enough to throw a cat overboard, brave enough to trust in God and good seamanship rather than in a caul?

The greatest enemy to a belief in amulets is the advance of scientific knowledge. When Harvey, in 1628, demonstrated that the nutrition of the body was sustained by physical means, still more when Bichat, 150 years later, carried physiologists another great step forward, shewing that the tissues are removed and replaced in obedience to chemical laws, a mighty blow was dealt to the foundations of extravagant credulity.

Many superstitions, however, have a sound basis. It is a good thing that people should think it unlucky to wash in water used already for the ablutions of another. It is a good thing to avoid going under a ladder, especially if a drunken labourer be staggering up the rungs with a load of bricks, or a tipsy painter be poisoning a perilous paint-pot far above your head; but when a glazier declines to mend your window because called to do so on a Friday, or a lady rises and leaves the table (as we have sometimes seen), because the fourteenth guest sends an excuse, then such weaknesses become inconvenient and unreasonable.

In the East the disturbing element of the study of science has not come in, hence amulets maintain their position. A favourite amulet in Arabia at this day is a piece of paper endorsed with the names of "The Seven Sleepers and their

Dog." One can imagine a dog to be a good safeguard, but seven sleepers can scarcely be supposed to be much on the *qui vive* to protect the wearer of this special charm.

As amulets have existed from the commencement of the world, they will continue to its destruction. They are called by different names: "Perkins' Tractors," "Mesmeric Pads," and the thousand and one commercial forms of applying so-called electricity and galvanism, Pulvermacher's Belts and Darlow's Skeuasma, probably owe most of their curative power to some such mental influence. To deny that they do cure would be insane. Have we not all seen warts disappear after having been touched by a wedding-ring? /

Perhaps the great fault of physicians in this most literal and material age is to undervalue the enormous curative influence of the mind over special forms of disease.

Not very long ago grave doctors ordered what were called "anodyne necklaces;" these were simply strings of beads formed from the root of the white briony, to be hung round the infant's neck to assist the process of teething!

The error was not in ordering these things, but in believing in them. Similar to the above are the practices of carrying a cramp-

bone for the cure of spasmodic contraction of the muscles of the legs, and a horse-chestnut for the results of abdominal congestion [hæmorrhoids].

Now it is a curious fact that the New School of medicine has unconsciously revived some of the old simples, thus shewing that they were based upon practical observation, and contained a certain measure of truth.

That the modern employment is independent of the old use, and not merely a revival, is proved by the well-known principle of the homœopathic school not to employ a drug in the treatment of symptoms until it has been repeatedly demonstrated to have the power of producing similar symptoms in the *healthy body*. Thus, a popular remedy for rheumatism and rheumatic gout is mustard; given formerly, perhaps, on the doctrine of signatures, according to which some physical quality of the drug indicates its use in disease: *e.g.*, mustard, a hot drug, for rheumatism, a cold complaint. Our silver spoons tell us that mustard contains sulphur; the sulphur exists in an extremely divided form. Now it so happens that sulphur is one of the chief specifics for rheumatism and rheumatic gout.* German homœopathy revived the

* Hahnemann proved his medicines by first taking himself whatever drug he wished to try, and then administering it to say a dozen healthy people. If identical symptoms appeared in about ten out of this number he registered them as the symptoms produced, and considered the others exceptional and abnormal. He noted the moral as well as the physical results. The moral symptoms entered in his register for "Elder" (*Sambucus*) were "Ill-temper," "Quarrelling," &c. The widow of the late Professor George Boole, of Queen's College, Cork (a man of exceptional ability, indeed a mathematic pioneer), has many notes and memories relating to Hahnemann, for the publication of which the followers of the great medical reformer ought strenuously to call. Some years after Hahnemann's death, Mrs. Boole's father, Mr. Everest, had an elder-tree cut down in his garden. The gardener asked what was to be done with it. His master said it could be cut up, and burnt in the house. The man was astonished, and said, "Don't you know it's always unlucky to burn elder?" "Why so?" asked Mr. Everest. "It sets all the folks in the house quarrelling if elder is burnt. It is very unlucky to burn elder." There had been no connection whatever, it may be named, between this gardener and Hahnemann. The instance is truly one of medical science verifying popular instinct. —[Ed.]

place of Euphrasia in the treatment of eye-disease, as observed by that most pleasant of medical writers, Dr. Richard Hughes. He says in his *Manual of Pharmacodynamics*:

“Its name in most languages refers to its healing power over these organs (as English, Eye-bright; German *Augen-trost*; French, *Casse-lunettes*), and you know how the Archangel in Milton, when he would clear the vision of our first parent,

Purged with *Euphrasy* and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see.

This is one of the many instances in which homœopathy has revived and confirmed, while defining, the old traditions about herbs.”

In health Euphrasia causes inflammation of the outer membrane (conjunctiva) of the eye, and it cures that condition when induced by disease.

The credulous country-folk round Christchurch credit Chydioke's chippings, to which we have already alluded, with the cure of their cases of consumption. Curiously this statue is of alabaster, which is a compound of sulphuric acid and lime, both enjoying a reputation in the present day for relieving the most debilitating symptom of phthisis—its night-sweats.

Another consumptive remedy is

the calcined jay; the mineral ashes would consist chiefly of phosphorus, calcium, and silica, each of them homœopathic remedies for prominent symptoms of “decline.”

Hare's brain for atrophied children would supply them with fat and phosphorus, two of the most important elements of infant cell-growth.

The American provers have found that the lichen, “*sticta*,” will induce a dry and concussive cough in the healthy, and that *Æsculus* (horse-chestnut), will cause hæmorrhoids.

Once, no doubt, many so-called magical remedies had their foundation in actual fact or in true instinct; as this real knowledge became lost, while the charm retained its place through custom, superstition came in to fill up the gap.

The study of the actual basis of ancient superstitions is one that might be pursued with advantage, as enabling us more readily to detect falsities and counteract fear.

As an excuse for the many imperfections of the present brief sketch, I must plead that it has been written in moments stolen from repose, and amidst the pressure of busy professional life.

EDWARD T. BLAKE,

M.D., M.R.C.S.E., F.B.H.S.

"FEEAR-AN-UCCARISH :"

THE HUNGRY GRASS.

When a little one pines by an Irish hearth,
 With a pinched and pale-faced wasting,
 Like a starveling thing in a time of dearth,
 To the grave very surely hasting ;

Yet craving food with an eager greed,
 All it can seize on swallowing,
 Unsatisfied still its insatiate need,
 With the wan cheeks daily hollowing ;

The wise women say, with mysterious nod,
 As a truth there is no denying,
 "The lannuv on hungry grass has 'trod,
 And will die when the year is dying,

Unless a flower from the Shevra's Rath
 Is plucked when the full moon is shining,
 A flower that but one hour's blooming hath ;
 There's no other cure for such pining,"

* * * * *

I think there are souls through this life that pass,
 With a hunger there's no allaying,
 That have surely trod on the hungry grass
 In fields elsewhere when straying.

And nowhere, nowhere doth earth contain
 What the famine-gnawn soul desireth.
 Oh, vain is the seeking, yea, more than vain,
 For the food that its need requireth.

And there's no cure on this earth of ours
 For the empty soul's sick longing ;
 There's a charm, 'tis said, in some herbs and flowers,
 But they're not to this world belonging.

But the starving soul with the year won't die,
 Nor for many a year long and dreary ;
 In famishing need it will pine and sigh,
 Till of life and of pain 'tis weary.

O soul, that on hungry grass hast trod,
 And in slow starvation pinest,
 There's a certain cure in the sweet grave-sod,
 Of all cures the surest, finest !

KATHLEEN.

Ballyvoyle, Dungarvan.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Histoire des Croisades; par Michaud, de l'Académie Française; illustré de 100 grandes compositions, par Gustave Doré. Paris: Furne Jouvett et Cie. 1877.

The English language contains no epic to illustrate that great series of warlike expeditions which became, to mediæval Christendom, what the Trojan War was to Greece. The first Crusade, indeed, has been nobly illustrated by the "Gerusalemme Liberata" of Tasso. But it requires a cultivated knowledge of the Italian language to appreciate that exquisite poem; and not only so, but, still further, a confidence of critical verdict which is not that of the majority, to assign to it its true rank, at the head of the epics of the Latin and Italian tongues. Translated into English, or into any other language, the spirit and perfume of the original evaporate. The large thefts from Tasso which Milton, helping himself with both hands, transplanted into his "Paradise Lost," have suffered grievously in the adaptation. For there is present in the poetry of Tasso something which is absent in most of that of Milton, of Virgil, and we venture to add, of Dante—the element of poetic belief. Tasso did, indeed, execute a shorn and cropped edition of his glorious poem, in which the supernatural element was excised. The fate of the work was such as might have been predicted. Not that it is necessary that the poet should

believe, *ex animo* and with undoubting faith, every incident of the supernatural machinery by means of which he idealises the action of his poem. But it is, at least, necessary that he should hold it to be possible, if not proven to be true. The sort of shadowy border land in which the romantic genius of Scott so often lost itself when he approached the superstitions of his country, is the nearest approach to the state of scientific doubt which is tolerable in the poet. He may echo tales of the wildest magic under the half-protest of a "they say." But if he once admit to his own mind that he is talking of the impossible, it is hard to save his language from bearing marks of the absurd.

No portion of European history appeals with such force to the imagination—especially to that of the young—as the epoch of the Crusades. And it is to the imagination that these legends should be addressed. If the dry light of geographical, historical, and ethnological science is turned on these dark centuries and stormy scenes, the disillusion becomes too cruel. The grandest names of mediæval history—or all but those of Godfrey of Bouillon and of King Saint Louis—lose their lustre in the painful and sordid pages of William of Tyre. Gibbon has said almost as much in his famous chapter on the Crusades as the subject will bear, when discoursed on in English prose! The barren hills, the

pestilential ruins, and the poisoned waters of Palestine; the vapourous heat of the great Jordan valley, lying at a level of from 600 to 1200 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean, in parts of which, at certain seasons of the year, it is death to a European to sleep; the bitter, semi-fluid darkness of the waters of the Dead Sea; the pathless wilds, blinding with the reflection of the white soil; the sullen, savage Fellaheen, lineal descendants and fit representatives of the Pagan Canaanites; the Ashkenazim Jews—almost more repulsive than the Fellaheen; the naked, prowling, lurking, robbing Arab; the brutal Turk, who yet seems a sort of man among bipeds of a lower order;—all these (except the last) have but little changed since the time when a residence in Palestine for three or four generations was enough to turn the blood of Norman knight-hood into that of a stricken leper.

Holding as fair a balance between the poetic faith of Tasso and the miserable, petty chronicle of William of Tyre as it is competent to literature to strike, the great work of Michaud is at once charming and instructive. It is written in the graceful and somewhat stately diction which the French language has now lost. Divided into 22 books, it gives the history of the Crusades from the preaching of Peter the Hermit A.D. 1096 (with a preliminary retrospect of the state of Palestine from the time of Constantine), down to the last Crusade against the Turks, in 1390 A.D.; concluding with the chapter on the spirit, the influence, and the result of the Crusades. This standard and valuable French work is now reproduced in an *édition de luxe*, illustrated by 100 compositions from the fertile and masterly pencil of Gustave Doré. No critic can lay at the door of

this artist the reproach of failing to identify his conceptions with the spirit of his author. We only wonder why it is not Tasso rather than Michaud whose pages M. Doré has selected for his theme. Familiar as all the admirers of the great French artist are with the shifting lights, now dreamy, now lurid, which his imagination casts upon the humblest scenes, there is yet much in the illustrations to "Les Croisades" that denotes an inexhaustible play of fancy. The famous chapter, "*Des Femmes dans les Croisades*," is illustrated by a graceful drawing of captive European ladies in attire to which that of the present day has somewhat closely returned. Anxious-eyed women, in tall Norman caps, look down from the canopied *porron* of some Gothic French town on the host of children bound on that most frantic of all these wild expeditions—the Child's Crusade. The place in which the ladies and children of the château hang on the winding stone staircase to listen to the recitals of "*Le vétérân*," seated in the porch, is a charming scene, transplanted from the 12th to the 19th century. The plate called "*Troubadours chantant les gloires de la Croisade*," might illustrate the "*Decameron*." "*Saint Louis prisonnier*" is perhaps the most highly imaginative design in the whole series, contrasting with the purely human interest of the next plate, "*Arrivée au Caire des Prisonniers de Minieh*," where the downcast but undespairing veterans, and the shouting and tossing crowd of spectators are set in a rich framework of Mauresque architecture.

Nothing can more shew men how thoroughly the France of to-day has broken with the historic past than the modern neglect of that heraldic lore of which ancient

France was so full. The "Armoires de la Salle des Croisades" (published at Paris in 1842) contains some delineations which are perfectly testable, from an heraldic point of view; besides repeated attributions of the same arms to different families. It must have been owing to some misguidance of this kind that M. Doré has given to Saint Louis, in the plate "Saint Louis arrive devant Damietta," a shield which would have belonged to the Sire d'Albret; and that in the spirited scene of the battle of Arsar, Richard Cœur de Lion should be made to bear, instead of the two lions borne by the Dukes of Normandy and Kings of England down to the time of Henry II., a reversed lion, which is the badge of the Duchy of Juliers. A single lion also appears on the binding, as apparently intended to represent the arms of England. These are small matters to most people; but they are not unimportant in a work that treats of, if not the cradle, yet one of the earliest recorded schools, of the hieroglyphic language of heraldry.

The plates called the "Hospitality of the Barbarians towards the Pilgrims," and the "Arming of the Hungarians," are instances of the charm which waits on the pencil of M. Doré when he chooses to use it with a touch as minute and delicate as that of George Cruikshank, although at the same time with a depth of colour which our veteran artist has not attained. The desolation in the scene called "Les Devanciers," and the circumstantial horrors of the funerals after the battle of Dorylée, give very graphic pictures of what may be looked for in many a Bulgarian valley some short time hence—the terror of artillery having been added to all the deathly enginery of the Crusaders. The splendid

volumes have an unusual interest at the present moment.

Serious Letters to Serious Friends.
By the Countess of Caithness.
London: Trübner and Co. 1877.

Although this volume contains many ideas which would startle orthodox readers, yet there is also so much that is eminently suggestive in the broad and hopeful views of life that it advances, that even those who would not agree with its more distinct dogmas might reap some pleasure and benefit from its spirit. The author has thought earnestly for herself upon the grandest problems which our intelligence can reach. The anomalies of this present existence have led her to look for a wider light by which to interpret them; and instead of keeping her inquiring vision within the limits of every-day life, she has turned it upon the dim depths of the universe in the endeavour to detect therein something of the long sweep of the Divine laws. There must always be minds that will find delight in inquiries such as these, notwithstanding that they will be regarded by their more easily satisfied neighbours as rash and over-curious. In their essays to discover the lands that lie beyond the waters of time, they are ever supported, as was Columbus in his search for America, by an unconquerable conviction of their reality. Those who have not time or inclination for this species of research and speculation, may do well to expand their minds by consideration of the conclusions of those who have ventured to cross these most difficult waters. And although most will be inclined to cry "Breakers ahead" when they face some of the theories propounded by the Countess of Caithness in "Serious Letters," yet her con-

clusions with regard to the life which most immediately concerns us, that of this planet, are so orderly, and her spirit is so deeply religious, that it is possible to follow and only differ from her in a measure.

Although it is impracticable within the narrow limits of a literary notice to deal with the subjects which are discoursed upon in these letters, yet we may draw attention to one or two points of interest. For instance, Lady Caithness thus refers to the word "at-one-ment," which is so generally, though not always, narrowed in its meaning:—

"The great thing after which we should strive is this *oneness* with the Father, and when we have attained to it, then are we truly the sons of God and in heaven, even while outwardly dwelling on this discordant earth; indeed it is only discordant and in-harmonious because it is not *at one* with God. Although Jesus came nearly two thousand years ago to reconcile it to God and to make the revelation of this AT-ONE-MENT, yet it is still in opposition, so true it is that the natural man is at enmity with God."

In speaking of the doctrine of the Fall, she says:—

"I would rather then believe that we were originally destined to have lived as pure Fluidic spirits, in a far happier sphere than this purgatorial earth, having been created 'a little lower than the angels,' to whose degree, and still higher degrees, we should have attained, by patient and confiding perseverance in well doing in the *heavenly* path set before us, and that we never need to have come to a material earth, or to have been clothed in the skins of beasts, i.e., in these material bodies of *flesh*, which so limit our innate soaring capacities and aspirations. I believe that *our own* rebellion, in the spiritual state, caused us to fall away 'From the heaven that was about us in our infancy,' and that we have each individually fallen exactly into *our own*

place—not any one else's place—but our own particular place, the one exactly adapted to our particular state, or quality. And that we have been born on to a material earth, not as a punishment due to our disobedience, but as a natural magnetic consequence of our own material propensities, which have caused us to turn away from our higher, and seek to satisfy our lower nature, on a material plane—a literal feeding on the husks left by the swine or lower animals—for whom the material food was provided.

We thus believe that we of the human race on this earth are fallen creatures, not because we have inherited the curse pronounced upon a distant progenitor, called '*the first Adam*,' but because we are each the fathers of our own faults, consequently each our own Adam, and may therefore have to expiate them until '*the third and fourth generation*, or over and over again, and until we are able to perceive that *they alone* separate us from our heavenly Father, and we feel impelled by the earnest desire to arise and go to our Father and say, '*Father, we have sinned against heaven and before thee, and are no longer worthy to be called thy children*;' when we shall be received back again into the heavenly habitations, and shall again be '*the children of God, being the children of the resurrection*.' For we are told that our '*Father runneth to meet us*, even when he seeth us a great way off.'

But in the meantime, and until we truly repent and seek His forgiveness, we are no longer worthy to be called His children, on account of our disobedience and voluntary '*journey into a far country*,' and '*until we come to ourselves*,' and are able to see the folly of our ways, we are but seeking to feed ourselves on the food provided for the lower *animals* (a degree of spirit element at a less advanced stage of development), and which although sufficient for their necessities and sustenance, can furnish us but with '*husks*,' as compared to the more spiritual nutriment we were destined to have partaken of in our Father's house; we are literally indulging in

swinish tastes and feeding upon swinish food."

This will perhaps be sufficient to shew our author's style and quality of thought.

A story is told by Lady Caithness of a little boy of hers who passed away many years ago before the age of five; a story of so marvellous a nature that we cannot but reproduce it. A child enjoying good health, he was wont to make rhymes; and this mystic prophetic morsel is one of them:—

Early in spring I got a new wing,
Covered with silver and gold,
It helped me to fly, up to the sky,
And thus is my history told.

Verily the strangest autobiography we have met with.

Recollections of the Irish Church.
By Richard Sinclair Brooke, D.D.
London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

This is an interesting volume, neither composed of ecclesiastical statistics, nor disguised sermons, but given rather to pleasant classic gossip about eminent divines, seen mostly not as priests, but as men. The recollections are rather of the shining lights of the Irish Church than of the Church itself, and are, perhaps, the more readable on that account. Dr. Brooke is one of those septuagenarians who, having fought their fight, pass into a serene atmosphere of lovable old age, full of sparkling memories, and not untouched with humour. He was for many years incumbent of the Mariners' Church at Kingstown, and afterwards the holder of a rectory in England. Near five-and-twenty years ago he was publishing poems, and the brightness of a genial style is in his writing still. We will deny ourselves the pleasure of reproducing any of Dr. Brooke's wide experiences or lively and pertinent anecdotes; for what is learned

and witty will make its way without help of ours. We will, however, make an extract from his book which may perhaps interest some of the old friends of this magazine:—

"In Curry's shop was also born, cradled, and nursed, *The Dublin University Magazine*. Its first editor was Anthony Poplar, *alias* the Rev. Charles Stuart Stanford. Some of its succeeding managers—for it had many nurses—were, I am told, Isaac Butt, succeeded by Charles Lever the novelist; Percy Boyd; James McGlashan, the publisher, who edited it for some time with much judgment; Cheyne Brady, a nephew of Lord Chancellor Brady; then Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, the novelist; after which, on my going to live in England, I lost sight of the good vessel itself, and of course of the skippers who held its helm. Yet I hear on all sides it is doing admirably, and selling well.

Some of the original contributors were as follows:—Digby Pilot Starkey, who wrote under the name of 'Advena'; John Francis Waller, *facile princeps* in prose or poetry; Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, now curdling our blood with the horrors of 'The Watcher,' and now delighting us with the fun and humour of 'James Sullivan in the Great Snow,' the most inimitable Irish tale in the wide world. Then there was Lover, songster, raconteur and humorist; Dr. Anster, the translator of Goethe's *Faust*; Rev. James Wills; Professor Hamilton, the astronomer; William Carleton, author of *Traits and Stories of Irish Life*; Dr. Maginn of Cork, a sparkling gem of talent, some time editor of *Fraser's Magazine*; Dr. William Stokes, Dublin's great physician; Rev. William Alexander, now Bishop of Derry, and his gifted lady; Frederick Mant, R.N.; Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. Horace Townshend, Miss Nina Cole, Mortimer Collins, Dr. Henry Maunsell, Miss Broughton. Mr. Stopford Brooke (my eldest son), contributed reviews, essays, and a few lyrics; and Sir Emerson Tennant 'Ceylon and the Cingalese'; the Rev. William West, late Rector of Delgany, 'Oriental

'Travels ;' the Rev. George Brittain, 'Tales of Irish Life ;' Percy Boyd, sundry papers on the 'German Burschen ;' Mr. G. P. James, the prolific English novelist, Tales ; Clarence Mangan, poet and linguist, was the author of the 'Anthologia Germanica and Hibernica,' a protracted chain of masterly translations. Some wild, opium-eating genius, from the 'Northe Countrie,' and Belfast, sent in papers peppered all through with mad eccentric talent, under the name of 'Coul Goppagh' ; Mr. Calcraft gave us interesting and exhaustive memoirs of the 'Theatre and its Children ;' then Charles Lever published novel after novel *in extenso* in the magazine ; Mr. Jukes many scientific papers ; the Rev. John Heard, of London, contributed some admirable essays. The late Sir William Wilde was a writer for *The University*, along with two great Irishmen, Dr. Petrie, whose 'Round Towers' are widely known ; and Dr. Samuel Ferguson, the author of 'The Forging of the Anchor,' a rare poem for merit, beauty, and power, and likewise the narrator in the pages of the magazine of 'The Hibernian Nights' Entertainments,' in which Mr. Ferguson himself, an Irish scholar, exhibits all through the genuine spirit and favour of Celticism in a peculiar degree.

A large number of the fullest and soberest articles—religious and political—were written from time to time for the magazine by the O'Sullivan brothers, both converts from Romanism. Sam, as a writer, was a little prosy, but accurate and

emphatic. Murtagh, or Mortimer, the younger brother, was a brilliant creature, and a great orator on platform or in pulpit, besides an accomplished *littérateur*. When a young man he contributed to the magazine rather a striking novel, *The Nevilles of Garretstown*, in which he describes with power, how society in Ireland in every rank, was crippled and depressed before the abolition of the infamous Penal Laws. Professor Butt also is said to have been guilty of a like enormity in his juvenile days, namely, writing a novel!—it was entitled *The Gap of Barnesmore*,* but in this I may possibly be in error. At that time Mr. Butt was a Conservative, and so eloquent in the cause, that O'Connell, who dreaded the shock of his encounter in the oratorical lists, spoke of him with a coarse pun upon his name as 'that ferocious Bellwether Butt.'

I think I have given an accurate list of the contributors to the *Dublin University Magazine*, as far as I know of them. Doubtless many eminent names have been omitted, simply through ignorance, and not from any want of attention or respect on my part ; and one more humble name I may append to the catalogue of contributors—it is that of him who writes these lines."

It would be pleasant to hear again the voices of some of these old contributors ; but most of them, with the Irish Church, are now of the "disestablished" past.

* Barnesmore is a wild defile through the Donegal mountains, in the neighbourhood of the parish held by Mr. Butt's father. In this defile Mons. Rapin is said to have written most of his *History of England*.

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THE LOGIC OF THE METHODS OF WAR.

IN the old barbarous days, some four or five centuries ago, there was not a standing army in Europe. With the advance of civilisation war has become one of the learned professions, and as over-crowded as the rest.

A new and deadlier engine of destruction is produced every year. Simultaneously, what remained of chivalry gives place to science, personal prowess fails before discipline and a calculator in spectacles. The soldier that was the ready follower in the fortunes of an elective duke, or a proud member of a local clan, is now a simple unit of a mass of obedient human machines. The poetry of war is on the wane; but what makes its "painful prose"—the roar of the rifled cannon, the scream of the shell, the rapid ping of the breech-loader, the thunderous sound of the torpedo, the compound noise of grape, canister, mitrailleuse—is more prevalent than ever.

The beauty of war, if there be any beauty in war, lies in the heroic qualities, the virtues that it evokes. As the method of war is subject now as ever to wide fluctuations and developments, any nascent military inventions, in order to be hailed with any good favour, ought to belong to one of three categories. They should be such as will foster personal virtue as an element of war; such as will reward a well-meaning and industrious race with power above that of a depraved or disturbing people; or such as tend to cancel war altogether. If the first of these alternatives cannot be realised, and the prosecution of the second becomes too heavy a burden to be borne, the last should be striven for by all practical measures possible, as well as by the gentle educative influences of the Utopianists.

Officialism, which in former days meant gentility, or the aristocratic

element, claims to regulate the methods of war, and there is even a sort of international agreement to such methods, which is reasonably adhered to until it suits some race or other to be iconoclastic and outrage conventionality. The noble French knights of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries settled on gentlemanly principles that the well-born were the warriors, and the common herd best relegated to vulgar pursuits; and if there could have been maintained an international university of chivalry, war no doubt would have been a combat of aristocratic champions making use of exquisite and strictly regulated weapons. But the English yeomen disdained not to string the yew tree bow, no seemly weapon for knightly hands, at least so said the knightly oracles; and the result was that tens of thousands of the keepers of the lofty military traditions were slain by inferior forces for their orthodoxy.

When the knightly lance, the plaything of the courtly tournament, as well as the arm of serious war, gave way to the plebeian arrow, which then in its turn was beginning to be accompanied by the still more indiscriminate weapon, the rude cannon, there was marked the beginning of a mighty revolution. For a long time the bellowing tube did not reveal its coming importance, owing to the rudeness of the arm and ignorance and awkwardness in its use. But it was a development further removed from the knightly ideal than even the charging of arrows for the long bow with a phial of quicklime or an ounce of wildfire. Those were small breaches upon the aristocratic methods of war, this was a baby giant coming to break them down. When artillery, in the sense that we now know the word,

first came to outdo the old and general "artillery," or craft of archery, the picture presented reminds us of times still more remote, when the barbaric elephant made panic among the mounted horsemen, brave enough so long as they might fight in wonted orthodox fashion.

The chivalrous and aristocratic idea of war is not of mediæval birth: the Spartans committed the cares of trade to the servile class, as unworthy of generous and free-born souls, and by a fierce asceticism prepared themselves for all the vicissitudes and hardships of the position of men of valour and honour. None were admitted to the roll of the cavaliers among the Athenians that were not both in good plight of body, and possessed of considerable property.

There is a possible philosophic theory of war very different from those already named, and a rather miserable one, namely, that war is an escape-valve for the turbulent element of the community, a resort for exuberant physical arrogance, a bitter medicine for hot blood. An old philosopher avers that the natural state of man is a state of warfare. This is an over-statement; the enthusiasm of war, except in the case of a few braves, savage or civilised, or when a strong excitement is swaying a people, is for the most part a somewhat fictitious and unreal thing. Quarrellings, which sometimes spread to large oppositions: national antagonisms, selfish impulses, private or dynastic fanatisms and rivalries, certainly actuate mankind, and lead up to war. But war is their outcome only, and not to be called the natural state of man.

Physical pride, among races in a state of comparative animalism, is no doubt in some cases so strong as to give a limited countenance

to the maxim that the natural state of man is a condition of warfare. To allow to the maxim a general truth is to reduce man to the level of rival game birds in a farmyard. The ancient theory of war is, indeed, not very unlike a picture of a fighting-cock state :—

Hands, nails, and teeth, these were
archaic arms—

Stones, riven fagots from the woods,
rough boughs,
Fierce flaming brands ;—succeed these
rude alarms,

The force of steel, and brass, which
mightier mischief rouse.

But there are even aborigines of gentle and peaceful kind, and in our more civilised communities the pride of the bravo element of society is not so pronounced as to drag the peaceful many into any war of magnitude. We may dismiss this physical view of war as of lessening moment. No modern statesman would argue that war is made to absorb a superfluity of physical energy that would otherwise make the country an ungovernable revel of outrage. Political objects, gradually popularised, and by consequence gradually productive of excitement and sympathy among the masses, now create wars, and the army performs its part not from an initiatory enthusiasm, but from obedience to habit and command. It cannot be said in the generality of cases that the men are unwilling to obey, but rarely are the ranks primarily eager for the fray, for warfare's sake. To repress the military ardour of an army, provided no strong passion held its natural leaders, or their communicative fire could be kept from exerting its influence, it would in the majority of cases be sufficient to disband the host.

“The end of war,” according to orthodox notions, “is either to

redress past injury, or to prevent future injury, and the mode whereby Belligerent Force operates to accomplish one or other of these objects, is by taking security from the wrong-doer ; in other words, by the seizure of his property. Hence war implies necessarily a direct operation of Force against Property, while it entails only accidentally the employment of Force against the persons of individuals, by reason of the resistance which they may offer to the process of taking security from the wrong-doer.”

This view is perhaps no more circuitous than that of the legal eye in general in its theory of things. But it is too limited for a generalisation, in that it includes only certain kinds of war ; it would not, for instance, apply to a battle of fanaticisms, where the employment of force is primarily against individuals, and the question of proprietary security comes on only after the personal passions are exhausted.

It may serve, however, as a modern representative opinion upon war, and will shew how completely the ancient notion of personal distinction or chivalry has disappeared from it.

The ennobling possibilities having well nigh vanished from the field of battle by the substitution of mechanical agencies for the personal energy and daring that met the foe hand to hand, war has become a scientific problem. Its object being to cripple or derange human machinery by the most elaborate enginery of slaughter, to profess to avoid cruelty in the actual conflict, or to conduct war according to principles of humanity and civilisation (in alternative phrase, brotherly feeling and politeness), would seem to be not very unlike trying to tell lies truthfully. The manner of fight now

is to wound from a distance ; first with the ordnance of long range, then the mortar, afterwards come into play the rifle, the lighter cannon, the mitrailleuse, and at the nearest approach to close quarters, the revolver pistol ; rarely now, comparatively, is there use for sword or bayonet, or the grapple of one with another. The rapidity of the breech-loader keeps an interval of death between actual contact of man and man.

Whether it is a wise, nay, a justifiable step, politically, to maim tens of thousands of the individuals of a community, to roughly repair their injuries, and then to return them to society to bring a tidal infusion of physical imperfection into its very bosom—incapacity, disease, burden—is a grave question on which it is scarcely competent for any single individual to give dogmatic judgment.

But that it is cleaner work, and not less humane, to make a “happy dispatch” by the most certain implements of death, than to half kill by a less deadly wound, some will be disposed to believe from the study of the accounts of the day after the battle. Here is a recital of the *sequelæ* of a modern action. The observer (*Daily Telegraph*, September 8th, 1877) is a surgeon of some position in the United States, on a professional tour through districts under war. The observations are of the practice of one of the Great Powers of Europe, one not only regarded as civilised, but posing itself as civilising ; a so-called Christian nation at whose capital was declared, in 1868, a great international contract concerning humanitarian methods of war.

“The men are, as a rule, put into bullock carts, close to the field of action, not even a first bandage having been applied to their hurts, and are

jolted off for ten or twelve miles to some village where there is a field hospital, generally already crowded. There they are allowed to lie, just as they first fell, in their uniforms, stiff and stained with blood, wallowing in their own excrements ; nobody attends to them, brings them food or water, or does the least thing for them ; they groan their wretched lives out in agony of body and despair of soul. I was at Radonicza, the head-quarters of the Czar, on the second evening after the great battle. About ten p.m. a train of about 2000 wounded came in in bullock carts. There was no one to receive them. Nobody brought them a cup of bouillon or a drop of brandy. They had had no food save a small ration of black bread, since they were carried off the field. None of their wounds were dressed. Their condition was simply indescribable. There they were, in the carts ranged along the side of the road, filling the air with their cries and groans ; and there they remained all night, exposed to the bitter cold, within a few hundred yards of the Emperor’s sleeping-place. I left Radonicza between ten and eleven a.m. of the following day ; and then *not one* of these unfortunates had been taken out of a cart, had his wounds dressed, or received the least nourishment or attention. Whatever assistance I proffered was uniformly refused on the plea that none but a graduate of a Russian surgical college could be allowed to touch Russian wounded. Over fifty hours certainly elapsed between the time at which these poor wretches received their wounds and that in which they had any treatment whatsoever. . . . Utterly inexcusable is the barbarous roughness of the Russian army surgeons, especially in cases where the utmost gentleness is needed as a psychological means of soothing and encouragement to the patient. I have repeatedly been a distressed and indignant witness of brutalities, and even sheer cruelties, practised by the medical officers towards wounded soldiers, such as I could not have conceived it possible that any civilised human being would have been guilty of. . . . Just

before an operation, bound to be attended with hideous pain to the patient, I asked the surgeon in charge why he did not administer chloroform or ether, to alleviate the suffering of the soldier, at least during the operation. He replied, scornfully, 'Do you think I have time to waste upon giving anæsthetics? He must make the best of it!' On my road from Plevna to the Danube I passed over 600 wagons laden with wounded of all ranks. They had been for forty-eight hours on the road, with no provision whatsoever for food or medical attendance, under a burning sun by day, and a cold heavy dew by night, guarded by a few Cossacks. No nurses, no commissary, no stimulant to cheer, no kind word to encourage; they were wounded, and therefore no longer useful as slaying-machines—the sooner they died the less trouble they would give. At Gorny-Studen I saw the first hospital worthy of the name; it was arranged by Drs. Prisselkoff and Wyrodsoff, accommodates about 1200 men, and may be made to receive 2000 at a pinch. Well situated and excellently organised, it is provided with comforts as well as mere necessities, and an excellent staff of able surgeons. In this hospital, and in this one *only*, can I conscientiously testify that the wounded received the attention they merit. But what is an arrangement applicable at the outside to 2000, when the fighting of one week alone has yielded between 14,000 and 15,000 wounded? If these appalling shortcomings are sought to be excused upon the pretext that money has been lacking to complete the hospital organisation of the army, I can only say that a country has no right to go to war if it cannot afford to ensure proper treatment to its wounded; and that the money spent in champagne and luxuries in the Russian headquarters would be better applied to the alleviation of the agony endured by the Czar's 'children' at his behest. His Majesty should put a stop to the splendid living, rioting, and drunkenness of his high officers, and insist that the poor wretches whom he has forced into the fight shall be properly taken care of."

If the conditions of warfare are such that one of the leading nations of the world, entering upon a struggle at an hour chosen by itself, and after months if not years of preparation, can only produce results like the above described to vouch for its vaunted humanity, then indeed it is idle to profess civilisation in war; and the logical mind turns to the more frequently fatal result of the explosive bullet, or the most deadly arm that can be devised, as to a merciful alternative. What soldier himself would not choose to die like a man in his place rather than like a dog in the ditch, or than to be one of those who "prayed to be killed outright rather than continue to suffer the tortures inflicted upon them by ignorance, neglect, and want of foresight;" which very natural cries the American surgeon avers that he heard issuing from the lips of men who had lain forty and even fifty hours with untended wounds.

With accounts like these in mind, and they do not strike us as particularly novel, it seems the effort of a somewhat pitiful civilisation for diplomacy to cry out in injured tones about the explosive bullet. If warfare is to be made comfortable, or what is called civilised, it seems strangely illogical to complain of the most violent death whilst tolerating a lingering agony ending in death or in mutilated life. Here is the voice of authority relative to events in the great European war preceding the present conflict:—

"There have been committed on the part of the French, acts not less contrary to treaties than to the right of nations, and the usages of war among civilised peoples. In the battle of Woerth it was remarked that musket-balls buried themselves in the soil, and afterwards with the most distinct report of explosion made the soil fly around them. Immediately after this observation Colonel

Beckedoff was seriously wounded by an explosive ball. . . . Researches prosecuted on this matter, and not yet concluded, have led to the discovery among the munitions taken in Strasbourg of explosive balls for the tabatière gun."

This complaint bears the signature of no less a personage than Prince Bismarck, whose text is the violations by the French in 1870-1 of the Convention of Geneva.

We are told that "the measures to be adopted for overcoming resistance are susceptible of infinite modifications; and it is in respect of such modifications that the civilisation of the nineteenth century is far in advance of that of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and may be expected in its turn to be left behind by the civilisation of future ages."

This observation from Sir Travers Twiss may lead us to the question, What is the accepted creed with regard to the conduct of war? If not known to chemists already, any day may disclose the secret of the chemical or electrical process by which a battalion can be annihilated at a distance of miles from its enemy. The torpedo represents, probably, the infantile stage of a still more terrible maturity of deadly power, just as the awkward early cannon steadily developed into the Armstrong, the Gatling, or the Krupp.

Does the theory of civilisation incline to the doctrine of the old military nobilities, that war is to be conducted by persons of birth and position, and that plebeian weapons are to be excluded from it; or to the conviction that the enlargement of the mechanical powers of slaughter must be pursued to its bitter end? We see no logical alternative, and in the belief that science to the uttermost is the only path that can be fol-

lowed, we see the best opportunity of the party of peace.

That the terrible progress of the science of slaughter is the only possible road to pursue is evident on general or historical principles, but the fact may be argued partially in detail. If a nation from the gentle promptings of humanity consents to eliminate from its warlike methods the more wholesale or fatal engines of destruction, it suffers paralysis if it stands alone. The strongest nation morally becomes the weakest physically; and the higher law which that nation might be the means of introducing to the world loses its sanction on the ultimate plane. Nay, further, if a group of the more advanced of nations withhold from use amongst themselves chemical powers that shock chivalry, what will be the fate of one of them if engaged with a nation outside the civilised ring, or one degree less compunctious? In these days a deadly secret cannot long remain hidden; the civilised man may take years to develop a destructive process of which a barbarian might learn to avail himself in a single month.

There are possible exceptions to the fact just stated. A race in a low state of mechanical development might become possessors of a line of armour-plated vessels and a battery of rifled ordnance with its complicated machinery and delicate adjustments; and these mighty engines, so formidable in capable hands, might be to them nothing more practicable than a Chinese puzzle. Imagine a savage trying to "sight" a Krupp, or even to load it!

But this comfortable doctrine must not be pressed too far; the inventions of the future may take a form not less deadly while more simple. Trade is so very free that a barbaric monarch may invest his

surplus funds in the most advanced productions of the most renowned manufactories, and may obtain the most skilful engineers of the most civilised countries, if he will bid a high enough price for them.

The hopes of peace for the world lie apparently rather in science than in civilisation. Civilisation compromises and says, Fight, but with weapons not quite the most cruel. Science says, Give me my full tether, and I will shew you how to make war impossible by evolving powers of annihilation that no hostile band can face. Thus as between a peace-loving race and wanton and less highly developed aggressors. On the other hand, between nations on an equality, or between whom there is a possibility of compact, as at present with regard to explosive bullets among the chief European powers, chivalry may have a word to say even as to modern war. Slay not these poor wretches by their ten thousands; let our select band represent the nation. Gentlemen of the enemy, we give you choice of weapons, our own preference is for the rapier. This sounds old-fashioned, but if nations, on the plea of humanity, can agree upon one restriction, why not upon others? Present civilisation wavers between opinions. It is too moral to tolerate the chivalrous theory; it is too short of faith to be able to retire from war altogether; it is afraid to let loose the powers of destruction quite to their extreme limit. So standing armies are maintained at burdensome cost, and we gradually get accustomed to the details provided by the special correspondent on the battle field.

The text of an international convention may help us to realise the present position of civilisation. The following provisions are extracted from the Declaration of St. Petersburg of 1868:—

“Considering that the progress of civilisation should have the effect of alleviating as much as possible the calamities of war;

That the only legitimate object, which States should endeavour to accomplish during war, is to weaken the military forces of the enemy;

That for this purpose it is sufficient to disable the greatest possible number of men;

That this object would be exceeded by the employment of arms which uselessly aggravate the sufferings of disabled men, or render their death inevitable;

That the employment of such arms would, therefore, be contrary to the laws of humanity;

The Contracting Parties engage mutually to renounce, in case of war among themselves, the employment by their military or naval troops of any projectile of a weight below 400 grammes which is either explosive or charged with fulminating or inflammable substances.”

To this Declaration, Austria and Hungary, Bavaria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Greece, Italy, The Netherlands, Persia, Portugal, Prussia and the North German Confederation, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Turkey, and Wurtemberg signed adherence. *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus*. A score of great nations meet professedly on the common ground of humanity to alleviate the calamity of war; the total upshot of their august deliberation and resolve is that men must not be pelted with an explosive sphere weighing a pound troy, but may rightfully be shot with a similar missile of the weight of a pound avoirdupois.

A child of two once asked his mother, à propos of the ritual of the Church: “You say, ‘We have done those things that we ought not to have done . . . miserable sinners,’ every Sunday: why have not you been better?” It might similarly be asked of the

Great Mothers of Nations, "Why do you profess so much humanity, and end in placid agreement to forget it in the thing of the 'mint and cummin' of destruction, in the accurate assessment of a round pound of scattering death?"

What wonder that three years after such a piece of civilisation's shadowy show, one of the high contracting parties should be making political capital out of blame of another for nonfulfilment of the bond, or that in less than ten years the Government at whose capital the Declaration was signed should be letting its soldiers die of the fester of untended wounds, a fate infinitely more aggravated than the "inevitable death" of an explosive ball weighing one pound troy.

But the importance of the Declaration of St. Petersburg, or any similar convention, is that it is an evidence of a new or revived principle in war; that of international restriction of its method. If the principle is sound there is no reason why it should end in a paltry question of a bullet; if international agreements can be trusted to hold good in time of trial, they can be indefinitely extended, even until war becomes attenuated to a contest between selected champions. If such agreements cannot be trusted to be maintained, the time spent in making them is time wasted.

On the other hand, if Science be left to accomplish her bitter work on the path of apparent cruelty, there is a gleam of hope that war may eventually be made too destructive to be waged.

But to follow neither alternative honestly, and instead thereof to compromise with much show of tender humanity, and taboo one miserable weapon while not ceasing to manufacture or invent others equally deadly, or even more destructive still, this is to palter with

the question, to do a petty thing in presence of large events, and to help to perpetuate a kind of war that makes wretched cripples of tens of thousands of men.

When we pass from the actual enactments of governments to the general question of custom in war as carried on between civilised nations, the effect of feeling upon its methods is shewn with much more fulness. The following is from Dana's edition of Wheaton's "International Law":—

"Nations seem to concur in denouncing the use of poisoned weapons, the poisoning of springs or food, and the introduction of infectious or contagious diseases. As to the nature of weapons not poisoned, there is, and perhaps can be, no rule. Concealed modes of extensive destruction are allowed, as torpedoes to blow up ships, or strewn over the ground before an advancing foe, and mines; nor is the destructiveness of a weapon any objection to its use. Hot shot is permitted, and bombshells to set fire to a vessel or camps or forts; but it is not thought justifiable to use chemical compounds which may maim or torture the enemy. It seems to be thought that a steam vessel on the defensive may throw her steam or boiling water upon boarders. Assassination is prohibited. As war will avail itself of science in all departments for offence and defence, perhaps the only test, in case of open contests between acknowledged combatants, is that the material shall not owe its efficacy, or the fear it may inspire, to a distinct quality of producing pain or of causing or increasing the chances of death to individuals, or spreading death or disability, if this quality is something else than the application of direct force, and of a kind that cannot be met by countervailing force, or remedied by the usual medical and surgical applications for forcible injuries, or averted by retreat or surrender. Starving a belligerent force by cutting off food and water is also lawful, for that may be so averted."

There are of course difficult minor questions, such as the em-

ployment of savage allies by nations bound to international methods of battle, which need not be here considered. The above may be taken as a reasonable general presentment of the modern custom of warfare.

It would no doubt be fair to give to the governments of the so-called civilised nations some credit for their efforts, however tentative, in the direction of the alleviation of the horrors of war. That the showy Declaration which ended in a pound fire-ball was not cast out by the ridicule of Europe, implies that public opinion is not so fully alive on the question of the conduct of war as on many others that seem of less importance. It is a strange thing that so little discussion should be awakened amongst ourselves by the present methods and possible future of war. Do we bow effortless heads to the inevitable? Do we fear to criticise in the rude popular manner the dictates of military specialists? Or do we imagine that everything is going on in as progressive a manner as possible, if we let it alone? It should not be forgotten that where popular feeling is dormant on such matters, there will always arise a sort of class conservatism. There is no reason to doubt its existence in methods military.

With the following paragraphs, drawn from the work of a legal authority already quoted (Sir Travers Twiss), no doubt most will agree within certain limits:—

“War presupposes always a certain sacrifice of life, but the civilisation of the present century is steadily striving to mitigate that sacrifice, and the conduct of the wars of the last ten years [dated October, 1875] has shewn that it has been in many respects successful.”

This is no doubt true in theory; in practice the sacrifice will be

proportional to the murderous power of the weapons employed; and no one can question that present engines are more deadly than those of the uncivilised past.

“The modern theory [is] that war should be regarded as a state of relations between governments only, and not between nations.”

“The European Governments are steadily acting in concert with a view to mitigate the practice of warfare.”

On the question of the protection of neutrality being afforded to buildings, ambulances, or vessels containing sick or wounded, and their attendants, there can be no doubt whatever.

But on the question of the logic of the methods of war, the current theory as we find it is most confused and confusing. If nations can agree upon the engines of war upon grounds of humanity and civilisation, how do they fix their point of judgment with regard to such engines or methods? What mystic virtue is there in a measure for an explosive ball between a pound troy and a pound avoirdupois? Moreover, as the powers of destruction develope, what is being done to decide upon the still deadlier means of offence of the future?

The brave of old liked to die by the hand of a brave; he deemed it inglorious to fall at the storming of a fort by a stone dropped by some abject creature from the battlement, by a missile from the hand of a woman or a boy. Nevertheless, there were fire-balls employed and showers of burning sand, weapons that it needed no trained or strictly military strength to direct.

Similarly our authorities protest against explosive bullets and yet make use of the torpedo, with its blind, impersonal, but fatal blow. Civilised governments would feel

horror at the general use of the poisoned arrow of the savage, or at resort to the poisoning of wells, but it may be doubted whether if a little band defending its country and reduced to the last gasp by an imperious and superior foe, were to have recourse to the most unconventional and uncivilised expedient that could be devised to get free of its antagonist, it would not meet with sympathy rather than condemnation. Again, the modern theory that war is a state of relation between governments solely, and not between nations, can only be sustained in regard to countries where the populace is unenergetic. Were it possible for England's shires to be touched by the foot of an invading host, there would soon be a state of relations rather more extended than that between government and government, or the temper of our people is greatly changed.

We have the story of the American War, concerning old John Burns, of Gettysburg, who, when battle neared his native place, put on his ancient best clothes, took his rifle, and by the side of the men in uniform

Unmindful of jeer and scoff,
 Stood there picking the rebels off,—
 With his long brown rifle, and bell-
 crown hat,
 And the swallow-tails they were
 laughing at.

Then at the end of the day, the
 rebels, pressed backward,

Broke at the final charge, and ran:
 At which John Burns—a practical man,
 Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
 And then went back to his bees and
 cows.

Here was a bit of chivalry rare
 in modern war, entirely unconnect-
 ed with governments, and as real
 as any exploit of the most puncti-
 lious knight of earlier times.

What may be termed senti-
 mentality in the conduct of war

would no doubt gain popular sup-
 port, but it may be questioned
 whether to make war just tolerable
 is the best course to strive towards.
 That is evidently the object of
 modern governments in their very
 mitigated mitigations of the more
 horrible methods of battle. Either
 such attempted mitigation is a
 mistake, or once begun as an inter-
 national arrangement it should be
 pursued much more broadly and
 earnestly than is at present the
 case.

We have seen such vast changes
 in the methods of war that there
 is no antecedent improbability
 against the advent of changes still
 more vast. The road towards
 these, whether baneful or benefi-
 cent, is certainly not to be found
 in the maintenance of a condition
 of war just not too horrible to be
 borne.

Without being at all Utopian or
 over-enthusiastic in view, we may
 turn for a moment to an imaginary
 state, as depicted by a not un-
 statesmanlike man, the late Lord
 Lytton, who in his most ideal pic-
 tures is rarely without some rela-
 tiveness to possibilities in actual
 life, and never without a large
 store of that practical experience
 that makes a man sane, and saves
 him from theory-ridden vagaries.
 In "The Coming Race" he points
 to an electric agency discovered
 and developed by an imaginary
 community, a power invigorative,
 and variously useful, but also, what
 is more to our present purpose, a
 power destructive to an enormous
 extent. "The effects," says Lord
 Lytton, "of the alleged discovery
 of the means to direct the more
 terrible force of 'vril' were chiefly
 remarkable in their influence upon
 social polity. As these effects
 became familiarly known and skil-
 fully administered, war between
 the vril-discoverers ceased, for
 they brought the art of destruction

to such perfection as to annul all superiority in numbers, discipline, or military skill. The fire lodged in the hollow of a rod directed by the hand of a child could shatter the strongest fortress, or cleave its burning way from the van to the rear of an embattled host. If army met army, and both had command of the agency, it could be but to the annihilation of each. The age of war was therefore gone." In "the great public museum . . . are hoarded, as curious specimens of the ignorant and blundering experiments of ancient times, many contrivances on which we pride ourselves as recent achievements. In one department, carelessly thrown aside as obsolete lumber, are tubes for destroying life by metallic balls and an inflammable powder, on the principle of our cannons and catapults, and even still more murderous than our latest improvements. My host spoke of these with a smile of contempt, such as an artillery officer might bestow on the bows and arrows of the Chinese."

Looking back upon the history of this old world of ours, we may well be inclined to doubt whether war will ever come to an end upon it. Nevertheless, that is no reason why we should not keep ourselves open to the general question of war, even regarded in the large field of the imagination. That we have the power to which Lytton gives the name of *vril* is reasonable enough, however latent it be at present. The electricity which rends an oak only requires control to riddle an army. At present we only explode our torpedoes with it; but what would our English bowman of a few centuries ago have thought of that? But even if we leave, as quite impracticable for

the present, the question of the extinction of war, we may still plead that to avoid sentimentality in the methods of action, that is, to employ the most destructive forces at our command, would be beneficial. It would reduce war to a minimum. Uncivilised tribes would increase their respect for the dominant races, which again, amongst themselves, would be chary of battle did they know that it was to be conducted according to the fullest powers of destruction, untrammelled by well-meaning but inefficient and temporising restrictive regulations, at once arbitrary and inconsistent.

Personal prowess in war, though waning, is not yet wholly nullified. In the comparatively rare conflicts hand to hand, weight tells, and courage is power. But as mechanical agencies continually expand themselves, the hand to hand struggle becomes less and less attainable. As this change continues there will be less and less reason for not following chemical might to its utmost extent and destroying at once armies and war by explosive gases. It is no more than sentimentality or class-feeling which allows such devilish engines as torpedoes and then arbitrarily draws the line, So far and no farther. It is not only inconsistency but culpable insanity to disallow fatal engines, and yet leave men to die hardly of wounds envenomed by neglect. The hoarse rumour of war being now set regularly ringing in our ears day by day, we may perhaps be led to prove ourselves as to our own real creed thereon, and to strive for the truest formation of our principles, and the communication of our individual influence with regard to war and its methods.

KENINGALE COOK.

INDIAN ANOMALIES.

Continued from page 265.

THE mode in which what may be called higher English education is being forced upon India is perhaps the greatest *anomaly* in our entire system of administration, and is certainly unlike anything that has been carried out, or even attempted, in any country, or at any time in the history of the world. The mode is simply what may be called Inverted Payment. In other countries the scholar pays for being taught. In India the scholar is paid for learning, or rather for allowing himself to be taught. The people of India know perfectly well that an English education will be of no use to themselves or their children, and that, on the contrary, it will probably unfit them for the position in which they are born, and the calling for which they are destined. They accordingly object to send their sons to the English schools. But people who ride hobbies in a country like India, where the essence of power is that it should be arbitrary—if not despotic, are not to be foiled by such considerations as these. If the people will not come to school they must be made to come. Now the only power strong enough to make a native waste his time in foreign study is Money. He says very fairly: If I were to work at my trade I could make eight rupees a month. I am satisfied with my trade and with my earnings. I have no wish to learn political economy, and I cannot afford to neglect my trade to do so. I am content; pray leave me alone. The Government replies: We will

give you eight rupees a month as long as you will neglect your trade and allow us to teach you political economy. And when we have taught you for some years, we will make you a clerk, or perhaps a judge. The native naturally consents, and his poor fellow-countrymen are taxed to pay him and his fellow-scholars eight rupees a month. In course of time the scholar comes to think it is a much finer thing to get his living by allowing himself to be "educated" than by weeding corn or making shoes; and, especially if he gets a clerkship under Government at the end of eight or ten years' study, he acquires a supreme contempt for his old companions, the honest workers of the country. Indeed, the change in him is very remarkable. The ordinary native is naturally extremely polite, and even what we should call well-bred; he is humble-minded, respectful to his parents and superiors, courteous to strangers, with a decided veneration for his religion and for all authority, universally sober and temperate, and remarkably long-suffering. All these good qualities combine to form a character which is not easily understood by Englishmen, but which is not without many attractive features for those who do not consider a white skin and the profession of some form of Christianity as essential conditions of all human excellence. The "educated native," on the contrary, is a being who fears not God, neither regards man. He has lost

the grace and charm of the ordinary native bearing, and apes the abrupt manner of the second-rate English schoolmaster by whom he has been brought up; and he cultivates an insolent demeanour to all but his immediate superiors, to whom he is oftenservilely attentive. He has learned enough to see the absurdity or falsity of his own religion, without having acquired respect for any other. He has lost all veneration for his parents; and being looked upon by his old companions as half an Englishman, gives them an agreeable and flattering idea of what an Englishman *pur sang* must be.

Now, to understand fully the nature of and reason for this wonderful change, we must consider how great a part is played by Religion in the daily life and development of the character of the natives of India. And this is the case to a much greater extent among the Hindus than the Mahomedans. It is difficult to realise, and as far as we know, impossible to explain the fact that while the various forms of Christianity, all more or less rational, noble, and pure, should have so very little influence upon the daily life of the masses in any country in the world, the degrading superstition of Hinduism should not only be accepted without question by hundreds of millions in the East, but accepted as their guide infallible as well as arbitrary in every circumstance of life. Yet so it is. There is not a Hindu in India who would not suffer the extremity of torture rather than eat beef, drink defiled water, or even omit the prescribed ceremonies at a marriage feast. And yet shallow Englishmen, who know that the same man would have no scruple in stealing, or lying to his own advantage, make naught of his religion, and fail to see that it is the only thing

that even keeps together some two hundred and fifty millions of people, and makes them the most easily governed population on the face of the habitable globe.

It cannot be too often repeated that Englishmen not only do not understand the natives, but seem absolutely incapable of understanding them: so great is the difference in the mode of thought of Englishmen and Indians. A friend of ours who had been long in India, and had lived, as perhaps hardly any other Englishman ever did, certainly as few do now-a-days, among the people of the country; who spoke their familiar language like a native, and knew all their customs and apparently all their feelings, once said to us, "When I had been four or five years in the country I really thought I was beginning to understand the people, but now after twelve years I am quite sure that I do not, and, more than that, I feel as if I never should."

Now, the most striking result of our English system of education in India is to destroy all respect for the religion of the East and for the customs which are its chief manifestation, without giving any religious education in the religion of the West. So tender are we of native feeling that the English Bible—which is not only, all religious considerations apart, one of the noblest books in the world, but is also the most perfect specimen of pure, vigorous English—is not even allowed to be used as a textbook in the Government schools. So while the native scholar is, as it were, instructed above and out of his own religious system, he is not permitted to learn anything better. Neither he nor his parents thank the British Government for this; and, as far as those who are best qualified to give an opinion can judge, the natives would rather

respect us the more for attaching greater importance than we do, or appear to do, to the religion we profess. The religion of the Hindu and, to a lesser degree, that of the Mus-sulman, is to him everything. In it he really lives, and moves, and has his being. It is to him as his life; both grow in one; and he is not inclined to think very highly of an unknown religion which has so little effect upon the people who profess it. Nor does he think much of the higher character of the people who are as wise as serpents, but who apparently set so little store by the religion they profess.

So much for the higher and secondary education in India, and its effect upon the minds of the people.

With regard to primary education, of course children are not directly subsidised by Government to allow themselves to be taught in the elementary schools; but still they frequent these schools in large numbers, partly because the age at which they are called upon to attend them not being one at which they could in any way earn their livelihood, their parents are very glad to send them. For it must be remembered that up to a certain point the natives have a great respect for education, and long before either English schools or English rule, almost every child received some elementary education from the village schoolmaster or the village priest. Again, the education in a modern elementary school cannot differ much from that in an old-fashioned *Madrasa* or *Maktab*. The teacher is, of course, himself a native, and though he has probably been educated up to the point of being a Free-thinker, he is not likely to be able to undermine the principles of his scholars in teaching them their letters and figures. A good deal

of the elementary education of the natives in some places is in the hands of the missionaries, of whom we shall have more to say in course of time. Suffice it now to remark that the elementary education now offered to the natives of India may be considered on the whole satisfactory. It is not expensive. It is fairly efficient. What may be called the English or foreign character is not observable to any injurious extent, and the absence of religious training, whether Hindu, Mahomedan, or Christian, is of less importance than when the scholar is older and is less subject to home influences. In the case of the Mission schools, indeed, a certain amount of Christian religious instruction is given to every scholar, and the fact that these schools are, as a general rule, even more popular with parents and children than the Government schools, is a standing, and in some ways almost a startling, answer to those who insist upon the exclusion of all religious subjects from Government schools on the grounds of political expediency; and out of deference to "native feeling."

But if the Government thinks that a young Hindu or Mahomedan has a right to be brought up in his own faith uncontaminated by Christian influences, it should, in taking charge of his education, and standing thus to some extent *in loco parentis*, make at least some provision for his religious instruction by some respectable *Pundit* or *Moulvi*. If, on the contrary, Government thinks Brahmanism absurd, and Mahomedanism degrading, it might very fairly say, as the Mission schoolmasters say, "We consider Christianity an essential part of an English education. No one need come to our schools to receive an English education who does not choose. But those who do come will receive

a certain amount of instruction in the Christian religion, of which they are of course free to believe exactly as much or as little as they like." We do not think one boy in a hundred would be kept away from Government schools by the introduction of, say, the Bible into the course of study, and of the remaining ninety-nine many would be found to respect us more for thus acting up to our principles and profession of faith. English boys receive careful instruction in the religions of ancient Greece and Rome, but Indian boys are not allowed to learn anything of the religions of modern Rome, or Geneva, or St. Petersburg, or London.

But if we did no more than give a good elementary education to such natives as desired it, even without any religious training, no one could find fault with the system. It is only when we go further that it becomes an anomaly. The head boys in the elementary schools are tempted by what are called scholarships—*wazífaját*—to attend the higher or secondary schools. These scholarships, which are really subsidies, varying from five to ten rupees a month—the former sum being the wages of a labourer, the latter those of an artisan—are received by the scholars, as we have before explained, not with gratitude—as enabling them to carry on their studies, but as their price or hire—as raw material to be practised upon—food for educational powder—in fact, for those incomprehensible English strangers, whose ways are not their ways and whose thoughts are not their thoughts. As in old days in England people used to sell their own bodies to the surgeons, so now-a-days in India people sell their minds to the English schoolmaster, and "being taught" becomes in fact a species of

Government service! Indeed, according to native ideas it should be wholly so. After a certain number of years of higher education the scholar expects a clerkship or some other Government situation; not on account of his superior fitness as an educated man, but rather because he thinks that Government, having taken him in hand, is bound to keep him and provide for his future. And after all the poor fellow is not as illogical as he may appear.

A man once came to the writer of this article who had allowed himself to be subsidised year after year until at length he attained the eminence of M.A. of the Calcutta University. His scholarship at that time amounted to fourteen rupees a month. He had been an exceptionally clever youth; he had been petted by schoolmasters and professors; and he had developed into a very dull, but we presume very learned, man. He certainly spoke English fluently, wrote it like a house agent who had formed his style upon Dr. Johnson, was quite at home in the Integral and Differential Calculus, knew, without in the remotest degree appreciating, the history of Europe, and would have puzzled the late Mr. Mill in his own "Political Economy." But he could go no higher in academic distinctions than the degree of M.A. He could no longer be practised upon. He had been propelled to the furthest possible distance by the educational powder, and he was as it were a spent ball. He was not even worth digging out of the mud. He was used up. Why so distinguished a man did not immediately get a clerkship, I do not know. Perhaps he was thought too clever. Perhaps he had been cheeky to the Commissioner. Who knows? After all

"*Il n'y a pas de veuves pour tout le monde*," as Sardou has it, and everybody cannot get even a clerkship. However, the man came to me. It had been my unfortunate lot to confer upon him a silver medal while he was still as it were "in the air," and in default of any more important personage, or, more probably, in addition to many other persons more or less important, he took it into his head to importune me for employment. Employment I had none to give. Ten rupees a month was all he asked. He was ready to do any thing for it—and he was a Master of Arts. It was less than I gave my cook: a trifle more than I gave my gardener. I was really distressed, but I could do nothing. But in the course of the repeated visits I underwent before I got him the post of officiating sub-deputy junior copyist in a subordinate Government office, I made him tell me his history.

He was a painter by birth. In the East it is not only poets and *rôtisseurs* that are born; caste is but a system of hereditary guilds. His father had been a tip-top colourer. The son had been sent to a Government school, distinguished himself, attended a higher school and college, and passed repeated examinations at the University, until he found himself a Master of Arts—and a Beggar. *Sic itur ad astra!*

The strangest part of all to an English mind was that the man, when he found himself at a loose end, never for one moment thought of doing anything for himself. After all, what could he do? He was a painter who could not paint. There are no openings in the East, as in Europe. There are no large shops or houses of business, with numerous employés. There are no companies but the railways, and they are virtually Government

institutions. No one in Europe could ever be or have been similarly situated. The peculiarity of his position was essentially Oriental. He might have edited or assisted to edit a seditious newspaper; but there is, fortunately, a limit even to them. The painter in question did not, as far as I know, even occupy his spare time in literature, but devoted his leisure to what has ever been well understood in the East—Importunity. The story of the Widow and the Unjust Judge is true to Oriental nature. I was not even a judge, so I had no opportunities for being unjust, and I had no clerkships to give away. Yet, in course of time, I got one for my importunate painter, and he wrote me a letter in which both the old and the new man, the natural and the artificial, were apparent, a combination of conceit and servility, of admiration of himself and of adulation of me. Had he been a pure native he would have said that I was his father and mother; that he would ever be my slave, inasmuch as it was solely by my favour he enjoyed not only his office but his life; that I was a great king, and that he presumed to pray (which was quite unnecessary) that I might some day be a greater; with expressions of hope that his advancement might not be less than mine. The Master of Arts said that while providing employment for so distinguished a scholar I had shewn myself to be worthy of extraordinary praise, and worthy of comparison with Mæcenas, Bacon, and John Stuart Mill; still the Government, in not at once bestowing a more honourable and lucrative post upon one whom they had supported and virtually deceived with false promises for so many years, had shewn themselves at least blind, if not actually incompetent; and he re-

quested me for my own reputation, as well as that of the English rule, to procure his immediate and substantial advancement. What ultimately became of this distinguished scholar I do not know, as he never called on me again.

That we make numerous mistakes in our Government of India, no one can reasonably deny; but it is as true as it is unfortunate that the greater part of these mistakes are of modern origin. They arise, as we endeavoured to point out in a former chapter, chiefly from a combination of a conscientious desire to do our duty as governors to the governed with a want of knowledge or apprehension of what that duty is, or rather, perhaps, of how it may best be performed. We seem to think that the more like England we treat India, and the more like English people we treat the natives, the better we are performing our duty. We forget that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and that English institutions are no more adapted to a native of India than is the climate of London, or any other of our national advantages.

So it came to pass, not many years ago, when the importance of railways in England had become apparent and incontrovertible, it was decided that railways were necessary to India. Now, though it may shock the minds of those who are accustomed to regard everything from a purely English, or even European, point of view, we say without hesitation that, having regard to the way in which Indian railways have been constructed and are managed, India would now be just as prosperous, just as civilised, and very much richer than she is to-day, if not a single line of rails had been laid in the country. It is true that in troubled times troops might be

moved more rapidly than before the days of trains—though even this is not quite certain, as nothing is more easily destroyed than a railway. It is true that during the famine prices at the time of the American War, cotton was sent in great quantities by rail from the heart of India to Bombay; and it is above all things true, that life in India is, on the whole, easier for Europeans. Journeys are accomplished in a tithe of the time that was formerly necessary. English letters and English stores, wine and ice, are almost as accessible “up country” as at Calcutta or Bombay, and English officials stationed in districts immense distances from the Presidency Towns, can take a run home with almost as great facilities as their more favoured brethren. But the railways have had a greater effect upon Anglo-Indian society than upon anything Indian. The natives indeed use the trains to a great extent as passengers; but the amount of goods traffic, compared with the resources of the country, is absurd. The reason is obvious. The distances are so great that the rates charged for carriage are quite out of proportion to the value of the principal Indian products, such as grain, and other bulky commodities. The cost of carriage of a ton of wheat to Bombay alone from the Nerbudda Valley—one of the richest grain districts in India, and, indeed, in the world—is greater than the cost of carriage of the same amount from Chicago to the London Docks. It is easy to say that the railways should reduce their rates. Perhaps they should. The directors are principally men who know and care very little about India. They hold their meetings in London; and the shareholders are quite satisfied with the five per cent. guaranteed

by the Indian Government, which they receive whether the lines are well or ill managed. No doubt if the railways lowered their through goods rates, ran more trains, and, above all things, if their officials were more courteous to the natives, and laid themselves out to attract and not to repel traffic, they would not only be of more service to the country, but they would pay better dividends. But it is useless saying all this. It is nobody's business to reform Indian abuses but those who are interested in maintaining them. To attack them is like tilting against the La Mancha wind-mills; the knight-errant may be thrown, but the great sails will go on turning just as before; and the modern Quixote may think himself fortunate if he has no bones broken, and a squire at hand to help him up. But even were the railway companies of India to be actuated by the same feelings and motives as those of England, it would be impossible for them to reduce their rates so as to carry bulky goods, such as grain, the immense distances that have to be traversed, with profit both to themselves and to the grower.

The fact is, India is at once too large and too poor a country for railways. If they could have been made for nothing, they would no doubt have been invaluable as civilising agents, but they have cost India about one hundred and sixty millions sterling, or nearly 1,800,000,000 rupees. The material condition of the country did not require it. The financial position did not justify it. But it satisfied at once our national vanity, our national spirit of enterprise, and our national and conscientious desire to do something for India. Now-a-days, we are rather tired of making railways. Even the few connecting lines which would make

the existing roads of much greater use are making little progress or are neglected altogether. It only needs about three hundred miles of railway to connect Delhi with Bombay, and bring a large and fertile extent of country within comparatively easy reach of what is almost a European harbour. But years roll on and the line remains unmade. The Bombay Chamber of Commerce have made representations and presented petitions, but in vain. *Le roi s'aviserait*. Now, indeed, we believe the work has been undertaken; but who knows when it will be completed? When will the Punjab be connected with its nearest seaport, Karáchi? Contractors' lines were said to be too costly; but they were at least speedily constructed. Now the Government makes its own lines the cost is no less, in some cases much greater, and the lines remain unfinished. Such is administrative reform and "economy." But RAILWAYS, if costly, were at least a more profitable and satisfactory hobby than EDUCATION, inasmuch as they have at least some effect upon the material prosperity of the people. They might be more rapidly and more economically constructed. They might be more intelligently administered. Some day, no doubt, they will be better managed. Meanwhile they are civilisers, and they are standing monuments of Civilisation. They give employment to a large number of people. They introduce more or less vague notions of punctuality into the Oriental mind. Above all, they impress the natives with respect for their English rulers. "How is it," said I once to a native cultivator, "that we English, being so few, rule over you natives, who are so many?" "It is because you English have so much *ak!* (intelligence, mental

power)," he promptly replied. "Your power is like that of God. Your power is not seen, but it is everywhere felt." But for our *Ilm* (our learning) and especially for our education or instruction, the natives have little or no respect.

Before leaving the subject of railways it may be as well to give a few statistics, although we feel somewhat inclined to agree with the man who put no faith in any statistical figures above seven. Experience certainly is worth all the statistics in the world; and as regards India in particular, they must be tolerably elastic, and capable of a considerable breadth of manipulation, when Lord Salisbury, speaking in Manchester at the end of the year 1874, deduced that not one of the irrigation works of India could be said to "pay" or have "clean balance-sheets"; while Sir Arthur Cotton, speaking on the same subject a few months afterwards, conclusively proved from the same materials that while the average net return of all the Indian irrigation works together was 14 per cent., some of the more successful paid from 50 to 60 per cent! But there can be no doubt that the Indian railways have up to the present time cost the country about £160,000,000 sterling, and that they continue to cost the country about between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000 sterling a year in the shape of interest guaranteed by Government. About a million and three-quarters a year of this is the difference between the amount that the railways do pay, and the minimum amount they should pay, inasmuch as a minimum rate of interest is guaranteed to the shareholders by the Indian Government. As a matter of fact, nearly all the shareholders are Englishmen; so this great sum of money, in addition to the interest

on the Funded Debt, has to be sent every year out of India into England—disturbing the rate of exchange, and impoverishing the poorer country, to which, for various reasons, it never returns. The remaining two millions odd is the interest calculated on the amount already paid by India in successive years to supply the annual deficit. This deficit is happily decreasing every year, but it is hardly likely that it will ever completely disappear, inasmuch as even if the larger and more important lines should pay over 5 per cent., all experience, both in England, and in America, and on the Continent of Europe, teaches us that many of the less important lines may never pay so much. In common fairness it should be borne in mind that the railway companies are by no means entirely responsible for this poor return. In no country are railways so completely exotics, and have to contend against so many obstacles. The fact is that all the plant has to be obtained from England, many thousand miles away—rails, engines, machinery, iron of all kinds; fuel is expensive, the distances are enormous; guards and engine-drivers must be Englishmen, or at all events Europeans, demanding high wages, and very much given to drink; the native passengers are unmanageable, and the native employés tiresome.

The number of stories—true stories, or rather the mere experiences of every one who has been for any time in India—as to the slowness of railways, the inconvenience of the hours of starting passenger trains, the innumerable obstacles thrown in the way of despatching or receiving the smallest parcel, would alone fill an article; and possibly when treating more lightly of Anglo-Indian life we may introduce a few. But

they all tend to shew that India as a country and the natives as a race are entirely unfit for an extended railway system, and that even English management seems in some way to be affected by native influences, in connection with Indian railways. Now, we scarcely expect to be believed when we say that the *express mail* train from Delhi to Bombay stops eighteen hours at Allahabad, arriving at five a.m. and departing at eleven p.m., so that a minimum part of the eighteen hours falls within the hours usually allotted to sleep. Englishmen are accustomed to find fault with the delays on Continental lines, but the sound of a porter crying out: *Dix-huit heures d'arrêt!* is, happily, unknown in Europe. If the cautious reader looks at the Indian Railway Guide and convinces himself of the truth of this startling assertion on our part, he may be inclined to believe our next experience, namely, that the mail train of the *Punjab Northern State Railway* used to take exactly seven hours to accomplish the distance between Lahore and Wazirabad, a distance of sixty-three miles of perfectly flat country. We believe the Government drivers have somewhat mended their pace of late, but a reference to a Guide two or three years old will bear us out in this assertion also. And possibly by this time a sufficient amount of confidence may be awakened on the part of our readers to enable them to believe that the average time occupied in the transit of goods from Lahore to Amritsar, a distance of thirty-two miles of main trunk line, is—or was a year ago—one week; nor will they perhaps “be surprised to hear” that the natives under the circumstances preferred their old-fashioned mode of conveyance, and sent their goods by bullock carts. But who can tell,

or who in this country would be found to believe, the humours of the construction of the Punjab Northern State Railway, before alluded to? Who would credit the line laid upon the trunk road, to save expense, by which both the road and the rail were spoiled, and a new line had to be laid over the whole distance, a few yards away from the road, while the road had to be remade? Who would believe in important works being brought to a standstill for weeks and months while the requisite authority was being obtained from the Central Management at Calcutta to repair a broken driving wheel? or in the hundreds of miles of economical iron rails ordered from Belgium by a distinguished official and of such tender constitution that they could not withstand the shocks of loading and unloading, rails which even a Government official did not dare to lay, and which received from the subordinates the expressive appellation of S——’s porcelain?

But for those who do not care to believe our experiences we have statistics:—

INDIAN RAILWAY ACCOUNTS. 1876-7.

	£ Sterling
Guaranteed Railways ...	94,000,000
Add for land, &c., not included in this, but in a former statement, one-twelfth of this ...	8,000,000
State Railways ...	13,000,000
Paid by Government on account of guarantee ...	27,000,000
But this is exclusive of interest on the debts, which at, say, 5 per cent., or half this for 27 years, is ...	19,000,000
Interest on Government Railways...	2,000,000
	<hr/> £163,000,000

We had hoped to have written entirely from *experience*, and kept clear of *statistics*, but the foregoing figures, which speak for themselves, and are taken chiefly from the last Blue Book on the subject, may be instructive, especially when we come to consider to what better use this money might have been put.

But railways are a luxury. In a country where time is of importance, they are no doubt of infinite value, and they have become a necessity; but in India time is of no importance—except occasionally in the movements of troops, of which we shall have a word to say presently. Whether Ram Bux can get from Jubbulpore to Allahabad in a night or in a week is of absolutely no importance to Ram Bux, or any other human being on the face of the earth; but that Ram Bux's corn should get from Jubbulpore to Bombay, even if it takes six months on the journey, is not only of the greatest importance to Ram Bux, but to some fifty millions of his countrymen, and to the Government, whose revenue depends to a great extent

upon his agricultural profits. Railways will never do this for him. Although for short distances roads and bullocks beat the railways, yet roads are of no use when it comes to very long distances, and bullocks will never carry enough of Ram Bux's corn from Jubbulpore to Bombay to enrich either England or the Valley of the Nerbudda. But canals may do it. And canals have this advantage over railways, that they will not only carry Ram Bux's corn, but that they will provide him with water to grow it, which the iron road will certainly never do. But canals are not, and never have been, popular with Indian officials, and India being, as we have attempted to explain, autocratically governed, comparatively few canals have been made. Of their operation in places where they have been made, we shall speak by-and-by; and as the question is so intimately connected with that of the causes and prevention of Indian famines, to which so much public attention has been of late directed, we propose to devote a chapter in a future number to the whole subject.

ULICK RALPH BURKE.

THE LOVERS' BARGAIN.

*" You gave me last week a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage ;
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
Oh, how did it flutter and rage !
Then he moped and he pined,
That his wings were confined,
Till I opened the door of his den ;
Then so merry was he,
And because he was free,
He came to his cage back again."*

OLD PLAY.

I pressed the maiden to be mine ;
She breathed a modest answer curt,—
Scarce strove my lips from hers to parry ;
Then, with a roguish mien divine ;—
" One bargain, Sir, before I marry. . . .
I must have perfect leave to flirt !"


" Granted, with all my heart," said I ;
" The lightsome songster that by day
Through the blue welkin's freedom wheeleth,
So soon as gloaming tinges sky,
Homeward unto the covert stealeth,
The happy livelong night to stay.

" So wander, sweetheart, at your will,
Skim like the goddess o'er the foam,
And gather store of sparkling treasure ;
But when the laughter groweth still,
Fly with light heart aglow with pleasure,—
My bosom's nestling—here find home !"

K. C.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE 1877.

WOODBURY MECHANICAL PROCESS

I am yours faithfully
John Finell Sen.


OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 46.

JOHN LINNELL, SEN.

THE tired townsman who is fortunate enough to spend a day in Linnell-land will probably emerge thence feeling much as if he had escaped awhile out of this tiresome nineteenth century, and had taken a refreshing bath in the atmosphere of a simple and idyllic life.

John Linnell, who is known as one of our great and most distinctive landscape painters, is there to be found leading the life of a veritable patriarch. He is the soul and centre of the little colony which he has formed in the very heart of some of the most glorious scenery in England. His house (a fine building, the erection of which he superintended entirely) stands upon a hill which is clothed up to the very windows with beautiful woodland, save where a clearing here and there opens a grand prospect of the distant country. Each window frames a glorious picture; and the lovers of Mr. Linnell's landscape may find pleasure in imagining the veteran artist possessing continually before his eyes the wonderful new phases of beauty in earth and sky which every hour presents in that lovely spot, and never growing sated with the everlasting feast. Nature is Mr. Linnell's most intimate friend; it is his incessant and faithful study of her which makes his work of so high an order; and yet, when the wild spring wind comes rudely tossing through his woodland, and he exclaims, "Look! how the trees are enjoying themselves!" with positive sympathy for their delight in his voice and face, you cannot imagine for a moment but that Nature is as fresh to him as she ever was.

Mr. Linnell is not a child of the nineteenth century. He was born near the British Museum, on the 16th June, 1792; and consequently,

though he is still an active man and indeed can run up and down stairs like a cat, he is nearer ninety than eighty. His father (fathers seem very remote individuals when the sons are octogenarian!) was a carver and gilder. That this fact made the son a painter, the most out-and-out Darwinite would scarcely dare allege, but probably it helped the boy to realise that his gift was to do that to which the carving and gilding is an appendage. When John Linnell was ten years old he drew portraits in pencil and chalk, and what is more, sold them. He first received instruction from Benjamin West, to whom he went through the introduction of a miniature painter named Robertson. One of the Varleys happened to see some of his drawings in chalk, and formed so high an opinion of them as a boy's work that he urged him to visit the father of the English school of water-colours, John Varley, who was then the best known teacher of the time. This ended in the boy's being articled to Varley. Holman Hunt was a pupil also at the time. In the summer the two lads went with Varley to his house at Twickenham. One of Varley's pupils had a greater influence upon Linnell than the master himself. This was Mulready, a student some seven years older than Linnell, and the leader of the school. The new comer took to him and found in him his real master. The pair became friends, and the intercourse that resulted had a very stimulating effect upon the boy, and brought him on in a very rapid development. Perhaps the lad of thirteen was somewhat overtaxed by the youth of twenty, who took him long walks by the river, then even at Milbank of margin green, taught him to run, to jump, to spar, and to paint. Mulready was a man of a fine physical activity, with a perfect model of a hand. The friendship between the pair became so marked that they were caricatured together, the elder as looking over the boy's shoulder while painting. At Varley's, in addition to many an artist, Linnell met Shelley, Godwin, and others. He taught the future Mrs. Shelley to draw, and Mulready taught the future Lady Byron.

Linnell was admitted a student at the Royal Academy in 1805, and within two years sent there two small landscapes, and also obtained the prize of a silver medal for a drawing in the Life School, being then only fifteen. Two years later, again, in January, 1809, he gained the fifty guinea prize at the then existing British Institution for the best landscape ("Removing Timber"), beating a matured artist, his competitor; and in 1810 he received another medal from the Royal Academy, this one for his success in modelling in the Life School, an advanced department of the Academy curriculum.

The year following he exhibited a little picture at the British Institution, called "Quoit-playing," which he sold for 75 guineas. Seven-and-thirty years later this production of the boy of nineteen was sold at Christie's for more than three times its original price.

His versatility was most remarkable. In addition to the prizes named, he won an Academy medal for sculpture. He painted in water-colours as well as in oil. He did portraits as well as landscapes. He engraved the plate of Varley's master-picture, in which several figures were his own; also the plates of several of his own portraits.

In early days Linnell used to go with Hunt to the house of an idiosyncratic doctor, whose specialism was insanity, in Adelphi Terrace. This gentleman was a sort of patron of a circle of young artists, who came to him in the evening and spent it in making sketches in chalk, studies, copies, and so on, and from him Linnell received half-a-crown for such an evening's work. Whether others were paid is not known; perhaps Linnell was the only one of the circle whose evening, with its artistic leavings, was worth half-a-crown.

For many years from this time Linnell was a regular contributor to the Royal Academy and the British Institution. From the latter gallery portraits were excluded, so that they were sent to the Academy, while what were exhibited at the British Institution were chiefly landscapes. At the Academy Exhibition of 1821, he was represented by both classes of work. His main subsistence at this time was derived from miniature painting, a class of work to which photography, as Linnell himself allows, is so deadly a foe. One of his early miniatures, shewn by Varley to an old lady-connoisseur of the peerage, evoked the opinion that he was the only painter who could produce a miniature like the old masters in this branch of art. The daring young painter had a predilection for following truth in his work, and is said to have asked the Princess if, supposing he were commissioned to take the portrait of King George, he might make it like him. "Should you do so," replied she earnestly, "it will be your ruin."

His portraits laid the foundation of his fame. Besides several friendly artists, he painted Malthus, Warren, Whately, Peel, Lansdowne, and Carlyle. Turner, who had a horror of being counterfeited, Linnell brought on to his canvas by stealth.

In 1812 Mr. Linnell became a member of the Baptist community, which he calls the only sect mentioned in the Gospels. He affirms that the Pope is little aware that though he confidently claims all baptised persons as his subjects, neither he nor any one of his real subjects has

ever been properly baptised at all, and his claim to rule over Christians generally is nullified by the flaw in their baptism. Another strong view he holds is that the present Anglican Sacramental ceremony is a mere attenuation of the Romish Mass, and not the original institution.

In 1839 came a certain amount of fame, a picture exhibited at the British Institution with the title "St. John Preaching," drawing to itself conspicuous attention by its conceptive and executive power. That same year he exhibited no less than six portraits in the Royal Academy. In 1846 was sent, also to the British Institution, a little picture entitled "A Spring Wood Scene." This was engraved in the *Art Journal* in 1851, and having been purchased by Mr. Vernon, is now in the National Gallery, where it is almost, if not altogether, the only instance of a work by a living master. In 1847 "The Windmill" was also painted, similarly engraved, purchased, and deposited in the National Gallery. "The Eve of the Deluge," a picture 7ft. by 4ft. 5in., was sold in 1847 to Mr. Gillott for £1000 (his own offer) and exhibited in the Royal Academy for 1848, where it quite took the public by surprise, "from the sublimity and daring with which the painter invested his subject." "The Last Gleam," 4ft. 3in. by 3ft., was also sold to Mr. Gillott for £250, and twenty years afterwards was sold at his sale at Christie's for £2,500. On the report of this sale—which did not benefit the painter a penny—an amusing incident is said to have happened. The painter had his income-tax adjusted to a critical idea of his worth. His assessment was doubled.

"The Timber Waggon," painted for Mr. Oxenham, of Oxford Street, obtained at the Paris Exhibition of 1855 the gold medal, which was the chief prize for landscape. But the medal itself Mr. Linnell never saw, and no one seems to know who has it. Perhaps some kind friend undertook to be the bearer of it and lost it.

The history of one of Linnell's pictures is peculiarly interesting, as shewing how originality cannot help being original. At the Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures his sons saw and afterwards described to him a picture by Bellini, called the "Sleep of Sorrow." He was fixed with the idea, listened to their minutest accounts, and forthwith set to work upon a picture that formed itself in his mind's eye. This picture is now upon his wall, and possesses a marked dignity of treatment. It shews recumbent figures on a dim hill-side; the opening horizon begins to be touched with the cool, hopeful dawn, while heavy clouds overhang and darken the scene. Some years after

it was painted, Linnell saw at the National Gallery the original that had suggested his own ; it was so utterly different that the two pictures no one would suppose had been evolved from the same idea.

Linnell's territory is part of a magnificently wooded hill, that must be known to most travellers to Brighton by rail. It consists of eighty acres, some part of which is now apportioned to the patriarch's sons.

In 1830 he had built a house in London, No. 38, Porchester Terrace, upon ground leased from the Bishop of London. Some twenty years later, when he was at Redhill in search of a summer lodging he noticed the site on the hill, and immediately it occurred to him that it was a place where he would like a house. Within a fortnight the land was bought, and various adjoining plots were added at intervals. The wild woody slopes are a charmed refuge for birds, for no shooting is ever permitted there. The house was built according to Linnell's own ideas, as were those of his sons, one of whom has his habitation at the south end of the wood, and another on the highest point of the adjoining fields. Another freehold property called "Chard Lodge" belongs also to Linnell.

Any one who visited Mr. Linnell's studio at the midsummer of the present year, and then two months afterward, might have noticed that two large pictures had started into life from bare canvas in that small space of time. Fortunately for himself the artist can find his trees and landscape in his own grounds, and in the sweep of lovely country that is commanded by the windows of his house. Fortunately for him, too, his artistic memory is strong ; his very skies are portraits ; a grand picture of the clouded blue that may be momentary, a glimpse that may perchance be observed by no one else in the world, falls upon his cultivated perceptions as upon a photographic plate. To his studio it is brought in that strange receptacle, the memory, and there it may be kept hidden for days, until the time comes for it to become instinct with life and reality upon the canvas.

What he paints he regards as aspects of nature and not topography ; this is a spiritual artistic fact, and no doubt there are natures to which such a distinction is unintelligible. In the one instance the painter, if unendowed with the imaginative gift, seizes upon and records dry, hard details ; in the other he is seized upon by the phenomena, and tells what they tell him.

Linnell goes to his easel for rest ; in his commune with nature, which he there translates, he escapes out of the oppression of the minor wranglings of life, and is an enfranchised being. A man like this, who

can feel in the life around him an inner depth for which the generality have no eyes, may well observe that men choose to live in a dust-hole when they might have the best drawing-room of the house. With him, as indeed with every true seer, artistic or otherwise, "everything," to use his own words, "is duplicated, and full of more meaning than itself." The "Open thou mine eyes that I may see," with him refers not only to prophetic vision, but to deep sight artistic.

It has been said that when thought may have exhausted itself in any one sphere of art, a mind that has been fostered in another would, on stretching out into a new field, produce something original, as, for instance, if a man endowed with the highest musical faculty should push himself into the culture of the power of poetic speech. From him poetry might gain a new and unknown music. In Mr. Linnell's case, artistic insight has stepped into a domain where dry pedantry has reigned too long, that of ancient Scripture. What sort of a result may we expect from an artist wandering into the regions of criticism? In Psalm civ. we find the words—

O Jehovah, how manifold are Thy works !
In wisdom hast Thou made them all ;
The earth is full of Thy riches,
So is this sea, great and wide in its shores,
Wherein are things creeping without number,
Living creatures both small and great.
There go the ships, there is that Leviathan,
Whom Thou hast made to take his pastime therein.
These all wait upon Thee ;
That Thou mayest give them their food in due season.

When we come to think of it, it is, to say the least of it, singular that ships should be reckoned among the works of the wisdom of God, still more so that they wait to have their meat in due season. Mr. Linnell's suggestion thereon is a most happy one, and brings before us a rich picture. We behold the teeming earth and the abundant ocean ; therein delight the huge creatures of the sea ; thereon sailing also is the tiny ship of the sea, the ship that God made, the delicate Nautilus that sails along in its mantling shell. The picture is now complete, and the suggestive criticism of the man who sees with the imaginative eye has read us a lesson.

To the admirers of that extraordinary genius, William Blake. Mr. Linnell's dining-room is indeed a fascinating place ; for its walls are hung with the wonderful series of illustrations to Job, by that "visionary man." These drawings were purchased by Mr. Linnell

when he could ill afford to be a patron of art, for he was himself working hard at portrait painting and miniature painting for a livelihood, and could only allow himself to indulge in landscape as an occasional luxury. William Blake received from him a larger sum than he ever obtained for any one series of drawings—£150; and it was paid to him in weekly instalments of from two to three pounds a week, which suited Blake admirably, for he was then face to face with actual want. This modest income enabled the artist-seer to live for a time in, what was to him, comfort; and Blake's pride, which led him to recklessly quarrel with those who, as he considered, underpaid or undervalued his work, led him also to do his utmost to work well for those who appreciated it. The "Inventions to the Book of Job" are among the most remarkable drawings which he produced, and the engravings that he executed from them for Mr. Linnell are pronounced to be the best ever done by him.

Mr. Linnell, whose artistic sense perceived Blake's genius fully, was one of his best friends. Not only did he "discount, as it were, Blake's bill on posterity, when none else would," but he introduced him to many sympathisers, at a time when Blake's earlier admirers had mostly dropped off, in one way or other. In fact, he was the "kindest friend and stay of the neglected man's declining years." It is evident that Mr. Linnell exhibited that genuine sympathy which always drew out Blake's best and sweetest side at once; for he speaks of him as being "with the gentle, as amiable as a child."

Among the many friends to whom Mr. Linnell introduced Blake was Mr. Aders, one of those rich merchants who transform the selling of merchandise into one of the liberal professions. For neither was mere money nor mere magnificence the end and aim of his ambition. He formed a collection of pictures which has left a mark in the history of picture collecting. And his house in Euston Square (of which not only the walls of all the rooms, but those of the staircases were lined with rare pictures) was open to the literary men and artists of the day. Here came Coleridge and Lamb, Lawrence, Ward, Stothard, Linnell, and Blake. Came also Crabbe Robinson, whose reading of Blake's "Tiger" in the "Songs of Innocence," Linnell says was one of the greatest treats he ever had of the kind. Crabbe Robinson read the poem at the dinner-table, before a large party at Mr. Aders'. The munificent merchant's picture-lined house formed a fine background for the grouping of these remarkable men; but perhaps an even more charming one to the imagination is Linnell's farm-house home at

Hampstead. Here, though Blake would professedly not allow himself to like the cockney Hampstead, he delighted to come, and was always welcomed delightedly, as soon as he appeared in sight, by Mr. Linnell's children. Often here would gather Dr. Thornton, Richmond, now R.A., and Collins, R.A.

In this pleasant society John Linnell was a prominent figure, with his brilliant, strong originality, and his vigour of thought. Naturally Blake's visions, which were so entirely real to him, frequently became topics of discussion; Linnell, who always held a filial bearing towards Blake and never assumed the patron, would do his best to make reason out of them, while Varley would explain them astrologically.

On his way to pay these visits at Hampstead, Blake would sometimes call upon one of his most enthusiastic disciples, Mr. Samuel Palmer, then quite a youth. He has since become a well known water-colour artist, a painter of most poetical landscapes. In later years he married Miss Linnell, and has now settled down not far from Redstone Hill.

John Linnell, senior, has taken root, as it were, upon this charmed patch of ground. Here he is always to be found, dwelling in the midst of his children and grandchildren, for two of his married sons have houses upon the estate. He never leaves his domain, except for a drive in the neighbourhood; and very often is not to be tempted over the threshold of his house unless there is a cloud which must be looked at, or nature holds out some such special enticement to this most loving child of hers.

"Just see those rooks," he says, when you follow him into that holy of holies, his studio. He points to a fresh picture now upon the easel. "*I saw* that. I saw those rooks come boiling up over a cloud, and then, while you stood looking, came another posse, rushing past you like tigers."

The old artist, suiting his action to his speech, and looking as if he would like to revel with the rooks, evidently thinks more of them than of his picture, which is an exceedingly beautiful one—a broad landscape, with a peep of water in it, and some figures and a dog in the foreground. But the rooks certainly are its greatest interest, for they are as full of vigour as their creator; whose conversational originality and fire of manner have lost little since the old days when he mixed with Coleridge, Lamb, Blake, and Varley, and was a prominent figure in their society.

Mr. Linnell's studio, like that of most great artists, is lined with

interest. All around the wall runs a narrow ledge, upon which stand all manner of little unframed paintings. Higher up hang pictures, which are always there, and are not within the buyer's market. A group of miniatures there is in one corner, some among them finished with Dutch fidelity and truth; one or two charming portraits of his children; a portrait of himself ten years ago; and a little further on a portrait of Thomas Carlyle when he was young and dark-haired. Then as you turn, your eye is caught by a delightful little picture of a man cutting at a fallen tree, standing upon it, and dealing a vigorous blow, his bright figure thrown out in relief against a glorious mass of foliage; and you find yourself back again in that range of art which the artist himself delights in. See to the right there that lovely little painting, which he calls "The Rush In"—sheep being admitted to the sheepfold. What a wonderful study it is. There is Moses also on the wall, descending the mount with the Tablets of the Law in his hand—a mighty figure. Again we have the mystic upholding of Aaron's hands upon the hill that commanded the battle. Approaching closer to look at another picture, you find against the wall a carpenter's workshop, with neatly arrayed nails and tools of all description. The artist must rest sometimes, and John Linnell is one of those vigorous workers who find their rest in change of work. Over there by the fire-place stands an old writing-desk (a pretty new one presented to him stands near by, and looks ornamental); here lie his Greek and Hebrew books open, ready as a resource when he turns from his painting. A delightful, queer, industrious looking corner is this; the old desk is covered with all sorts of writing materials, and a fine array of spectacle cases—one ancient red one with the name Varley written across it in ink; for Mr. Linnell's most precious pair of spectacles was given him between forty and fifty years ago by John Varley. He uses glasses of graduated powers, choosing whatever he finds at the time most suitable for a particular object. This he deems the way to save the eye.

Linnell's paintings are generally large in size, and of broad and vigorous handling. But, not many years ago, he painted a small and most exquisitely finished picture in order to shew that he had not lost the power of dealing with minute matter, a kind of weakness, indeed, that could scarcely be expected from an old painter of miniatures upon ivory.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that Mr. Linnell is not only a student of, but a writer on, Biblical subjects. Even Matthew Arnold, in respect of his recent books, was greeted with the cry, which was meant

to be derisive, of "amateur theology," but his works have, none the less, passed through a succession of editions that many a professional theologian would give much to see for his own. We ought to be grateful that a man whose vision is clear for beauties of the natural landscape should turn his untired eyes into other fields, where they may find that which other eyes of different quality have passed by. An artist whose pictures are real has to learn many things for himself. Before Mr. Linnell can paint Abraham passing between the portions of the halved sacrifice he has to learn what the narrator of the Scripture meant, and must form a definite and clear picture in his mind's eye before he can produce it in glowing form on the canvas. After such study he tells us, in the title of a pamphlet published in 1864, that burnt-offering is not in the Hebrew Bible, and he offers, by way of preface and apology for correcting the commentators, the following pregnant words from the "Christian Doctrine" of the poet Milton:—"It was also evident to me that in Religion, as in other things, the offers of God were all directed, not to an indolent credulity, but to constant diligence and to an unwearied search after truth; and that more than I was aware of still remained which required to be more rigidly examined by the rule of Scripture, and reformed after a more accurate model." In this little work a revised version is given of the first four chapters of Leviticus. The chief point argued is that the sacrifice described is to be rendered, if we would strictly adhere to the sense of the words of the original, as an "ascension-sacrifice," not a burnt offering; a "fuming" of the offering on the altar, by which an odour of fragrance arose, and not a mere destruction by fire.

Another work, published by Trübner in 1856, is a comprehensive argument against the misnaming of the Scriptures, the Old and New Testament; when the word testament, if in old Latin it ever signified pact or covenant, signifies it not now, and so misleads. Since this date a new version of the Scriptures has been made by Wellbeloved and others (Longmans, 1862), which, in every instance where the word testament occurs in other translations, substitutes the more correct term, covenant. This ancient making of a covenant, or literally "cutting a breeth," is grandly represented in a picture now on the walls of Mr. Linnell's painting-room, where Abraham passes between the smoking offering, the victim divided in twain, while a majestic form is dimly seen by a white flash of presence, before the great patriarchal figure. The artist, without any ostensible reference to this picture, which indeed was painted years afterwards, evidently shews us in the

work last named how his investigations of the Bible narrative led him into his subject. He quotes as follows from Gen. xv.—“Take to me a heifer of three years old, and a turtle dove, and a young pigeon. And he took to him all these and divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one over against another.” He explains that this is literally “gave each piece to meet or answer to its fellow, *i.e.*, opposite—to correspond—leaving a space between the corresponding pieces, for the party covenanting to walk through, as described in Jer. xxxiv. 18. Then follows the awfully sublime narrative of the peculiar deep sleep, or trance, which fell upon Abram, in which he learns the long to be endured affliction of his posterity, and their ultimate possession of the land; also his own peaceful departure. And to confirm and witness, or ratify, the appointment of these things, God gives Abram the vision of the smoking furnace and lamp of fire passing between those divisions of the animals.” All this is in the picture as in the book, and a wonderfully grand piece of composition it is. It is to be wished there were more artists able to penetrate to the reality of dimly known archaic customs, and to bring them into life and interest before our eyes. We get a new and enlarged idea from Mr. Linnell as to the symbolic “blood of the covenant,” “breeth” being, according to Grotius, the actual word used by Jesus, as the witness of the sacrifice of the continued covenant.

Perhaps the most striking of Mr. Linnell’s works in the field of criticism is his treatise, published in 1859, entitled, “The Lord’s Day the Day of the Lord.” It is a masterly contribution toward the re-spiritualising of a form of expression that has been obscured by misconception. The words of Revelation i. 10, are generally translated, “I was in the spirit on the Lord’s day.” This is shewn to be held as the earliest instance of the use of such a phrase as Lord’s Day in the sense in which it is now employed; there being no evidence that any day was kept as such for a century after the beginning of our era; while it is known that the Jewish Sabbath was the prevailing custom, and one that, until the new Church had largely expanded and grown powerful, it would have been impossible to alter. The Scriptural “day of the Lord” is shewn to be that day which has not to do with time; that day which is “with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;” and John was, Mr. Linnell shews, *in that day* by being under spiritual influence, or, as he describes it, in the ecstatic, prophetic state. He would accordingly translate the verse, “I became in spirit in the Lord’s day,” or, “I became by the spirit in the day of

the Lord." This will probably be startlingly novel to many, but we may refer them to the array of corroborative quotation in Mr. Linnell's book.

We have gone so far into detail of these treatises because they are so little known, and may add a new and surprised feeling of admiration to that which so many cultured Englishmen feel for an art-master in England, who also proves to be, in a sense, a master in Israel.

A reading of the Hebrew prophets in the original is no unworthy food for a painter, and as one sphere of art and thought is more or less convertible into another, they may well be carried into rich, and strong, and reverent painting of nature's sunlit shows. The Psalms are amongst Mr. Linnell's especially chosen portions; he is carefully going over the translation and modifying a version (Lord Congleton's) which he has selected as the one that suits him best of those already published. He would have the Psalms take the place of the Prayer-book.

We find in "Men of the Time" the curt notification, "Linnell is not a member of the Academy, and has never, it is said, gone out of his way to become one." We cannot give the true history of this neglect; probably Linnell's independence was not relished when he was in his early prime; and since he reached his maturity of power he has been able to afford to treat lightly overtures that to be appreciated at their highest value ought to have been made much earlier.

We quote some passages from a correspondence that took place between a representative of the Academy and Mr. Linnell ten years ago. The R.A. wrote:—

"You are perhaps aware that the mode of obtaining a list of Candidates for the degree of 'Associate' at the Royal Academy is now altered, and that it is no longer required that Artists should themselves put down their names—but that it is the Members of the Academy who are called upon to put down the names of those who they think should be elected.

In the list just sent to me of names obtained in the mode I have described above, there is one of a man who, it can be safely asserted, is considered by all who have any knowledge or love for art, as one of the most distinguished artists this Country has ever produced, and whose exclusion from the Academy years ago, is I believe the *one* great blot upon their election annals.

The miserable reasons which led to this exclusion, no one cares to know now or inquire about; but it is believed that there would be the most hearty desire upon the part of a large majority (it may be said an unanimous desire) of the Institution, to rectify this wrong, and to give this honoured name the *full* honours of the Academy at the earliest possible day. There is an election for associates on the 31st of this month, and there will be one for an Academician in June next at latest, (a vacancy existing now). Need I say that the name I refer to is that of 'John Linnell, Sen.'! It is very probable that

your name has been put down without your knowledge or consent, but *being down* I trust that you will sanction it so appearing.

Nothing (artistically speaking) would give me more satisfaction than to see the ranks of the Academy honoured by the addition of your name.

I repeat (and I do so after due reflection), that I believe this is the only omission to be charged against the Academy, but it is such an omission that all its true friends will rejoice to see it atoned for. I am of course aware that you declined a few years since to let your name appear in the list, but I trust you will alter that resolve now, and you have given lately such an unmistakable proof of feeling your years to sit lightly upon you (let me sincerely congratulate you upon the event to which I allude!) that I hope you will exhibit similar juvenile feelings in matters Academic."

Mr. Linnell's reply is most characteristic, shewing both elements of his nature—the fiery independence that scorns the yoke, the deep unworldly peace that reigns in his nature "beyond these voices," and makes him what he is:—

"I thank you sincerely for your letter, containing so many kind expressions of professional approbation and asking me to allow my name to stand, with my sanction, in the list of candidates for the degree of associate of the Royal Academy. I am gratified also by your saying that Mr. W———endorses your request, and that a good majority might be expected in my favour. I am thankful for all this kindness, as it affords me an opportunity, and a justification for stating my reasons for not following your advice, as well as my reasons for not having myself put down my name for the last 20 years, though I had done so previously for as many or more, without success. I agree with you that 'The miserable reasons which led to this exclusion no one cares to know or inquire about.' But though I do not wish at present to examine the reasons for not electing me, I do wish to state (as you kindly afford me this ground for so doing) what my reasons were for discontinuing to put down my name. First, then, the jealousies and falsehoods that my endeavour to become an associate gave rise to; I saw that heart-burnings, calumnies, and injurious conduct beset every one struggling in that direction, and affecting some to the extent of shortening their lives. I felt all this to be so destructive to the peace necessary to successful study and work, so destructive to all peace and especially that peace which surpasseth all understanding, that I determined to abandon the contention for distinction and privilege, and to take the result of only endeavouring to deserve them. I did so and I am contented with the result, and thankful exceedingly that I did not succeed in my effort to become an associate, as I am convinced that if I had succeeded I should not have been found in the happy circumstances I now enjoy. One great cause of the heart-burnings and jealousies seem to me to arise from the uncertainty of ever arriving at the full membership of R.A.; but being detained and fixed for life in a degraded position of servility alike degrading to both R.A.'s and associates. I never heard that any of the Foreign Academies of Art required an artist to solicit for full or half membership, but I have heard of full honours being conferred upon some without their knowing it until it was done. Honour thus conferred without seeking for it honours both the giver and

receiver. Both to elect a man to a position of servility and inferiority of privilege, and make his elevation to full honours dependent on the will of those who have already degraded him, is in my opinion a disgrace to all concerned in the act. I cannot therefore, it is plain, sanction my name being placed on the lists as Candidate for what I consider a degradation.

I am, yours faithfully,

JOHN LINNELL, SEN."

This artistic Ishmaelite, self-centred in a patriarchal Bohemia, is a grand anachronism and anomaly. In spite of the occasional jolt they give to the car of simpering society which claims to represent broad humanity, would there were more such idiosyncratic men—individuals "who do not propose to themselves to be as others," but to be themselves.

Two characteristics are generally supposed to mark men who unite scholarly faculties and the artistic temperament. One is that they are of the *genus irritabile*; the other, that their purse is more frequently than otherwise *plenus araneorum*. Mr. Linnell may claim the first of these distinctive marks, the second he has entirely eliminated from himself. He is thrifty and wealthy, living on the freehold soil that his wealth has earned, pretty stiff with a tradesman, and electing to have the large sums commanded by his pictures paid in gold.

We are always doubtful of the comparison of one real master of art with another: the followers may be in crowds, but the position of the artist of power lies in his own distinctive faculty. The artists to whom Linnell has been likened are Ruysdael and Hobbema; from Linnell's description of a work from the latter's brush we may judge for ourselves how far the seventeenth century artist and the modern painter are at one. What he particularly sees in Hobbema are "the excellencies of his style,—pure and chaste tinting of colour, full and flowing richness of pencil, and the most consummate knowledge of chiaroscuro."

In a paper in the *Art Journal* it is said: "In his earlier days Linnell appeared to take Gainsborough as his model; his later style is entirely his own, imitated from no other painter ancient and modern. . . . The opinion entertained of him by the collector is easily seen by the sums given for his pictures, 800 or 1000 guineas being no uncommon price. We know of no landscape painter in the Academy who is paid such sums."

Linnell's landscapes may be mostly classified as scriptural and pastoral, and correspond well to their author in his capacities of Biblical student and patriarch. "Joshua's League with the Gibeonites," who

come up haggard, with the scraps of mouldy victuals in their hands, unites both these elements. Purely pastoral is the picture, now doubtless approaching completion, to be called "The Crossing of the Bridge," where a closely packed flock of sheep is being directed by the shepherd along the narrow path, their grey tumbling masses being, with the blue hills of the distance, like a second series of clouds and sky.

More of Linnell's pictures, we think, should be made accessible to the public as nearly as is allowed by photography. One of them, "The Journey to Emmaus," may be found in the "Portfolio," for March, 1872.

Our photograph of the old painter was taken several years ago; several new photographs were taken, but none satisfied their subject and the managers of the *Magazine* alike.

Dressed in a close grey suit, with the chosen one of a score broad-brimmed hats shading his brows, Linnell sits at a clear, easy distance from his easel; holds his brush at arm's length, and takes a view over his left hand as a mariner by a point out at sea. Then with a short, sharp, nervous, incisive movement of hand and brush he lays down his living mark of colour. Though that hand may not be as strong as it was sixty or seventy years ago, it shews no diminution of vital energy, or of the cunning that it has so long possessed.

A DAY IN THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

Few out of the hundreds of busy men and women who pass and repass the gloomy walls of the great Clerkenwell prison probably give more than a transient thought to the life smouldering within, though one or two softer hearts may heave a sigh of pity at the sight of the dead surface of hard brick, presenting such a hopeless prospect to felony in limbo meditating freedom. But pass through the archway, let the heavy door clang behind you, and larceny wears a less dismal countenance. Follow us for a day through this busy House, contrast it with the hovel tenanted by many a pick-pocket in unshackled freedom, or even by many a forlorn and moderately honest member of the squalid "residuum" of humanity, and you will be no more surprised than I was at the chief warder's remark, "Bless you, sir, there's some of them we don't know how to keep out of here."

First, be it remembered this is not a convict prison. No man is sent to the House of Correction for a period exceeding two years, twenty-four calendar months constituting the limit of what is known as *imprisonment* (that is to say, confinement under lock and key), anything beyond this coming under the denomination of *penal servitude*. The great difference is that all the men here work indoors, whilst at such an establishment as Dartmoor, or at any of the large penal institutions, where men are confined

for a long series of years, the occupations are, as far as possible, of a healthy, vigorous nature, and such as may be carried on in the open air. It very frequently happens that a long-term felon is sent to the House of Correction to work out the first two years of his sentence in solitary confinement, and heartily glad he is to exchange the terrible silence of his little chamber, where the sunshine never pierces, even for the clanking chains and rougher fare of the convict, who toils at least beneath the light of Heaven.

Half-past five a.m. by the prison clock.

Through the long, smooth corridors, lined on either side with tiny padlocked cells, there is no sound but that of the warder-sentinel pacing the silent passages, musket on shoulder, cutlass on hip.

Lift the little iron flap on this door, marked "1. LAUNDRY," to signify that the occupant is on first-class diet and employed in the prison laundry, and peer in the dim, struggling light through the round eyelet-hole into the narrow chamber. About fourteen feet by seven; the floor paved with red and black diamond-shaped bricks; the walls cleanly whitewashed; a small grating in the wall facing the door, admitting warm air from a furnace beneath the corridor. Stretched on a hammock-bed slung from wall to wall, or, in cases of short sentence, on a plank bed with wooden bolster, is the sleep-

ing inmate. In one corner stand a small unvarnished table and bench of deal; opposite that, a tin basin and ewer for washing; three wooden shelves let into the wall hold, the first a wooden spoon and platter with tin cup, the second a Bible and Prayer-book; the third is empty as yet. A gas jet is over the table, and close to the door a black bell handle, which, pulled in the night by a prisoner in distress, starts an indicator in the outer wall on which his number is painted in white figures, so that help may be instantly rendered by the officer on duty. On the inside of the door are pasted the rules and regulations of the prison and the various penalties for their transgression; the daily diet to which each man, according to his term of imprisonment, is entitled; the nature of his offence, with the length of his sentence; the day of entering and leaving gaol; his number, ward, and name in full. Thus Ebenezer Cutpurse may clearly see that for the offence of larceny he has incurred a sentence of three months' hard labour; that his punishment is the treadmill and oakum-picking; the ward of his confinement H, and his diet "second-class."

But suddenly with shrill tocsin sound the prison bell swings out, startling the silent corridors into quick responsive echo. Through every ward it booms loud and long. Prisoners start sharply into wakefulness; every man rises quickly, for there is no loitering here, washes and dresses in the grey light, and sets about the cleaning of his cell. Beds are rolled neatly up and laid on the vacant shelf, and all is soon in utmost order. Warders now visit every cell to count the prisoners, and each man is scanned to see that he has injured himself in no way during the night. Breakfast is after this

handed in through the doors; good hot cocoa and bread for the first-class men, gruel or "skilly" for the rest. By half-past seven breakfast is over, and down the length of the corridors every cell is unlocked; the prisoners march out, stand in silent row with warders at stated intervals along the line, till the whole ward is marshalled. In Indian file the men then march to chapel, take their seats on long benches, seven in a row, the warders on raised seats above, while the Orderly reads the morning service. A fine organ leads the music, in which the men are allowed to join. Twice a-day on Sundays and once on week-days each man attends service, but no one against his faith. For the Roman Catholic prisoners there is a separate chapel, while the Jews may either attend the Christian worship or be visited by a rabbi in their own cells. Prayers finished, the silent, automatic rows file out again: the prison world is astir throughout; its day of toil commences.

This huge depository of misdemeanour and crime is divided into wards, consisting of terraces and corridors, varying from about fifty to sixty or seventy feet long, rising from the basement, where, as being less healthy, the short-term men are confined, up to a second and a third tier, which latter are ascended by means of winding iron staircases. The wards, which may contain one or more corridors, are eight in number, and run from the letters of the alphabet A to H. Wherever it is possible, prisoners of one trade are confined together; those under long sentence are also divided from the short-term men; and again, especial care is taken through the various wards to separate, in every possible way, the "old hands" from the young men and lads. This last is a

wise and salutary precaution, for amongst the fifteen hundred or two thousand men generally in limbo here are to be found criminals of every hue and shade. Old grey-beards and bald-heads, ancient scarecrows of vice, who can number up their fifty, sixty, nay, some of them their hundred convictions; beetle-browed wife-beaters and sneaking cut-purses fill many a hundred cells; scattered about, too, in the several departments are men, youths, and lads of delicate and even of gentle blood; and if we may take it that the end and aim of all punishment is not only to deter from future offence, but to cleanse and purify by salutary treatment the vicious passions and inclinations of criminals, we may see at a glance how completely abortive such an effort would be likely to prove with the indiscriminate huddling together of hardened malefactors and helpless unfortunates. For there is many a man here undergoing sentence in whose crime or error long premeditated or wilful sin has had small participation. Bank clerks, driven in swift moment of sore need to forge an employer's signature, are daily expiating from morning till night, on the tread-mill, in the prison workshop, or in the silent cell, that one brief act of sin against the great law of the nation.

Close to the sleeping wards are the visiting cells, curiously exasperating contrivances, after the fashion of cages, wherein prisoner and friend stand opposite each other, divided by a narrow passage in which a warder is pacing throughout the interview. Once in three calendar months a felon is allowed such unsatisfactory conference with wife, friend, or sweetheart; wherein neither can pass aught to, or even touch the other, nor is boon of kiss or hand-squeeze allowed.

Hard by these is the "Tablet Room," named of a great register fixed into the wall, on which is marked the number and corresponding ward of every man in the prison. Thus when a man or woman from the outer world visits a friend in limbo, the "tablet" is referred to for his number, which being found, the ward is at once known, when a prisoner can be instantly brought up from the farthest corner of the gaol. Scattered in different directions over the building lie the various workshops, of which we shall say more presently; the exercising grounds, infirmary, whipping-room, school-room, chapel, dining-halls, treadmill room, warders' apartments, and out-houses; while in the extreme corner of the grounds is situated a fever-ward. In the basement of the gaol are placed, at wide intervals, two "peg" clocks for the detection of an officer careless or drowsy on night patrol. As soon as the prisoners are locked in for the night, warders are told off on sentry duty through the corridors and outer grounds, and at every half-hour before ten and every hour after ten the sentinel must "peg" the clocks by pushing down a small iron spike, which is so arranged as at the hour and half-hour to come exactly opposite the small hand. Should the sentinel, overcome by the drowsy monotony of his beat, fall asleep, the tell-tale peg is left standing out, to be discovered by the head warder in the morning, when the neglectful officer is fined.

We left the dumb automata filing out of morning chapel. In wards, batches, or sections they are now told off to their day's toil; some to the workshop or the forge; some to clean the cells and corridors; and some to work in their own cells, in the kitchen, in the grounds; and a huge batch of five or six

hundred to tread the gigantic Mill. Every man under sentence of hard labour works out the first three months of his term on the tread-mill, and is then put to a trade. Only the doctor's certificate of physical unfitness for the labour can exempt a man from this, the most irksome and dreaded of his tasks. Seven hours a day six hundred unhappy creatures, each for ten minutes at a time, are turning this ceaseless mill, which stands on either side of an immense room some hundred feet long by about sixty broad. Built in two tiers, one directly above the other, with a frame-work of wood and iron, the whole is partitioned out into tiny boxes, in each of which stands a prisoner (who cannot see his neighbour except by craning his neck backwards) turning the mill, while on a small seat exactly below him sits another, awaiting his own turn. The mill, of course, turns downwards. As the step reaches a man he places his foot on it, the penalty for missing being a sharp blow on the leg. When their ten minutes are up the three hundred descend as by clock-work, take the places of the sitters, who instantly mount into the boxes, and thus the mill is never motionless throughout the day. In this manner all the water used in the gaol is pumped up, the corn for consumption ground, and, as may be supposed, the toil is a heavy one. Within an hour or so the legs become intensely

weary, perspiration flows freely, and a young hand will sometimes descend from his box hardly able to stand.*

From this monotonous sight let us turn into one of the numerous workshops lying around. Almost every known trade is represented within the walls of the prison, and you may walk for a good hour through long rooms filled with swift, silent workers, plying adze of carpenter, or awl of shoemaker, blacksmith's hammer, or weaver's loom. Basket-makers, book-binders, tailors, brush and carpet-makers, fancy workers, artisans and mechanics of every grade find ready employment in this vast Correction House. In a great steaming laundry are busy washers scrubbing and boiling the prison shirts, to each man being allotted a specific number of articles to wash in a day. The huge kitchen range is manned by active cooks, chopping up carrots and onions for soup, boiling great cans of cocoa and sweetening it with thick molasses, stirring with whirling stick vast tubs of oatmeal gruel, or baking little loaves of solid brown bread.

To each man on entering the prison, is put the question, "Have you a trade?" If in his natural life the prisoner has followed a useful occupation he is first sent to complete his three months on the tread-mill, and then, with the implements and materials necessary to his trade, he is locked

* The tread-mill at the prison we are describing is at the present time not in use. Burned to the ground some few months ago, the iron frame alone is witness of this once gigantic machine. How the fire broke out was never known, but about ten o'clock at night an alarm was given by the sentinel on duty, and fire engines at once sent for. The whole force of warders was placed under arms, and it speaks much for the marvellous system of order in the gaol that a number of prisoners sleeping in close proximity to the wheel-room were removed in the middle of the night without a single attempt at revolt. The fire brigade was soon on the spot, and in a few hours the flames were extinguished. The excitement and joy of the felons on discovering that the tread-mill was no more may be imagined.

into a cell to work out the remainder of his sentence in solitary confinement. Traversing the labyrinthine corridors you may peep through the eyelet in the doors on either side, and note the inmate of a cell in sullen silence, or still content, threading his needle, or fixing the threads of his loom, talking to himself perhaps, whistling, or singing softly, the while. If, on the other hand, a man knows no useful trade he is at once, after tread-mill experience, put to the learners' room to receive instruction in the rudiments of some useful calling. Over each workshop is placed a warder thoroughly skilled in the trade at which his men are working. This officer chooses from among the prisoners in his charge one or two clever workmen, who act as his subordinates in the instruction of novices, and as soon as a man knows a trade he is instantly sent with it to his cell.

The mat-making and the oakum-picking are done entirely by contract. Thus, a large London firm wanting a thousand mats, sends an order to the prison authorities, accompanied by the necessary material, so much being paid for the prisoners' labour. So with the oakum, which is largely used in the caulking of ships. A quantity of old rope being forwarded to the gaol, is distributed amongst the hard-labour men to be painfully picked to the necessary degree of fineness. An old hand has to unravel four pounds a-day, a young one will pick about three. In his cell at night each man has a pound of rope to reduce to oakum within some three and a-half hours.

The characteristic features of the workshops, the exercising grounds, the sleeping wards, in a word, of the whole establishment, are *silence* and *regularity*. Locked with-

in the walls of this vast stronghold, it is as if one were suddenly transported from the babbling world of the Metropolis and set down in some enchanted city where the lips of each inhabitant are fast locked in a spell of perpetual silence. Never from morning till night is a prisoner allowed to open his mouth in unnecessary speech. Silently he swallows his gruel at breakfast, his soup at dinner; in silence he treads the mill, and plies his loom; without word or syllable he takes monotonous exercise in the walking-yard. But lest a man forget utterly the use of language, he may join in the chapel service, and hold converse in his cell with the prison orderly. In the workshop, too, he is allowed to ask any question he likes on the subject of his work, either of the warder in charge or of his neighbour, but in this latter case he must speak out audibly that the officer may know what it is he wants, and silence him if his question is frivolous. No less marvellous is the system by which each several command is carried out, as soon as uttered, by hands skilful, rapid, clock-like; from end to end, the prison *régime* is a triumph of automatic obedience and order. Here is a mass of crime and misdemeanour of every hue and complexion, weltering and simmering from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, held down and reduced to a condition of utmost obedience by the mere force of moral terrorism. Rarely is force of any kind used towards a prisoner, and yet a man as rarely thinks of escape as of refusing instant compliance with word or nod of the warder in charge.

Amongst the felons, as we have said, are creatures of brawn and muscle, well trained ruffians, experts in every kind of vice and

brutality, some twenty or thirty in a room; and locked in with these refined essences of devilry, or what you will, is one solitary warder.

This officer, seated on a raised perch, spies in a distant corner some prisoner shirking work, or trying to talk with his neighbour. "Number 23! stand out; at it again, eh? Very well, down you go!" and "23," seeing his number chalked on the warder's slate for report and punishment, slinks, cowed, without word or look, into quick, submissive silence. What greater perfection of obedient order would you have than this? for even if one desperado should, in a moment of rage, fall upon and maltreat a warder, no one of his companions lifts a finger to support him.

Having learned a trade, the prisoner retires with it into the privacy of his tiny cell, leaving it, however, for a certain time every day, if under twenty-one, and unable to read and write, to spell out syllables and trace pothooks in the general school-room. The prison school, neat, well-ordered, and hung with maps, black board, &c., differs only from the generality of book-rooms in its remarkable cleanliness. The master, who shewed us with pardonable pride some very neat specimens of handwriting, fully agreed with Mr. Home Secretary Cross that ignorance, and consequent brutality, was the root of almost all that may be termed lower class crime, and that in the gradual dissemination of sound elementary knowledge would be found the best method for its effectual prevention.

It is now a quarter past twelve; for four hours and three-quarters the tread-mill has ground flour, inmates of the workshops have silently toiled, fashioned, and spun. In mute rows each warder marshals his prisoners; the blue and grey

squadrons file, defile, and march for fifteen minutes in the exercise grounds, and then take their allotted seats in the several dining-rooms while dinner is served out. A prisoner's diet is regulated according to the length of his sentence. Thus, a man sentenced to one year's hard labour is at once placed on "first-class diet," that is to say, he receives meat four times a week, onion and carrot soup strengthened with good Australian beef, three times, potatoes five times, and pudding twice. Second-class men, those in confinement for a few months, receive exactly the same solid food, without the delicacies of potatoes and pudding. Third-class men are still further reduced; whilst prisoners of the fourth or lowest class, sentenced to ten or fourteen days, are fed entirely on bread and gruel.

The food is excellent. I drank the cocoa, tasted the gruel, eat the bread, and then shook hands with the cook. Everything is prepared in a clean, healthy manner, well cooked and neatly served. Each man's portion is carefully weighed out, and in a case of supposed short weight any prisoner is allowed to challenge the cook. As we went round the tables, a cunning-looking fellow, with crooked eyes and a red nose, started up, and declared that his meat was under weight. The Governor stopped, sent for the cook, and ordered him to weigh the doubtful portion. Placed in the balance, it was found to be some half-an-ounce light, and the full weight being made up, the officer received a sharp reprimand.

Dinner over, there is more marching, and back we go again to work.

As the afternoon wears on, and the magistrates get through their work in court, the police van,

"Black Maria," begins to ply between prison and court-house, laden with passengers of sin. Stand in the little waiting-room just by the prison door, and watch the black omnibus disgorge its dismal load. Backed close up to the door, warders standing all round, the policeman on the step behind unlocks each tiny compartment in it, and lets out the occupants, who walk up the steps, and are placed in single file just inside the first corridor of the prison. Much matter for the physiognomist is here; many strange moulds of feature, variety of marvellous expression. Men of beetle brows, arched brows, no brows at all; creatures crooked-eyed, wall-eyed, black-eyed, green-eyed, one-eyed, no-eyed; mouths of every shape and twist, from the full lip of sensuality and the hare-lip of deformity to the thin-drawn lip of meanness and avarice. Countenances there are, open and handsome, narrow and hideous; heads of bullet shape, pin shape, walnut shape, monkey shape, and shape that it were difficult to describe at all. Red-haired, small-eyed Scotchman, full-faced Irishman, wool-pated, brown-skinned mulatto: truly it is no respecter of person or nation, this thing we call *Law*.

When the van is emptied, and prisoners all inside the corridor, the great iron-studded doors are once more locked and double-locked. In a line of ten or a dozen stand the new-comers—an unpleasant row.

Many classes of crime are represented in that little string of gaol-birds. There is the habitual drunkard, blear-eyed, sodden, blotchy, who spends, in short sentences of a week or ten days, some three months of the year in limbo, dividing the remaining nine

between the gin-palace and the workhouse ward. There is the savage, big-jawed wife-beater, convicted already of half-a-dozen brutal assaults upon his wretched helpmate. There is the grey-haired thief of sixty years, a miserable old bungler, who filches apples and cabbages from Covent Garden, stray sausages from pork shops, or a roll of cloth from the pawnbroker's counter; prowling around Seven Dials and Drury Lane in the daytime; slinking by night to a hot supper in some thieves' kitchen in St. Giles, and thence to his home in a neighbouring brothel.

A strange, mysterious existence is that of a low-class professional thief, a life that clings close to the wall, and shuffles along with its eyes on the ground, its hand ever in some one's else pocket. Shivering and crawling through the streets by day, slinking past the constable, looking no one in the face, a veritable pariah amongst men. Not until night has fallen on the city, and honest citizens are gently snoring in bed, does his natural life commence. See him then in a steaming den, surrounded by his foot-pad comrades, recounting in cut-purse jargon his day's adventures, displaying to villainous eyes his pilfered spoils, waking the filthy slums around with the echoes of his foul carousal. He loves this crooked life, your sneaking pick-pocket; you could not wean him from it; he is the most irclaimable vagabond under the sun. The prison chaplain reasons with him, prays with him, preaches from the pulpit at him in vain; he will not hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. You would as easily persuade a Hindu or a Persian that it is wrong to lie as convince a thief of the sacredness of his neighbour's property.

These three specimens are well known to the gaolers; the inspecting officer declares their names and offences almost without reference to the charge-sheet in his hand.

Amongst the row may stand, perhaps, a well-bred youth of woe-begone countenance, sentenced to three weeks' hard labour for his share in a music-hall brawl; behind him, possibly, a trained house-breaker surprised in "lifting" a valuable warehouse; swindlers of various types, from the humble till-clearer to the utterer of forged cheques; damagers of property; window smashers; knocker-wrenchers, and rowdies of every description; defaulters of fine; dock thieves; hawkers; cadgers; costers; miscellaneous.

The list is now called over by a warder, and from henceforth, until he leaves the gaol, no one of these newly-sentenced victims can say that he possesses a name. The appellation conferred on him by his godfathers and godmothers is left behind in the police-court, dead to him for the term of his sentence. Henceforth he is known to none but as "Number 64, Ward F," or whatever may be the vacant number given him. When the list is called, the nature of each man's offence known, with the length of his sentence, and the labour he must undergo, the column is taken in charge by the officer on duty, and marched to a room in the basement of the prison. Here the twelve criminals are placed on a wooden bench; each man's property is taken from him, tied up in a bundle, ticketed, entered in a ledger, and placed away in a little locker amongst hundreds of similar parcels, to be kept till the owner's discharge.

Next, the prisoners are individually photographed, by compulsion if they will not remain still, and shorn. Each man is

then shewn into a little cell behind him, where is a hot-water bath, into which, when stripped, he must plunge, scrub off every particle of the crust of the world, and come forth a cleanly, shaven felon. His own clothes are rolled up in a bundle and taken from him, to be stowed away with any odd property about his person. A prison suit is then given him varying in character according to the degree of his crime. A man enters the House of Correction in one of two capacities; either he is a "misdemeanour man," convicted of drunkenness, petty assault, or disturbance, in which case he wears dark blue; or he is a "felon," convicted of petty larceny, large robbery, or forgery, and dressed accordingly in a suit of dark grey. A small square cap of drab-coloured calico completes the costume. Leaving the bathroom, the prisoners are again seated on the bench and every particular concerning them is entered in a ponderous ledger. A yellow ticket fastened on the back denotes the ward to which the prisoner will belong, whilst a small "F" sewn on to the left sleeve signifies that the wearer is in "quod" for the first time in his life. The whole batch is scarcely shorn, washed, and ticketed, ready to enter upon its new life, before another, cast-up from the depths of the van, is waiting above for the shears and the tub.

On Friday, when the Visiting Justice sits, all reports of bad conduct, laziness, misdemeanours of any description, are brought before him. No warder is allowed to order punishment; he may only report and advise. First offenders and youths receive stern reprimand, and threat of future punishment. Older prisoners are visited otherwise; some being curtailed in diet, others placed on bread and water

regimen for a number of days. many receiving smart stripes of the birch-rod; whilst the most incorrigible of all are sentenced to three days' solitary confinement in the Black Hole. A prisoner in this latter plight is at once carried to a distant part of the gaol, and thrust, with crust of bread and jug of water, into a small cell, from which, when the door is double-locked, every possible ray of light is excluded. Here for the space of three days and three nights he is left in intensest darkness, to traverse the successive stages of rebellion, remorse, and penitence. Twice a-day bread and water are handed in through the barely opened door, and once a-day for fifteen minutes is he allowed exercise; such visionary glimpses of daylight only intensifying the Stygian blackness of his dungeon.

Possibly a sketch of prison life would be voted imperfect without some description of the severer kind of corporal punishment as practised on exceptionally disreputable prisoners. But first let it be clearly understood that only in very peculiar cases is a man flogged with the lash for an offence committed within the prison walls. Birched with a rod he is frequently, but the cat-o'-nine-tails rarely leaves its cupboard in the head warder's room, unless for an outside crime of robbery with violence. Imagine, however, a man sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes. Brought down on the day before his punishment to a cell adjoining the whipping-room, he is left in dread suspense for four and twenty hours. Roused at about eight o'clock the next morning by warders, two or more, he is stripped to the waist. Led out then, often with fierce, ineffectual struggles, to the place of punishment, the wretched victim is confronted by the Governor and doctor of the prison, while in one

corner, under charge of an officer, stand some half-dozen of the worst "hands," brought out to watch and take warning by the fate of their comrade. "You will receive your punishment, sir," says the Governor. Quickly the prisoner's legs and arms are stretched wide apart, and he is fast bound to the triangles; there is the administrator, whip in hand, sleeves tucked up, standing by. "Do your duty, warder," says the Governor.

There is swift vision of whirling "cat," nine dull, plum-coloured stripes, and a yell as of laboured agony.

Taken down, the man is led or carried to the infirmary, and there handed over to the sick-room warders, who proceed to dress the wounded back by smart application of vinegar lotion, followed by a plaster of white zinc, and in a few days the cuts are completely healed.

Strange to say, but little blood is shed, flogging being entirely a matter of skill, not of strength. None the less is the punishment one of terrible severity—sickening to the looker-on, painful to the executioner, agonising to the wretched sufferer. I spoke once with a man who had been flogged, and I verily believe he would rather be hung than undergo the torture again. In the police-courts you may sometimes see a prisoner on trial for assault stretch over the dock and whisper hoarsely to his counsel, "Master, do you think I shall get a bashing?" and when sentenced, implore the magistrate to add five years to his sentence and let him off the dreaded flogging. And even in the presence of his cut-throat associates, a certain sense of shame seems to cling to the felon who has carried on his hide the marks of the modern representative of "forty stripes save one."

The "cat" itself is a simple contrivance, an oaken handle about eighteen inches in length, to which are attached nine hard, thin lashes of knotted whipcord. The present executioner (not altogether enamoured of this portion of his duty) is an ex-farrier of the army. Within the last ten or twelve years only three such whippings have been administered in the House of Correction, flogging being now usually carried out at Newgate.

But let it not be thought that this strange felon existence is one unending round of blank forlornness. Not only are the men zealously cared for in a mass, but the wants of each individual prisoner receive strict, even kind attention. Would that the semi-criminal poor, ostracised from general sympathy as much in their remote slums as the felon in his cell, could be as well looked after as the passed-masters in crime. Among so many hardened scamps there is abundance of "shamming" sick. "Lord bless you, sir, if the doctor wasn't smart the infirmary would be chock full all the year round." But when a man is really down the best possible treatment is used to set him on his legs again. The felon's life here, in fact, is largely regulated by himself. Each man must serve his term upon the tread-mill and in the oakum shed, but cat-o'-nine-tails, birch rod, and Black Hole are only for the wilfully disobedient. Every prisoner knows the rules to which he individually must conform, and the nature and amount of work expected from him in a day. Quiet obedience to commands earns the good favour of the warders, and this in itself is by no means a despicable possession.

He may gain his little premium too, your dumb, grey-garbed felon. Three months' freedom from report entitles a man to wear on his right arm a tiny red star which at

the end of his term brings him a reward of half-a-crown. As two years is an outside sentence here, no prisoner can obtain more than eight stars; but many a man alive has become a millionaire from an original floating capital of less than twenty shillings.

It may interest Irish readers to learn that their countrymen figure here in the ratio of one to about ten or eleven Englishmen, and that there are at present in the gaol some hundred and sixty or seventy prisoners claiming enviable nationality with Mr. Biggar.

In general the men's health is remarkably good; plenty of vacant beds may be found in the infirmary, and deaths are not more than twenty or twenty-five in the course of a year. There is no burying-ground attached to the prison; of any felon who dies, his friends may claim the shell, or body; otherwise, screwed in a case of deal, he is committed to the dust of a distant cemetery.

The custodians, keepers, or warders, of this great city of misfortune are a grim, well-ordered body. Old army men, many of them, trained in the school of blind obedience to the word of command, they bring to bear upon their arduous duties the well-tried experience of years. There is about each one of them an impressiveness, a fixed solidity, begotten of complete self-possession and long habit of power. In his ward, in his workshop, the officer is supreme; no one questions his orders, no one dares disobey him. Naturally enough, these men are not popular among the prisoners, but nothing of dislike is outwardly shewn, and for the most part grudges and enmities cherished by a man against his officer are utterly unfounded. The warders are bound to keep order and silence, and the men find it best

to obey them quietly. "Stark he was," says an old historian, of William the Conqueror, "to men that withstood him. If a man would live, need it were he followed the master's will."

Beyond all else we would most strongly insist upon the falsity of ideas that associate the term "House of Correction" with a building dark, dismal, and dirty. Of the prison itself no feature is so persistently prominent as its intense, dazzling cleanliness. Every cell, every corridor, every step of every staircase within the gaol; every flag and paving stone in the grounds without, is dusted, swept, and scrubbed till it would not be easy to lay one's finger on a speck of dust. Every day men are told off on cleaning duty, and frequently, on turning a corner, you stumble over a prisoner on all fours, washing and scrubbing as for bare life. Cells and rooms are lofty and bright, well warmed in winter, cooler and healthier than most dwelling houses in summer. Glistening with cleanliness are the in mugs in the kitchen below;

bright with much rubbing is the huge patent "range."

At a quarter to five the prisoners leave work again, are marshalled and filed as before; walk or trot round for fifteen minutes, and are sent to final supper—cocoa and bread for the first-class men, "skilly" and bread for the rest. After supper, the several wards are got together; to each man is handed a pound of rope which he must pick into oakum before the gas is turned out. Down the length of the great wards little cells are standing open; each prisoner, as he reaches his own, steps in, and the spring lock is turned on him. At nine o'clock the gas is put out, a second lock turned on every cell; felonious brain and body of felony may enjoy the gift of sleep for eight hours and a-half—sleep that like rain falls on just and unjust alike. Warders on duty shoulder musket and bayonet; nightwatches are set; dim solitude and sentinels hold quiet possession of the sleeping gaol.

In such rigid monotony as this wags the great world of crime.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

JOURNALISM AND POETRY OF MORTIMER COLLINS.

It has been affirmed that "for a journalist to be a poet, in any worthy sense, is simply impossible." And the allegation is not without truth, though we dare not say that anything in creation is "simply impossible." The reason why journalism is a more dangerous foe to poetry than any other labour of a plodding kind is that it uses up the intellectual machinery, which should be ever ready and unwearied at the call of poetic emotion. Literary journey-work disposes the mind into a certain familiar attitude towards vulgar and uninspiring surroundings, and compels it to be on the constant look-out for elements that can be pressed into the service of the day. Poetry, on the other hand, requires a mirror unsullied by the unquiet breath of minor excitements, and ready to receive the calmer reflections of the higher ideality whenever its light flashes into the inner shrine.

To resume the personal thread of our former papers, we left our subject on the eve of departure from Guernsey, where he had spent five years in comparative tranquillity and happiness. During the last year of his stay in the Norman isle, he printed his first volume of collected verse, which he entitled "Idyls and Rhymes," and dedicated "to my little daughter, Minna Mabel Collins." The volume was published in Dublin, at the office of the then publisher of the magazine in which we write.

The *University* reviewed the book as the production of "one of our own especial fosterlings," and discoursed with animation of the author and his work, describing the contents of the little volume as "fine, rich, musical lyrics, which he seems to throw off from his heart as lightly as the thrush flings out her song from her full throat." But the reviewer notices "with regret that the author has left out of the present collection some of the finest poems which he has written." By some strange fatality, a similar inability of selection has characterised each subsequent gathering of the author's verse. In a complete volume he has never been shewn at his best. He appears to have been unable to estimate his own work, and the influence of the first person at hand, or a passing compliment paid to a bit of sprightly, bantering verse would make him bring it forward to the exclusion of his better work.

Collins left Guernsey early in 1856, at which date he was attaining what in most cases are reckoned years of discretion, being twenty-eight.

But wherefore one's age be revealing?

Leave that to the registry books;

A man is as old as he's feeling;

A woman as old as she looks.

* * * * *

Whom the gods love, die young—
for this reason

They cannot grow old.

The beautiful new reading of an

old proverb conveyed in the last line may be construed in a double sense. Mortimer Collins retained his happy unweariness of spirit through many difficulties and troubles; but with that pleasant characteristic went the fact that in some respects he was never more than an irresponsible "big boy." This peculiarity, no doubt, helped him into many of the said difficulties and troubles, from which his philosophic cheerfulness had much ado in helping him to emerge into his happy poetry again. The phrenologists would have had to add to their nomenclature if they studied his head; there must have been there the bump of the happy-go-lucky.

Life in England began with an attempt to buy a paper in Shrewsbury; but the negotiations fell through, with no result but the waste of a little time and money. Thence he journeyed to Leamington, where he took a bold step for one of very nominal capital—starting a journal of his own. In addition to his contributions, still continued, to the *Dublin University Magazine*, he was at this time becoming known in a field of what may be described as poetic politics. A little sixpenny journal was established in London in 1856, devoted to an idealistic school of young Tories. This was *The Idler*, which the *Athenæum* described as "written by a number of very clever young men." These brilliant exponents of the *dulce est desipere* were James Hannay, Blanchard Jerrold, Walter Thornbury, Sutherland Edwards, William Allingham, J. Cordy Jeaffreson, T. E. Kebbel, Mortimer Collins, and a few others. Their motto was *Strenua nos exercet inertia*; but some of them have had to leave the pleasant *inertia* of "The Idler" behind, and are now strenuously busy without pretence

of joyful idleness. This is a sparkle from one of their *Ambrosian Nights*:—

The sky is a drinking cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of aery gold.
We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup.

We are not sure which of the poetic idlers may claim the authorship of this pretty conceit. Alas, poor "Idler"! the busy crowd would none of him, and he was soon bidden move on into empty space.

The *Leamington Mercury* was a daring attempt. The locality was fairly well supplied with newspapers, of a somewhat sober type. The *Mercury* leaped among them lance in hand, and stirred them up more than a little. The history of a journal contains incidents of a volatile and evanescent kind, but like that of a man "it may," as an old writer says of biography, "be regarded as presenting us with a variety of events that, like experiments in natural philosophy, may become the materials from which general truths and principles are to be drawn." The first necessity in establishing a journal is, apparently, to realise most fully that, unless by some lucky chance, it will not succeed, save by expenditure of capital and persistent plodding; and the more brilliant the genius that launches it, the less likely it is to gain any lasting hold upon the average classes, who don't understand brilliancy, and form the bulk of every community. The journal that "must pay" is doomed already; the gap between the enthusiasm of a new idea and the requirements of an ordinary provincial public is too great. The story of the poor clergyman's sermon is the most instructive we

know as regards expectation and reality. Living in an obscure parish, he pleased his congregation with a sermon so much that a voice arose among them that it ought to be printed. The clergyman was delighted; popular feeling grew warmer still with his delight; pastor and parish had each made a hit and pleased the other. So our good preacher journeys to a large town to find a printer adequate to the occasion. He is asked how many copies he would wish to have, and is thereupon drawn to calculate. So many thousands he reckons for his parish and its vicinity; the parishioners would no doubt like to send copies to their friends. Then as to the outside world; surely a single copy, or perhaps two, would sell in every other parish; and the number of parishes is so many. Why, the printer might safely venture on about thirty-five thousand copies. So the order was booked, and in due time the important sermon appeared in suitable typographic form. Three months afterwards, when reasonable time had been allowed for sale, the account came in. It amounted, after allowing for sales, to a net sum of several hundred pounds. The good clergyman was in amaze. He could not understand such a bill, and went to the printer with tears in his eyes and a sad confession of poverty. "That was the order given," said the printer; but he soon relented, and produced another bill, shewing fifty copies of the sermon printed, thirty-seven sold, and a profit to the author of a few shillings.

The projector of the *Leamington Mercury* may not have been quite so foolish, but he was quite as reckless. It was, of course, necessary to start a paper under respectable auspices; so a good house was taken in Leamington,

and filled with hired furniture. The tradesmen saw a man of means with an amiable hobby, as they thought, and the *Leamington Mercury* entered the world with very good credit. Here is its *raison d'être*, as given in its first leader, June 26, 1856:—

"There is no pleasanter town than Leamington in England. Its villas are perfect in all modern appointments; its gardens equal to Fairyland; its river safe, yet picturesque; its police and municipal arrangements admirable; its shops and warerooms Metropolitan; its mineral waters very salutary, and not very disagreeable; its libraries and reading-rooms most comfortable; its chess club satisfactory; its college a first-rate establishment; its gaieties neither too stagnant nor too turbulent; its society exceedingly refined. One of the few things it wants is a good newspaper, and that we intend to supply.

A town like Leamington, which annually feels the flow and ebb of the ever-increasing tide of Fashion, and whose claims as a place of permanent residence are now becoming universally known, appears the best place possible in which to establish a new paper, aiming to take a higher position than the common run of journals. Local information is a necessity; and we shall strive to make our local information complete in all respects. Literature is a luxury; what other luxury of life is unattainable in Leamington?"

Then comes in its place the business notice:—

"The *Leamington Mercury* being a newspaper specially intended for the Intellectual Classes, it is obvious that it will be an Advertising Medium of the first order."

We don't quite see the logic of this, and would recommend future poetic founders to turn rather to purse than brains in their business appeal. And there is no "respectfully" in it. Every business document should contain the word "respectful"; there is a natural

awe in proper persons when treating of what concerns the pocket.

In number two the editorial cock begins to crow:—

“We are perfectly satisfied with the success attained in our present temporary form. For many years a political and literary journal—with higher aims than belong to provincial journals generally—has been a great desideratum with the intellectual classes in Leamington. This want the *Mercury* is published to supply; and when the arrangements of our office are complete—and the size of our paper doubled, so that those who require *quantity* as well as *quality* may also be satisfied—we shall have a claim on all classes of readers. Already we have had ample assurance of a favourable verdict.

To such of our subscribers and agents as were not punctually served on Thursday last we now apologise; the delay arose from the crassitude of a distributor.”

The editor and proprietor could provide brilliancy of matter, but of the manner in which his bantling should reach the “many-headed pig” (as a well-known lady novelist styles the public) he could not be so confident.

The new arrival soon began to look around for the weak places in the armour of his rivals. In his second issue he has found one in the fact, common enough now, of one of the journals being mostly printed in London, and made up of general news common to it and others of its provincial brethren, a page being left blank to be filled in with local matter.

“It is to be hoped,” said the new editor, *à propos* of the older journal, “that the train may not fail duly to bring its supply. To publish three-fourths of the paper blank might induce some bitter wit to say that it realised its title, and *mirrored* its editor’s intellectual capacity.” Some further stinging remarks on this system

follow, and evoked from the *County Mirror* the following not very grammatical rejoinder:—

“To he, or they, whom it may concern.

“‘Those who live in glass houses should never throw stones’ is an old saying, and a very applicable one to a threepenny contemporary, ushered into existence but ten days since. The younker, though ‘specially intended for the Intellectual Classes’ (!) has belied itself by descending, on Thursday last, to a most uncalled-for attack upon a series of new and cheap papers, ourselves included; an attack not only unjust, but at once revealing the natural pugnacious disposition of the self-conceited and doubtful contributor from whom it emanates. A few short months will probably reveal antecedents, and witness a stinging close that very few hoodwinked partisans, now opposed to us, little dream of. ‘Let he that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.’”

This was very dignified and superior, and, unfortunately, rather prophetic. “To tell men plainly an unpleasant truth,” remarks the editor of the *Leamington Mercury*, “which is the amount of our offence in the case of the *County Mirror*, too often makes them angry. Our rhythmical friend, Mr. Mauleverer, has thought it worth while to retaliate in kind:—”

Sir Guy Deloraine,
A young gentleman vain
Of his nous (which was small) and his
face (which was plain),
Gave up his amusements more genial
and hearty,
And lost lots of money at loo and
écarté;
Then, assigning his lands to his principal
creditor,
Became (how I pity the fellow!) an
Editor!
Used his brain ('twas by no means the
largest of kernels)
In starting a couple of promising
journals—
One a *Visitors' List*, rather poor and
piratical;

The other a *Mirror*, by no means grammatical.
 And from that day to this (say historians wise)
 Those papers have always been managed by *Guy*;
 And the race has gone on getting better so fast
 That each one was a much greater *Guy* than the last,
 Which renders, I guess,
 The hebdomadal mess
 Of whoever may read them by no means a pleasant one;
 For fancy a much greater *Guy* than the present one!

The fight was now begun in good earnest, and experienced editors have allowed that Mortimer Collins inaugurated a new and lively era in provincial journalism. It may not be a very meritorious proceeding to make sparkling personal attacks upon the foibles of fat town councillors or selfish, sheepish dignitaries; but the gadfly has his place in nature, and there is a heavy and respectable dulness in some provincial regions that might without much injury be teased into animation and more vigorous life.

Probably in his plan of the *Mercury* Mortimer Collins had in view a rather French idea of a newspaper. From an essay of his of several years previous to this time, we learn that "the first *magazine* of light literature was started in Paris about 1650, and was yclept *Le Mercure Galant*. It acquired considerable notoriety, and was attacked, as all things are that are beyond mediocrity. Boursault has a play founded on his hero becoming editor of this paper for the purpose of intrigue." Then follow some lines in French from the mouth of one of the characters, which we roughly English:—

The *Mercury* great excellencies shews,
 There find we fables, histories, verse,
 and prose,
 Fights, sieges, trials, deaths, marriage
 and sport,

News of the provinces and news of Court.
 Ne'er was book wanted more, as our taste goes.

The *Leamington Mercury* included most, if not all, of these varieties; of sieges (of other newspapers), fights, fables, and verse there is certainly no lack. And we find, in addition, "Algebraic adversaria," chess "skolia," a romance, notes on decimal coinage, hints on cryptography, and epigrammatic sallies of *à recherché* kind, and to the generality, no doubt, rather of the nature of *caviare* than customary or wholesome pudding.

Even the police reports were evidently done by the same hand that penned the leaders and the poems; for who else, indeed, would ever have thought of commencing an ordinary report of a trial for stealing grapes by an anecdote of how Brillat-Savarin, when offered grapes at dessert, replied, "Thank you, I don't take *my wine in pills*"? "Some people," says this quaint reporter, "differ from the prince of epicures."

The one thing lacking was the practical element, as humorously pointed out in a real or supposed "Letter from a London Man of Letters":—

"Dear——, I have been for some days alive to the fact of my behaving without due courtesy in not acknowledging the receipt of your first periodical bantling. I will now redeem my character, and make a few judicious remarks on *your* paper.

Firstly, it is good But you must enlarge it, so as to give a larger dish for the 'practical people.' At present you have not had one solitary allusion to that 'wonderfully enormous gooseberry which our respected neighbour, Mr. Spring, of Hogget Hill, picked last week from one of his bushes;' nor have you announced to your readers the death, by the gun of a gamekeeper, of a yellow-hammer with a red tail, as it

was flying in the neighbourhood of Sandy Potts. I am glad to see you have a good stock of advertisements—all of them, doubtless, paying ones, as far as 'the office' is concerned, especially that of Mr. Mortimer Collins's 'Idyls and Rhymes'; for of course Mr. C. the poet is a liberal paymaster. . . . But to drop this flippant and unworthy tone, I am sure, if you can keep up the 'belles-lettres' part as you have begun, and if you add thereto a sheet of vulgar material, your success is certain. . . . —
Yours, * * * *

The week following the trumpet is deftly blown:—

"The *Leamington Mercury* has caused a sensation in Leamington. Why? It is cheap, where extreme dearness was the rule: it has some common sense, which contrasts favourably with the intense crassitude of its rivals: it is independent, which people prefer to the toadyism they have been accustomed to. Wherefore, we have 'caused a sensation'; and advertisers and subscribers may like to know that our circulation has reached *one thousand*, and is daily increasing. So great was the demand last week that we were compelled to go to press again on Friday morning; and the second edition then printed is entirely exhausted."

As the *Mercury*, which began as a threepenny paper, was reduced to a penny, this proud circulation of 1,000 brought in more glory than reward.

The following is a sample of the leader-writing of the *Mercury*:—

"Men are learning all their lives. All the course of things—the great network of circumstance which surrounds us—operates in the way of instruction. We are all the *alumni* of Time, and can testify his efficiency as a coach. There is nothing less true than the notion which confines education to the days of youth merely."

Excellent spiritual philosophy, this; but most readers of a provincial newspaper would hunger

rather for an analysis of the state of trade or a protest against the heaviness of the local rates. Perhaps Leamington, being a fashionable resort, might afford readers of a different quality; but would they be likely to be found in numbers sufficient to pay more than a thousand pennies a week?

Here is a specimen of the squib-writing of the versatile *Mercury*. The "Acer" of the piece is believed to have been one of two brothers, proprietors of an opposition journal, with the English equivalent of the Latin epithet for surname. The scene is the *séance*-room of a pseudo-spiritual medium. There is a touch of Aristophanic reminiscence in the second stanza:—

"Acer enters the Medium's reception-room with considerable reluctance, being pushed violently in by Messrs. Rubric and Snuffles. The said Medium, a magnificent old lady, is enthroned in an armchair covered with crimson velvet. She is prophesying:—

MEDIUM.

Mr. Haynes in sweet and silver tone asked luck for little Milverton—
Ah! the fates are unpropitious to my good friend, Mr. Haynes.

Mr. Ballard in a thrilling tone asked the luck for Lillington—
He'll get a heavy rate on his houses for his pains.

ACER. What's all this?

SNUFFLES. Oh, the Spirits always make the mediums talk in verse; it's the fashion in the other world.

ACER. Egad, I shall never be able to do it when I get there.

MEDIUM.

You are very welcome, gentlemen. In high prophetic fury here I sit and utter oracles at half-a-crown a piece.

You want to know the future of that dull affair, the *Courier*,
For you find its circulation is beginning to decrease."

* * * *

Some personalities follow, of no present interest.

"ACER. We may as well have something more for our seven-and-six than all that abuse. Old lady, ask one of your spirits to rap the number of years the *Courier* will last.

(Two raps were heard.)

SNUFFLES. Now the *Mercury*.

(Rapping began at once, and grew louder and louder, until it drove everybody out of the house, and roused up the neighbourhood. It had not ceased at midnight yesterday, when we went to press.)"

The witch no doubt had the best intentions in the world, but the prophecy went by very contraries, for the *Courier* is alive yet, while the *Mercury*—did it die within a year?—we will say it was sublimed.

Mr. Tupper, amongst others, met with the thrust of the Mercurial spear; he replied, but in so gentlemanly and good-humoured a manner that he evidently won the heart of his tormentor, who straightway held him up as an example to the immediate neighbourhood of the way in which sharp criticism should be borne:—

"In a poem entitled 'Acer and the Aurochs,' Mauleverer was severe on the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy.' Thence resulted a letter, which we have obtained permission to print. It may be of service, as shewing how a man of full mental stature bears satire—with perfect good humour and indifference. We dissect Acer Major—we titillate Auriga—we expose the infinite incapacity of certain Board of Health celebrities; and lo, these persons deem it requisite to walk about Leamington wearing a perpetual scowl—to look as if they longed to live in a land of bowie-knives and revolvers—to dive down all manner of side-streets that they may not meet one of our contributors. Whereas Mauleverer is sharp on Mr. Tupper—and that gentleman invites him to dinner. Now for the letter:—

'Albury, Guildford,

'Oct. 11, 1856.

'Dear Sir,—Concluding that you meant kindly, I thank you; but I think you quite misapprehend me.

My natural character is anything but the dreary, stolid proverb-monger you suppose, but altogether of the jollier sort: as, if you choose to take the trouble some day to see me here at my old place, you'll discover. The critics, who never may have chanced to see one "so remote from cities," entirely mistake the "swain" they profess to judge of; one, e.g., has in print pronounced him a nigger—another has lamented his blindness as a second Mæonides—and more than one has consigned him to an early tomb, or a lunatic asylum. However, the real Simon Pure still exists, to baffle conjectures and expectations, like the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan; and I am clear that you for one would be intensely disappointed as to the sage dulness of

'Yours unseen,

'MARTIN F. TUPPER.

'P.S.—Your verses are capital—and so is your prose. The lyric "Cheeks that are flusht," &c., &c., is first-rate.

'To John Mauleverer, Esq.'"

Someone had evidently sent Mr. Tupper a copy of the *Mercury*; it is astonishing how soon a bit of personality finds its way to its object in a friendly world. Ten years later Collins paid a pleasant visit to Tupper at Albury, where he found him right hospitable. The poem in respect of which Mr. Tupper returned good for evil is the following:—

Cheeks that are flusht like the peach,
Tresses of glossiest brown,
Red lips that flutter one's heart when they utter
Gay snatches of song, our converse to crown.

On the Ionian beach,
Lady, thy feet should have stood:
Thee young Apollo had panted to follow,
With bright hair wild-flying, by fountain or wood.

Eyes that are brown as the hazel,
Eyes that are grey as the dawn,
Eyes that are bluer than earth's mighty wooer,
Ocean, when night's dusky veil is withdrawn.

Time!—oh, it treats their sweet
rays ill!

Sadly they fade and decay;
Sadly their glimmer grows fainter and
dimmer,
And passes like Midsummer sunsets
away.

These stanzas appear under the
name of "Skolia," in an essay
entitled "Garden Colloquies." A
fragment of such colloquy will
explain the word:—

"RAVENSBOURNE. What are *skolia*?
I have not been in Greece for several
transmigrations.

THE LONDONER. Rhymes made after
dinner, and taking their name from
the irregular order in which they
naturally come—some fellows being
quicker than others."

The following striking little
piece, which we have not seen
elsewhere, we reproduce from the
pages of the *Dublin University
Magazine* for August, 1856:—

FOOTMARKS OF FAITH.

No longer, where the mighty Temple's
mystic

Arches and turrets made the city
dark,

Rich voices raise an anthem Elohistie,
Glad minstrels dance before the
wondrous Ark.

No longer, where the high Olympian
portals

Look widely forth upon the violet
sea,

Feast in their golden halls the great
Immortals,

And list divine Apollo's songs of glee.

No longer, where the shadows dance
and vary

From chestnut leafage by the
sinuous shore,

Rise in the moonlight plaintive hymns
to Mary,

While rests the boatman on his
glistening oar.

Ancient heroes leave their porphyry
palace;

Ancient godheads fade from roll
and rhyme;

Who seemed divine must quaff from
fatal chalice

The bitter waters of the sea of
time.

At this period Collins was a
lecturer, as well as journalist,
squib-writer, and poet. One of
his subjects was "Cambridge: the
town, the inhabitants, the lan-
guage, the dons, the tutors, the
theology, the analysis, the poetry,
the wit." Another gives an amus-
ing instance of the particularity
of the lecturer in matters of
literary criticism and method.
Here is the report of the matter
from the *Mercury* of November
20, 1856:—

"Mr. Mortimer Collins's lecture on
this unusual subject (Myth) was given
on Thursday last. The Rev. J. H.
Smith introduced it by observing that
between himself and the lecturer
there was a difference of opinion as
to the pronunciation of the word;
the lecturer pronouncing it to rhyme
with blithe, and he himself to rhyme
with pith. He thought, as he had
only escaped being a myth himself by
a single letter ('s'), he had a good
right to his own opinion."

With even an occasional lecture
thrown in, was *Le Mercure Galant*,
it may be asked, maintaining its
poetic proprietor and the amiable
family of which we have spoken?
There were eager people waiting
around the door of the office of
the journal at the time of publi-
cation; but they naturally only
paid the copper demanded. There
were none so rash as to give a
guinea for what might be got for
a penny.

One or two intellectual and re-
fined friends Collins made in
Leamington, and at their tables
there was cultivated conversation,
in which he was as interested and
interesting as anyone. But like
the trout, that changes his spots
according to the character of
the channel of his stream, he took
colour from his surroundings.
His social powers were remarkable,
and there gathered round the
bright literary comet the regular
habitués of a fashionable watering

place. He who had been accustomed to "*le calme (si nécessaire au poète et à l'artiste) qui reignait dans le lieu de retraite qu'il avait choisi*," as the *Chronique de Jersey* has it, referring to *l'île sœur* Guernsey, was now in the midst of a loud troop of admirers, who frequented the coffee-rooms of the hotels, and fostered a poetry that fed not on the nectar of the gods, but on the less esoteric stimulants of men. There were persons of title and of wealth among the throng; and a carriage and four inviting him to a bachelor revel was an attraction more than our easy poet, ready to be the jolliest of the jolly at all times, was at all likely to resist. To be a journalist, it was a matter of business to see and know all that was going on; to be the brilliant journalist our friend aspired to be, it was necessary to be an actual partaker in everything that could be turned to account as gossip-food, and write from intimate rather than superficial knowledge of local life. With the sottish man of hard head and strong stomach riotous life may go on for years, and the partaker retain an eye for the main chance—his own equilibrium, social and financial. With the man of sensitive organisation the ordeal is a more severe one. With the man who has to use his pen at the time when his boon-companions are drowsing off the results of past gaiety, it is a more cruel ordeal still. The story is no new one: given the poetic, enthusiastic temperament, an easy genial nature, and plenty of temptation, and the result is well-known. And no one has yet solved the problem how to regulate what may be termed the enjoyment temperament. A boy may be restrained, but what can be done with a grown man? Crush out the false glamour of life, put the hapless individual on the bread

of affliction and the water of affliction, and the probability is that his poetry is crushed out too; and another item is but added to the mass of unmitigated dulness that we have around us in abundance. The Churches may convert an ignorant heathen or two; they are little more than powerless to affect a man of large imagination, and a childlike absence of responsibility; their influence is not strong enough; they have lost the spiritual forces.

There are men who would live a beautiful life in

The Golden Age, when every brute
Had voice articulate, in speech was
skilled,

And the mid-forests with its synods
filled.

The tongues of rock and pine-leaf then
were free;

To ship and sailor then would speak
the sea;

Sparrows with farmers would shrewd
talk maintain;

Earth gave all fruits, nor asked for
toil again.

Mortals and gods were wont to mix
as friends.

Civilisation, however, being very far removed from the gates of Eden, the purest paradisaical life cannot maintain itself within it, much less the irresponsible, jovial extravagance that cannot content itself with antediluvian simplicity.

It is no doubt very difficult for the poetic soul to learn that the world will not as gladly maintain him in return for his happy, fruitful work, as to all appearance it will maintain the greasy creature of dirty hands and enormous watch-chain who passes his time in superintending forced sales of poor persons' effects, trades in shoddy garments, or by the lowest class of bill-discounting gives the rein to the vicious to indulge their vices.

So the individual who would be pure ideality if he could, strives to catch at the shifty ways of the

world, and blunders over them into depths at which the practical-commercial spirit revolts as transcending its own lapses.

Living with the air of a man of wealth on either the actualities or the hopes of *Le Mercure Galant*, was like building a house, not upon sand, but what is worse, upon quicksilver. The sand would give way in a flood, but the quicksilver would slip away without one.

The day came when the enchanted palace subsided. The gentle family within knew not of coming disaster, all had seemed so smooth. But off they had to go at the summons of injured trade. The genial head of the house, become an ogre and an Ishmaelite, could not appear at Leamington Railway Station, but walked out into the country and disappeared.

Thus spoke the *Mercury* a few days before the coming to grief of its master:—

“Possibly the quality of its articles will be more equable and regular; for of late there have been strange alternations of nonchalant platitude and meteoric brilliancy. Possibly, too, the cloud of Toryism in which its editor chose to veil himself may be gradually dissipated, and the real unequivocal lover of freedom hidden thereunder may appear.

The *Leamington Mercury* has been of some use in the town. It carried the Free Library. It crushed much that was evil. It made many laugh who were accustomed to yawn.”

The following week came the sensational leader entitled

THE “MERCURY” AND THE MISSING.

“We hasten to correct an impression which we understand prevails, that this journal is going to be discontinued. The impression is a very natural one, arising, no doubt, out of the fact, which it is of no use attempting to blind, that an eminent hand on this paper, one well known to be

so, has disappeared—some are so wicked as to say in blue flame The traces are cut, and there is no prospect of the coach going after the meteoric leader. By the way, the ingenious Caucasian, who has been so active in sending pieces of paper, kite fashion, after our errant contributor, might have contrived to spell hyæna properly in his rather ambitiously written hand-bill.

Seriously, we may take this opportunity of saying that we hope henceforward to make the *Mercury* more what is understood by a local paper; the articles less effervescent, less highly spiced, and therefore better suited as a staple article of diet. Like the Mahometans, who date their year from the Hegira of their prophet from Mecca, we hope to date a fresh lease of more vigorous existence from the flight of a highly-gifted but rather unprofitable feuilletonist.”

A few weeks afterwards appeared the following note:—

“We will for the present not say who the editor of the *Mercury* is; perhaps it can run alone; the other papers can bear witness that it had its teeth at an early age.”

The *Mercury*, it has been said, was so popular that if its erratic proprietor had but gone to work in the right way, it would have been readily subsidised or supported by the wealthy. Such a course might not have promoted the independence of the journal, but it would at least have been a better alternative than to proceed on a pretence that had its only basis in a very forlorn hope, and to run along the track of false pride into small obliquities and final ruin.

It was in the spring of 1857 that Collins left his enemies and friends of Leamington behind. It is really amusing in this case, after looking on the real, to turn to the ideal. Shortly after the evanishment in blue flame, a series of papers appeared in the journal (which lived on for a few months) that

were evidently Collins's earlier work, and probably derived from matter he had left behind. They are entitled "The Bystander," an individual describing himself as "one who is neither merchant, politician, nor pedant; who meddles not with the world's busy madness; who shuns noisy and perilous arts, and speculations commercial and literary; and who conceives quiet to be a principal element of rational delight."

There appeared also in the Bystander Series a paper on "Contempt," which if written for the occasion, which there seems evidence for believing was not the case, would have afforded an ingenious novelty in scientific nomenclature:—

"Men of business and men of pleasure cherish it mutually; each wondering at the other's folly. And the world generally, which, by the way, is a world of exceeding monotony and sameness, are fond of despising those who deviate from the common track. They laugh at people who, fancying life was not intended solely for the benefit of commerce, dare to strike into a new path, and to have other than usurious visions. Become an antiquary, or a historian, or a geologist, and you are straightway denominated eccentric. They would have you *concentric*, like themselves; not knowing that the most mean, pitiful, easily effaceable people in the world, are your *concentric* people. All alike, revolving round the same sun; which luminary is golden now-a-day. Those are most fortunate on whom some enthusiasm or eccentricity operates centrifugally.—C."

The thought is sane enough, but judging from the facts, centrifugal action would here seem to have been the scientifically accurate term for flying out from creditors.

The following is verse of this period, published some four years later in *Temple Bar*.

OTHER WORLDS.

Other worlds. Those planets evermore

On their golden orbits swiftly glide on,
From quick Hermes by the solar shore
To remote Poseidon.

Are they like this earth? The glory shed

From the ruddy dawn's unfading portals—

Does it fall on regions tenanted
By a race of mortals?

Have they silent shady forest-realms,
Odorous violets that in grassy nooks hide,

Aged oaks and great ancestral elms
Growing by the brook-side?

Does a mighty ocean roar and break
On dark rocks and sandy shores
fantastic?

Have they any Darwins there to make
Theories elastic?

Does their weather change? November fog—

Weeping April—March with many
a raw gust,

And do thunder and demented dog
Come to them in August?

Nineteenth century science should
unravel

All these queries, but has somehow
missed 'em.

When will it be possible to travel
Through the solar system?

The following was in the *Mercury* in September, 1856:—

WAITING FOR THE BOATS.

I sketched her with her tresses
whirled about

Her white neck by the wind. The
freshening sea

Fawned on its mistress; streamed
the windy clouds

Across a sky Italian; and the
murmur

Of summer waves was like the song
of sleep

Upon the mystic lotos isles of old.

I sketched her gazing on that laugh-
ing sea,

Where small white sails were flashing
to and fro

In the blue mist afar. A fisher girl!
Why, whence came all that beauty?

Was it kissed
 Into her red cheeks by the reckless
 wind?
 Brought to her by the ever-living
 brine
 Which woos the Hesperian isles, and
 twinkles brightly
 About the shelving shores where
 Circe dwelt?
 For Aphrodite, on the yellow sands
 At Cyprus, when the midland sea
 was calm,
 Made not a footprint half so delicate.

All ranks have beauty for a heritage:
 Like the fresh air and water: like
 the joyance
 Which summer casts upon the wood-
 land glades.
 They whom the world deems happier
 —what have they
 But gold-coined hatred, and such
 luxuries
 As stupify the faculties, and make
 The unseen spirit a gross, material
 slave.

What a man like Collins re-
 quired was a wife not only loving,
 but unusually capable of economics,
 one able to manage both himself
 and his affairs. Or he should have
 appointed to himself an honest
 business manager, who would
 utilise his faculties for him much
 better than he could ever do him-
 self; be the responsible person in
 matters financial, and pay the
 coiner of the fairy gold of the
 imagination in the coin of the
 mundane realm weekly. Our
 author might always be trusted
 to produce his poem or his essay
 with perfect promptitude and joy-
 fulness; all other matters should
 have been relegated to the depart-
 ment of business management, not
 a single particle of which was in
 Collins's composition.

Of dreamland he was ever the
 most lovable denizen; he may be
 allowed to be quite a respectable
 inhabitant of the kingdom where
 there is no coinage. The following
 from the *Leamington Mercury* shews
 us the man as he was, a mistake

in the busy world of material
 "main-chances," a sort of spiritual
 troubadour, who should have wan-
 dered only through countries of
 romance:—

THE IVORY GATE.

When, loved by poet and painter,
 The sunrise fills the sky,
 When night's gold urns wax fainter,
 And in depths of amber die—
 When the morn-breeze stirs the
 curtain,

Bearing an odorous freight.—
 Then visions strange, uncertain,
 Pour thick through the Ivory Gate.

Then the oars of Ithaca dip so
 Silently into the sea,
 That they wake not the sad Calypso—
 And the hero wanders free:
 He breasts the ocean-furrows,
 At war with the words of Fate,
 And the blue tide's low susurru
 Comes up the Ivory Gate.

Or, clad in hide of leopard,
 'Mid Ida's freshest dews,
 Paris, the Teucrian shepherd,
 His sweet CEnone woos:
 On the thought of her coming bridal
 Unuttered joy doth wait,
 While the tune of the false one's idyl
 Rings soft through the Ivory Gate.

Or down from green Helvellyn
 The sough of streams I hear,
 And my lazy sail is swelling
 To the winds of Windermere:
 That girl with the rustic bodice
 'Mid the ferry's laughing freight,
 Is as fair as any goddess
 Who sweeps through the Ivory Gate.

Or the sky is cloudless wholly,
 The lark soars high in heaven—
 And the trout-stream ripples slowly
 Through moorland vales of Devon:
 On the lawn my Minna rambles;
 Young May, in her youth elate,
 Sends the shout of her childish
 gambols
 Right through the Ivory Gate.

Ah, the vision of dawn is leisure—
 But the truth of day is toil,
 And we pass from dreams of pleasure
 To the world's unstayed turmoil.
 Perchance beyond the River
 Which guards the realms of Fate,
 Our spirits may dwell for ever
 'Mid dreams of the Ivory Gate.

"Always," says our strenuous idealist in another place, "have I been a dreamer of the Ivory Gate. Fortunate, doubtless, are they who look at life through the Gate of Horn. 'See things as they are, and act according,' that is the true maxim for success in life. I have never seen things as they *are*—at least, as they are in the opinion of the majority. I don't agree with the majority."

Collins having a marvellous power of seeing things transfigured, even worldly troubles and difficulties being sublimated into mere accidents of time in his joyous vision, the family life at Leamington suffered no disturbance until it came to its sudden and untimely end. A trifling incident will shew the loving nature of the man, whose sympathies extended to everyone save and excepted only the great British tradesman. His step-daughter, when the family left Guernsey, was left for some months at school. As the day for her coming home drew near, Collins sent her elaborate instructions for her route. Through some chance she delayed at Plymouth until all trains were missed except one arriving at Leamington at midnight. As the train swept into the station there was a tall and well-known form excitedly borne up and down the series of carriages. At length she was found, seized with the strong grasp that betokened relief of mind, and held tight all the way home. Collins had been to meet every train due to arrive throughout the whole evening, going backwards and forwards near a mile each way to each.

Like himself, his wife was of sunny temperament; though so much older than he was, she had been his "good comrade" in all his Guernsey rambles, and is remembered at Leamington as

going out with him, looking young and handsome, with flowers in her hair. We omitted an amusing episode of their marriage, that although she was aware of a disparity between their ages, he led her to believe he was much older than he was, and since he looked the age he professed, it was not until she signed the register of marriage that she learned she had married a boy of scarce three and twenty. However horrifying the fact, it was of course then just too late to retreat.

After the birth of their only child, their relation, though no less close than before in all the higher sympathies and intercourse, became—owing to his very tenderness—rather an ideal one. In Leamington a painful hip complaint seized the bright little lady, and she could no longer be her husband's outdoor companion as formerly, to his great loss as well as hers. With all the will in the world, the hold of one upon another cannot be so complete while thus restricted by untoward circumstances.

In passing on from this period, which was but the type and beginning of much that followed, we may refresh ourselves once more by turning to the other side of our author's nature—the passionate idealism that marked his poetic life. The following appeared in the *Leamington Mercury* anonymously:—

"AND THERE WAS NO MORE SEA."
Saint John.

There shall be no more sea—
When earth's sad souls are free,
When from the mortal shore
Sin flies for evermore,
And in the city proud
The murmurs of the crowd,
Tumult of joy and sorrow cease,
And all is perfect peace.

No more the rivers wide
Through fresh green meadows glide
On to the ocean tide,

While towers and temples white
Struck by the noonday light
Shine in their eddies bright—
And on the curving sandy shore
Waves whisper never more.

No more the stately sail
Swells to the rising gale :
All signs of pain and toil
Have vanished from the soil,
And trees of Paradise
Upon the mountains rise :
Happier than earth's unfabled prime
Shall be that holy time.

Type of all storm and strife
Which gird our mortal life
Art thou, O restless sea !
And therefore unto thee
No part or place is given
Under that coming heaven—
Thy light blue ripple shall not play
When Time has passed away.

Type of baptismal rite,
Of garments washen white,
Of souls from sin set free
Art thou, O mystic sea !
Unheard thy murmur now,
For on each saintly brow
Doth the pure light of Eden fall,
And God is all in all.

Here is an instance of the quaint editor's metaphysic humour. A correspondent writes that "as posterity does nothing for us, there is no fun in doing anything for posterity." The editorial comment is a clincher,—“so subtle a thinker must believe to some extent in metempsychosis: what does he say to being one of his own posterity?”

But where is the journalism? some one may ask; we have had poetry, philosophy, epigram, but do not yet know even our editor's political views. His journalism at this period was a journalism of his own; his leader-writing was usually a succession of lively unconnected paragraphs; his views he briefly gives himself. “We are High Tory in politics, and Broad Church in theology.” His Toryism was rather such as would be termed Tory-Radical, and although in his case somewhat too

fanciful for daily use, it was by no means a useless compound. It included the creed of gentleness, not gentility, and a sense of the need of thoroughness and affectionate knowledge of duty's detail. Had he been a landlord he would, even if with some difficulty, have studied the relations of landlord and tenant with the solicitude that he bestowed upon the grammar of his verse.

After the break up at Leamington all went to the house of a relative living by the Thames for a brief period. Mortimer Collins had only coppers in his pocket when he arrived. A few months previously he had obtained a little occasional work as a squib writer on the *Press*, then the leading Conservative weekly. He did chiefly political parodies in verse, sometimes using his own stanzas as the basis. Here is a fragment based on Longfellow, and referring to Peel:—

I know a Premier rare to see,
Take care !
He can both Whig and Tory be,
Beware !
Trust him not, he is fooling thee !
He gives thee a deal of foolish chaff,
Take care !
Common sense were a better thing by
Beware ! [half,
Trust him not, he is fooling thee !

David Trevena Coulton, the then editor of the *Press*, had offered him work, which no doubt he hoped fully to take up on his arrival near London. But just a month after the flight from Leamington this gentleman died, and then began a bad time for his protégé, whose prospects were thus blasted. It was a great blow to him, for his footing in London was lost. Lodgings were taken in various suburbs, and journalism attempted, but the prizes of that most exacting profession are not always ready at a moment's notice.

A house was taken at Barnes, a great empty house that would not let. We can scarcely see anything poetic or romantic in the fact that it was unfurnished; or what is more, that it never received a full complement even of chairs, but boxes were pressed into service. Here, at the first, mutton chops were cooked in a tea-kettle, and eaten, primitive fashion, with skewers for forks. Readers of Mortimer Collins's verse must forgive this very unsophisticated picture; the scene has been enacted by many a poet before, and doubtless will be again. When matters are at such a pass as this, the ludicrous element steps in and the glamour of humour makes boxes covered with shawls, and floors bare of furniture as good as a play for a little while. Still it was "rough" on the little lady; as regards her husband it no doubt made up the average of life with the reckless extravagance of Leamington. A few pounds were obtained from the trustee, and the mistress was able to buy forks for home use, and send her spouse to dine in town. Dinner was sent to the bakehouse, but circumstances were a trifle awkward when it came back, and the baker could see that there was no table in the kitchen on which to deposit it; also when the landlady called there was something of a dilemma. Fortunately, the season was summer.

Dr. Bromby, the old friend of the Guernsey College, had before this time offered a school appointment in Melbourne. An editorship there of £1,200 a year was afterwards open. After a long discussion, Mrs. Collins decided not to accompany her husband in case he obtained the post. This was a severe disappointment to him, but she had a horror of the long sea voyage. After all he did not get the final offer, losing it, it is said,

by very reason of being too elate at the prospect of it.

The next move was to a private tutorship at Carlisle, which was reached in extreme destitution. They had now come to such a pass that although Mrs. Collins was anxious and depressed one minute, the ridiculous element of their condition would come uppermost the next, and overpower her with sense of comedy. The emolument was £100 a year, with a cottage in the grounds of the pupils' father. When the cottage came to be inspected, the appointment was nearly lost by the proposed mistress of the cottage exclaiming that it was scarcely fit for a gardener to live in. Finally, lodgings were taken at Weatherall, five miles away, Mortimer Collins walking backwards and forwards daily for eight months, exercise which brought him into splendid condition and was a great enjoyment to him. His teaching was highly appreciated, as it always was. Had there been the slightest business faculty in the family, this capacity would have obtained him some pleasant and well-paid position with leisure for literary work. But the fate attached to the minstrel character under which, as old Marlowe says savagely,

Unto this day is every scholar poor;

Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor,"

ever prevented such sober settlement; and life was with him an endless scramble.

A little work in verse-writing was obtained from London, but what it produced, together with the tutor's salary and the remains of Mrs. Collins's settlement, now very considerably diminished in income, would not support the family. Here stepped in a good angel, the lady's banker-cousin, already referred to. Either from some old family memories, or

from pure friendly relationship, he seemed to take it as a duty to come forward, and provided a round sum, which paid the debts and travelling expenses for another journey from north to south. This was to take the editorial chair of the *Plymouth Mail*, a journal newly started by a prominent Conservative and member for the borough.

"While Collins occupied that post," says a friendly antagonist of that time, "he flung about him political and personal pasquinades which kept the town in a very lively state indeed. We had many and many a joust with him; much, we fear, to the disquietude or amusement of those who looked on. He conducted the paper with zeal and talent; and as he was of a robust frame, in physique somewhat gigantesque, he wielded a tomahawk for a pen." Here he might have been fairly comfortable; the journal was a good one, and as he had a proper staff, his work was more adapted to his special powers than the general responsibility and speculation of the little meteoric *Mercury* of Leamington. But old sins found him out. The proprietor of an opposition paper at Exeter was brother of the proprietor of the journal at Leamington which had borne the brunt of his irritating attacks, so a clue as to his whereabouts reached Leamington. A solicitor from that town who had some private pique against him, had been in search of him for sometime, and had more than once been detected by Collins when in London, hovering about the Strand, in hope of meeting with him. At Carlisle the trace had been lost, but now that it had been regained, with great excitement he was tracked down in Plymouth and put in prison. When the family were expecting him home

to dinner, there came lawyer and sheriff's officer instead, declaring the actual state of things. After a few days he was released, the hired furniture being taken as guarantee by the sheriff's officer, who paid the particular debt on which the warrant had been issued. Eventually the remainder of the Leamington liabilities came upon him, and it took several hundred pounds from the pocket of the good angel before named—a director of the greatest bank in the world—to make all clear. In the troubles of these times the sin did not invariably lie at Collins's door. Some personal effects and relics of value had been left by the family in a warehouse when they were in London; on these being sent for from Plymouth, it was found that the responsible party had decamped with them to America.

In addition to the regular editorial work of the *Plymouth Mail*, its leaders, reviews, and paragraphs; poems, legends, ghost-stories, and various light and bright elements naturally found their way into its pages. Here is the Broad Churchism of the editor as before professed at Leamington:—

"The Church is the only possible democracy; its very starting point is the equality of all mankind in the presence of Him who is Infinite. No exclusiveness, no restriction, should be permitted to keep back a single accidental worshipper. The divine message of love, like the air we breathe and the light which sheds beauty on the world, is the inalienable heritage of all men."

In London Collins was at this time a contributor to the *Constitutional Press*, a monthly Conservative magazine. We quote a poem from a series of Symposia entitled, "Suppers of the Tories," prefacing it with a paragraph touching upon its subject, which is to be found in the *Leamington Mercury*

of September, 1856: the date of the poem is June, 1859:—

“Heraclitus is reported to have said that none ever twice passed the same stream—an apt illustration of the law of change in all earthly affairs. No man has ever looked twice upon the same face. Perpetual and incessant change is a sufficient reason for the existence of Conservatism.”

Climbs from the deep the yellow moon,
The air is filled with Sabbath chimes;
Night to the blackbird brings a tune,
And to the poet rhymes.

Rich cloud flakes in the west grow dim
Where amber sea meets amber sky;
As if wide wings of seraphim
This moment had swept by.

Strange beauty floods the distant
verge—
The woods are touched with mystic
gleam;
Strange murmurs haunt the moaning
surge—
Is life a marvellous dream?

They fade—they wane—they are as
nought;
The great procession of the years:
Our hearts are brimmed with solemn
thought,
Our eyes are brimmed with tears.

Whence come we? Whither do we go?
What is the subtle sense whereby
We feel the touch of joy or woe?—
Whose life being lost, we die.

None twice have passed the self-same
stream;
None twice have seen the self-same
face;
Change is the echo of our dream,
The burden of our race.

A very forgiving editor of Plymouth, one who had been tilted at pretty freely by the Collinsian lance, wrote thus of our friend as a journalist:—

“He was one of the most brilliant writers I ever knew, a very Rupert among pressmen, with all a Rupert’s dash, and, too, with all a Rupert’s failings—great for a charge, but not the man to sustain patiently a long attack, though his industry was immense. He worked very hard while

he edited the *Plymouth Mail*, and introduced quite a new feature into the journalism of the West by his epigrams and pungent verses. When he left, this spirit departed also; and, indeed, the inspiration was too personal for it to be otherwise. There was nothing forced in his wit. It flowed spontaneously and freely. Nor was it at all malicious. He hit hard—very hard—but he was always genial and good-tempered. . . . There must be a good many in Plymouth who can recall the amusement which his rhymed chronicle of current events afforded the readers of the *Mail*.”

At electioneering he was a tower of strength, and it was considered that he gained the day for the candidate of his choice by the power of the *Plymouth Mail*. But the real cause of success lay with the voters, the winning side having, as he said, some supporters of fortunate names, to wit, “Mennie to canvass and More to vote.” Unfortunately, at Plymouth, as elsewhere, the old difficulty cropped up of making both ends meet; Collins got among a set of spendthrifts, and even if he had not, money slipped through his fingers like water, without ever causing him the least concern at the time. Money was borrowed from the sheriff’s officer, a many-sided man of business, at the rate of sixty per cent. The last scene at Plymouth was, as usual, a walk out to a country station, the departure being of a kind rather abrupt than pleasant.

The next post was the editorial chair of the *Nottingham Guardian*, which offered rather larger emoluments than the Plymouth paper, to which Collins still forwarded literary contributions. While here his stepdaughter became old enough to be called his sub-editor, kept his manuscript books of verse, looked through Parliamentary reports for what local members had said, and condensed their remarks

for use. When he was writing a leader for two papers at once, he would do one folio of his manuscript and give it to her to copy, when he would continue to compose as fast as she could copy; and to shew the perfectly childish element of humour which was in him, it was his great delight to find an extract in print which he could wafer on to his manuscript as a quotation, and so outstrip the copyist. He always went straight on without stopping in what he wrote; work was not work to him except when physically unwell. The east wind was always an ordeal for him, drying up the brain and stiffening the usually easy channels of imaginative flow. Not infrequently he suffered from sharp attacks of neuralgia in the head, when he would tie a handkerchief round his brow, and march about the room with the ends in his hands, pulled as tightly as possible; and so dictate his articles. The work of the journalist is no light yoke. After efforts such as these made against the grain, it is little wonder if the body rebel and seek relief in stimulant or reckless excitement.

Collins liked to write with his family in the room, and did not object to lively conversation going on. But anything like a dispute bothered him; the clash of hot discussion or animated argument disturbed the evenness of the atmosphere, and he would look up from his work and say good-humouredly, "How you fellows do snarl!" or, "What is the good of fighting?" His wife always read everything of his as it came out in print, and was very proud of his fame and power. But she did not profess to be a critic of his work, only a loving appreciator; all was to her splendid, though she could shew a judicious preference for one thing over another.

Naturally of intensely sympathetic temperament, Collins found it necessary to shut the door on the troubles of life if he was to retain any gaiety of soul. No doubt, in so doing he often shut the door on responsibilities which he should have faced. But who is perfect? Because one man's weaknesses are different from another's, has either the right to cast a stone at the other? Collins somewhere quotes the saying, "Sir, we all of us know that we hold erroneous opinions, but we do not know which of our opinions these are, for if we did, they would not be our opinions." So much for holding views of life different from those of our neighbours. When the inevitable clash came between Collins's Bohemian carelessness and orthodox standards, he took refuge in philosophy. When the world punished him he fled to poetry. To a friend who felt responsibility and the burden of worldly duty too keenly, he wrote, "Sorry to hear of your brain-numbness. No cure for it, except a strong resolve *not* to let anything worry you. When Camille Desmoulins was hunted down in the days of the *Terreur*, they found him in an obscure lodging commencing a treatise on arithmetic. It is one of the finest mathematical fragments extant."

The old story of recklessness has to be told again about Nottingham. The steady and faithful worker never broke a literary engagement; a financial one, once made, never again occurred to him. He might, if possessed of a quality that it is no use talking of in his case, have been comfortable at Nottingham. He had, in addition to the income from the editorship, certain weekly receipts from Plymouth, and also from the *Constitutional Press* in London, and he was still an occasional contributor to

the *Dublin University Magazine*. He was ever unwilling to let his wife know of any of his lapses, and his love and reverence for her held him so strongly that he never once uttered before her a harsh or violent word. In this, as well as in his passionate ideality, he was perfectly sincere and real, but it seemed as if another and entirely different nature were included in him also. As in early youth he had been subject to opposing influences, and compelled to do battle when he had a different conception of his proper career from that formed by his relations; so now, after having fought his way into his own life, it seemed as if the rebel nature hung about him still. And this was a worse rebellion than even against a parent—a disobedience to his own better self, a revolt against his own ideal. Yet, strangely enough, that ideal remained pure and uncorrupted to the end.

When in Nottingham he wasted his earnings in an insanely foolish manner, all was hidden from his wife. At one time he represented to her that he was not properly paid for his office work, the salary for which he had not only received, but, besides other debts, he had been lent £100 by the proprietor of the paper, upon the shameful security of the small remains of her fortune, over which he had no right whatever. But he had accomplished his purpose of keeping the home in a state of peaceful confidence as long as the crash could be staved off. His wife added comparatively little to the expenses, the debts being all run up by him. She, when from home, being a little fastidious, found the cleanliness and nicety of a first-class hotel a necessity, but would do any work at home, and dispense with service to the utmost.

Whatever the changes and

chances of his life, his poetic work went on. The following very pretty and picturesque bit of suggestiveness was printed in the *Nottingham Guardian*, in October, 1860:—

Lazily dip the heavy oars,
Calm and dark is the haunted river;
Above and below it flashes and roars,
But here, like a lake, 'twixt magical
shores,
Beautiful Eden sleeps for ever.
Sing, maiden, sing, as we slowly glide
Over the ferry at eventide.

There's a blood-red arch the chasm
across,
And Eden river flows noisily
under—
Dim glades on the shore are covered
with moss,
High up, great oaks their branches
toss,
And the fairy valley from mortals
sunder;
And the village beyond seems a vil-
lage of dreams,
As over the ferry the sunset gleams.

Shrill shrieks the sudden train that
flies
O'er the arch that giant hands have
planted—
In the outer world the outcry dies,
And the mystic valley in silence lies
But for Eden's song to its shores
enchanted.
Oh, carol, young girl, with the chest-
nut hair!
Over the ferry's the world of care.

During this year was brought out in London, at the office of the publishers of the magazine to which he was a contributor (Saunders, Ottley and Co.), his second volume of collected verse—"Summer Songs."

But poetry could not maintain our author in Nottingham. With his tall form he had during the frosty winter found Nottingham streets so dangerously slippery that his daughter and stepdaughter used to escort him to and from his newspaper office, with each an arm in his for his support, finding it, no

doubt, great fun to be so useful. But now the Nottingham streets became more dangerous still, and circumstances such that he might be tripped up there any day. Returning home one Saturday evening by train from a visit to London, he was met by his step-daughter with unpleasant, but perhaps to him not unexpected, news. He was put into a cab, and got home without being seen; and after spending the debtor's holiday there got up at five on Monday morning, and was accompanied by the same young lady to a village five miles out, where he could find a train to convey him safely to London. In the dew of the early morning her hair came out of curl, and as they crossed a river by ferry she sat in the boat and looped it up. Jolly Mortimer, careless of warrants, beamed into a poem. *Sic itur ad Parnassum.*

The story now for some years is perfectly monotonous with bailiffs, raisings of reversions that ought not to have been raised, and clearance of old debts that was only the preliminary to the creation of new ones.

After leaving Nottingham Collins found quarters at an hotel in Covent Garden, and continued to write for the journals which he had edited at Plymouth and Nottingham. He still had, moreover, some squib-writing on the *Press* newspaper, of which the following fragments may serve as samples:—

The times are changed—*nos et mutamur*;
At a lofty post, of course, I'm aimer,
And hope to sit, with of cash a full sack,
Lord Roundabout on the wished for Woolsack.

The following perhaps is more striking, the last line of each stanza representing a fact that Collins himself oft felt somewhat sadly. White paper is sometimes

darkened with a shadow of melancholy when comes the thought of having to blacken it:—

O *Star* of the morning, O *Telegraph* mild,
Dismay with *canards* every weak-minded gaper:
On Bright and his Gladstone good fortune has smiled—
And there's plenty of paper, there's plenty of paper.

Latona was Eve or the Virgin—how rich!

And Gladstone, of marvellous theories shaper,
Perhaps in his kindness will now tell us which—

For there's plenty of paper, there's plenty of paper.

Few ages have ever produced such a gem as his

"Studies on Homer," all vagueness and vapour;

But he cannot disprove the existence of Nemesis—

Though there's plenty of paper, there's plenty of paper.

In 1861 *Temple Bar* was established; and Mortimer Collins became a contributor both in verse and prose, remaining so for six or seven years. On the last page of the first four-monthly volume may be found a song of his, "Under the Cliffs," which, under the title of "Under the Cliffs by the Sea," has been set to music by Hatton, and also by some other musician. Another song, "Summer is Sweet," Sims Reeves used to sing; indeed, several have been arranged for singing; but singularly few, considering the exquisite music and simplicity of so many of Collins's lyrics.

A house at Wandsworth, looking on Wimbledon Common, was the next resting-place of the wandering family. Magazine work is not enough to live by, unless there are about six periodicals all ready to take articles regularly each month, which would be somewhat unusual; and the regular journal-

istic work open to Collins at this time does not appear to have been very lucrative; so that, so soon as the money raised on the last reversion, which was the stepdaughter's, came to an end, there was another calamity.

At last, as to terrestrial locality at least, the wild and erratic orbit, or rather zigzag, closed itself where it had begun some dozen years before, by the cottage at Knowl Hill being taken again. Thither Collins had once walked, to breakfast with the lady just about to become his wife; thither they together came after a career—poetic, indeed, but scarcely dignified enough for an epic, scarcely tranquil enough for an idyl, and yet too gentle for a satire.

Even at Knowl Hill the peace of life was soon broken. Some affair of Wandsworth was yet unsettled, and one morning when Mortimer Collins was in bed after walking down from London the evening before the trifling distance of thirty miles, four men appeared to carry him off to rest any weariness of limb in an unpoetic and uncongenial confinement. His wife smuggled in a hamper for him, and in a few days the necessary sum to liberate him was found, in great part by the good angel before referred to. We are tired of chronicling matters of this kind, which repeated themselves at intervals. A poem, published in *Temple Bar* in 1866, may be read as of autobiographic significance, and delightfully portrays the gentle side of the troubled nature of the poet; how he bathed the wounds due to his inability to cope with the world or regulate himself by its standards, in the deep serenity and love of nature, and there forgot the pain. There to him all was sympathy; thence he drew the sanguine element that enabled him to go on again, and

in so going on to evolve such glow and beauty as to constrain the cool critic to declare that to read him was "like a bath of bright sunshine."

If, but for a moment, Mortimer Collins could be made to realise that there was inevitable disaster and not joy ahead, and that he was the bringer of it, he was so utterly hopeless, so childlike in his despair, that it would bring pity from the hardest; till from sympathy the sanguine element would again arise within him, and his bright hope gild every prospect around. There was something strangely engaging about him that drew to him many friends.

The poem of Nature's refreshments is as follows:—

ANTÆUS.

Strange is the beauty of the old Greek myth;
And when the huntsman's bugle,
blowing blithe,
Rouses the misty woodland, or when
oars
Dip in fresh Eden, 'twixt the fairy
shores,
Come to my spirit, in this Cumbrian
clime,
The memories of the great heroic
time.

Deep were the meanings of that fable:
men
Looked upon earth with clearer eyesight then,
Beheld in solitude the immortal
Powers,
And marked the traces of the swift-winged Hours.
Because it never varies, all can bear
The burden of the circumambient
air;
Because it never ceases, none can
hear
The music of the ever-rolling sphere;—
None—save the poet, who, in moor
and wood,
Holds converse with the spirit of
solitude.

And I remember how Antæus heard,
Deep in great oak-woods, the mysterious word

Which said, "Go forth, across the
unshaven leas,
To meet unconquerable Hercules."
Leaving his antre by the cedar-glen,
This Titan of the primal race of men,
Whom the swart lions feared, and
who could tear
Huge oaks asunder, to the combat
bare
Courage undaunted. Full of giant
grace,
Built up, as 'twere, from earth's own
granite base,
Colossal, iron-sinewed, firm he trod
The lawns. How vain, against a
demi-god !

O sorrow of defeat ! He plunges far
Into his forest, where deep shadows
are,
And the wind's murmur comes not,
and the gloom
Of pine and cedar seems to make a
tomb
For fallen ambition. Prone the mor-
tal lies
Who dared mad warfare with the
unpitying skies.
But lo ! as, buried in the waving ferns,
The baffled giant for oblivion yearns,
Cursing his human feebleness, he feels
A sudden impulse of new strength,
which heals
His angry wounds ; his vigour he
regains ;
His blood is dancing gaily through his
veins :
Fresh power, fresh life, is his who lay
at rest
On bounteous Hertha's kind creative
breast.

Even so, O poet by the world subdued,
Regain thy health 'mid perfect soli-
tude.
In noisy cities, far from hills and trees,
The brawling demi-god, harsh Her-
cules,
Has power to hurt thy placid spirit—
power
To crush thy joyous instincts every
hour,
To weary thee with woes for mortals
stored—
Red gold (coined hatred) and the
tyrant's sword.

Then, then, O sad Antæus, wilt thou
yearn
For dense green woodlands and the
fragrant fern ;—

Then stretch thy form upon the
sword, and rest
From worldly toil on Hertha's gracious
breast ;
Plunge in the foaming river, or divide,
With happy arms, grey ocean's mur-
murous tide.
And, drinking thence each solitary
hour
Immortal beauty and immortal power,
Thou mayst the buffets of the world
efface,
And live a Titan of earth's earliest
race.

Among the very miscellaneous
collection of journals to which
Collins acted as editor or con-
tributor was the *Owl*, a quite
unique publication, edited by some
young diplomats, with Laurence
W. Oliphant at their head, whose
initials reversed formed the title
of the journal. The *Owl* knew
too much, and shewed that it
knew, and so had to be seriously
admonished by the higher powers.
We could well do to-day with its
political sharp-shooting, with its
fearless projection into view of
things behind the scenes, before
they were dressed up for their
public appearance. The *Owl* gave
four pages, a trifle larger in size
and less in amount of matter than
the *Athenæum*, for sixpence ! It
had no first number, but its
thousand and first appeared on
the 27th of April, 1864, and it
was continued erratically until its
career closed in 1866. For the
greater part of the time Mortimer
Collins was a constant and very
noticeable contributor, of political
verse, society verse, an occasional
poem, and some classical transla-
tions. Here is one of the prettiest,
and perhaps the best known, of
his contributions :—

AD CHLOEN, M.A.

(Fresh from her Cambridge Exami-
nation.)

Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,

And your nose ;
 And your brow is like the snow,
 And the various things you know
 Goodness knows.

And the rose-flush on your cheek
 And your algebra and Greek
 Perfect are ;
 And that loving, lustrous eye
 Recognizes in the sky
 Every star.

You have pouting, piquant lips,
 You can doubtless an eclipse
 Calculate :
 But for your cerulean hue
 I had certainly from you
 Met my fate.

If, by an arrangement dual,
 I were Adams mixed with Whewell,
 Then some day
 I, as wooer, perhaps might come
 To so sweet an Artium
 Magistra.

And the answer came, in equally
 crisp verse, the following week.
 Both are reprinted in the volume
 entitled "The Inn of Strange
 Meetings."

The following is charmingly
 Horatian :—

OWLS AT RICHMOND.

On the terrace high above the Royal
 river

Let me wander with the prettiest
 of girls,

While the soft breeze makes the sum-
 mer leafage shiver,

While it flutters 'mid my lady's
 flying curls—

And perchance along the
 brink

Comes from Pembroke Lodge,
 to think,

The most prolix of epistolary earls.

Let the wines be iced deliciously, the
 ladies'

Eyes as lustrous as the star of even-
 tide,

Every bore banished far away to
 Hades,

Every wit in his wit's most perfect
 pride—

Till the happy summer day
 Into twilight fades away,

Even as other happy days too have
 died.

Drink your chalice of champagne with
 the foam on't ;
 Grasp the glory of your life ere it
 dies ;

Seize the evanescent essence of the
 moment,

For it passes like the hue of sunset
 skies,

And the days grow dull and
 dim,

And the man grows grey
 and grim,

And for joyous Richmond dinners
 far too wise.

Our rhymers came within a stone's
 throw of this terrace, and "high
 above the Royal river," to die.
 Mr. Edmund Yates pointed out an
 unconsciously prophetic little poem,
 in which Richmond, death, and
 the month in which he passed
 away, came all together.

In 1866 he obtained daily work
 on the *Globe* newspaper, of which,
 for a period, he was joint editor.
 This necessitated his living a bache-
 lor life in chambers in London,
 while he could only visit the Knowl
 Hill cottage at the end of the week.
 Bachelor life was not the life for
 him ; and his wife, always his
 sweetheart, became a sort of ideal
 and angelic being to him, while
 his ruder life flowed apart. She
 was now in delicate health, and,
 though ever young in spirit, the
 years that separated her from
 him were more cruelly manifest
 than ever. And yet they had
 merry times, like boy and girl
 again, between-whiles, under the
 tall limes of the Knowl Hill gar-
 den.

In 1867 was started a brilliant,
 fashionable, but somewhat frothy,
 illustrated journal—*Echoes from the
 Clubs*. To this Collins was a con-
 stant contributor of such efferves-
 cent rhymes as the character of the
 publication required. This regular
 hack-work of Pegasus did not quite
 spoil him, but the frivolous non-
 sense required of him considerably
 affected his style, and he became

the most fluent writer of what is strictly society verse, as opposed to poetry proper. He returned at times to his old love, but his reputation became established as a versifier rather than a genuine singer, a poetaster rather than a poet. What conclusion else could a public come to from a succession of trifles such as this?—

What beauty ineffable flashes

From many an exquisite child ;
Soft eyes beneath long drooping lashes
Give glances that drive a man wild!
There are girls who will flirt with a poet,

And girls who are wiser and won't ;
And girls who are nice and who know it,

And girls who are nicer and don't ;
And the Clicquot from Fortnum and Mason's

(Is it Clicquot ?) right eagerly slips
From its prison of crystal, and hastens
To kiss their delicious young lips.

The Knowl Hill life, in spite of the rude breaches upon it, afforded our poet the serenity that was required for his higher work, and here he enlarged that insight into, and love for, all the things of nature which marks him superior to those who know only that feverish effervescence into which he also dipped at times. We find in "The Comedy of Dreams," that series of fragments at once mystic and humorous—

RAPHAEL : Why am I thus so wild in
wayward wandering ?

ASTROLOGOS : Madness like this was
written in your horoscope.

Into this madness, breaking it
with light, comes poetry :—

There fluttered by
Wings of the merle, gay caroller, who
sleeps
Upon a beechen bough in the far
forest deeps.

And now it is the world that is
mad and he the sane :—

He was not fain 'mid the mad world
to win

Power or renown from the spare
overflow

Of Fortune's horn. To him three
things were fair—

True love, unfettered song, and the
wooing summer-air.

An aphorism of Collins's is worth remembering, and it is an excellent touch-stone of poetic value : "Poetry of a high kind requires two elements—sanity and magic." In his own poetry, whatever may be said of his life, both dwell harmoniously together. Other critical sayings come to our memory :— "Satire is emphatically not poetry." "True poetry gives us thought in its very essence ; it is intellectual pemmican."

At Knowl Hill he wrote the best poetry of this period, portions of which are to be found in *Temple Bar* between 1861 and 1867. His little daughter, in an adjoining room, had often gone to sleep to the rhythmic scratching of his pen, and when she had become as old as twelve, instead of sleeping, would sit at a big table by him and write romances. She essayed verse too, and one day, a few years later, after her careless wont had left on the table a new-made sonnet, which, when she came to look for it, was not to be found. It was lost, until a "proof" came from the office of the *Dublin University Magazine*, containing the terse little poem, duly signed with her full name ; a thing for her to gaze at with wonder the whole day. This was her father's mischief.

He was a singular father, sending his child to no school—he abominated the atmosphere of ladies' schools—but leading her to stray naturally among the ripest fields of English literature. Finding that with all his old tutorial ability it was hopeless to fix in her memory the dry exactitude of the multiplication table, while in the arithmetic of verse her ear was

quick to detect a flaw, his teachings were desultory, and consisted of fragments of philosophy, rather than the forcing down of masses of the *memoria technica* of grammar and geography. This is the kind of saying of his that is remembered:—

“Our grand political plans must appear about as important to the Deity, as the dog Sam’s fussy arrangement of the straw in his kennel before he curls himself up to sleep appears to us!”

Dogs Collins loved, though not so much as birds. When he was going for a tramp through Hunts, in 1865, an incident delayed him, of which he afterwards wrote—

“When at length I started, it was in rather a melancholy mood, for a fine St. Bernard puppy, whom we had christened Tory, had just committed involuntary suicide by running under the wheel of a cart. Poor fellow! what a fine honest head he had, and what kindly eyes! I know a young lady who wept when we buried him.

He lies in the soft earth under the
grass,
Where they who love him often pass;
And his grave is under a tall young
lime,
In whose boughs the pale green hop
flowers climb;
But his spirit—where does his spirit
rest?
It was God who made him—God
knows best.”

When living at Knowl Hill, about 1863-6, Collins was very fond of walking tours through the English counties, recording his experiences afterwards in a magazine article. Respecting such walks he tells an amusing story:—

“A grave and steady old uncle of mine, who has always deemed literature a beggarly craft, when he heard of my perambulating certain counties said, ‘Gone on the tramp, is he? Well, I always expected it.’”

Some of these accounts are suit-

able to our present paper, as giving particulars of his early life. The following is from the paper “Through Somerset,” published in *Temple Bar*, in October, 1866:—

“A delicious morning of August, with a cool fresh breeze driving a few fleecy clouds over a light blue sky, and I look once more from the railway station upon that pleasant city of Bath, crescent rising above crescent from the Avon. Twenty years or thereabouts must have passed since I set foot in Bath, though I have caught many a glimpse of it from the rail. William Beckford was alive in those days—the marvellous millionaire who wrote ‘Vathek’ and astonished Byron. We used to see him riding slowly along the streets, followed by his groom with a bag of coppers for the poor; and whenever he dismounted, the groom transferred himself to his master’s saddle, apparently to keep it warm. Well do I remember the sale after his death of his superb collection of things curious and beautiful. The old tower builder, who had a passion for stony summits and far prospects, lies sarcophagised in red granite beside his last high edifice on Lansdown. But, alack! those two swift-flown decades have taken away more than the eccentric millionaire. . . . What a chill this great interval of time gives one, when re-entering a city wherein there were troops of welcoming friends! . . . Youth is not at the helm now, nor pleasure at the prow; too probably, while business steers, caution is keeping a sharp look-out ahead for those confounded rocks of insolvency.”

How beautifully calm and quiet is the Cathedral Green, with the quadrangular Deanery to the north of it! This was the charming decanal retreat which inspired certain *Praedesque* verses, called

THE DEAN’S DAUGHTER.

Calm, silent, sunny, whispereth
No tone about that sleepy Deanery,
Save when the mighty organ’s breath
Came husht through endless aisles
of greenery;

No eastern breezes swung in air
 The great elm-boughs, or crisped
 the ivy;
 The powers of nature seemed aware
 Dean Willmot's motto was *Dormivi*.

Having been foiled in my attempt to reach the border, I took steam, and found myself at Bristol, a city much to my taste. Well do I remember it a quarter of a century ago, when the ghost of Felix Farley still walked (a right honourable ghost); when my friend Walter Thornbury permeated his sensitive imagination with its antiquities; when the Bishop of Oxford's pet preachers preached at Lower Easton. Ah! times have changed—the Bush Inn is a thing of the past; the Clifton Suspension Bridge is completed; and there is no one left who remembers John Eagles. Dear dirty old Bristol, with thy streets of corn and of wine, how well do I love thee! How gladly would I see once more the slightly stooping form of the most gigantic journalist (save Jacob Omnium) that ever stepped, passing the Post-office to do his matutine marketing! How gladly would I taste once more his white port wine!

Here is a still earlier reminiscence. In *Temple Bar* for February, 1865, a tramp "Through Wilts" brings back the writer to old scenes:—"In this town of Westbury I went to school about twenty years ago [he omits to say that it was not as scholar but as teacher], and have never visited it since. . . . I had easy access to all the Poets' Corners of newspapers in the neighbourhood; but now behold me in *Fraser*, with an Ingoldsby kind of ballad called 'Sir Willoughby Ware,' for which I received a cheque for three guineas. The idea that verse could be turned into money was to me utterly new." What a pity the knowledge thus gained could not have been forgotten for an interval of a year or two during his maturity!

There is a part of the world where it might be thought a man

would be free of "interviewers," and that is the *sudarium* of a Turkish Bath in England, albeit in Rome it would have been the very haunt of the gossiping journalist. But here is an account of Mortimer Collins which we take from some papers from various journals, gathered together by the proprietors of the Hammam:—

"Observe the foot of one of those occupants of the canvas-backed couches. Yes, you are right—*ex pede Hercules*. You can't see that man's face, but we know it. That man is a Hercules, indeed a *boxeur manqué*. Some one said of him once, a man whose clenched fist might fell the traditional ox, yet when the fingers of that hand are only closed about a pen, what dainty, delicate, Arielesque work they do! Hercules is a poet, subtle, thinking, fanciful, graceful, passionate, tender. Everyone knows him; no one knows him enough. He reminds you, when after reading him you see him, of the Nasmyth hammer, somehow, that can smite hard things so hard, and yet touch tender things so softly."

In the "Comedy of Dreams" Collins wrote:—

Our life is full of mystery, of irony;
 You meet a woman or a man unknown
 to you,
 And all is changed for you through all
 eternity.

We may compare this with an autobiographic reminiscence in the published account of a walk through Berks, which included a digression over the border into Gloucestershire:—

"Most of us can fix upon a time and place at which the whole current of our future life was determined by a single event. If, after years of changeable adventure, you come back to the tranquil country village where that event occurred, the effect upon the mind is very remarkable, but entirely indescribable. It was thus with me at Lechlade. The somnolent little town was unchanged—unchanged as the river Isis, upon

which it stands. The very same grocer was selling tea and sugar over the very same counter that Saturday afternoon. The old house, not far from the town, in which I had dwelt, seemed unaltered. There clung to the balcony the same perfumed clematis which had clustered above brown tresses long years ago. I could fancy a slender hand pushing aside these troublesome tendrils, rich with constellated bloom. If I could in poetic form, reproduce the feelings which came upon me as I thus revisited the half-forgotten past—as I thus encountered my boyish, enthusiastic, unspoilt, uncynical self—I think it would be worth reading. But I cannot do it. They have refreshed me, those strange sensations; that draught of the magic fountain has somewhat lessened the world-weariness which a man cannot but feel as he nears the end of his eighth lustrum; and as I pass onward I hum the delicious ballad of Spain—

'Fonte frida, fonte frida,
Fonte frida, y con amor!'

This was the beginning: here is the end, copied from the family Bible: "My darling died at Knowl Hill on the morning of August the 5th, 1867. '*Cor cordium.*'" And her simple epitaph he composed thus:—"*Susannæ annos septemdecim uxori amatae atque amanti mærens posuit Mortimer Collins.*" The following sonnet was written beside her unclosed coffin:—

I want to tell her that I loved her well:
She knew it, but I want to tell her so.
Death is too strong, and I must let her go,
Unknowing if, where happy spirits dwell,
She hears my cry of grief. Within her shell,
White as the funeral marble's statue-snow,
She lies, whose cheek had once so soft a glow;
Her dear brown eyes, whose meaning none could tell
Better than I, are closed for evermore.

How would they open, if she could but hear,
And look upon me with her loving light!
Too weak my voice to reach the immortal shore,
Too far her spirit has fled, my heart to cheer
With loving sound or visionary sight.

Not very long afterwards, but after a second marriage which he entered upon, the dampness of that same Knowl Hill cottage struck down Collins with rheumatic fever, which led on to an affection of the heart, and from that time for several years death was slowly and imperceptibly coming on. The thought of it at the last had no sad effect upon him. An old doctor reproached him for a humorous observation at such a time, and he answered innocently enough, "If a man be humorous, may he not be humorous to the end?" He said cheerfully that he was going "to kingdom come"; but when the body's clearness was blurred and the spirit confused by the struggle of the heart, then physically breaking, his mystic sight was clouded, and among the few words he said through the night, when the huge frame could find no rest, was a sort of half-conscious inquiry, made not impatiently, but as if he had momentarily lost his way, "Where is the Presiding Spirit?"

He had apparently splendid health up to the last, and his physical frame was perfect on the day when the surgical knife entered it to find out the organic flaw. But he had unconsciously been failing in a small degree for some time. He remarked one day, "I can understand now how people when walking speak of uphill and downhill. I never noticed any difference before."

Those who look at the long list of Mortimer Collins's novels,—something over forty volumes in the form in which they appeared—might be disposed to imagine that they formed his lifetime's work. But he was nearly forty years old when he wrote the first (at the suggestion, by the way, of Dr. Waller, poet himself, a very favourite author and friend of Mortimer's, and then editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*), and he was but forty-nine when he died. A perfect age to die at, he would have said in his fanciful way, being the square of the perfect number seven; that is, if one cannot make one's century by reaching the square of ten.

The novels are not his best work, the later ones being the product of a part of his life that was somewhat confined and, if idyllic, rather heavily so. He gave little labour to his novels beyond the drudgery of writing them, which in the case of some occupied only five or six weeks. The one thing he would not give was himself, and especially to work done deliberately for coin as this was. But they produced a larger return than any other kind of work, and an income that would have been a comfortable one if fortunately administered.

"I do not see any plot in life," he observed *à propos* of the construction of the novel, but he failed to see that the vivid interest of actual life, lost when the picture is only on paper, must be represented or made up for by some concentration.

These romances, with all their faults, abound with good qualities of their own. They are in excellent English; they hold thoughts well worth gathering from them, and scraps of song worth reading through the easy

pages to find. There is little deep character study, but there are many bright pictures of wholesome life. An incident will shew how averse was the habit of his mind from dramatic construction. A friend suggested that, in a novel about to be written, the whole action of the story should be confined within a single day and that the work should be entitled "From Midnight to Midnight." The suggestion was adopted, but instead of its resulting in any intensity of dramatic centre, the time was split up into hours, and the action, for any matter of unity and point, might as well have been extended over twenty-four weeks.

With his last published novel was found to be completely filled the shelf devoted to such works of his. He pointed this out, and asked what was to be done when the next one came. But the extra space was never called for.

We have referred several times to the mystic element in Mortimer Collins, which was philosophic as well as poetic. With some what spark they have of this is made the most of to the verge of unreality; with him it was full, vivid, and rather repressed than allowed to grow vaporous. It was lost sight of by many who felt only his abounding physical life, and his deep love for external nature. What he would have become when the sense-life yielded to life more interior—a process that was evidently beginning in him—it is strange to imagine. Here is his own speculation which touches the subject:—

"It seemed to me, as I looked over the old gray parapet [of the Hampshire river Test], that if I lived to be eighty, there would shine from beyond the inevitable river a light too dazzling for me to see plainly our ordinary mundane affairs."

He never looked, it will be seen,

for what the world calls. maturity, which is often mere worldliness.

The following is from "The Two Worlds":—

Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—

Its woods, unruffled by the wild winds' roar;

Yet does the turbulent surge

Howl on its very verge;

One moment—and we breathe within the evermore.

The mystical element which with his inmost poetry was hidden from many of those who surrounded Collins in his later years, brought him into sympathy with men of a large sphere of life. The fuller the sphere, the more extended the sympathies. Here, for instance, is the expression of Dr. Garth Wilkinson, editor of Swedenborg, and Blake, and author of that grand epic in prose, "The Human Body and its connection with Man":—"I seemed to be prepared for his death, though, when I met him in the winter, his life looked more vigorous than that of any in our party, and his manly cheer was stronger. It is to me as if spirit was given him for this great journey. It had been my hope to spend a day with him in his country home, and to enjoy its scenes in the company of a delightful poet, worthy of the woodlands of England. Now I shall think of him as one sometimes permitted to be near me, until, as I trust, I may hail him as a fellow-worker in the New England of the spiritual world. . . How soon the strong man passes onwards; and what a testimony that is, that he is transplanted for use to another exercise of power."

The specialty of Mortimer Collins's poetic work, whether light or serious (and he is not always in that "trifling vein of good-humoured banter which," says the

Athenæum, "is the special characteristic of his verse"), is that he moves so unconstrainedly, with, as it were, an unconscious music. To impregnate one's self with his lyrics is to become, often to one's own surprise, a somewhat severe critic of the more ambitious productions of other writers. The same peculiar grace of movement we find occasionally in Edgar Poe, as in:—

Helen, thy beauty is to me

Like those Nicéan barks of yore

That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,

The weary way-worn wanderer bore

To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,

Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,

Thy Naiad airs have brought me home

To the glory that was Greece,

And the grandeur that was Rome.

Here is a stanza of Swinburne's, of which Collins once declared his especial appreciation: it shews the same bird-like quality:—

If I were what the words are,

And love were like the tune,

With double sound and single

Delight our lips would mingle,

With kisses glad as birds are

'That get sweet rain at noon;

If I were what the words are,

And love were like the tune.

The idea here is a trifle complex, but the music is exquisite. Keats has the same perfection:—

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;

The voice I hear this passing night was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown;

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oft times hath

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Coleridge has it in pre-eminence:—

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

How simple the words, and yet
how they swell and become trans-
lucent with the glow that lives in
them. Or, again:—

Five miles meandering with a mazy
motion,
Through wood and dale the sacred
river ran,
Then reached the caverns measure-
less to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless
ocean.

Wordsworth has it wherever he
is raised as it were out of him-
self:—

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose ;
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens
are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know where e'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory
from the earth.

* * * *

Our birth is but a sleep and a for-
getting :
The Soul that rises with us, our life's
Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

* * * *

Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal
sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the
shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling
evermore.

Shelley, of course, has the fairy
quality in profusion:—The sky-
lark is

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it
heeded not.

* * * *

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which
screen it from the view.

* * * *

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell
of saddest thought.

Or in this is both the glamour and
the music :—

And the spring arose on the garden
fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt every-
where ;
And each flower and herb on earth's
dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry
rest.

But none ever trembled and panted
with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilder-
ness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's
sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

Or again :—

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters
are ;

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must
bear,—

Till death like sleep might steal
on me,

And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the
sea

Breathe o'er my dying brain its last
monotony.

If Mortimer Collins is but a
writer of society verse, he will

ignobly fail in comparison with such as these. Proximity will be enough to effect it. Has he their music, has he that upsurging inner feeling, that mystic glow which transfigures words and makes poetry? As to his rhythmic facility there can be no doubt. The writers contributing these papers cannot but repeat that, as a matter of rhyme only, they know nothing more exquisite than the lines already quoted from "The Ivory Gate":—

Then the oars of Ithaca dip so
Silently into the sea,
That they wake not sad Calypso—
And the Hero wanders free.

They seem to make vivid the almost soundless plash of oars in a perfectly tranquil sea; and the rhymes meet so softly that they suggested to the writer the reflection that rhymes should fall almost imperceptibly, like shed rose-leaves, and not with the heavy definite sound of a sledge-hammer. Collins used the metaphor in a paper on the "Art and Accomplishment of Verse," and wrote making pleasant acknowledgment of its source.

We do not profess to be able to make the best final selection from the relics of Collins's muse, but the following may be enough to enable judgments to be come to whether he be poet or verse writer.

This is from his earliest collection:—

Oh, the beauty of the sunset, deepening
in purple hues—
And when Hesper rises slowly, bringing
on the twilight dews,
Where the woodland streamlets ripple
through the dusky avenues.

O Thou giver of all goodness! we, the
children of this earth,
Ever would desire to praise Thee,
though our songs are nothing worth,
For the rich and fragrant summer, for
its music and its mirth—

For the dense green odorous woods,
for the sky's unclouded dome,
For the calm sea tossing lightly endless
lines of starry foam,
Which shall thunder on for ever, 'till
Thou take Thy people home.

Then from the Midwinter Chant:—

Yea, the power of earth is passing, like
the morning's glittering rime,
And the swiftest of Thine angels guides
the chariot of Time
Onward to the end of all things,
onward to the Holy clime.

This seems to us simple, manly,
unaffected, of suitable music, and
too real to be mere verse.

We will take now the Nightingale's song from "The British Birds."

This is Air's sweet City—
Built by the birds;
And I sing a ditty,
More of sound than words.

Pure voice of purest æther that this
planet girds.

Sunsets now will glisten
Brighter than before;
Children now will listen
On the wild west shore
For vesper music sweeter than any
heard of yore.

Look up, wandering lover,
To the sunset sky!
Can you not discover
With visionary eye,
A river in the heavens, great mansions
built thereby?

Here all dreams have vanished
Which 'mid fools prevail;
Vices all are banished
Beyond our radiant pale.
We live, and love, and sing, and
through clear æther sail.

Happy when we wander,
Happy in our nests;
Never do we ponder
Of the Fates' behests;
Our life flies through wide space, our
love on soft moss rests.

Oh! to pierce the zenith
Which no steps have trod,
Where the birds' eye kenneth
Marvellous touch of God—
And then to flutter down on dew-cooled
emerald sod!

Oh ! the sphere to girdle,
 Voyage like a dream ;
 See the keen ice curdle,
 See bright oceans gleam,
 Look down on mighty cities that mere
 toy-towns seem.

We can dart, drift, dally,
 Dream upon the wing,
 Woo in woodland valley,
 Twitter, chatter, sing :
 For very joy we live, and for no other
 thing.

Now our City's founded
 On the virgin verge
 Of the sky, and bounded
 By the cloudy surge—
 So into civic life we suddenly
 emerge.

In our Town reign beauty,
 Peace, and love, and song :
 Never any duty,
 Since never any wrong :
 No fear, because air-dwellers are
 always safe and strong.

Deeper still and deeper,
 Into air I go.
 Dream, O loving sleeper,
 And dream of love, for, lo !
 Thy dream shall be fulfilled,
 since Procne tells thee so.

The same idealism inspires this as
 the better-known poem, "My
 Thrush," (published in *Temple Bar*
 in August, 1864,) which is full of
 deeper feeling :—

All through the sultry hours of June,
 From morning blithe to golden noon,
 And till the star of evening climbs
 The grey-blue East, a world too soon,
 There sings a Thrush amid the limes.

God's poet, hid in foliage green,
 Sings endless songs, himself unseen ;
 Right seldom come his silent times.
 Linger, ye summer hours serene !
 Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the
 limes !

May I not dream God sends thee
 there,
 Thou mellow angel of the air,
 Even to rebuke my earthly rhymes
 With music's soul, all praise and
 prayer ?
 Is that thy lesson in the limes ?

Closer to God art thou than I ;
 His minstrel thou, whose brown wings
 fly
 Through silent æther's sunnier
 climes.

Ah, never may thy music die !
 Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the
 limes !

The following strong stanzas
 are from "A Poet's Philosophy,"
Temple Bar, August, 1865, and
 "Inn of Strange Meetings,"
 1871 :—

Dew on the lawns, and fragrance of
 fresh flowers,
 And magical song of mellow-
 throated birds—

A beauty untransmutable to words :
 Such is the vision of the morning
 hours ;
 When fade the urns of night in
 saffron skies,
 And light and love return to young
 dream-haunted eyes.

* * * *

Is life a dream, and death a sleep,
 and love
 The only thing immortal ? Who
 would care

To be received into the ambient air,
 Or traverse æther like a cloud, above
 The happy homes of mortals ? Must
 the soul

Be formlessly absorbed into the in-
 finite whole ?

No : I shall pass into the Morning
 Land

As now from sleep into the life of
 morn ;

Live the new life of the new world,
 unshorn

Of the swift brain, the executing
 hand ;

See the dense darkness suddenly
 withdrawn,

As when Orion's sightless eyes dis-
 cerned the dawn.

I shall behold it : I shall see the utter
 Glory of sunrise heretofore unseen,
 Freshening the woodland ways with
 brighter green,

And calling into life all wings that
 flutter,

All throats of music and all eyes of
 light,

And driving o'er the verge the intoler-
 able night.

We will conclude with the stately music of "Coming of Age," of a stanza of which one of the contributors to this paper obtained insertion in *Punch* at the time of the author's death. We may turn to the question we asked on the first page of these papers, "How far is the life of a man as it is presented to our gaze his essential life, and how far merely circumstantial," and in this poem see its most hopeful answer:—

The poet may tread earth sadly,
Yet is he Dreamland's king,
And tho' fays, at his bidding, gladly
Visions of beauty bring;
But his joys will be rarer, finer,
Away from this earthly stage,
When he, who is now a minor,
Comes of age.

For him soft leaflets cluster,
Of violet, ivy, and vine;
For him leaps livelier lustre
From purple depth of wine;
Pauses the song of the sirens,
Closes the Sibyl's page,
Till he, whom earth environs,
Comes of age.

He seems to the moiling million
A very pestilent knave;
Yet the sky is his pavilion,
And the maiden moon his slave;

And the sea, with its myriad laughter,
And maddening freaks of rage,
Owns him who, a king hereafter,
Comes of age.

The wailing winds and the thunder,
And the roar of a war that whirls,
Breaking great realms asunder,
And the merry songs of girls,
All in one music mingle,
All the great joys presage,
Of the poet who, royal and single,
Comes of age.

Roll on, O tardy cycle,
Whose death is the poet's birth!
Blow soon, great trump of Michael,
Shatter the crust of earth!
Let the slow spheres turn faster;
Hasten the heritage
Of him who, as life's true master,
Comes of age!

What is wanted, to put to the best use the large and valuable stores that Mortimer Collins has left us, is a volume of choice poems and sparkling passages. There is much that is worth extracting from the long series of essays and romances, in prose as well as in verse. The work requires one willing to take some trouble, and able to discern between the mere chaff which the poet himself is no longer here to blow away, and the true grain, sound and clean and generative.

K. M. C.

A PEEP INTO TRANSYLVANIA.

PERHAPS, of all the mountain countries of Europe, Transylvania, the Switzerland of the East, is the least generally known. Little wonder, indeed, that this should be the case, for it is far out of the usual beat of the regular tourist, to whom Vienna, or, at most, Budapesth, forms the Ultima Thule of a wandering experience. Moreover, up to a comparatively recent date Transylvania was almost entirely unconnected with the Magyar capital by that iron chain which is now fast extending itself even along out-of-the-way regions such as these. Five years ago the railroad had only penetrated to Hermanstadt; now it has reached Cronstadt, and found an outlet at one of the Carpathian passes.

Few countries, perhaps, can be visited with greater profit to the health, the heart, and the brain of the weary toiler of the West than this remote corner among the hills. Transylvania possesses every attraction—fine mountains, pure air, lovely scenery, healthy towns and villages. Its mountains, while they cannot reach the shoulders of their Alpine rivals, are still well worth a glimpse, for they abound in views of the utmost beauty, and in a fund of mineral wealth of which few can form any conception. The myriad rills which purl from their craggy sides, the mass of foliage in which they are enveloped, combine to form a picture altogether new to the explorer of snow-capped peak, glacier, and

avalanche. They cannot, however, be designated as tame, though they are, perhaps, more lovely than grand. The home of the bear, the wild boar, and the wolf, the Carpathians should be fascinating ground to the enterprising sportsman; while innumerable trout-streams, filled with the finest fish, might attract the tired wanderer to linger. The inhabitants of these mountains, I may here observe, often eat their trout raw, and have to be instructed how to cook it when lunch is being prepared for the traveller. There are also mineral baths, which have gained a great renown among the gentry of the surrounding regions. The Hungarian noble and the Roumanian boyard come alike to drink of the healing waters. The pleasant Saxon towns from which Transylvania derives its German name of Siebenbürgen are a perfect model of cleanliness and comfort, and the trim villages dotted in profusion over the maize-grown plain and by the side of the jutting rock, testify in eloquent expressions to the thrifty and hard-working habits of the native populations.

Transylvania is, *par excellence*, a land of the primitive type, a species of earthly paradise yet unmarred by the vices and follies of the civilised world. It is so pure, so fresh, that it seems a region apart, a sweet well undefiled of poetry and romance. But it has a history too, and that none of the most

joyous. A very slight sketch of this will answer our purpose here. Forming, like its sister of Roumania, a portion of the ancient Dacia, Transylvania shared the lot of the conquered province when it fell into Trajan's hands. The early Daco-Roman inhabitants were compelled to submit to the incursions of the countless hordes which hurried on from East to West in one continual stream; but the mountains afforded a happy asylum to the fugitive, and preserved the settlers from the oppression and massacre which tortured their brethren of the plains. So there were always Roumanian colonies blessed with a certain amount of prosperity, and secure from undue molestation. When the huge armies of Attila passed, a veritable scourge, over the provinces of Central Europe, some of the soldiers remained behind in the hill country bordering on Moldavia, at the sources of the Olto, preserving the true Hunnish physiognomy: a type, it may be remarked, by no means as bad as it has been represented in legendary lore. These were the Szeklers, the prototypes of the famous hussar. The Szeklers are magnificent men, speaking the purest Hungarian. They are Magyars of the Magyars, and have composed the very cream of the Austrian cavalry from time immemorial; their horses, uniforms, and equipments being second to none. Formerly the high reputation of the Szekler hussars, and their romantic mode of life, brought to them a multitude of British officers. The Hungarians—properly so called—on their arrival in Transylvania united with their Szekler kinsmen, and under their king, Tuhutun, so utterly routed the Roumanian army, near Gyula, that the people, thoroughly disheartened, took an oath of fidelity

to the Magyars, in the plain which is named Eskiello to this day. The Magyars, having reduced the Roumans to a state of vassalage, divided amongst themselves their forts and estates. But another, and that not the least interesting, element of the Transylvanian population now claims our attention. It was about the middle of the twelfth century that some Saxon colonists were invited by Geyza II. to settle in Siebenbürgen, free rights and full privileges being guaranteed to them. Left in complete and undisturbed enjoyment of their municipal institutions, the Saxons soon thrived, and their cities of Hermanstadt and Cronstadt bore witness to their rapid development. But ere long a dark cloud rose above the horizon. The hardy Osmanli came upon the scene, and Solyman, separating Transylvania from Hungary, entrusted its government to Isabella, the widow of John Zapolya. The country, however, retained its social distinctions, the Magyar being the feudal lord, the Rouman the vassal and the tiller of the soil. In 1526, the Magyars of Hungary proper, in order to escape from the domination of the Sultan, voluntarily threw themselves into the arms of Austria, Transylvania only becoming subject to German rule in 1698, as a result of the Treaty of Carlowitz. But although Hungary and Transylvania had been rent asunder for more than a century and a half, the haughty Magyar had always held the province to be a dependency of the crown of St. Stephen. From the seventeenth century Transylvania entirely participated in the fortunes of Hungary, and played a prominent part in the revolutionary wars of 1848. For the Rouman population, which comprised a large proportion of the sum total of the inhabitants, like the subject Slavonic races, rose *en masse* against

Hungarian oppression, and, united with the armies of Russia and Austria, completely bore down the power of the feudal lords. On the pedestal of the statue of Joseph II. at Vienna are inscribed the words, "*Felicitas Daciæ*," in commemoration of the good understanding prevalent between the Roumans and the throne.

As we have, therefore, noticed, the Transylvanians offer ample material for the study of the politician and the man of the world. Magyars, Szeklers, Saxons, Roumans, Gipsies (of whom there are thousands in Hungary), Jews and Armenians, all form quite a little society of their own in this remote region; and the varieties of type, style, and language cannot fail to prove interesting even to the most superficial observer.

In order to give the reader some idea of life in Transylvania, we shall select for description Cronstadt, as one of the best specimens of the Saxon settlements in this genial land. Cronstadt lies to the east of Hermanstadt, and not far from the Buzeo Pass, which connects the province with Wallachia. It is very old, and is surrounded by ramparts, walls, and trenches, now peacefully overgrown with ivy and other creeping plants. In the middle of the town, and close to the market square, is the grand Lutheran cathedral, a splendid relic of the past, though dark and dreary inside. It boasts some excellent wood-carving; though we must except from praise the painted effigy of a saint which covers one of the panels of the pulpit, as it is one of the most hideous figures we ever beheld in our travels. The organ enjoys a world-wide renown, and is only played in its full compass on rare and special occasions. There are also one or two Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox churches in

the town. The market-place is an open square, filled with venerable women in quaint costumes, who sit there from morning till night, and sell everything, from a hat and a pair of boots down to pipes and *mammaliga*, to the inhabitants and to their country cousins, who flock in on certain days to lay in a stock of the necessary provisions. The light wines of Transylvania are to be procured here, as well as some of the best Hungarian wines. We shall never forget the *Ofen-wein* and the capital rum, the only good spirit here. It is curious, by the way, how Latin is still retained. All the inscriptions on arches and walls were in that tongue; and in the tavern window appeared the word "*Spiritus*," printed on a large scroll, to shew that strong liquors could be procured within. The streets are fairly regular, and are tolerably well paved; although the open drains, covered only with a fragile plank, which course along their sides still leave much to be desired in this respect. The houses all have an agreeable and well-to-do aspect; and many of the shops are very creditable affairs. You have, by the way, sometimes to consult a chemist if you are taken ill, as there is only one doctor in the place, who is often called far away into the hills. Happily the spot is very healthy, as this fact alone would demonstrate. The new town, which lies without the old fortified one just described, is divided from it by an enormous gate, which heads a beautiful promenade called the *Allée*, where, twice in the week, the bands of the regiments in garrison perform. This is the *Prater* of Cronstadt. The best hotels, by the way, are either situated on the *Allée* itself or in

its immediate vicinity. We know of nothing more pleasant than to sit of a summer's evening at one of the many little tables in this fine walk, drinking in, with the cooling Vienna beer, the strains of the splendid military bands, which play in alternate concert with the shrill pipes of the far-famed *laoutari*, or gipsy musicians. The *laoutari* are here, for some reason or another, even better than they are in Wallachia. Their music is wilder, more weird, more characteristic, in the mountain than in the plain. So, again, the voices of the countless pretty women who prattle in the Magyar accent sound even sweeter than those of their Roumanian sisters with their Italian speech. And what an animating scene! Scores of dashing Hungarian officers with clanking sabres, peasants in bright costumes, fair-haired Saxon girls, and Rouman maids with the brightest of eyes, and the blackest of tresses neatly tied into long flowing braids. There we see the Hungarian noble of the old school, arrayed in the national costume, and wearing a pair of high top-boots of the most faultless make. There, too, is the Wallachian boyard, seeking in the pure ether some refreshment after the oven-like atmosphere of Bucharest. After the promenade comes the social supper—they live in the German style here—and you wind up with a valse or two at one of the subscription-balls so much in vogue at the pleasant season of the year. Close to Cronstadt, and forming as it were a portion of the town itself, lies the Capellanberg, a little mountain whose summit is enveloped in a perennial cloud. It is, however, capable of easy ascent, as an admirable path-way meanders up its flank. The view from this mountain is surpassingly beautiful and instructive. It was, we may add, in the year

1849 the scene of a furious struggle between the Hungarian and the Russian forces; a struggle which some of the townspeople, at least, remember with bitter resentment. At the foot of the mountain is a lovely garden, planted with beautiful shrubs and flowers, and intersected by many a pleasant path, the resort of the younger generation. In this quarter too are the barracks, a cleanly and commodious building, which can accommodate a number of troops. A fortress erected on a low hill beyond the Allée is also worthy of notice. The military authorities attach great importance to this stronghold, and woe betide the incautious visitor whose love for the picturesque beguiles him into taking a sketch of its battlements. He will, if perceived by the ubiquitous sergeant, be led before the commandant, and forced to undergo a searching cross-examination. The swimming-baths should not be forgotten. They are large and open; but the water, which flows from the mountain sides, is usually uncomfortably chilly. Cronstadt is, everything considered, one of the nicest little towns that one could wish to visit. It is well off in the matter of amusement during the season, as in the winter months, and the hotels are good and inexpensive. You can live very fairly at these at the rate of ten shillings a day. Carriages and horses are to be had at moderate rates. Not far from Cronstadt are the famous baths of Elipatak and Sizon, which are fairly thronged during the autumn season.

I shall have fully attained my purpose if I have succeeded in creating some interest in the minds of my readers with regard to Siebenbürgen, its fair scenery and hardy inhabitants. Transylvania is still new

ground, and at present, though so near the sanguinary fields of conflict, enjoys repose. Yet it was very near being otherwise. Had the mysterious little attempt of September last, now designated the "Transylvanian affair," not been promptly suppressed, a fiery thrill might have communicated itself over the passionate bosom of this sequestered region. The affair was indicative of volunteer forces and ardent sympathies, but was premature, and too insignificant, as it turned out, to have any political importance. The contents of an English

gentleman's purse, it is said, were turned into cartridges, fuzes, and Martini rifles, and a few men of position agreed to take a place in a regiment of a guerilla character, for a dash through the borders of the more plebeian Roumans. But the enterprise was nipped in the bud, before it attained dimensions large enough to give trouble to the Hungarian Government. The Roumanian railways are not cut, no Egyptian corps has effected a conjunction with the Hungarian band, and at the date of this paper Transylvania still sleeps peacefully among her hills.

J. W. OZARK.

CROSS CURRENTS.

A SKETCH : BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"My dear, do you know you are an extremely silly girl?"

"Well, grandmamma, if I'm made so, I can't help it."

"We are all indeed the children of wrath, but by the means of grace we can enter into salvation and become regenerate."

The speaker was a tall old lady, stooping slightly, and dressed in an uncompromisingly old-ladyish way. The little elegancies and softnesses which may make an old lady charming were evidently not countenanced by her. She had long passed the temptations and the vanities of this wicked world, and she would bear no trace of them upon her. Her face was one of power and vigour, with strongly marked features; and it was strangely reproduced in the uplooking, youthful face which she bent over.

The same type, but bearing a different stamp. Lil Warrington's countenance would never be like her grandmother's, even when she had equally distanced her youthful follies, and sobered her appearance with a large white cap and a dowdy dress. Yet there were the same strong features, broad brow, firm mouth, and vigorous air.

Otherwise, two women could scarcely be less alike. Grandmamma Warrington we have some idea of—a staid, stern old lady. The grand-daughter may be described as an incorrigible young woman.

Lil Warrington was a little scamp; her father had told her so a thousand times, and she had not objected to the phrase. But when

it came to an extremely silly girl, and a child of wrath, she began to wonder what it all meant.

"Do you know, my dear," said the old lady, with a deep tone of voice which, with her, indicated the greatest solemnity, "do you know that you have darned your stockings on the wrong side?"

Lil went hot all over. She had exerted herself to a degree unparalleled in her career, in the hope of deeply impressing her grandmother with her virtue and industry—she had darned a pair of stockings this morning. But what was this? What new horror dawned upon her? Had stockings not only to be darned, but was there a right and wrong side?

"I found that you had left them lying about," said grandmamma, with the same deep solemnity, "so I looked and found that you had been darning them on the outside. No wonder they took you so long. I have unpicked your work, and it is perhaps a good thing that it is useless, for it is very badly done."

The prolonged and unpromising continuance of this solemn manner provoked Lil. At first she had really felt ashamed; but now she determined to brazen it out. If only grandmamma had had the humanity to laugh at her, the child would have been glad to learn. But as it was——

"It's all very fine," said she, putting her hands in her apron pockets, and stretching out two daintily-slippered little feet, "but

I never darned stockings in all my life before. I can't be expected to know how to do it!"

"It's high time you learned, my poor child," was the reply. "Why, my dear," said the old lady, sitting down, and taking off her spectacles, the better to look at this, to her, astounding and unaccountable piece of womanhood, "how are you going to manage your house, if you marry?—and if you don't marry, what are you to do? You don't know how to do any of a woman's work."

This was said with deep indignation.

Lil looked down. A volume of Shelley lay in her lap. This incorrigible Lil was a capital critic of poetry, and no ill verse-maker herself. She was wont to be rather proud of these capacities of hers when in her father's society. But when she attempted to raise her voice and urge this in her defence, it died within her; such a suggestion would only draw additional contumely upon her. So she said, rather feebly—

"It isn't my fault."

"It is not your fault that you have been educated for an heiress, when you don't inherit a farthing; but now you are old enough yourself to see your position. And if your father will not send you to school—and he ought to do that, even now—you can at least endeavour to learn what you can. Now look at this." The old lady rose, and going to a cabinet, searched for something in one of its cupboards. She returned to her seat with a piece of fine muslin in her hand. "Look at this; it is a piece of your Aunt Ann's darning. She understood her work; this will serve you for an example better than anything which I can do now with my old eyes."

She handed the muslin to Lil, who took it reluctantly. "But,"

said that young lady, after a glance at it, "this is not darned."

Grandmamma chuckled.

"Oh, yes, it is, my dear; only look closer. I cannot imagine what Aunt Ann would have said to you!"

Lil looked closer; and, with a sigh, discovered that there was indeed a faint tracery upon the fabric. But it was so delicate that it needed looking for.

"But," said Lil, lugubriously. "I don't see the use of darning muslin like this. We don't wear such muslin aprons now-a-day: nor muslin dresses very often."

"No indeed, and more's the pity: nothing else looks so clean and nice for a young girl as a white dress."

"But it costs so much to wash, you see, grandmamma."

"Costs so much! Why, when I was your age, young ladies would have been ashamed to let anyone wash their white dresses but themselves. Many a time have Ann and I, when we were asked out for the afternoon, got up early in the morning to iron our dresses."

Lil got up and gazed out of window. She looked very pretty, with the ruffled temper expressing itself in her face and attitude. Some of her father's friends were fond of saying that she would make a pre-Raphaelite picture. But poor Lil's charms were at a discount here. Grandmamma only looked disapprovingly at the wild soft curls which tossed about Lil's face.

"Well, it's no use talking about that, grandmamma; times are changed; and so are backs, I suppose. I should have a back-ache for a week if I ironed a dress early in the morning."

Grandmamma only looked at her with a look which meant, "You child of a degenerate age," and then she said—

"Well, my dear, it will not give you a back-ache to darn your

stockings. How can it be that you have never learned?"

"Because papa doesn't like to see me sewing: and when I did bring out some stockings once or twice, he said I must mend them with patches of sticking plaister, and not waste my time on them when he had better things for me to do."

"Patches of sticking plaister! patches of sticking plaister!" repeated the old lady, with an indescribable emphasis, while she held her hands above her head in horror. But Lil was gone. She had slipped out of the room and was wandering down the strip of garden which lay at the back of grandmamma's suburban cottage.

A melancholy attempt at an arbour stood at the end of the strip, and here Lil sat down to think. She looked and felt excessively out of place here. Pre-Raphaelite visions are not very common in suburban garden strips. There is a type of suburban young lady which Lil certainly did not belong to. And her artistic sensibilities were pained by the sight of the rows of back doors and back windows which bounded her view on every side.

So she looked up to the sky for some comfort, and sat thus with upturned face, thinking a long while over her own shortcomings.

She was very much ashamed of not being feminine in her ways, and not knowing how to darn delicately, although she *had* brazened it out to grandmamma. Often before now had she blushed at her own ignorance of the little ways of womanliness; and now she was beginning to think over the matter very seriously.

Because she was the daughter of a literary man, was that any reason why she should be a blue-stocking and nothing else? Because grandmamma bored her, was that any reason why the aid and

advice of this sole feminine relative might not be of value?

Lil began to think that she could retain that position no longer. She was yielding to grandmamma's influence. It *was* disgraceful and ungraceful that she did not, and positively could not, sew and knit, darn and embroider, and do a dozen things that made her fidgetty on her own to think of.

"I'm afraid," said Lil, gravely, to herself, "that even learned women, or at all events the best of them, have generally known which side to darn their stockings. I know that terrible Mrs. Carter was a dab at needlework—and at making puddings too! And oh dear! I can mix punch, and decant wine, and light papa's pipe for him—but—puddings!!

"Well, I shan't say anything to Gran; for she does make me feel so small. Besides I should have to allow that I was a child of wrath if I acknowledged myself a miserable sinner to her. No; I shall be at home to-morrow, and now I'll turn over a new leaf and see if I can't teach myself some of these horrid feminine duties. Gran is quite right, I believe."

Having arrived at this conclusion Lil deserted the dreary arbour, and walked down the little path again with a melancholy and somewhat hopeless feeling in her heart, but wearing on the outside a rather defiant and impregnable air. Gran, looking over her spectacles at her through the window, saw the signs of this compound mood, sighed, and shook her head. Indeed, she groaned quietly to herself, for Gran was terribly oppressed with the conviction that unless she could work a change in Lil's unregenerate heart the poor child would be condemned to eternal torments.

Lil entered, and seeing Gran still absorbed in her work upon

the unfortunate stockings which had caused all this discussion, sat down and took up her Shelley. But she turned no page. Lil was, in appearance, a young woman, yet she had by no means passed by the tender sensitiveness of extreme youth. Gran's implied blame and contempt of her unlearnedness in things essentially feminine, humiliated her bitterly. But she kept her bitterness down, for this was the last evening. Decorously she sipped weak tea and ate bread and butter, as if she enjoyed it; and when, after tea, a friend of Gran's came in, and the two sat and talked of their religion with a candour which, to Lil's dismayed ears, sounded irreverent, she allowed no trace of this to appear on her face; she sat quietly, her book on her lap, and her lips wisely closed.

And, on the morrow, she gaily put her belongings together and prepared to depart. "Why, my dear," said Gran, who was of a cruelly outspoken nature, "I believe you are always glad to leave your old grandmother." And Lil said nothing, but pretended not to hear. For the accusation was true, and Lil's inheritance of that unsparing outspokenness was represented by uncompromising truthfulness.

A brief hour's railway journey was all that separated her from her own home. At the station she saw on the platform her father's familiar figure, attended by the two greyhounds who followed him everywhere.

"Well, little scamp, are you glad to get back?" he asked, as she sprang out of the carriage.

"Oh, so glad, papa!" was her answer, as she patted the unfortunate dogs, and endeavoured to ward off their muddy paws and affectionate lickings.

"The boat is here, Lil. Are

you tired, or will you row me home? Jim wanted to come to the village, so I got him to bring me down; but he's walked off, where I don't know."

"Oh, I'm not tired! That's jolly, for it's getting home all the sooner. I suppose the boat is nearly as much my abode as the house!" and laughingly Lil ran on down to the river, which was but a few yards from the railway station.

She could row, and manage a sail moderately well. And as she got out the little boat, and brought it round to receive her father and the greyhounds, she very much wondered to herself what grandmama would have thought if she had urged these accomplishments in her own defence! Gran regarded Lil in her boat with uplifted hands: not only unregenerate but a hoyden!

"Well, and how did your grandmother amuse you?" asked the gentleman who formed the link between these dissimilar relations, as he comfortably settled himself down in the boat with a rug and his dogs to keep him warm.

"She tried to convert me," said Lil, her voice somewhat lost, for she was getting out her second scull.

"I thought she had decided that you were no go—surrendered you to your own wickedness?"

"Not quite, I suppose: for she had several props of her church in to tea each day, and they talked at me so that I was too shamefaced to eat any bread and butter—oh, papa, don't upset us!"

Mr. Warrington had burst into a roar of laughter that shook his very sides, and shook the boat into the bargain.

"Oh, she's a charming old lady. She doesn't understand chits of your age having opinions of their own. I don't think you've the making of a Plymouth sister in you, baby; which I'm not sorry for, for who'd light my pipe and

brew my mulled claret if you got too pious? Faith, I should have to marry again."

"Oh, don't, papa!—at least, not till I'm married too. I should like to see you soberly settled then, I think!"

Brough Warrington laughed again, and Lil, who was practised in this, balanced the boat as well as she could. For her father was a big man, and to anyone unaccustomed to it, the oscillations of the boat when its master shook his sides with laughter were quite alarming.

"You little Miss Impudence—how often have I told you that impudence doesn't become a young woman? You're a plucky little chap too, to defy your Gran and the elders of her church. Did you have any discussions as to the state of your wicked little soul, and the probability of its burning to all eternity?"

"Oh yes—but I'm not going to talk about that now. It's so awfully jolly to be back again."

"All right, baby. When you've any thing amusing to say, say it."

Brough Warrington took up a book which lay by his side, and proceeded to turn over its pages, not, however, without continual observant glances at sky and stream and the glories of foliage which drooped over the very river marge. Thus they went silently through the water, in their accustomed fashion.

The tide was with them, so it did not take long to leave the village far behind, and to approach the solitary part of the river where Brough Warrington lived, much to the surprise of some of his friends.

The river was not very wide here, yet there was room in it for a pretty island, which bore upon it a beautiful group of trees. A bridge spanned the narrowest part of the belt of water which encircled it; and on that side of the island lay a

cultivated piece of garden ground, purple with clematis and sweet with roses. But at the other side the island appeared to be undesecrated by the gardener's hand; only a little boat-house unobtrusively nestled itself under some drooping trees. Here Lil ran her boat in; and then sprang on to the shore, and clapped her hands with delight.

Why Brough Warrington should live on an island and in a position in which the shortest way everywhere was by river, puzzled some people; for he could not manage a boat, nor would take the trouble to learn. But Brough knew how to look out for himself; the principal accomplishment required of his man-servant was that he could row, and then having trained up his child in the way she should go, he was tolerably free of his highway, the river.

"I know you'll be drowned yet, papa," said Lil, gravely, as her big father got out of the boat.

"My dear little woman, you have said that before. But there's no such luck for the rest of the world, as to get rid of me so easily."

He strode away over the grass, while Lil followed more leisurely. The return home was very delightful; but yet she was a good deal haunted by the idea that she must be, after all, rather a sad tom-boy, to enjoy boating and Bohemia so much.

As she approached the house—which had once been the abode of the owner of a ruined watermill which stood on the island, and was of a queer, half old-fashioned, half-modernised sort, with many door-windows opening to the garden—she noticed her father already at his table, which stood just inside one of these windows. He was writing busily, and looked as absorbed as though he had sat there for hours. A moment more, and he came sauntering out to meet

her. His brain, incessantly at work, was wont thus to accumulate matter, when he was severed from his writing-table; and Lil was quite accustomed to his rushing hastily home to deliver it of its burden.

"There's lots for you to do, baby," said he, as he approached her. "Dr. Swift has been here, you know, and the villain of course carried half the books to bed with him, and never put them back. I'm sure he left more books about than usual—because you weren't here to talk to him, I suspect," he added, slyly.

He had slipped his arm through hers, and they went up to the open window thus linked: but then he drew his arm out again, and pushed back the short curls from his forehead with an abstracted action. "And," he went on, "I can't find a line I want in Wordsworth. I'm positive no one but Wordsworth wrote it—and yet it eludes me. I made Swift look, but the fellow went to sleep over the 'Excursion.'"

"I'll look after dinner, papa—I must run and take off my hat, for dinner is coming in." Lil vanished, and Brough Warrington took down a volume of Wordsworth and looked through the pages, with corrugated brow.

"Dinner, sir," announced the man-servant, who, as his most necessary qualification was rowing, could scarcely be expected to be anything very dignified as a butler.

And so the man of genius—the literary lion—sat down to a very quiet dinner in this very quiet abode of his—with, for society, a very?—well, Miss Lil would have been surprised if she had heard herself described as very quiet. But she would have been compelled to allow that she was very young; yet Brough Warrington preferred her society to that of the rest of the world, for a consider-

able portion of the year. In his long periods of literary labour he liked only those about him who were accustomed to his odd ways. Visitors of the "ordinary" class, who would regard his abstractions and occupations without respect, were unendurable; and even men of his own stamp distracted him too much from the concentration necessary to carry out his work. This was the case with him perhaps more than with most writers; concentration was difficult to him, distraction easy. So that for a great part of his time he chose to seclude himself in this queer country residence, contenting himself with but a brief visit now and then from one of his friends by way of dissipation.

After dinner Lil applied herself to the Wordsworth, and searched till she found what was wanted. When that was done, and a little chattering, she began to think that her row and journey justified bel without any more moral doings.

But in the morning—before breakfast—Lil opened a certain drawer in her room which had troubled her inner vision ever since grandmamma's solemn manner had so overwhelmed her.

Full—full! and all of various lamentably unmended articles of apparel. Lil stood and looked at it.

"All I say is," she remarked aloud, "that I consider it a shame that we women should do all the sewing. However, I *don't* want to be unfeminine, so I suppose I must try."

"Hullo, baby, what's up now?" asked a mysterious voice; and, turning round, Lil saw that her father had been attracted by her soliloquy to look in at her half-open door.

"Only granny's been scolding me, papa; and I'm going to take to sewing—and making jam!"

"Don't be a ridiculous baby.

If Gran can't convert you to her religion it seems she can to feminine follies. Come along to breakfast—I won't have my baby queen of Bohemia turned into a seamstress. As if there weren't enough sewing-women without complexions already!"

But Lil was not convinced. Her mind was sorely troubled about the "Whole Duty of Girl," which, says a poet whose sentiments were not unlike her father's, "is to be happy and idle." Brough Warrington did not wholly encourage idleness, but he hated to see a girl with a frown on her forehead, a bend in her back, and a piece of, to his mind, useless stitching in her hand. This seemed to him a wasting of woman's beauty on something very menial and unneeded.

Said Lil, as she followed him into the breakfast-room, "You remember your Aunt Ann, don't you, papa? Gran shewed me such a wonderful piece of her darning. I could hardly see it."

"Ah, I daresay. She darned according to the true Johnsonian definition of darning—, 'to mend holes by imitating the stuff of which they are made.'"

"Well," said Lil, half laughing, "I don't believe even Aunt Ann could have imitated the stuff of which holes are made! What *are* holes made of?"

"Clever child! Have you caught out the great Johnson? Even Jupiter is caught napping, sometimes. Aunt Ann wasn't though; but then she was one of the real old sort. I don't fancy our degenerate day could produce another such old maiden lady as my Aunt Ann."

"Then," said Lil, reflectively, as she sat down behind her dainty little coffee-pot, "these *are* degenerate days, as granny says."

"Why, yes, little woman, I guess they are. People used to be

stolid and sturdy: they weren't compelled to have a 'diarrhoea of thought,' as Dion Boucicault hath it, and drink light claret in consequence. My great-grandfather could afford to get comfortably drunk by the afternoon: he had breakfasted at five in the morning on strong ale and beef, and had done his day's business before the modern world is aired. Fastidious little woman! if you had been a contemporary of Anne Boleyn's you'd have had half-a-pound of bacon and a pint or two of good ale for breakfast hours ago, instead of fiddling with your coffee-cup in the midst of the bright forenoon."

"And should I have been able to darn like Aunt Ann if I had?"

"Very likely. My Aunt Ann's back was as straight as a poker, with none of that flexibility and droop which belongs to a Du Maurier-ish young woman like yourself. And she sat on a chair that you would propose having made into firewood at once."

"Then Gran's right after all!" said Lil, with an utter deplorableness of tone—relapsing into her degenerate coffee-cup, for her father had once more buried himself behind the *Times*, which, when he lived on his island, he generally read down to the printer's name.

Brough was always indulging in new little fads, which pleased him in his leisure moments, as a toy pleases a child. The present one consisted in grilling underdone slices of beef on a new-fashioned fancy gridiron; and as he always depended on Lil to do the actual business of such things, breakfast was an important meal to her this morning. When some two or three slices had been correctly peppered, salted, mustarded, and grilled to the exact brownness, and Lil had had her own coffee and toast, the morning had worn half away.

"Baby," said her father, as

she rose from table, "there's a heap of reviews of the last book to stick in, and some articles to be pasted in the newspaper cutting book. Will you do these at once, for I don't want them lost."

She set to work with a will, sitting in her special nook, just within reach of her father's writing-table. He, meantime, sat down to complete an article which must be dispatched by that day's post, and in the course of it he needed some half-dozen volumes which "that Swift" had, of course, left about. So Lil had to hunt over the house for them. Several she found on a chair by the doctor's bedside; for Dr. Swift was one of those unhealthily omnivorous men who require four or five different authors to send them to sleep. But others lay hid under sofa cushions, giving Lil more trouble; and one she found lying open, face downwards, on a window-seat. Of this she did not tell her father; it always made him more angry than anything else to see a precious book thus ill-used. So as Dr. Swift was rather a favourite of hers, she hid his misdeeds, so that he should not be sworn at behind his back.

"Here's the proof of my poem in this month's *Rambler*," said her father, just as under these difficulties she was getting to the end of her task of gumming in newspaper cuttings. "Look it over, baby, and tell me if you like it. You know I think something of your opinion, you sage young scamp."

Lil, with a sigh of relief that her nasty, sticky work was over, threw herself back in her arm-chair to read the new poem. The audacious young woman informed her father that it was very pretty, but spoiled by the weakness of a certain line. Now her father always asked her opinion, and invariably objected to any suggestion

of improvement; while Lil, who, as her father had said, was a chit with opinions, had learnt to keep to her point, and fight it out; so such an affair generally went through three phases: first, Brough laughed at her objections; secondly, Lil got red in the face and her father wavered; thirdly, he took her advice, and Lil retired from the scene, hot, but triumphant. In this instance that law of progress was observed; and Lil, having gained her point, put her gum and cuttings away, and ran to her room to cool the inflamed cheeks of controversy. She forgot, however, that she had not yet restored order in the disturbed library, or put up again the two or three poets which she herself had taken from the shelf in the heat of argument.

Once in her room, her mind suffered a revulsion. There were the half open drawers, full of unmended articles of female apparel. Alas, poor Lil! Her heart again sank within her. Granny and her Great-aunt Ann' seemed standing horror-stricken before her. Forgetting all else in the desire to carry out some of her new made resolutions, she seized upon a little basket, and set to work to gather together within its sheltering and tidy limits the few widely scattered needles, cotton-reels, &c., which she possessed.

And then she sat herself on the stiffest chair in her room, pulled out manifold garments, setting to work upon the easiest looking rents with an intensity of purpose that did her honour. Everything vanished from her ardent young mind save the idea of becoming precise and feminine. Pity the poor little ill-taught Bohemian in her gigantic effort! "Dear, dear," she said, wisely and sorrowfully to herself, "what a lot of money I might have saved papa if I had but mended these be-

fore, instead of having so many new things. Really, Gran was quite justified in her horror of my ways!"

The bright, warm afternoon passed on, and still Lil sat, with flushed cheeks and bright eyes, stitching away. In the midst of her deep absorption she was startled by a call from her father, who was standing at the bottom of the stairs. "Baby, I want you," was all he said, but Lil's quick little ears detected a sound of annoyance in his voice. "Whatever can be the matter?" she thought; and quickly dropping her work, ran downstairs. He stood by her little table, his brow all ploughed with lines of anger and indignation rarely to be seen on it.

"Oh, papa," she exclaimed, "what is it?"

"Why, look here," he exclaimed, "not only half a dozen poets lying about, and none of the shelves restored to order, but actually Browning left on its face! I called you to see it because I could hardly myself believe that *you* had done it."

Such words as these, and in such a tone, were most unusual from her father. Lil stood convicted of a terrible offence. Brough, who never could maintain annoyance for more than a minute or two, walked away to his writing-table, while Lil set to work on the forgotten books. A few minutes after he said, in his ordinary manner—"Have you been asleep all the afternoon, baby?"

"No," said Lil, after a moment's pause, to recover her voice, and hide that she was crying.

"What then?" he went on, now quite in his usual pleasant way.

"I—," said Lil, timidly, "I have been sewing."

"Con—found it all!" exclaimed her father, "the secret's out! I thought something extraordinary had happened to the baby. She's got an attack of sewing! Think

of it, ye gods and little fishes. Baby, I assure you sewing doesn't become a young woman."

"But, papa," remonstrated Lil, laughing through her tears, "other people think it does; and you yourself allowed that I was a specimen of a degenerate race, which can't darn like Aunt Ann."

"But," exclaimed her father fiercely, wheeling round upon her, chair and all, "my dear child, you've got BRAINS!!"

"Hadn't Aunt Ann?" asked Lil.

"I believe she had, for she was a charming old girl, but then she didn't use them. Now I have educated you intellectually: you can do a few things, I flatter myself, which Aunt Ann couldn't: why, then, waste your time upon confounded stockings?"

"But," said Lil, perplexedly, "I have to wear them; and holes are horrid."

"In half-an-hour I can write a review which will buy you several pairs of stockings."

"But *I* can't do that," said Lil, timidly.

"No; but you will some day. You are training for a learned profession as much as any boy at Eton. Boys with brains are not allowed to waste their time working samplers; why then should girls? I don't object to young women who are incapable of anything else, and are unable, through vacuity of mind, to be rational companions, turning to dress-making; but how a girl of intelligence can be so interested in her darnation stockings as to leave Browning on his face is beyond my limited understanding!"

This was unanswerable; and Lil, having completed her arrangements, retired from the scene. Brough, feeling that he had worked himself into an ill-humour again, took up a novel to distract his mind, for he had

plenty of work to do, and could not afford to feel cross. Before he laid the novel down, however, another distraction arrived, in the shape of a very elegant and fashionable lady who was their nearest neighbour. This lady had "taken up" the Warringtons for some time past; and was believed by her friends to be setting her cap in the most approved fashion at the literary lion. She often called in the afternoon, and under cover of kindness to Lil, obtained a charming little interview with "that delightful man."

After a few minutes' talk, said she, "Where is Lil? I want to know if she will come for a drive with me. I am quite alone in the carriage this afternoon."

"I believe, Lady Lynne," said Brough, "that she is in her room, darning stockings."

"How industrious!" laughed Lady Lynne. "But it is a pity she should stay in on so fine a day. I daresay the dear child will excuse me if I run up into her room and see if she is too busy to come out."

Of late such little familiarities had been affected by her ladyship, and Lil had looked rather askant upon them; they seemed to her to have a savour of domesticity which she did not quite like.

Lady Lynne went upstairs, and knocking at Lil's door received in answer a kind of muffled sound. She pushed it open, and entering, beheld Lil sitting on the ground, in the midst of the signs of her new industry, and half drowned in tears.

"Why—my dear child—what's the matter?" exclaimed the visitor, in unfeigned astonishment at the sunny-natured Lil's woe-begone appearance.

Lil, in her perplexities, was rather pleased to have a fresh feminine opinion; so after a little

while, she related the whole matter to her ladyship.

"Good heavens!" mentally exclaimed that lady when it came to the Browning episode. "Can that delightful man be so fidgety? I should go mad with a man who bothered about his books like that!"

"Well, my dear," she said, sweetly, when Lil's tale was done, "I'll tell you what I think. You're just a very silly girl to spoil your pretty eyes with crying about such nonsense. Take care of your looks, my dear. Men may say what they like, but an intellectual woman who has worried herself plain might as well be without her intellect. Do just what you like best; don't drink much tea; go to bed early when you are not dancing, and never cry. Then you'll keep your looks; and I assure you it's worth your while to take care of them. You won't get another moment's notice from any man if you cry them all away. Never mind the stitching or the books; nothing matters so long as you look pretty. Now—come out with me; the air will soon bring the colour back to your cheeks."

Lil, sitting on the floor, leaned back against her bed, and seriously reviewed Lady Lynne as she spoke. A flutter of flounce and lace, an ethereal breath of scentedness emanating from her, pervaded the room. Her vivacious face, her delicate dress, her little gray-gloved hands, so daintily used to add emphasis to her words—all were very pretty and butterfly-like.

"No, thank you very much," said Lil, "I am too tired to come to-day."

"Then I must run away," said her ladyship, rising. "Take my advice now!"—and with a light caress of her gloved finger-tips, which passed with her for shaking hands, she was gone.

Two or three hours later Brough,

sorely needing the generally omnipresent baby, began to look for her. He found her in her room, in the attitude in which Lady Lynne had left her. There she sat on the floor, contemplating, apparently, her two little slippered feet and her scattered sewing. She looked gravely up as her father walked in, but said nothing.

"You're a nice young woman," said he, regarding the scene with equal gravity.

"I suppose I am," she replied.

"Still sewing?"

"No," she answered, "still thinking about it. I asked Lady Lynne's advice, and am more perplexed than ever."

"How's that?" he inquired, taking a chair.

"I'll tell you, papa," said she, "if you won't be bored. It seemed to me that Lady Lynne always did exactly the right thing at the right moment, and that therefore she was the person to help me. But we don't begin at the same place; it's no use. Lady Lynne does what she does simply to please and to be admired, while I'm blindly and stupidly trying to find out what's right to do."

"You're a precious little ca-suist," remarked her father, grimly. "What did Lady Lynne say?"

Lil repeated the advice given, word for word, and was not displeased to see her father's look of amusement. "Come," she thought to herself, "he won't marry her if he laughs at her;" while the father was thinking, "What a little imp this child of mine is! I believe she's just prevented my falling in love with that woman."

Lil's thought of this, however, was but a passing one; she was absorbed with her own troubles.

"It's all very well to laugh at Lady Lynne," she said, dolefully, "but what am *I* to do?"

"The mistake lies in you precocious nineteenth century babies expecting to be matured characters when you ought to be still living on spoon-meat. Believe me, baby, that's true. Just wait, and learn what you can, and your vocation will dawn upon you when you are ready for it. And you will find that even if literature is not your work in life, your education won't have hurt you. A properly developed mind can turn its special training to account in almost every branch of living work. You won't nurse your babies, or darn your husband's socks, or whatever you earnestly choose to do, any the worse when the time comes for doing it because you know something about the English language and literature. Don't worry over it, but grow slowly, with the sure growth of a tree or flower—don't try to force yourself, but look up to the sun as they do, gaining strength from its light, and keeping your roots fast in affection and use. Your little branches will throw themselves out in a beautiful and orderly way, if you do but grow to the sky. In the meantime, as we have both worked hard to-day, I at writing and you at crying, I should suggest that, as there is still an hour before dinner, you row me round the river bend. Come along, baby, you can put away all this rubbish when we come in. Here's your hat; now then, dogs!"

Away went father and daughter. Gran at this moment, as it happened, was busily engaged in her little room writing Lil a letter (crossed), which contained a laboured resumption of her admonitions.

THOREAU : HERMIT AND THINKER.

DOUBTLESS there are many in this country to whom Henry David Thoreau is altogether unknown, and others to whom he is only known as an odd sort of man who liked living alone in a wood. To such a class as the latter we can readily imagine even the few farmers who drove past his hut to have belonged; and doubtless most of his curiosity-led visitors thought but little more of him.

Yet his writings, simple in style and full of his peculiar earnestness of thought, are of the kind which find admirers here and there, wherever his language is read. He does not appeal to, or catch, the popular mind; but yet his thoughts have a power in the world by reason of the continual existence of certain readers who have tasted deeply of them.

In "Walden," his best known and perhaps most charming book, he depicts himself physically rebelling against civilisation by electing to live in a narrow and solitary wood hut, and intellectually rebelling against the toil and absorption which civilisation necessitates by bathing his soul in nature and granting his mind freedom to wander in her tracks. Now, the Yankee, as a rule, has a keener eye for business than for the beauties of nature; and it is in this essential unlikeness to the modern American mind that Thoreau appears so distinctive. He was full of the deep and simple Indian philosophy: while his nature and instincts seemed rather to be those

of the native Indian than of the artificially-grown American.

He was partly of Norman extraction and partly of Scotch: of good though variable ancestry. His parents, "active, vivacious people," do not seem to have opposed their son's quaint views of life and unusual choice of a career.

He went through the college course at Harvard: but instead of making this the preparation for "a learned profession," the principal use he made of it afterwards was to obtain the books he needed from the library, and so continue his studies. He seems to have been a great reader, but he preserved a quaint originality in his style and thought, drawn from his own inner earnestness and simplicity.

It appears that when his career at college was run he was allowed to choose any course of life he preferred. His choice led him at once and inevitably to the mountains and the woods. His future must be one of companionship with, and observation of, nature. It appears that during his life he was both a schoolmaster and a private tutor, and assisted his father in his business; but these are only side yieldings to the ways of the world. His life in the woods, and wanderings on the mountains; his deep delight in nature, and his sense of her almost articulate speech and vast spiritual suggestiveness; his teaching of stoical simplicity in physi-

cal living—these things make up Thoreau's life to the readers of his volumes. Yet there must have been much of value to be gathered from him even during the time when he consented to civilised life. From the schoolmaster who would not flog, but announced that he should talk morals as a punishment, a pupil sufficiently precocious to keep a note-book might have collected some curious things.

And now to follow this man into his real existence, let us first draw some kind of picture of him in our mind.

He was a tall, spare man, with a remarkable countenance, and deeply expressive eyes. His long legs, beak-like nose, habitually clenched hand, and observant air, seem to have made most impression on his portrait-takers. He liked to wear homespun stuffs, not, indeed, disdaining corduroy, feeling that in them he was safe from the shoddy he so abhorred in anything; and he would have his clothes cut in his own fashion, measured to his character, as well as to the breadth of his shoulders. Add to this a wallet containing tea and plumcake (two articles of food much believed in by him for walking diet), and many other curious items, and perhaps we have as good an idea of the "Poet-Naturalist's" general appearance as we can command.

The first great event of his youth was a journey to the White Mountains; the second the building of his hut by Walden Pond. In this hut he proposed to carry on his "business." Here he could be as odd and as free as he chose; elaborate his thoughts, and hold undisturbed talk with his much-loved mother, Dame Nature. Even a deeper companionship than hers he looked for in his solitude, for said he—

"I have a great deal of company in my house; especially in the morning when nobody calls . . . I have occasional visits in the long winter evenings, when the snow falls fast and the wind howls in the wood, from an old settler and original proprietor, who is reported to have dug Walden Pond, and stoned it, and fringed it with pine woods; who tells me stories of old time and of new eternity; and between us we manage to pass a cheerful evening with social mirth and pleasant views of things, even without apples or cider,—a most wise and humorous friend, whom I love much, who keeps himself more secret than ever did Goffe or Whalley; and though he is thought to be dead none can shew where he is buried. An elderly dame, too, dwells in my neighbourhood, invisible to most persons, in whose odorous herb garden I love to stroll sometimes, gathering simples and listening to her fables; for she has a genius of unequalled fertility, and her memory runs back farther than mythology, and she can tell me the original of every fable, and on what fact every one is founded, for the incidents occurred when she was young. A ruddy and lusty old dame, who delights in all weathers and seasons, and is likely to outlive all her children yet."

He was by no means morbid, and not a whit insane, but he desired to test the possibilities of free and simple living: he is driven, by what he sees around him, to wonder whether it is indeed necessary for every man to be harassed by possessions.

"I see young men, my townsmen whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labour in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their sixty acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves

as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and wood-lot! The portionless, who struggle with no such unnecessary inherited encumbrances, find it labour enough to subdue and cultivate a few cubic feet of flesh."

Again—

"Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistake, are so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labours of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble too much for that. Actually, the labouring man has not leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to sustain the manliest relations to men; his labour would be depreciated in the market. He has no time to be anything but a machine. How can he remember well his ignorance—which his growth requires—who has so often to use his knowledge? We should feed and clothe him gratuitously sometimes, and recruit him with our cordials, before we judge of him. The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling. Yet we do not treat ourselves nor one another thus tenderly.

Some of you, we all know, are poor, find it hard to live, are sometimes, as it were, gasping for breath. I have no doubt that some of you who read this book are unable to pay for all the dinners which you have actually eaten, or for the coats and shoes which are fast wearing or are already worn out, and have come to this page to spend borrowed or stolen time, robbing your creditors of an hour. It is very evident what mean and sneaking lives many of you live, for my sight has been whetted by experience; always on the limits,

trying to get into business and trying to get out of debt, a very ancient slough, called by the Latins *res alienum*, another's brass, for some of their coins were made of brass; still living, and dying, and buried by this other's brass; always promising to pay, promising to pay, to-morrow, and dying to-day, insolvent; seeking to curry favour, to get custom, by how many modes, only not state-prison offences; lying, flattering, voting, contracting yourselves into a nutshell of civility, or dilating into an atmosphere of thin and vaporous generosity, that you may persuade your neighbour to let you make his shoes, or his hat, or his coat, or his carriage, or import his groceries for him; making yourselves sick, that you may lay up something against a sick day, something to be tucked away in an old chest, or in a stocking behind the plastering, or, more safely, in the brick bank; no matter where, no matter how much or how little."

It is interesting to see how good a case can be made out for the very opposite of the ways of civilization:—

"However, if one designs to construct a dwelling-house, it behoves him to exercise a little Yankee shrewdness, lest after all he find himself in a workhouse, a labyrinth without a clew, a museum, an almshouse, a prison, or a splendid mausoleum instead. Consider first how slight a shelter is absolutely necessary. I have seen Penobscot Indians, in this town, living in tents of thin cotton cloth, while the snow was nearly a foot deep around them, and I thought that they would be glad to have it deeper to keep out the wind. Formerly, when how to get my living honestly, with freedom left for my proper pursuits, was a question which vexed me even more than it does now, for unfortunately I am become somewhat callous, I used to see a large box by the railroad, six feet long by three wide, in which the labourers locked up their tools at night, and it suggested to me that every man who was hard pushed might get such a one for a dollar, and, having bored a few auger holes in it, to admit the air

at least, get into it when it rained and at night, and hook down the lid, and so have freedom in his love, and in his soul be free. This did not appear the worst, nor by any means a despicable alternative. You could sit up as late as you pleased, and, whenever you got up, go abroad without any landlord or house-lord dogging you for rent. Many a man is harassed to death to pay the rent of a larger and more luxurious box who would not have frozen to death in such a box as this. I am far from jesting. Economy is a subject which admits of being treated with levity, but it cannot so be disposed of."

Thoreau appears to have been greatly impressed with the "quiet desperation" which he says characterises the mass of men. He sees how much the hard struggle for a livelihood leads men into deceit, meanness, subterfuge, vice; and he believes that they might attain a different state if they would relinquish some of their expensive food, drink, and clothing, and aim to grasp instead something of the sweetness and the mystery of life. But such an idea is wholly foreign to the modern mind; and the strength with which Thoreau enunciated it makes us regard him as a stray product of an ancient and purer philosophy. To him the building of his house is a strange and eventful thing; of how much more significance in his career than is the building, by some firm of whom he only knows the name, of many a stately mansion to its owner:—

"It would be worth the while to build still more deliberately than I did, considering, for instance, what foundation a door, a window, a cellar, a garret, have in the nature of man, and perchance never raising any superstructure until we found a better reason for it than our temporal necessities even. There is some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest. Who knows

but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands, and provided food for themselves and families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when they are so engaged? But alas! we do like cowbirds and cuckoos, which lay their eggs in nests which other birds have built, and cheer no traveller with their chattering and unmusical notes. Shall we forever resign the pleasure of construction to the carpenter? What does architecture amount to in the experience of the mass of men? I never in all my walks came across a man engaged in so simple and natural an occupation as building his house. We belong to the community. It is not the tailor alone who is the ninth part of a man; it is as much the preacher, and the merchant, and the farmer. Where is this division of labour to end? and what object does it finally serve? No doubt another *may* also think for me; but it is not therefore desirable that he should do so to the exclusion of my thinking for myself."

As an honorary member, Thoreau belonged to the Boston Society of Natural History, and added valuable matter to its reports. But even so congenial an employment as this is not allowed any prominence in his life.

"I delight to come to my bearings,—not walk in procession, with pomp and parade, in a conspicuous place, but to walk even with the Builder of the universe, if I may,—not to live in this restless, nervous, bustling, trivial nineteenth century, but stand or sit thoughtfully while it goes by."

He would seem to have put aside ambition or possible eminence in anything save actual daily living. He says, "To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts,"—and from every record made by his associates, in this art he attained eminence. He was a remarkable companion. There are men of genius who wield a world-wide power by their writings, and of personal influence have less than

their commonplace neighbours ; while some few, like Thoreau, have made so deep a personal mark upon their actual comrades that its memory lives along with their other work. Thoreau numbered among his friends Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bronson Alcott, and all have some special word to say of their intercourse with him. Hawthorne in his "Note Books" says—

"On my own account, I should like him to remain here, he being one of the few persons, I think, with whom to hold intercourse is like hearing the wind among the boughs of a forest-tree ; and with all this wild freedom, there is high and classic cultivation in him, too."

From Hawthorne's "Note Books" we gather a pleasant idea of the intercourse existing among these distinguished personages, who walked through woodland glades and forest depths to pay morning calls upon each other. It sounds like something Arcadian, and altogether unlike the common lot of man, for such a gathering as Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Margaret Fuller to dwell within woodland walks of one another, without dingy streets, dull general society, or uncomfortable conventionalities to interfere with their interchange of thought, and their talks of "high and low philosophy." Hawthorne and Thoreau have given us such glowing pictures of the scenery in the midst of which this pleasant society existed, that it seems as if Mother Nature was well pleased to have so favoured and loving a group of her children thus near her heart.

It appears that when Thoreau left them, Hawthorne took the *Musketaquid*, the boat in which Thoreau paddled on many a noteworthy excursion :—

"Concord, Thursday, Sept. 1st, 1842.
—Mr. Thoreau dined with us yes-

terday. . . . He is a keen and delicate observer of nature,—a genuine observer,—which, I suspect, is almost as rare a character as even an original poet : and Nature, in return for his love, seems to adopt him as her especial child, and shews him secrets which few others are allowed to witness. He is familiar with beast, fish, fowl, and reptile, and has strange stories to tell of adventures and friendly passages with these lower brethren of mortality. Herb and flower, likewise, wherever they grow, whether in garden or wild wood, are his familiar friends. He is also on intimate terms with the clouds, and can tell the portents of storms. It is a characteristic trait, that he has a great regard for the memory of the Indian tribes, whose wild life would have suited him so well ; and, strange to say, he seldom walks over a ploughed field without picking up an arrow-point, spear-head or other relic of the red man, as if their spirits willed him to be the inheritor of their simple wealth.

With all this he has more than a tincture of literature—a deep and true taste for poetry, especially for the elder poets,—and he is a good writer,—at least, he has written a good article, a rambling disquisition on Natural History, in the last *Dial*, which, he says, was chiefly made up from journals of his own observations. Methinks this article gives a very fair image of his mind and character,—so true, innate, and literal in observation, yet giving the spirit as well as letter of what he sees, even as a lake reflects its wooded banks, shewing every leaf, yet giving the wild beauty of the whole scene. Then there are in the article passages of cloudy and dreamy metaphysics, and also passages where his thoughts seem to measure and attune themselves into spontaneous verse, as they rightfully may, since there is real poetry in them. There is a basis of good sense and of moral truth, too, throughout the article, which also is a reflection of his character ; for he is not unwise to think and feel, and I find him a healthy and wholesome man to know.

After dinner (at which we cut the first water-melon and musk-melon that our garden has grown), Mr.

Thoreau and I walked up the bank of the river, and at a certain point he shouted for his boat. Forthwith a young man paddled it across, and Mr. Thoreau and I voyaged farther up the stream, which soon became more beautiful than any picture, with its dark and quiet sheet of water, half shaded, half sunny, between high and wooded banks. The late rains have swollen the stream so much that many trees are standing up to their knees, as it were, in the water ; and boughs, which lately swung high in air, now dip and drink deep of the passing wave. As to the poor cardinals which glowed upon the bank a few days since, I could see only a few of their scarlet hats peeping above the tide. Mr. Thoreau managed the boat so perfectly, either with two paddles or with one, that it seemed instinct with his own will, and to require no physical effort to guide it. He said that, when some Indians visited Concord a few years ago, he found that he had acquired, without a teacher, their precise method of propelling and steering a canoe. Nevertheless he was desirous of selling the boat of which he was so fit a pilot, and which was built by his own hands ; so I agreed to take it, and accordingly became possessor of the *Musketaquid*. I wish I could acquire the aquatic skill of the original owner.

Sept. 2nd.—Yesterday afternoon Mr. Thoreau arrived with the boat. The adjacent meadow being overflowed by the rise of the stream, he had rowed directly to the foot of the orchard, and landed at the bars, after floating over forty or fifty yards of water where people were lately making hay. I entered the boat with him, in order to have the benefit of a lesson in rowing and paddling. . . . I managed, indeed, to propel the boat by rowing with two oars ; but the use of the single paddle is quite beyond my present skill. Mr. Thoreau had assured me that it was only necessary to will the boat to go in any particular direction, and she would immediately take that course, as if imbued with the spirit of the steersman. It may be so with him, but it is certainly not so with me. The boat seemed to be bewitched, and turned its head to

every point of the compass except the right one. He then took the paddle himself ; and, though I could observe nothing peculiar in his management of it, the *Musketaquid* immediately became as docile as a trained steed. I suspect that she has not yet transferred her affections from her old master to her new one. By and by, when we are better acquainted, she will grow more tractable. . . . We propose to change her name from *Musketaquid* (the Indian name of the Concord river, meaning the river of meadows) to the *Pond-Lily*, which will be very beautiful and appropriate, as, during the summer season, she will bring home many a cargo of pond-lilies from along the river's weedy shore. It is not very likely that I shall make such long voyages in her as Mr. Thoreau has made. He once followed our river down to the Merrimack, and thence, I believe, to Newburyport, in this little craft."

That Hawthorne was no unworthy successor to the little boat's beloved master may be seen from the following :—

"*Sept. 4th.*—I made a voyage in the *Pond-Lily* all by myself yesterday morning, and was much encouraged by my success in causing the boat to go whither I would. I have always liked to be afloat, but I think I have never adequately conceived of the enjoyment till now, when I begin to feel a power over that which supports me. I suppose I must have felt something like this sense of triumph when I first learned to swim ; but I have forgotten it. Oh, that I could run wild !—that is, that I could put myself into a true relation with Nature, and be on friendly terms with all congenial elements.

We had a thunder-storm last evening ; and to-day has been a cool, breezy autumnal day, such as my soul and body love."

Of his mode of training himself for his especial business of daily living Thoreau gives his own account :—

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front

only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to 'glorify God and enjoy him for ever.'

Still we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a-dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilised life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German Confederacy, made

up of petty states, with its boundary for ever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment."

"Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not to be thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails. Let us rise early and fast, or break fast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and let company go, let the bells ring and the children cry,—determined to make a day of it. Why should we knock under and go with the stream? Let us not be upset and overwhelmed in that terrible rapid and whirlpool called a dinner, situated in the meridian shallows. Weather this danger and you are safe, for the rest of the way is down hill. With unrelaxed nerves, with morning vigour, sail by it, looking another way, tied to the mast like Ulysses. If the engine whistles, let it whistle till it is hoarse for its pains. If the bell rings, why should we run? We will consider what kind of music they are like. Let us settle ourselves, and work and wedge our feet downward through the mud and slush of opinion, and prejudice, and tradition, and delusion, and appearance, that alluvion which covers the globe, through Paris and London, through New York and Boston and Concord, through church and state, through poetry and philosophy and religion, till we come to a hard bottom and rocks in place, which we can call *reality*, and say, This is, and no mistake; and then begin, having a *point d'appui*, below freshet and frost and fire, a place where you might found a wall or a state, or set a lamp-post safely, or perhaps a gauge, not a Nilometer, but a Realometer, that future ages might know how deep a freshet of shams and appearances had gathered from time to time. If you stand right fronting and face to face to a fact, you will see the sun glimmer on both its surfaces, as if it were a cimeter, and feel its sweet edge dividing you through the heart and marrow, and so you will happily conclude your mortal career. Be it life or death, we crave only reality. If we are really dying, let us hear the rattle in our throats, and feel cold in

the extremities; if we are alive, let us go about our business."

The paradoxical saying of Thoreau's in the following passage, "Much is published, but little printed," will, when understood as he meant it, give the key to his system:—

"But while we are confined to books, though the most select and classic, and read only particular written languages, which are themselves but dialects and provincial, we are in danger of forgetting the language which all things and events speak without metaphor, which alone is copious and standard. Much is published, but little printed. The rays which stream through the shutter will be no longer remembered when the shutter is wholly removed. No method nor discipline can supersede the necessity of being for ever on the alert. What is a course of history, or philosophy, or poetry, no matter how well selected, or the best society, or the most admirable routine of life, compared with the discipline of looking always at what is to be seen? Will you be a reader, a student merely, or a seer? Read your fate, see what is before you, and walk on into futurity.

I did not read books the first summer; I hoed beans. Nay, I often did better than this. There were times when I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of the head or hands. I love a broad margin to my life. Sometimes, in a summer morning, having taken my accustomed bath, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a revery, amidst the pines and hickories and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang around or flitted noiseless through the house, until by the sun falling in at my west window, or the noise of some traveller's wagon on the distant highway, I was reminded of the lapse of time. I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been. They were not time subtracted

from my life, but so much over and above my usual allowance. I realised what the Orientals mean by contemplation and the forsaking of works. For the most part, I minded not how the hours went. The day advanced as if to light some work of mine; it was morning, and lo, now it is evening, and nothing memorable is accomplished. Instead of singing like the birds, I silently smiled at my incessant good fortune. As the sparrow had its till, sitting on the hickory before my door, so had I my chuckle or suppressed warble which he might hear out of my nest. My days were not days of the week, bearing the stamp of any heathen deity, nor were they minced into hours and fretted by the ticking of a clock; for I lived like the Puri Indians, of whom it is said that 'for yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow they have only one word, and they express the variety of meaning by pointing backward for yesterday, forward for to-morrow, and overhead for the passing day.' This was sheer idleness to my fellow-townsmen, no doubt; but if the birds and flowers had tried me by their standard, I should not have been found wanting. A man must find his occasions in himself, it is true. The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reprove his indolence."

There are not many persons now-a-days who have the opportunity, or perhaps the courage to try the effects of solitude upon their character. To shallow natures solitude is a horror; and even natures that have some inner resources are often afraid of it. And it is little wonder: for how few of us, in our lack of sensitiveness and finer appreciativeness, can apprehend any sympathy or sociability apart from embodied man. Thoreau describes one occasion upon which solitude overpowered him:—

"I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the

near neighbourhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighbourhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again."

A man must be conscious of the spirit which makes nature lovely to write so beautiful a passage as this. He looks on her with the eyes of the seer, which gaze into depths that are reserved even from the average artist, botanist, or gardener. There is something always held back from the busy ants that make up the mass of men; something which cannot be given to those whose eyes look fixedly down upon a small particular aim; something which that "elder brother" of men, the poet, receives with ease, as his heritage. And although we dare not call Thoreau a poet in the sense of a maker of lyrics or epics, yet he lived, felt, and thought as a poet; and now and again his terse prose rings with the music which beautiful thinking must carry with it.

As an instance of his powers of observation we may quote his description of the Battle of the Ants which he witnessed while dwelling

in this residence which appeared so solitary. Here we find him acting as war correspondent on a most exciting occasion; and indeed his report may arouse nearly as much interest as the graphic accounts of a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent now that we are sated and over filled with the horrors of war.

"I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his mem-

bers. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or die. In the mean while there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar,—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick,—'Fire! for God's sake fire!'—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this

battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavouring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. 'Æneas Sylvius,' say they, 'after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a

great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree, adds that "This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity." A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden.' The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill."

The following probes modern civilisation very deeply; can political economists meet the criticism?—

"In the savage state every family owns a shelter as good as the best, and sufficient for its coarser and simpler wants; but I think that I speak within bounds when I say that, though the birds of the air have their nests, and the foxes their holes, and the savages their wigwams, in modern civilised society not more than one half the families own a shelter. In the large towns and cities, where civilisation especially prevails, the number of those who own a shelter is a very small fraction of the whole. The rest pay an annual tax for this outside garment of all, become indispensable summer and winter, which would buy a village of Indian wigwams, but now helps to keep them poor as long as they live. I do not mean to insist here on the disadvantage of hiring compared with owning, but it is evident that the savage owns his shelter because it costs so little, while the civilised man hires his commonly because he cannot afford to own it; nor can he, in the long run, any better afford to hire. But, answers one, by merely paying this tax the poor civilised man secures an abode which is a palace compared with the savage's. An annual rent of from twenty-five to a hundred dollars, these are the country rates, entitles him to the

benefit of the improvements of centuries, spacious apartments, clean paint and paper, Rumford fireplace, back plastering, Venetian blinds, copper pump, spring lock, a commodious cellar, and many other things. But how happens it that he who is said to enjoy these things is so commonly a poor civilised man, while the savage, who has them not, is rich as a savage? If it is asserted that civilisation is a real advance in the condition of man,—and I think that it is, though only the wise improve their advantages,—it must be shewn that it has produced better dwellings without making them more costly; and the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run. An average house in this neighbourhood costs perhaps eight hundred dollars, and to lay up this sum will take from ten to fifteen years of the labourer's life, even if he is not encumbered with a family;—estimating the pecuniary value of every man's labour at one dollar a day, for if some receive more, others receive less;—so that he must have spent more than half his life commonly before his wigwam will be earned. If we suppose him to pay a rent instead, this is but a doubtful choice of evils. Would the savage have been wise to exchange his wigwam for a palace on these terms?"

Some of Thoreau's brief pithy aphorisms are full of peculiar suggestiveness, and well worth accepting as proverbs for our own use. Here are a few of them:—

"As if you could kill time without injuring eternity."

"We may waive just so much care of ourselves as we honestly bestow elsewhere."

"How vigilant we are! determined not to live by faith if we can avoid it; all the day long on the alert, at night we unwillingly say our prayers, and commit ourselves to uncertainties."

"Of a life of luxury the fruit is luxury, whether in agriculture, or commerce, or literature, or art."

"There are now-a-days pro-

fessors of philosophy, but not philosophers."

"When man has obtained those things which are necessary to life, there is another alternative than to obtain the superfluities, and that is, to adventure on life now, his vacation from humbler toil having commenced."

"We know but few men, a great many coats and breeches." Our friend here is quite Carlylean.

"Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes."

"In the long run men hit only what they aim at."

"Men have become the tools of their tools."

"We have built for this world a family mansion, and for the next a family tomb."

"If you give money, spend yourself with it."

"To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?"

"What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary? I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another."

"A man sits as many risks as he runs."

"Sometimes we are inclined to class those who are once-and-a-half witted with the half-witted, because we appreciate only a third part of their wit."

"Shall a man go and hang himself because he belongs to the race of pygmies, and not be the biggest pygmy that he can?"

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

"The fault-finder will find faults even in paradise."

"Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."

Bystanders, it is said, see most of the game. It may equally be affirmed that the most excited player would not move a step to listen to the wisest bystander. In America, as well as in England, a gigantic experiment is being tried, the experiment called civilisation. It means multiplicity of small things with little room for what is calm, and great, and full of love. It means luxury and fret combined. Having noble elements within it also, it may have a noble outcome, but in many of its provinces it will first have to wear itself out. We are too apt to think that the old prophets are dead, and not to remember that when they came it was wont to be in humble guise.

Thoreau, born 1817, died 1862, is much too modern to have been a prophet, but some of his words are better worth studying than the more elaborate works of the popular professors of philosophy, who touch nothing but the outer fringe of the garment of life, or of the frightened sentimentalists to whom everything real and vital is a "tender topic" not to be touched.

MABEL COLLINS.

CHIEF JUSTICES OF IRELAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

“On seats of stone within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o’er the case.”
POPE’S “*Iliad*,” xviii. 585.

IN the year 1534, *temp.* Henry VIII., Patrick Finglass became Chief Justice of Ireland. His early years had been spent at his ancestral home at Westpalston, near Swords, in the county of Dublin.* His father being lord of the manor, there was on the spot a manorial court in which the tenants sued and were sued, and here the future Chief Justice learned the first principles of English law. Having prosecuted his travels into the countries beyond the Pale, he had ample opportunity of observing the laws administered by the Brehons, and of instituting comparison between those and the English laws.

His name on the records is spelt in many ways; at one time “Finglass,” at another “Fynglass,” and again “Feingles.” Accordingly, in searching for his acts, care must be taken to examine under each of those spellings. He had been intended in early life for the Church, and was sent by his father to an ecclesiastical college at Oxford, where he acquired the friendship of one whose brilliant talents won for him the high eminence to which he subsequently rose alike in

Church and State. We allude to John Allen, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The life, however, of a theologian was irksome to Finglass; he found no pleasure “in weariness, in painfulness, in watchings often, in fastings often;” for St. Paul these things may have had, perhaps, he thought, a heavenly charm, but they had none such for him. He therefore retired from a calling to which he was unsuited, and applied himself to the study of the law. But he continued to reside at Oxford, and to enjoy the friendship of young Allen, who was ordained priest in 1507, the same year in which he (Finglass) was called to the Bar. The abilities displayed by Allen soon brought him under the notice of Cardinal Wolsey, and as he (Allen) rose to high eminence in the Church so Finglass rose to high eminence at the Bar. If one was made Judge of the Legatine Court in England, the other was created Chief Baron in Ireland. In 1515, the year after his appointment, Finglass wrote a work on “The Decay of Ireland,” with suggestions for its reformation. The monasteries on the borders, he says, should be suppressed, inasmuch as they afforded entertainment to the

* Dalton’s “County of Dublin,” p. 504.

Irish enemy. This suggestion is surprising, written as it was many years before the general suppression was thought of. His description of the English colonists, "bee they high or bee they low," is painful to contemplate, for "there is not eight of the knights, lords, esquires, and gentlemen of the four shires but be in debt, and without brief remedy they must sell their lands, and go to some other land;" and as to the humbler classes, he states that "there be no better labourers than the poor commons of Irelande," but that they were overweighted with extortions, called coyne and livery, which were taxes in the shape of commutations for "entertainments," which was somewhat analogous to the right of billeting of troops in private houses in modern times, a right which the English lords both claimed and enforced, "and it was quite customary for them to billet their children on their tenants throughout the year." These poor commons were also subject to divers other sore grievances, which it would now weary the reader to read so many centuries after they have been abolished.* Was there no remedy, it will be asked, in a court of law for the humbler classes to right their wrongs? Where was the Court of King's Bench? Where the other Courts? The Courts were nominally open, it is true, but virtually they were closed to the poor, "for no lord or esquire," writes Sir Thomas Luttrell (Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1534), "would permit their tenants to sue each other in the King's Courts under a penalty of five marks." In one sense perhaps they were right. Once embarked in a suit the suitor was ruined, for winners and losers

were alike engulfed in a ruin that threatened to swallow all. Causes commenced in one generation were ended in another! Nor were the judges to be blamed for a system that they were powerless to correct. There were, indeed, some judges—Chief Justices—but they were few, who were open to bribery. In other times and in other countries the venality of the Bench was even as a household word, but in these countries such things were happily rare. There are writings extant descriptive of lawsuits in ancient Greece, where the judges are described as "the bribe-devouring judges."†

As a rule, let us say it with pride, the Irish judges were not such then, but it was impossible for them to stem the torrent of abuses with which the system was flooded. If a jury were about to be sworn the jurors were challenged for consanguinity or want of freehold, and if a jury were empanelled, the question was tried, exceptions were argued in the Court above, a judgment was then had, that judgment was appealed from and was affirmed or set aside by the Court of *dernier ressort*—the Privy Council. So far their system harmonised with ours, but it diverged in this, that years after final judgment the cause might be re-opened and brought on to another "final" hearing, and thus be kept going round in never-ending cycles. This was exemplified in the romantic case of *White v. White*, where the only question was, whether the first marriage of James White was legal or the reverse. He was blessed with worldly wealth, had large estates in the counties of Kildare and Dublin, and those estates descended to his supposed heir according to the English

* Carew MSS., temp. Hen. VIII.

† Hesiod's "Works and Days."

rather than the Irish law. The lady to whom he was first married was a widow of remarkable beauty; she had ample means, and had been married to one who joined the impostor, Simnel, in his expedition to England in 1487. Some said that her husband was killed at the battle of Stoke, in Nottinghamshire, and others that he was drowned on his homeward voyage; but the truth is that he was kept with others as a State prisoner by Henry VII. From 1487 to 1500 the husband never met and never corresponded with his wife, and her friends persuaded her—though much against her will—that he was long since dead. Escaping from his prison-house in 1500, he returned to his native city, but it was to find her for whom he had long sighed married to another, to whom she had borne a son, Nicholas. They met by accident in the gloom of an autumnal evening as she was returning with her child from one of the city churches that were clustered around the castle; she recognised him whom she thought was amongst the dead; his face was darker, thinner, and paler than it was wont to be; his dress was a horseman's cloak, and he wore a hat looped down over his face; his expression was like that he bore on the dreadful morning they had parted; she uttered a dismal shriek and fainted. Strong and vigorous remedies were necessary ere they could recall her to sense and motion, and even then her language was wild and incoherent. The living and the dead, she thought, had leagued themselves against her second marriage. She knew too well what had called him up—he came to upbraid her that while her heart was with him in the deep and dead sea she had given her

hand to another. On that night her reason was gone, and she soon after died. James White married a second time, and by his second marriage he had a second family, the eldest of whom was Thomas, who, dying, left a son whose name was John, the plaintiff in this action of ejectment; while the defendant was James, the son of Nicholas. Intense indeed was the interest taken in this painful case, which was tried in 1518 before Chief Baron Finglass. How the defendant defended his possession of the estates we know not. It may have been that he disputed the identity of him who “sought to pass himself off as the lady's first husband.” But this is merely a speculative question that we have no means of solving. Suffice it to say that the jury found against the defendant, on the ground that his father was illegitimate. From this finding “an appeal was taken,” and the Chief Justice, and, we presume, the secondary judge, approved of the verdict, and made a decree to that effect. From that decree an appeal was taken to the Privy Council, where the whole question was re-opened, and the following order was made on the 21st of Nov., 1521:—

“WHITE v. WHITE.*

“Decree in a cause wherein John White of the city of Dublin, gentleman, son of Thomas White, of Harford West, gentleman, is plaintiff, and James White, of Kildare, is defendant, concerning certain lands in the county of Kildare, which cause having been submitted to the Lord Deputy, the Earl of Surrey, by John White, on the allegation that said James White and his father, Nicholas, were both illegitimate. Upon hearing the

* *Morrin's Pat. Rol.*, vol. i. pp. 194-95.

evidence which both parties produced, the Lord Deputy and Council ordered that the said John White, plaintiff, son and heir of Thomas White, son of James White, the elder, should have and enjoy the premises without impediment from any person, under a penalty of £200 to be paid to the use of the King.

“Signed—

Sir NICHOLAS, Lord Howth, Ex-Chancellor. HENRY, Bishop of Meath. J. RAWSON, Prior of Kilmainham. *Ego*, THE ABBOT of St Mary's Abbey. PATRICK BIRMINGHAM, Chief Justice. PATRICK FINGLASS, Chief Baron. P. WHITE, Baron of the Ex. W. DARCY. J. STYLE.”

One would have thought that this solemn decree was sufficient; however, after three years, on the 6th of August, 1524, an application was made to the Privy Council to have the case re-heard, when an order was made confirming the above decree, and “direction was given that if the petitioner should be disturbed in his possession the Lord Chancellor, Chief Justice Birmingham, Chief Baron Finglass, and the Prior of Kilmainham, should hear and determine the suit.” This order was followed by another without date, “requiring the Chief Justice and Justice Netherville to hear the same.” And this was followed by another order, dated 22nd of November, 1539, confirming the above decrees, which order was followed by another—the last in the cause, made nearly twenty years after the hearing before the Privy Council. This “final” decree runs thus:—

“WHITE v. WHITE.

“Final decree of Thomas Howth, Justice of the King's Bench, and Patrick White, Baron, arbitrators,

to whom were submitted by deed of arbitration all disputes and differences existing between John White and James White, who upon examination of witnesses fully establishing the illegitimacy of James White, have ordered and decreed that John White should have possession of all the lands without interruption or impediment, but as James White had sown the lands with corn he might reap and carry it away without the disturbance of the said John White.” Thus ended this protracted case; and it was one of the many which foreshadow the *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* of after years. To narrate more of such cases would give pain to the writer and probably sleep to the reader—

“As pensive poots painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their
readers sleep.”

The influence of the English nation, no wonder, then, was declining in the face of abuses unequalled amongst the Brehons. The Earl of Surrey, who had fought at Flodden Field, was unequal to the task of subduing the native Irish and “degenerate” English races; his health was shattered, and he saw, in addition to other evils, pirates from Scotland infesting the coasts. A meeting of the Privy Council was convened, and Finglass there carried a resolution that a deputation be despatched to Cardinal Wolsey imploring that some ships of war be sent over to keep the seas free from the Scots. The Duke of Richmond, an illegitimate son of Henry VIII., was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in the place of the Earl of Surrey, and he, unwilling to interfere in the political troubles of so troublesome a country as Ireland then was, selected for his deputy the Earl of Kildare. One of the

first acts of the Earl's Government was to remove Archbishop Allen from the post of Chancellor, and appoint Cromer, Archbishop of Armagh, in his stead. A powerful opposition was therefore organised against the Government of the Earl of Kildare. Memorials were drawn up, signed by the ex-Chancellor, by Chief Baron Finglass, and by others of the Council, and transmitted to the King, complaining of the Lord Deputy, who was commanded to proceed at once to London, and there give an account of his stewardship. The Earl forthwith took his departure, but before doing so appointed his son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, better known as Silken Thomas, a young man of one-and-twenty years of age, as his Vice-Deputy. On the Earl's arrival in London he was committed to the Tower, and while there in captivity a vacancy occurred in the King's Bench, by reason of the death of Chief Justice Dillon, when the King, to insult, as it were, his captive, appointed Chief Baron Finglass to the vacant Chief Justiceship. Rumours were now abroad that the King had caused the Earl to be beheaded; the thoughtless and inexperienced Vice-Deputy believed those rumours, and, maddened to desperation, declared war on the Crown. In acting as he did, the youthful nobleman displayed much courage but no capacity. The castle, the arsenal, the whole machinery of the Irish Government were in his possession, and yet his first act of rebellion was to resign the Sword of State and retire from that castle, to which he soon after laid siege. It so happened that within its leaguered walls were Archbishop Allen and Chief Justice Finglass, both hated and both dreaded by the Earl of Kildare and by his misguided son. The entrance to the castle, then and up

to the middle of the last century, was by a drawbridge, placed between two strong round towers, from Castle Street. A portcullis, armed with iron, between those towers served as a second defence, in case the bridge should be surprised.

The fortress was encompassed with a broad and deep moat, and there were two sally ports in the walls. On the night of the 28th of July, 1534, the drawbridge was raised, the sally ports were closed, and all egress was stopped by the besiegers and ingress by the besieged. The Archbishop and Chief Justice felt, perhaps, uncomfortable at the prospect of a siege, and both determined to withdraw as best they could from the danger. To escape through the guarded gates was an impossibility, but Lord Thomas Fitzgerald was not aware that there existed a covered or secret passage that led from the castle to the river hard by. Entering the chapel on that night, which was shaken by the storm, the Archbishop beckoned to the Chief Justice to follow him. Passing behind the altar he pressed a spring which, opening without noise, shewed a secret iron door wrought in the wall of the church. Within was a narrow staircase cut in the wall. The Archbishop began to descend as one too much accustomed to the way to require the use of lights, while at the same time he held the lamp to Finglass, who followed him for many steps down the steep descent; at length they rested in a narrow vault of great length, at the far end of which they saw as they approached, a staircase, which they rapidly ascended. This conducted them to a wicket that seemed to open spontaneously and close after them. As they emerged under the bastion that flanked the seaward gate at a point on the south side of the

Liffey close to where Gratton Bridge now stands, they shuddered at the prospect of a voyage on so wild a night. The rain descended in torrents, and the frequent flashes of lightning, followed by bursts of thunder, deepened the surrounding darkness; but the captain, an experienced seaman, said that at the turn of the tide the wind would fall, and that it sat in the west and would waft them to Holyhead before the day was far advanced. It may have been that the captain preferred facing the fury of the tempest to the fury of the conflict that was to open the following day.

The vessel got under weigh, and passing the bar at the mouth of the Liffey, she stood out to sea. The wind then went to the south, the stays were made fast, and, leaning on her side, she went foaming through the sea; but ill-luck followed her track, for the boom of the mainsheet snapped in the centre, and, refusing to obey the helm, the vessel, turning her bow from the wind, and bearing away, headed for the shores of Clontarf, upon which she was soon flung a miserable wreck. The tide was ebbing fast, and before morning had rolled the clouds away, the passengers had descended from the stranded ship; and many of them were hospitably taken by a Mr. Holywood, who was one of their number, to his house close by at Artane. The tidings of the catastrophe spread, and Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, accompanied by a troop of spears, was soon on the spot. The aged Archbishop was dragged from his bed, and, falling on his knees, like St. Stephen of old he cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" he was then murdered in the presence of the Chief Justice, and of many others, who sought to shelter him. That

Finglass escaped was miraculous. He did escape; but the horrors of that night unfitted him for further mental exertion; his ideas became restive, and his mind lapsed into a flighty condition without the power of continuity of thought. Fully recognising his impaired and failing energies, he repeatedly tried to conquer the defect, but it was to no purpose. The form of the murdered Archbishop was ever shaking his gory locks before him. If he sat down to dinner the spectre took his seat opposite. If he walked in the street the phantom was by his side; and when he was sitting in his Court the apparition was on the Bench. His mind became harassed and bewildered by odd notions, by unusual feelings, and unnatural trains of thought. He was intensely irritable, and he was conscious of confused, irregular, painful, and sometimes ludicrous associations.

As these unhealthy feelings were forcing an entrance and trying to obtain a settlement on his mind, the unhappy Finglass became vexed and irritated with himself for permitting them to intrude. It was now evident that his recovery was hopeless; the rebellion of Lord Thomas was at its height; and a Chief Justice who could wield the sword as well as the pen was wanting in those trying times. Finglass was called upon to retire, and he did so within six months from his appointment. The remainder of his days was spent in retirement at his ancestral home. He left at his death two children; a daughter, the wife of Sir Thomas FitzWilliam, grandfather of the first Lord FitzWilliam; and a son, Sir John Finglass, married to the widow of Chief Justice Barnwell, and sister-in-law of Chief Justice Plunket. Sir John left a son, whose grandson, John Finglass of Westpalston, was, in 1647, one of the Confederate

Catholics of Kilkenny. On his forfeiture of the place of his forefathers the castle and manor of Westpalston were granted to Sir Theophilus Jones, whilst Sir George Lane became grantee of an annual chief rent of £2 10s., issuing thereout. "Cities," says Mercury to Choaron somewhere in Lucian, "die like men"—so do families. The name of Finglass, once powerful in this country, is utterly lost, and no such name is now to be found in the lists of the clergy, aristocracy, or the humbler classes of society.

After the brief sway of Finglass we come, in 1535, to Sir Gerald Aylmer, who served under four sovereigns—Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The family of Aylmer, said to be deduced from Ailmer or Aethelmare, Earl of Cornwall in the time of King Aethelred, has long been seated at Donadea, in the county of Kildare, where Bartholomew Aylmer, the chief of the family, was resident at the close of the fifteenth century. He had two sons, Richard, his successor, and Gerald, the subject of this memoir, of Dollardstown, in the county of Meath. His lot was cast amongst lawyers, his grandfather, Sir William Welles, having been Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and his elder brother, Richard, Chief Sergeant of the county of Kildare. In 1526 he was appointed Secondary Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. This appointment, which was made by Gerald, Earl of Kildare, then Lord Deputy, was said to have given mortal offence to the Bar, who affected to look upon Aylmer as an incompetent man. That the charge of ignorance and incompetency was made against him, and made by no less a person than the Earl of Shrewsbury, is true; but it is equally true that that charge was

got up by a party opposed to the Deputy. Immediately on his appointment Aylmer applied himself unremittingly to the duties of his Court, trying cases the narration of which would be unacceptable to the majority of readers. There is one case in which there may be a grain of interest, where the plaintiff, Robert Lorgenan, had obtained a decree in the Court of Chancery for the possession of certain lands situate in the county of Kilkenny; while the defendant, one Robert Roboke, scorned to hearken to the decree, and remained, and for aught we know, resolved to remain, in possession of so desirable a farm. The plaintiff, on the other hand, was desirous to get the land for which he had brought his suit, and to do so brought an action, which was tried before Justice Aylmer, when a third party, named Sweetman, appeared as aiding and abetting the defendant in keeping adverse possession. The case went on, and a verdict was had for the plaintiff, and the *habere* was directed to the sheriff, and was soon duly executed. That Aylmer proved by his acts that he was equal to the duties imposed upon him, appears by the fact that he was summoned by the King early in 1534, and before the rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, to give evidence on the inquiry which was being made into the conduct of the Lord Deputy, the Earl of Kildare, who was then a prisoner in the Tower. On the removal of Chief Baron Finglass to the King's Bench (June 3, 1534) Aylmer, while he was yet in England, was appointed Chief Baron, and upon the patent is endorsed that "Gerald Aylmer is at present with us on our service in England by our commandment, and for that it is uncertain whether these our Letters Patent will be made out

and pass the Great Seal before the feast of Easter, 1535, and for divers other causes and considerations us hereunto moving, we do give and grant him £20 Irish, as our gift and reward to him, to be received out of our Treasury, without account to be rendered for the same. Dated 25th June, 1534." Aylmer returned to Dublin and took his place at the Privy Council, immediately before the rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, and on the 28th of July following the murder of Archbishop Allen occurred. On the suggestion of Chief Baron Aylmer a sentence of excommunication was pronounced by George Cromer, Archbishop of Armagh, then Lord Chancellor, against Thomas Fitzgerald and his uncles. That sentence was composed and endorsed by the Chancellor and Chief Baron, both of them appointed by the Earl of Kildare; it runs as follows:—

"MURDER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

"Whereas Thomas FitzGerald, eldest son of Gerald FitzGerald, late Earl of Kildare, not only procured John Teeling and Nicholas Wafer to put violent hands upon John Allen, late Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, at Artane, in the diocese of Dublin, and also whereas he, the said Thomas, accompanied with John FitzGerald and Oliver FitzGerald, brethren of the late Earl James De La Hyde, and James Rookes, and divers other ill-disposed persons, murdered the said Archbishop, we publish and declare all the said persons to be excommunicated. We also declare interdict the place where the Archbishop was killed, and likewise all cities, lands, towns, castles, villages, chapels, and other

places wherein the said cursed persons are or shall be, commanding all spiritual persons of this province of Dublin to cease from administration of divine service as long as any of the said persons shall be present, and to continue three days after their departure. We decree them to be deprived of all spiritual dignities and profits. To the terror and fear of the said damnable persons we have rung those bells, erected this cross, and quenched those candles, and we cast three stones towards their habitations."

To write of the remainder of this unhappy rebellion would be to depart from the plan of our memoir, it would be to launch into the wider field of Irish history—suffice it here to say that the insurrection was stamped out, but that the embers were still smouldering, and that the Pale was once more during the summer of 1535 threatened with another outbreak, and with an invasion by a number of Irish chieftains, O'Brien, O'Connor Faby, and O'Kelly. Allen, Master of the Rolls, and Chief Baron Aylmer were despatched to England to represent the critical state of affairs; and Lord Leonard Grey was thereupon sent over to take the command of the army, owing to the inactivity and illness of the Lord Deputy Skeffington. Aylmer immediately proceeded to join the Royal forces, for nothing was farther from his mind than to confine himself to the business of his Court. On the 21st of August, 1535, he penned a despatch from the camp at Naas to Thomas Cromwell which gave a fair though far from brilliant account of the state of the country.*

In the summer of that year, Chief Baron Aylmer was again

* Carew MSS.

summoned to England, and while there a vacancy occurred in the Queen's Bench owing to the resignation of Chief Justice Finglass. Cromwell suggested that Aylmer should be elevated to the vacant seat, and the King was about making the appointment when the Earl of Shrewsbury, upon the suggestion of some of his tenants in the county Waterford, addressed his Majesty that the Chief Baron was an ignorant man, and unfit for the office; "whereupon the King was purty sharp with Cromwell for recommending so improper a person. The Prime Minister thereupon and in his own justification asked the King to send for the Chief Baron and speak to him so that his Highness might judge for himself." The King did so, and asked Aylmer amongst other things what in his opinion was the true cause of the decay of Ireland. The Chief Baron, incensed with the Earl of Shrewsbury, replied that absenteeism was the sole cause; that the gentlemen who had estates in this country should be compelled to live upon them; if they did not, that their estates should be confiscated. The King said that those suggestions of the Chief Baron were wise ones, and that he would see to enforce them, and so his Majesty did, for in the very next Parliament the Absentee Act (28 Henry VIII., chap. 3) was passed, and the Earl of Shrewsbury, amongst others, was stripped of every acre he possessed in Ireland.* Aylmer was immediately on his dismissal from the King's presence ordered to return to Ireland, where he arrived on the 1st of August, 1535, and on the 12th of the same month was appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He now joined the King's troops and shewed

that he was at once a statesman, a scholar, and a soldier. He was able at the bow, the pen, and the sword; "from the camp of your host" (though he omits to mention where that camp is), he writes to the King on the 27th of August, 1535, that "Lord Thomas Fitzgerald and his accomplices were willing to commune with Lord Leonard Grey and with me your Chief Justice; and we beseech of you to be merciful to Lord Thomas especially as concerning his life."

The changes in religion which had taken place in the neighbouring country were now for the first time (1536) introduced into Ireland; and an order went forth from the King for the suppression of the monasteries. This order was followed by an Act of Parliament, 28 Henry VIII., chap. 16, and the doomed houses only awaited the arrival of the Commissioners to seize upon their estates and effects; and speaking of that commission, the Lords of the Council, of whom Chief Justice Aylmer was one, inform the King that "as to the suppression of certain monasteries expressed in a commission under your great seal we shall proceed thereunto with such convenient speed as shall be most for your highness's profit."†

The Commissioners commissioned for the suppression of the abbeys were John Allen, Master of the Rolls, nephew of Archbishop Allen, Sir R. Brabazon, and Sir Gerald Aylmer, Chief Justice. They first visited the houses in the city; and, having closed them, the monks departed from those retreats in which many of them had lived from youth to old age. The abbeys more remote were next visited, their libraries were scattered, priceless manuscripts were burnt,

* *Vide* the account of this transaction in "Lodge's Peerage." Ed. 1754, vol. iv. p. 245. † Carew MSS., p. 122.

the church plate was vested in the Lord Chancellor and Chief Justice for the use of his Majesty, the bells were taken down from their lofty bell stages, and the gardens and the fields which the industry of the monks had rescued from the forest or the morass were vested in the Commissioners and sold by auction, and the produce of the sale was sent to the King. The Commissioners were authorised by their commission to inquire and report on the immoralities of the inmates; specifying the names of those "that led such damnable lives"; but when their work was done and they made their report, they failed to find that any of the accusations were substantiated, and the Lord Deputy, Lord Leonard Grey, vainly used his influence to shelter six of the religious houses from ruin, "for," he writes to the King, "there man-kind and womankind, and young childer be taught in religion, virtue, and the English tongue." Self-denial was their rule; many of them slept on the ground in their habits, sometimes on a hard mat or a rough blanket, and the same bundle of palm leaves served them as a seat by day and a pillow by night. Their food was frugal, and they used to be awakened at night for public worship; even sleep, the last refuge of the unhappy, was rigorously measured to them.

Of the Chief Justice, or of his acts and doings, nothing is recorded of interest during the years 1537 and 1538, but in 1539 he spent the long vacation in the camp of Lord Leonard Grey, in his expedition against O'Neil and O'Donel. The Chief Justice was then rather touched than stricken with years. His upright stature and strong limbs still shewed him fully equal to all the exertions and fatigues of war. His thick eyebrows, now partially

grizzled, lowered over large eyes full of dark fire, which seemed yet darker from the uncommon depth at which they were set in his head. His features, naturally strong and harsh, had their sternness exaggerated by one or two scars received in battle. Those features, naturally calculated to express the harsher passions, were shaded during the term in his Court by the judge's cap, and during the vacation in the field of battle by an open steel helmet with a projecting front, without a visor, over the gorget of which fell the black and grizzled beard of the grim old Chief Justice. His whole equipment was that of a rude warrior negligent of his exterior even to misanthropical sullenness, and the harsh and haughty tone which he had acquired in court and which he used towards his attendants belonged to the same unpolished character. Of such an appearance was the Chief Justice as he rode on a powerful horse at the head of a troop of horsemen in pursuit of the Northern chieftains who were returning homewards, encumbered with enormous spoils. He came up with the Irish at Belahol, in the county Monaghan; a battle ensued, and they were routed with great slaughter, 400 men having been left dead on the field, and all the booty recaptured. Other judges have received the honour of knighthood in acknowledgment of their learning in the law, but it remained for Chief Justice Aylmer to win at the point of the sword, and under the Vice-regal banner, the chivalrous order of Knight Banneret. This, conferred on the field of battle, raises this knight to a rank higher than the younger sons of viscounts, but in the roll of precedence it brought to Sir Gerald Aylmer, as we must henceforward call him, no position higher than

he had previously held, because, as Chief Justice, and still more as Privy Councillor, he took rank above Knights Banneret. Nor were the rewards showered upon this learned warrior confined to idle grants of Grand Crosses and Cordons; for he had the more substantial distinctions of the lordship of Dollardstown and other lands, conferred upon him by the King at the recommendation of Lord Leonard Grey. The Chief Justice, nevertheless, appears afterwards to have been one of the witnesses examined against that unfortunate Chief Governor when tried for high treason on account of his forbearance towards certain Irish chieftains, and on account of his having permitted the young Earl of Kildare to escape from Ireland.* The trial, if it can be so called, took place in Westminster, but the evidence of the Irish witnesses appears to have been taken by commission "by order out of England by Sir Anthony St. Leger, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, against the Lord Leonard Grey, his predecessor, whereof a report in a great book was made, every leaf whereof was subscribed by the said Sir Anthony St. Leger, and sent to King Henry VIII., whereupon the Lord Leonard Grey in England was arraigned, condemned, and executed in anno 1541."† The reformation in religion went on during the remaining years of Henry VIII., and the short reign of Edward VI.; new laws were enacted in favour of the new order of things, old laws were abrogated; and the Chief Justice was ever at his post ready to administer the laws as they were placed before him; and we accordingly find that if he removed the lights from the altar under Edward VI., he

restored them under Queen Mary and removed them again under Elizabeth.

In 1552 Sir Gerald Aylmer and Sir Thomas Cusacke, Lord Chancellor, were, in the absence of Sir James Croft, Lord Deputy, raised to the high position of Chief Governors of Ireland, with the title of Lords Justices. "These to be the hed of the Governminte during his Majesties' pleasure," which appointment was made "by patent, dated at Westminster the 7th day of November, which was read in the church of the Holy Trinity, as according to customs of the old times‡." Immediately previous to the departure of the Lord Deputy for England, an order of the Council, which was attended by Chief Justice Aylmer, was made for preserving the records thenceforward in the Library of St. Patrick's Cathedral, whither the Courts had been removed from the Castle on the surrender of the Cathedral by the Dean and Chapter in 1546. One of the first acts of Queen Mary's Government was to direct the Privy Council in England to notify her Majesty's accession to the throne to Sir Thomas Cusacke and Sir Gerald Aylmer, Lords Justices. The term of their continuance in this office was of short duration. That Sir Thomas Cusacke gave the most perfect satisfaction to Queen Mary is manifest from her Majesty's letter to him on the 14th of December, 1558, thanking him for "The great services exhibited unto us and our dear brother Edward VI., whose soul God pardon," but that the Queen held Sir Gerald Aylmer in the like affectionate remembrance is not so very clear. It may be that she looked with indifference upon one who had been active

* Carew MSS., p. 171.

† Carew MSS., p. 170.

‡ Morrin's Pat. Rol., p. 202.

in the suppression of the monasteries; he was, however, continued in the office of Chief Justice, though never called by her Majesty to the Privy Council—neither did she convey him “the royal assurances of her great thanks,” as she had done to Sir Thomas Cusacke. The Chief Justice’s name henceforward appears many times on the patent rolls as commissioner for gaol delivery, but further we have not been enabled to find any other of his acts recorded in this reign. That Queen Elizabeth appointed him Privy Councillor in Ireland appears amongst the earliest records of her reign, but he was then growing old, and in the year following he was called on to retire from the Bench, and John Plunket was offered the vacant seat. This appears from the instructions given by Queen Elizabeth to the Lord Deputy, the Earl of Sussex, dated the 17th of July, 1559. “The Chief Justice of our chief place, Gerald Aylmer, is aged, and therefore not so able to exercise that office as heretofore, and there has been some communication that John Plunket should, with the assent of Gerald Aylmer, have the same. The Deputy shall consider what shall be best for our

service, and prefer Plunket to the office or otherwise if he see it fitter so to do.”* Sir Gerald then left the Bench, and retired into private life; but like others whose minds were long accustomed to the active duties of office, he was soon oppressed with the infirmities of age. When old, blind, and so infirm that he was able only to be carried from his bed to his chair, he used (for his memory was unimpaired) to describe to his friends the abbeys and the monasteries where he had spent so much of his early days, and he used to deplore that he had taken part in their suppression. “The young,” says Aristotle, “live forward in hope, the old live backwards in memory.” In his ninetieth year, however, that memory began to fail him, and in a manner that was painful to his friends. Faces of other times seemed to crowd before him as he sat, and what that now vacant mind had once known, what those now sightless eyes had once seen, and what that now faltering tongue could once relate so well, must have been the thoughts uppermost in the minds of all who knew him. He died in his ninety-first year, and was succeeded in his estates by his son, from whom are descended the Barons Aylmer.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

* Carew MSS., p. 288.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Servetus and Calvin: a study of an important epoch in the early history of the Reformation. By R. Willis, M.D. London: H. S. King & Co. 1877.

Johannes Calvinus dies hard, albeit the tendency of the new age sets strongly against him. The author of this volume places him in a historic position that surely no one would wish to share with him and still be reputed a follower of the gentle founder of Christianity. And yet, a few weeks after the publication of the volume, we catch the echo of the strong voice of Mr. Spurgeon enlivening a picnic with a confident avowal of his unshaken allegiance to the theological dogmatist of Geneva. "The longer he lived," said Mr. Spurgeon, "the clearer did it appear that John Calvin's system was the nearest to perfection; for, if all other divines stood on each other's shoulders they would not reach up to the reformer's toes." Now, Mr. Spurgeon, little as he may believe it, is something of a poet; the rude and powerful metaphors with which he interlards his discourses and holds to him his huge auditory, are evidence of his artistic faculty. It may want culture, but it is there. Let him place his congregation on the shoulders one of another, and standing on tiptoe on the human pile (the necessary process, as he avers) gaze upon John Calvin's face. There are many authentic portraits, there is a good one in

the present volume, skilfully etched by Dr. Willis's daughter. If the sturdy preacher and manful worker will look with earnest eyes upon the face of his idol, can his most imaginative glance see therein the lineaments of the "man of God"? In that melancholy jowl is there any of that quality of gladness that goes by the name of "grace"? In those lack-lustre eyes is there any love? In those harsh, lengthened lines is there a trace of the dimpling geniality of good will? Could that hard and ugly mouth relax to the angelic smile of sympathy? It is no pagan view that leads us to test the face and action of a professed religious teacher by the instinct of spiritual beauty. If a painter would but make a picture of Jesus blessing little children, and over the face of the Master paint in, by way of palimpsest, the gloomy lantern-jaws, the unlovely brows, never burning with noble fire, the self-centred, cold, repulsive look of Calvin, even Mr. Spurgeon might be led to allow that the satire was too terrible, and that he could no longer serve two masters so different. The one ignobly points to the depressing certainty of the charnel house, offering for comfort the fatalism of hell and a labyrinth of metaphysics; the other enfranchises the spirit by leading it out into the sight of dawn.

Dr. Willis, in this volume, shews strongly his sympathy for Servetus.

Servetus is a free-hitting, strongly convinced, somewhat arrogant theologian; educated for the Church but inclined to rationalism, and chiefly distinguished for his discovery of the pulmonary circulation, and for being free in an age when liberality of thought was the exception. He edited several important works, and made some important acquaintances. Among these were Andrea Vesalius and Calvin.

Servetus appears to have been possessed by an idea that the Reformers of the time, being, as it were, heretics themselves, might have ready sympathy for a brother heretic. But he soon was undeceived; his heresy was not the chosen one. The account of his collisions with Calvin, when both were young, and afterwards, is somewhat intricate, for Servetus lived for many years of his life under a name derived from that of his native place.

At intervals Servetus kept endeavouring to draw Calvin into discussion with himself on theological subjects. This pestering seems to have irritated the great dogmatist; and the attitude of the pair, one toward the other, is not unlike the mutual relations, as regards temper, of a black dog and a brown.

The earlier communications between Servetus and Calvin had consisted mainly in the former sending his books to the latter, which were sharply criticised by him; his criticisms in turn being criticised themselves, and his disparagement returned with interest.

But afterwards the correspondence took a new phase. To settle Servetus, Calvin sent him a book of his own, "The Institutions of the Christian Religion." Far from effecting its purpose, it brought from Servetus a stinging criticism. What made the assault of argument more trying to Calvin's

susceptibilities was that it consisted in very freely expressed annotations on the margin of the very copy that had been sent to Servetus, the book itself being the recognised caupon of the newly-founded Church, the masterwork that was to overthrow all opposition.

At length Calvin's devil was raised; he wrote in 1546 to a friend:—"Servetus wrote to me lately, and besides his letter sent me a great volume full of his ravings, telling me with audacious arrogance that I should there find things stupendous and unheard of until now. He offers to come hither if I approve. But I will not pledge my faith to him. For did he come, if I have any authority here, *I should never suffer him to go away alive.* (Nam si venerit, modo valeat mea autoritas, vivum exire nunquam patiar)."

The arraignment of Servetus is a long story, and we cannot shew here how the concealed hand of Calvin directed the prosecution, and gathered and disposed so as to be most effective in their deadly work, the various compromising documents. Suffice it that the trial resulted—most unexpectedly to the heretic—in his condemnation to death by slow fire. Servetus asked for an interview with his powerful opponent in his cell. This was granted, and Calvin's account of the meeting, though very cautiously worded, is most instructive:—

"I asked him what he wanted with me. To which he replied, that he desired to ask my pardon. I then said that I had never prosecuted anyone on merely personal grounds; that I had admonished him with all the gentleness I could command as many as sixteen years ago, and not without danger to my own life had spared no pain to cure him of his errors. But all in vain! My expositions appeared rather to excite

his bile. Quitting speech of myself, however, I then desired him rather to ask pardon of the Eternal God, towards whom he had shewn himself but too contumelious, presuming, as he had done, to take from his essence the three hypostases that pertain to it; and saying that were it possible to shew a personal distinction between the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we should have a three-headed Cerberus for a God; with much beside that need not now be repeated. Seeing, ere long, that all I said went for nothing, and feeling indisposed to trespass on the time of the magistrates, or to appear something more than my Master (!), in obedience to the precept of Paul, I took my leave of the heretic,—*self-condemned*."

What should poor Servetus have prayed, if he had followed Calvin's advice? "Heavenly Father, I am sorry I cannot see in Thee the true hypostases, exactly as Calvin sees them. It must be very wicked not to understand metaphysics, for they are having me burned for thinking as I do think. I have asked Calvin to forgive me: I now ask forgiveness of Thee." On the scaffold he said what may be taken as the text of toleration, "If he had erred, it was in ignorance." He was interrupted by Calvin's intimate, Farel, who told him that "to obtain any favour he should begin by acknowledging and shewing contrition for his errors." That is to say, his ignorance was not to be dispelled by light, but was to be crushed into dark conformity by the mandate of a Protestant Pope. Servetus heeded not, and went on to say that "he had done nothing to deserve death; he prayed God, nevertheless, to forgive his enemies and persecutors." The critical works he had sent to Calvin were bound to him, no doubt as a weighty stone to drag him into the hell of Calvin's morbid metaphysical dreams. He was burned on the 27th of October, 1553.

Illustrious Irishwomen. By E. Owens Blackburne. London: Tinsley Bros.

"Did you ever hear of an Irish-woman who ever has done, or ever could do, anything?"

It is said that the above inquiry from an unbelieving Englishman provoked Miss Blackburne into the production of these memoirs of her countrywomen. Whatever other result she has aimed at or attained, she has fairly proved that Irish-women can do and have done many things. They have been pretty, witty, fascinating, wild, pious, learned, charitable, and variously distinguished.

We are compelled to confess that the Irish brilliancy must be capable of pretty nearly everything when we are presented with a choice of heroines from Queen Méave, or Medbh (the supposed original of Queen Mab) down to Peg Woffington, "The Wild Irish Girl," Felicia Hemans, Maria Edgeworth, and the Countess of Blessington. There are women of undoubted intellectual abilities in our authoress's long list: actresses who, like Peg Woffington, are still famous; women remarked in their own homes for piety, common sense, and charity; and women whose power lay in pretty faces, like the "beautiful Gunningtons," those "Countessed and double-Duchessed" ladies, whose fair faces are still a tradition.

The volumes give evidence that a great amount of labour and research has been spent upon them, many of the stories having been obtained from early Irish manuscripts, and some of the later facts drawn from private letters. The vicissitudes and strange experiences of remarkable persons must always carry interest with them; and these pages contain many curious stories of real life. In these days of "lady-helps"

and lady-doctors, when women are endeavouring to fill all manner of positions in life, how many would care to occupy a post such as that which Miss Owenson, afterwards Lady Morgan,—always “The Wild Irish Girl,” once filled?

“The same year Miss Owenson went on a visit to Lady Abercorn, at Baron’s Court, in the North of Ireland. They had read her novels, and were pleased with them; they met the authoress, and were charmed. They proposed that she should come and live with them and amuse them. At first she demurred; but, acting upon the advice of her friends, she at length acceded to the request of the Marquis and Marchioness.”

The trial of such a life was that “she had to bear with all their tempers, and was expected to be always in good spirits.” The reward she obtained in the introduction to society was of course very valuable to a rising young authoress.

“They were very stately and very grand; but, on the whole, extremely kind to her. Here she met the great ones of the earth. The Abercorns took her to London with them, where she sold her book, ‘The Missionary,’ for a good sum; sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence to have her portrait painted; was presented to the Princess of Wales, and dined with her!”

The sentence in which this lively lady describes her future husband, Dr. Morgan, is enough to give us the colour of her character:—

“‘Barring his wild, unfounded love for me,’ says Glorvina, when writing on the subject to Mrs. Lefanu, ‘the creature is perfection.’”

Among the miscellaneous heroines is numbered the lady Freemason, whose entrance into the Order was so romantic. She had accidentally witnessed a portion of the Masonic ordeal; and on attempting to escape from the room, found the door guarded,

and with a shriek which roused the brethren, fainted.

“Their first care was to resuscitate Miss St. Leger without alarming the house, and then to endeavour to learn from her how much she had witnessed. She confessed the whole truth, and, many of the members being furiously enraged at the transaction, she was placed under guard of the tiler and a member, in the very room where she had lain *perdue*. The members of the Lodge reassembled, and deliberated as to what, under the circumstances, was to be done. For two long hours the wretched girl listened to the angry discussion, and heard her death deliberately proposed and seconded. It is said that she was only saved from immediate death by the moving and earnest supplication of her younger brother. At length the good sense of some succeeded in calming, in some measure, the irritated feelings of the majority, when, after much more had been said, and many things had been proposed, she was given the option of submitting to the Masonic ordeal to the extent she had witnessed; and, if she refused, the brethren were again to consult. Being waited upon to decide, Miss St. Leger, exhausted and terrified by the storminess and earnestness of the debate, gladly and unhesitatingly accepted the offer.”

As “the brethren generously admit her many admirable qualities, and are unanimous in declaring that far from regretting her admission into their society, they consider her name and good deeds reflect a lustre upon the Masonic body,” it is perhaps to be wondered at that the Freemasons have not repeated the experiment.

The true history and reasons for the secluded life of the “Ladies of Llangollen” will be interesting to those who have heard of these independent women, and wondered what mystery it was that led them to choose to live apart from all their friends. Their attempt to

live unknown was a notable failure, for they were visited by the celebrities of the time.

Miss Blackburne's entertaining volumes will doubtless find many readers.

The Soul and How it Found Me.
By Edward Maitland. London:
Tinsley Bros. 1877.

Some old thinker whose name or period we cannot recall at the moment, exclaimed once, in a moment of ideal passion, "I am drunk, but not with wine; I have tasted of the esoteric doctrines." If our old thinker was a wise man, he waited until he became sober before he gave to the world his message concerning things occult. Or, if his impetus of thought was too strong to resist, he turned it into the channel of poetry, and his molten lava became crystallised by method, and thus no longer insane. Mr. Maitland has lately learned some things new to him, but not new to many a quiet soul whose heart has seen more than the mind can tell. Instead, however, of letting the bright light of new vision dwell in him until it becomes fruitful, and able to make luminous his most practical and everyday thought; instead of waiting until he should become sober himself after his spiritual intoxication, Mr. Maitland has poured himself forth in wild metaphysic enthusiasm, very likely to be mistaken by homely people for insanity. He does not appear to be insane in the plain mundane sense of the word, but he is erratic in the sense in which a cloudy seer like William Blake is at times deemed insane. That is, he is conscious of a glory of existence transcending the monotony of every day, and the sense of it somewhat lifts him off his balance, and prevents his

rightly exercising the faculties of quiet observation and comparison with regard to mundane affairs. It is a pity for his literary fame, and what is more, for his literary influence, that he has not been wise enough to wait, and digest his revelations before pouring them out on the world in an unrestrained flood. For like a stream after excessive rain, the course of his thought is wild, and bears upon its bosom a miscellaneous collection made up of bits of rubbish and a few floating flowers of beauty, gathered by the random wave.

He reminds one of a man who in a dream appears to be composing a poem. What fire, what luminous flow, what mighty thoughts, what easy eloquence! In the morning he remembers a few lines; but whither has fled the magical quality of the verse? It seems rather ordinary. We would not say that Mr. Maitland has produced nothing worth having, but it is evident that he has been carried away by the idea of being the creator of something unusually great, and so has brought himself into a deplorable likeness to the dreaming poet we have named. In the confused torrent of his book, it is the reader who has to find stepping-stones, and pick out what is worth having, whereas the author ought to have both shaped into orderly form the channel of his thought, and himself have chosen the objects of beauty and truth that might flow down its current.

Mr. Maitland's book is mainly an account of his spiritualistic experiences; he gives in full many visions, most of which had better have been omitted, for though possessed of much beauty of colour they have evidently been projected upon a mental tissue so preternaturally sensitive and excitable as to pre-

sent the details in portentously enlarged, and, as it were, gaseous forms, too much like the weird imaginings of a Wilkie Collins. A more tranquil mirror might have reflected any essential truth these visions may possess in a simpler and more valuable state.

Mr. Maitland's revelation is that the function of religions is the culture of the soul, the method of which culture consists in "the perfecting of the body by means of pure living, in respect of diet and habit, and of the mind by the practice of pure thinking and feeling, and the cultivation of the intuitions and sympathies, and the encouragement of aspiration towards the highest perfection conceivable." This is pure and good, though perhaps somewhat thin and intellectualised; but his mistake lies in deeming that for such a revelation to be produced is to imply the beginning of a grand Regeneration. Would it were so! unfortunately a very plebeian proverb comes to our mind as apposite here:—"You may take a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink." Let Mr. Maitland digest and make as rational as possible what truths he may be fortunate enough to receive, but let him be wise enough to realise that though no effort be wasted, it may not be given him to transform the world at once into aspirational children, wistful after higher knowledge. Doubtless the Ruler of the world has patience, and has made even rest a part of growth, which growth may be proceeding none the less surely because it is so slow.

In his enthusiasm for pure diet, and noble hatred of cruelty, the author sees little in society as it is but a brood of ruthless carnivora, making blood and sacrifice of others, combined with worship of self, the rule of life. There is

some truth here, but how untruthful it is made by being so utterly overstrained.

In deplorably ludicrous juxtaposition to what profess to be world-revelations, are details of the changes taking place in the author's personal habits, which it would have been well for him to reserve for a separate work on the Diet and Dress of Prophets.

The intellectual powers which made the author of "Higher Law" and "The Pilgrim and the Shrine" a notable novelist, we hope to see again exercised with more reason and less effervescence. All that is best and most essential in the present volume might have been compressed into a brief and calm philosophic essay.

Lazy Lays. By W. H. Harrison. London: 38, Great Russell Street, W.C.

This is a medley of comic and sentimental verse, intermingled with a few prose sketches, and bound in a cover of somewhat powerful design. We prefer the comic to the sentimental element in the book, for we do not suppose that the author would lay claim to the possession of "the vision and the faculty divine," and verse without the excuse of real poetic fire requires technical merit of a very high order to give it any value. Some of the comic verse is fair in its way, but somewhat too local in its allusions to be of general interest.

In one instance, however, we think a satirical hit of Mr. Harrison's happy enough to deserve special commendation. It professes to be a review of the volume of "Lazy Lays" itself, and is an excellent take-off of the kind of critic who has only half an eye to spare for the responsibilities of weighing and measuring the

literary produce that may come before him, but has two eyes very wide open for an order for profitable advertisements in his journal; and on the strength of being a business success looks grandly down upon struggling enterprise of a more purely literary order. The imaginary reviewer manifests his combined dignity and grace as follows:—

In a column of books on our table
piled,
We perceive *The Lazy Lays*,
And the work having thus been observed by Us,
We feel it deserves great praise.

But Our space is so small in these
stirring times,
For aught but weighty themes,
And the Universe needs so much care
from Us,
That We shun all rhyming dreams.

Our greatly increased circulation just
now,
Drives tremors through Church
and State,

But advertisements brought up to
ten p.m.,

Will not reach Our hands too late.

We regret the jealousy, envy, and
hate

Rival poets will shew, and their
fuss

At Our words for this book, but We
say once more,

That *The Lays* have been seen by
Us.

A story how Hadji Al Shacabac, an amiable Turk, was photographed, is well done; and a brief paper on "Materialistic Religion" attacks science from the stronghold of the Berkeleyan idealism, something after the plan so fully carried out in Mr. Doubleday's "Matter for Materialists." We notice the assertion that Professor Huxley "says that if he were compelled to choose between pure idealism and pure materialism, he should select the former." "*The Lazy Lays*" has come out rather early, but belongs to the class of Christmas books.

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THE FOLK-LORE OF CHRISTIANITY.

By F. R. CONDER, C.E.

THE pen of that Augustinian monk which, in the memorable dream of the Elector Frederick of Saxony, rattled as if made of iron, has not only severed from the Papal chair a third part of Latin Christendom, but has originated a disintegrating movement of which it is hard to foretell the limit.

Among the various and varied communions which agree in holding the central principle of the revolt of Luther, this disintegrating process has been more rapid in its advance, during the past half-century, than during the preceding three hundred years. In some provinces of Protestant Christendom schools of opinion may be said to have become almost as numerous as individuals. It is rue that a *morcellement* of this nature has at times been found to

be preliminary to a true and durable reconstruction of theory. But it is impossible to disguise the danger attendant on the process.

Differences thus arising, however, have been said to be only those of detail. Every detail may, in its turn, be questioned or disputed; but it is urged that the accordance of opinion, in the mass, far outweighs the discord, in particulars. It may be doubted whether this view can be maintained. The moment we go beyond the first line of the Apostles' Creed, we enter on the region of controversy; nor do we quit it until we reach the expression of faith in life everlasting at the close. But the solvent action of the principle of the Reformation is more thorough than any question of detail. It goes to the very fundamental conception of Christi-

anity. It involves not only the items of creed, but the method of the construction of creed. *Omnis ratio, et naturalis investigatio, fidem sequi debet; non precedere, nec infringere*, are the words of Thomas à Kempis. Such, before the era of Luther, was the all but universal tenet of Christendom. Such, so long as the stately fabric of the Latin Church maintained its unshaken unity, was Catholic Christianity.

But when, owing rather to its own corruption than to the philosophic acumen of its assailants, the Papacy lost the prescriptive sign of truth, *quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*, the maxim of the author "De Imitatione Christi" was reversed, at least amid the Protestant camp. Reason and natural investigation were boldly appealed to as the precursors and parents of Faith. It was no longer as obeying the voice of the Church, but as listening to the dictates of reason, and to the testimony of history, that men were now called on to believe.

The contrast was absolute. That such a contest should have arisen so late in the history of Christianity may be explained by the fact that a fallacy long lurked unseen in the double sense of the word *Fides*. In one sense, and that is the primary and original sense, the Latin maxim declares a fundamental religious truth. In the later, and opposite sense, it becomes the very fountain of superstitious error. Faith, when it signifies trust, underlies all true Religion. An instinctive belief in what is true, good, loving, and noble is a heritage that human kind have never altogether lost. The instinct of the child is to trust; and evil are those influences and those instructors that first corrupt this Divinely implanted instinct. The acceptance of any

form of religion must be subordinate to this trustful spirit. It is conceivable that man may be convinced, by phenomena that appeal to the reason, that he is addressed by a supernatural power. But it does not necessarily follow, from such a conviction, that it is right to obey the counsel thus given. Unless the voice from the unseen world be in accordance with the dictates of conscience, it is wrong to obey its mandates. Man may be convinced that he is in the presence of superior power. But his obedience is due only to superior goodness. Any other obedience is that of terror, not that of trust. It degrades, instead of elevating, him who yields it. Thus it is to the instinctive principle of Natural Religion that Revealed Religion must, in the first instance, be indebted for its establishment among mankind. In this sense, and in this alone, Faith must precede Reason.

But with the resistless change that is shewn by the records of human language to have swept over human habit and opinion, the signification of the word Faith has slowly but completely altered. From trust it has come to signify creed. From a moral, it has passed to an intellectual virtue. When Faith is regarded as synonymous with creed, it is a mischievous error to speak of it as antecedent to, or independent of, Reason. That dogma is the very keystone of spiritual tyranny, the very talisman of superstitious blindness. When a creed is spoken of as something to be "proved by most certain warrants," it is brought under the control of Reason. It is made dependent on the results of literary research, and of critical acumen. It does not precede, but follow, investigation.

It is obvious that with regard to a faith of this description—an

organised system of belief, which is said to be based on certain and distinct proof—literary and critical investigation has an importance which did not exist with relation to the moral instinct of trust. It is to this fact that, historically regarded, the disintegration and crumbling away of so much that was once held to be essential to the very name of Christianity is to be attributed. If the process of reconstruction is to commence when that of disintegration has become complete, we cannot be very far from the dawn of the period of reorganisation.

There is, however, a consideration of cardinal importance with regard to the relation between faith and reason which has, perhaps, never yet received adequate attention. It has been instinctively grasped by some of the keenest minds of our day. It has influenced the conduct of many whose minds are not of the keenest. Much that is otherwise perplexing in the movement of that double wave of conflicting opinion that now stirs and vexes society becomes intelligible from the point of view thus indicated. The consideration in question is this: There is in religion something which is not the product of the reasoning faculty, which can be only partially grasped or controlled by the reason, and which, nevertheless, is real, true, vital, and of a mighty efficiency. Religion affects the heart, as well as the brain; the emotions, as well as the intelligence. This emotional, poetic element of religion may be, and ought to be, controlled by reason, but can never be originated by reason. Doctrine, dogma, system may be the deductions of reason, from the record of historic

facts; but a religion consisting only of doctrine would be no religion at all. It would be the body without the soul.

It is thus the case that, at all times, and in all religions, alongside of the philosophy of doctrine, however true or however false, has existed a poetic, imaginative, emotional element, which bears to doctrine a relation analogous to that which colour bears to form. This element, when supreme, has led to the wildest excesses. From it spring superstition, asceticism, and fanaticism. This same element inspired at one time the orgies of the Mænad, at another the austerities of the anchorite.

As the Jewish religion had its *Agada** interwoven with the *Halacha*, or doctrinal division of the Law; as polytheism had its poetic mythology distinct from the ordained service of the temples, so has Christianity its ideal tradition, apart from its historic literature. We are in want of a name for this *Agada* of the Christian Church. To those who are familiar with Hebrew literature no name could be more appropriate than the above; but to the great majority of readers it would be an unmeaning term. Objection may lie to the use of the word mythology, from the fact that we are accustomed, however erroneously, to attach to that word the sense of falsehood or of fable. The word tradition might supply the want, were it not that ecclesiastical traditions exist in so definite a form that confusion might arise from the application of the same term to the general mass of half-defined imaginative opinion, and to the specific cases in which the observance of symbolic rites, coupled

* The French spelling of the word is adopted as far less bristly and forbidding than the usual English transliteration, *Haggadah*.

with definite teaching, and referred to distinct historic origin, has a value which is almost monumental. No unwritten tradition, indeed, is accepted by the philosopher as absolutely reliable. The possibility of the gradual, or the purposed, introduction of modification can never be left out of sight. But apart from the danger of such innovation as would be tantamount to forgery in literature, tradition that clings to symbol has a strong claim to acceptance as true. Thus the tradition of the Freemasons, that one doubt reserved, points to an ancient acceptance amongst this venerable fraternity of the Pythagorean conception of the solar system. Thus the rite of Confirmation, unchanged since its earliest mention in history, and accordant with, if not distinctly enjoined by, certain well known passages of the New Testament, has every claim, short of that of direct proof, to have come down to our own days by direct sequence and tradition from the Apostles.

On venerable traditions of this nature, which, if not entirely beyond question, are yet of very ancient origin, and very general acceptance, rests the entire organisation of the Christian Church, its orders, sacraments, rites, and principal doctrines. As the prescriptions of the Mishna are usually detailed developments of brief precepts in the Pentateuch, so are most of these traditions of the Church countenanced by certain expressions in the New Testament. But that is all that can be said with truth. They do not flow from the language of the New Testament. They cannot be shewn to be actually prescribed by any authority earlier than Constantine the Great. With regard to many of them it is certain that they were not practised by the Church under the presidency of the Apostles.

When we find that, down to the close of the Acts of the Apostles, these holy men prescribed that the Jews who believed in Jesus should walk orderly, and keep the Law, we know that they observed the Sabbath. The substitution of the observance of the first day of the week depends on tradition alone. It must have originated after the close of the New Testament. In the same way the observance of monogamy as a law of Christendom, if it be not borrowed from Roman law, rests on later tradition alone. It was contrary to the legislation of Judæa; and is not even hinted at in the conditions of discipleship laid down by the Apostolic Council. So again with regard to the change in the regard in which celibacy was held. Under the Law, celibacy was a crime. Tradition only elevated it into a virtue. These are instances of distinct ecclesiastical traditions, on which the actual form of the Christian Church mainly depends. But as we are in search of a term to define that more general, floating, undefined, poetic element which fills the imagination of the Church, and illumines rite, and doctrine, and creed with the same tender and shifting lustre, we hesitate to call that agadistic influence by the name tradition.

Any attempt to define a religion by Draconic laws, to base its entire structure on pure reason (however described as being informed in the first instance by Revelation), and to present to the human mind only that which is capable of proof, labours under the fatal disadvantage of ignoring this intangible but essential element of all living religion. Those who would thus make the emotions entirely the slaves of reason, are as fanatical, in one direction, as are, on the contrary, those who would dispense with reason, and depend only upon

emotional impulse. It is by the presence and due proportion of the two elements, the control of the reason and the impulse of the affections, and the imagination, that religion becomes at once venerable and powerful. It would be difficult to say which are the more irreconcilable enemies of the true religious spirit—those who, like Calvin and Knox, endeavour to fetter the human mind by a pitiless, not to say a devilish, logic, or those who, like Fox and his followers, subordinate law and reason to that inward and frequently doubtful impression which they profess to regard as divine.

There can be little doubt that the progress of the attempt to derive all the doctrines of Christianity from the language of the New Testament, leading either to a gradual withering up of creed, and approach to what is called Deism, as among the Protestants in France, and certain sects in England; or, on the other hand, to the erection of a spiritual tyranny, cynically contemptuous of truth, as in the declaration of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1647, has been the chief cause of one of the most perplexing phenomena of our day. In our own country, and on the Continent, we mark the rise and swell of two conflicting waves of opinion and of temper. In one direction the ebbing tide leaves behind it landmark after landmark of what was once held to be orthodox faith. In another direction we see pomp of ritual, acceptance of legend, and sacerdotal domination recovering ground from which they were thought to have been for ever banished, or sweeping over the vast settlements of the Western Continent with the influx of the rising population. The two movements, different as they are in their directions, origi-

nate in the same force. It is the attempt to educe faith from reason alone which has stirred up this trouble and perplexity. Men advance along the same path, in pursuit of this object, until they arrive at a precipice which alarms all minds but those of the most lofty and courageous temper. They see much of what they regarded as fixed and indisputable shaken by criticism as by an earthquake. A man's conduct under so great an alarm depends on the balance, rather than on the capacity, of his mind. When the earnest, anxious, solitary student first becomes dimly and painfully aware that much which he has been accustomed to regard as ascertained truth has no historic or logical basis, or none that he can grasp, trouble and perplexity oppress him. The temper of the spirit is then subjected to the severest of all trials. The conduct of a man at this crisis will depend on the soundness, rather than on the brilliancy, of his faculties. The rarest and noblest of all characters is that which, when the heaven above thus becomes suddenly obscured, can dare to wait, and watch, and trust; confident in the existence of truth, and love, and wisdom, although for a time he has no open vision. The feebler minds will shrink altogether from the contemplation; and will be likely to endeavour, by fresh vigour in their efforts to convert others to their habitual views, to swamp any doubts they feel rising in their own minds as to their certitude. With most men this refuge from doubt in the activity of proselytism is instinctive, and almost unconscious. Others, in whom the imagination is stunted, and the poetic temperament absent, while the reasoning faculties may be keen and practised, cast from them, by necessity rather than by effort, all that reason cannot recog-

nise as proved. These are men of keen but imperfect vision; men stricken by a spiritual colour blindness; men who cannot distinguish between the not proven and the false, between the unknown and the unknowable. Destitute of that heroic and infinite patience which is one of the attributes of the highest genius; devoid of that instinct of trust which finds no place in pure science, they refuse to believe what they cannot understand; and endeavour to substitute a narrow, though certain, science for a broad, although imperfectly explained, religion. These men are eminently deserving of the respect—and not less of the pity—of their fellows.

More numerous is the class who take the opposite horn of the dilemma. We are not speaking of the masses whom fashion, interest, or the gregarious instinct common to ordinary minds, drive in throngs in either direction. We are speaking of the leaders of the movement. These men, in dread of the consequences of listening to pure reason, stoutly and defiantly stop their ears. They throw themselves on their knees before the altar. They persuade themselves that the language of honest doubt is the utterance of the Spirit of Evil. They call on the emotional part of the mind to overpower the scepticism of the intelligence. They seek to lose their disquiet in the pomp of ritual, the iteration of prayers, the subjection of the soul to sacerdotal despotism, however absolute, so only that it may banish from the mind the intolerable pain of doubt.

It is thus that we now see a double and contrary movement generated by the same original force. On the one hand the man of science is led, by reliance on the reason, and disuse of those qualities

of the compound human nature which may be regarded as more properly feminine, to doubt of his own immortality, that is to say, so far as mere words can go, of his own independent existence. On the other hand we see a revival of sacerdotalism, ritual, ascetic observance, and all that against which, in Tudor times, England raised so strong a protest.

Amid this chopping and tumultuous sea of opinion, when wind and tide raise billows which many a navigator may fear to encounter, it may prove of essential service to the perplexed mind to grasp this unquestionable truth. Religion, like man, has a compound nature. She has colour as well as form; passion, no less than reason. Side by side with that philosophical part of religion which is based on evidence, and ordered by logic, is that intangible, but not unreal element which appeals, not to the reason but to the feelings. The former is under the control of reason alone, tempered by the remembrance how very imperfect is the knowledge of many conditions of the great problem that has yet been attained by mankind. The latter is not the child of reason, but of feeling, and comes under the control of reason only in the same manner in which human conduct comes under the control of political laws.

We have seen that it is far from easy to give a name to this poetic, emotional element. Intangible as the rainbow, it ever reappears under given incidences of sun and shower. In its absence, a religion, philosophically regarded, is a body without a soul. Yet we can no more define its separate existence than we can that of the human soul itself. It has this further property in common with the rainbow. While the unity of that glorious vision is such that it

is always called by the same beautiful Saxon name, whether it be lit by the sun or by the moon, whether it is flung over a rain storm or over a waterfall, to no two observers has the same rainbow—identically the same—ever been visible. With regard to the spectral iris, optical law assures us that such is the case. The illustration is only an analogy, but it is an analogy full of meaning.

But while thus from the very character of what we may call the folk-lore of Christianity we are precluded from any attempt to analyse or to define its form, we may throw great light on its character by tracing the sources whence it has originated. Apart from what may rather be termed modifying, than creative, influence, their sources we take to have been mainly as follow:—

First has been the retention, by the Christian Church, of the writings of the Hebrew Prophets. The Oriental imagery, the profound faith, the solemn reverence, and the occasional sublimity of language, which characterise these ancient utterances, pregnant as they often are with a wisdom more lofty than the bearer of the Divine message could himself comprehend, appeal powerfully to the religious sentiment. Their tone awakens an echo in the devout mind. Their loftiest imagery, in which the influence of an Aryan element, derived from Persian sources, is often evident, has filled the minds, and given form to the language, of the great poets of the Christian Church. The symbolic sphinx-formed cherubim, represented nowhere in Palestine except in the Temple at Jerusalem; the burning supporters of the sapphire throne, seen in the vision of a prophet who was the contemporary of the crystal-throned Sennacherib; the angels, and

archangels, and all the company of Heaven, who were ranked, after the Captivity in Babylon, in a sevenfold hierarchy, were as present to the devotion of St. Ambrose as they were to the imagination of Raffaele, or to the open vision of Blake or of Swedenborg.

None of the Hebrew writings have so thoroughly been appropriated by the Christian Church as the Psalms. In these varied productions of the poetic or the prophetic inspirations of the loftiest Hebrew writers, from the time of Moses to that of Ezra, while a chief motive is the fierce national bigotry which the institutions of Judaism kept at furnace glow, occur simple passages of natural beauty; as when the Psalmist draws solace from the peace in which his sheep are feeding, beside the waters of comfort; and of the purest natural religion, as when he looks up to the heavens, the work of the Divine fingers. Stirring palinodes of historic deliverance, ever harking back to the national birthnight of the Exodus; and prayer rising to prediction, based on the contingent promises of the Pentateuch and early Prophets; the hopes and the triumphs of the House of David, and the foreshadowing of the brilliant reign, and mountain temple-building of Solomon, have echoed in minsters and cathedrals for fifteen hundred years. The use of this language, in that aspect of devout utterance which is linked to music, is in the highest degree appropriate. No modern speech equals the magic of early poetry. But when the theologian steps from the choir into the pulpit, and endeavours to harden the language of ancient prophecy or poetry into dogma, or exact prediction of events yet future, the spell is broken. The magical beauty of the language is lost the moment when,

for its real, poetic truth, man seeks to substitute formal and controversial opinion. When the "Psalm for Solomon" echoes in the line,

From sea to sea, the King of Kings,
His empire shall extend,

the rendering is one that is not out of harmony either with the ideas of the Royal poet, or with those of our own time. When it is further specialised into

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run,

we are forced to remember that no evangelist or prophet ever quoted that psalm as referring to any expected Messiah.

In the same way it is possible to use the very language which tells of the ritual and sacrifice of the Temple, the dignity of the high priesthood, the impregnable strength of the twin mountains, girt with their mighty wall, on which stood the city of the Jebusite and of the Judæan Kings; to express an undefined, but glorious hope of future good. But when men begin to inquire whether this future be on earth or in heaven, and to map out the conditions on which this or that worshipper may hope exclusively to attain it, reason is awakened, and poetry, imagination, and devotion fold their golden wings. Reason is heard to say that the very spirit of the ancient Law forbids the idea that we have, in the rolls of the Hebrew Prophets, any exact forecast of things yet future. And she indicates, with clear voice, the want of truth, either critical or poetic, that attends the attempt to use the language of the ancient monotheistic worship as if it conveyed a meaning, not only foreign, but hostile, to the most cherished convictions of the fierce and narrow patriots to whom that unique charge was given.

This adoption of an archaic phraseology has a wide range. It

may enter the bosom of domestic life, as it does in Germany, and illuminate the most homely and ordinary events by the introduction of Scriptural language, which to the German peasant has a voice of religious comfort and solemnity, while to the English ear it is profane. It may serve to give expression to a fierce, anti-human fanaticism. Knox and Calvin, Loyola and Pius the Ninth alike use the words of the Bible, as their own peculiar heritage, to encourage those who will blindly submit to their autocracy; and to curse, with a bitterness unknown to the fiercest zealot of the days of Titus, those who differ from their opinions. For in the creed of the fiercest zealot, death paid every debt. With Calvin and Knox, with Loyola and Pius the Ninth, death is only the arrival at the threshold of an endless usury of malignant vengeance.

The use of Scriptural phraseology has given to Christian folk-lore three distinct sources: namely, the Prophecies, the Ritual, and the Law of the Hebrew race. Each has suffered a total transformation in the change. Prophecies of the political power and physical welfare of the children of Israel in the land of promise are gravely applied to a condition of things in which the Israelites are without king, priest, temple, worship, or country, and in which Jerusalem is the seat of pestilence and of misery. Daily sacrifice, yearly atonement, blood of lambs, goats, and bulls, morning and evening incense, ninefold blasts of silver trumpets, and constant ascent to heaven of the smoke from the quenchless fire of the great altar, formed the ritual of the Bible. An entirely different order of rite has been elaborated in the Church established by Constantine. The central institution of the Jewish

rite, the Sabbath, is disregarded—not only by an arbitrary change of day, but by an actual opposition of dogma. Where the Divine Lawgiver said, “Thou shalt do no manner of work,” the Assembly of Divines denounce “the profaning of the day (which they call the Sabbath) by idleness.” Where Moses bade feast and rejoice, they bid fast and mourn. Virginity, a scandal, if not a crime, under the ancient Law, is made a virtue by the ascetic spirit. No reference whatever is made, in any Christian rite, to the chief annual solemnity of the Divine law. The Day of Expiation is forgotten, and the idea which has replaced the solemnity of the sacrifice and the escape of the goat is attached to the anniversary of a very different festival—that of the Passover. For this the word Easter retains the title of the feast of unleavened bread, while its observance has become only the commemoration of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

Thus the prophecy, the ritual, and the law of the people of Israel have supplied to the folk-lore of Christianity a language that is altogether divorced from the sense in which it was employed by the writers of the Bible. So far as the devotionalelement is concerned, the sublime truth that dictated and that illumines that language is unaffected by the change. But when from devout emotion the mind is wiled away to dogmatic assertion, the truth of the language evaporates, together with its beauty, and we find ourselves in presence of what is not only erroneous, but grotesque.

As the history and creed of the Jewish people, utterly foreign as they are to the sympathies of any Aryan race, have thus furnished, through the medium of Hebrew literature, a main part of the folk-

lore of Christianity, so have the memorials of the dark and stormy morning of the Christian faith furnished an element of no less importance. In the Christian, as in the Jewish past, the written record is illumined, or shadowed, by the unwritten tradition. In each, much that is not only true, but of the highest order of truth, is converted into that which is false, by the strong tendency of mankind to substitute realism for poetry. Thus the parables of Jesus Christ afford lessons of a wisdom more lofty, and of a reach more comprehensive than any creed or communion can limit. But when these parables are misrepresented as definite statements, either prophetic or dogmatic, not only does their force evaporate, together with their beauty, but the control of reason is at once rendered necessary, to indicate the mischief thus wrought.

We need not limit the remark to the parables, although it is those portions of the Gospel that have chiefly fed the form of tradition of which we speak. We have shewn, and hope yet to shew, how entirely the ethical teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, and the whole outcome of the Synoptic Gospels, has been misrepresented, owing to the neglect to ascertain the condition of the society addressed by the Great Teacher. Thus the sublime lessons, and Divine wisdom contained in the Gospel narratives have come to be regarded, in point of fact, as prescribing a course of conduct which it is at once impossible to follow, and fatal not to follow. And thus doctrine, as well as parable, is made to yield material for shadowy folk-lore.

The martyrology of the Christian Church is another source of agadistic tradition. We can here trace the growth of what the Ger-

mans have called the myth within the range of historic time. We see how natural, if poetical, expressions of admiration at the noble constancy, unflinching courage, and unblenching trust that illumined the death of many a martyr, have been clothed, at first by poetry, and later by prosaic literalism, with objective form. Faith, in poetic legend, has "quenched the violence of fire"—not by an endurance like that of Cranmer, but by the magical obedience of the flame. Legends which, in their simple historic form, are of unapproachable beauty, and in their poetic adjuncts are graceful imaginations, are hardened, by monkish literalism, into the grotesque. What incident in early Christian history can be more simple, more tender, or more sublime, than the death of Saint Reyne? A virgin of fourteen, dowered with the beauty of the long-haired kings of Gaul, urged, by the Roman prefect, to throw but a grain of incense on to the flame; besought, on her refusal, to become the wife of the Roman ruler, rather than to perish by the axe, steadfastly meeting her doom. The poetry of the narrative hardly needed the legendary embellishment of the fountain that burst from the spot where she fell, to weep her death; a fountain still sacred at Alise, the seat of Gaulic royalty from before the time of the Cæsars. But eight hundred years after the Decian persecution, in which Reyne fell, a namesake of her own, minstrel and gallant knight as he was, as well as king and devotee, honoured the translation of her relics by the burning at the stake of some of those who had yet enough faith to be martyrs! It would be difficult to

point to a more shocking instance of the growth and utter transformation of tradition, than that of celebrating the anniversary of one martyrdom by the perpetration of another.

We must not omit another element of the floating tradition of which we speak, which is derived from the mythology of the various peoples fused into a common Christendom. The Hebrew race, originally, brought no contribution to the common stock. The Pentateuch and the Prophets contain no word that expresses the idea now conveyed by the word angel; although Divine messengers, or "men" who are unlike other men, are occasionally mentioned as interfering in human affairs. But with the forced subjection of the Hebrew people to Assyrian and to Persian influence, a great change took place, which is reflected in Hebrew literature. Thus not only were the orders of angels referred to hierarchic grades, but the differences between angels, men, and demons were definitely laid down. We read in the *Ghemara* that six properties are attributed to demons, in three of which they resemble angels, and in three are akin to men. Like the former, they have wings; they fly from one extremity of the world to the other, and they have a knowledge of the future. Like the latter, they eat and drink; they increase and multiply; they are born and die. R. Eleasar Ben Abina argues from two verses of the Bible* that the Seraph who touched the lips of the Prophet in his vision was Michael the Archangel, and that the flight and movement of this celestial personage is more rapid and majestic than that of Gabriel.

* Is. vi. 6. ff. Dan. ix. 21.

Michael, according to an unfathered tradition, acts by a single motion; Gabriel by two; Elias by four; and the Angel of Death by eight; but when the last named acts by way of punishment, it is by a single movement.

While the winged forms of the angels are thus indicated by the Jewish *Agada*, the special representation which has become classical amongst Christian artists is not taken from the cherubim of the Temple, or from the winged sphinxes of the Assyrian sculpture (which best illustrate the language of Isaiah and of Ezekiel), but from the classic figures of Victory. The graceful imagery of the Greek sculptors, who embodied the hope of the Resurrection, symbolised by nature in the history of the butterfly, in the person of Psyche, the soul, as an infant or young girl, with the wings of that child of the sunlight, has not been appropriated by Christian artists. Nor has her boy-lover, with his short sparrow-like wings, been taken as their type. A robed figure, usually female, and borne on long feathered wings, reaching, when closed, to the feet, has become recognised as the Christian type of the heavenly messengers. Together with a representation which, though distressing to the physiologist, is of great imaginative beauty, are found figures of which the origin is uncertain, but which, although frequent in pictorial and sculptured representations, can only be regarded as a sort of hieroglyphic. These are the cherubs of the Christian Church—forms in no way borrowed from the cherubim of the Temple—infant heads, which under the chisel of our great native sculptor, Grinling Gibbons, have assumed exquisite beauty, borne upon short feathery wings. The lofty music of the *Te Deum Laudamus*, the continual cry of the

cherubim, is symbolised by these children of the imagination. When the light falls aslant in the oaken choir of the Cathedral of St. Paul, and the organ rolls and swells under the hand of one of our masters of melody, the open mouths of the carven choir of angels seem to breathe an echo to the music.

In the south of Europe (and not alone in the south), much of the population of the invisible world has been unchanged, to the popular imagination, by the advent of Christianity. Fear, with the uncultured mind, is ordinarily a more powerful passion than either hope, imaginative love, or sense of beauty. For that reason we find the popular faith as to demons and malignant spirits far more generally prevalent than as to the messengers of heaven. The Italian peasant, male or female, is afraid to be left alone. In a chamber, in a garden, more especially near a river, the same terror fills his imagination that we find, from the legends of the Ghemara, afflicted the Jew. In Southern Italy the dreaded assailants of the lonely peasant are feared under the name of the *monacelli*. In Ireland the fear of fairies is firmly seated amongst the peasantry, and even in the houses of the gentry the kitchen is regularly left at night with certain preparations for their supernatural visitants. The constant howl of the Italian *colono*, when at work in the fields and gardens, is an utterance of fear. It is intended to keep away the *monacelli*, as the *tocco*, or the noon-day sounding of the church bells, was ordered, in 1455, by Pope Calixtus III., to keep away the mischievous influences of Halley's comet. In Scotland, in Norway—in every nook and corner of Christendom, some form of kelpy, sprite, troll, gnome, imp, or demon yet holds, in the opinion

of the common people, much the same station that he occupied in Pagan times.

The mischievous malice of the powers of darkness, in most of their lurking places of legend, is controlled by the magical power of the priest, rather than by the offering virtue of the ministrant angels. The latter, although often the subjects of poetry, have as yet obtained a far less real grasp of the popular imagination than is the case with the malevolent genii. And yet, by a whimsical want of keeping, the efforts of the very Prince of the powers of the air are often spoken of as being outwitted by the sagacity, rather than rendered innoxious by the sanctity, of some legendary saint.

Altered, to some extent, in imaginative locality, but yet identical in conception with the classic Elysium and Hades, two great regions, full of the spirits and souls of the departed, comforted or tormented by spirits of loftier or of lower genus, lie open to the folk-lore of Christianity. The most solemn rite of the Christian Church is essentially, according to the language of its venerable canon, a communion with the dead. The contrast between this memorial rite, conducted, in early times, amid the Catacombs, and down to our own days in buildings partly devoted to mortuary purposes, with the prohibition to the Jew defiled by contact with the dead to enter the mountain of the Temple, is very striking. It shews that it is not from a Semitic, but from an Aryan source that this part of the Christian ritual is derived. That the poetic imagination of men of Aryan blood exercised a powerful fascination even on the Jew, notwithstanding his characteristic hatred of change, is proved by the effect produced by the residence

of the people in Babylon, during the seventy years of captivity, on the literature and language of Palestine. The ancient resistance, based on the language, or rather on the silence, of the Law, to the Persian doctrine of good and evil spirits, was so far broken down during that enforced intercourse with Assyrian and with Persian masters, that the ancient orthodoxy of Judaism was reduced to the limits of the sects of the Sadducees and Karaites. Little wonder, then, that in the countries of Greek and of Latin Christendom, the spirit of the Pagan mythology formed so much more influential an element of the folk-lore of Christianity than did the loftier monotheism of the Semitic race.

However truthful may be the analysis of the elements of the imaginative complement of Christian dogma, it remains yet to be inquired by what force these varied elements can have been fused into a consistent, though an elastic, whole. Unless a central element of truth—imaginative and poetic, rather than intellectual truth—be present, we can have contemplated nothing but a venerable and mighty superstition. That such a central life is present, it is, in the writer's belief, impossible to doubt. The language of Hebrew prophets and poets, the symbolism borrowed from ancient ritual, the literal phraseology of a law of which the spirit had altogether evaporated, the complex angelology, demonology, and elfin lore which has sprung up beneath the footfall of the Aryan tribes from Persia to Connemara; the parables of the Gospel; the legends of Christian saints and martyrs, could only have been blended into one imaginative faith by the power of a spirit at once ideal and devout. It is not the calm insight of science,

it is not the counsel of oracular wisdom, it is not the voice of doctrine or of dogma, that can have given life to the *Agada* of Christianity. Within must be recognised the action of the emotional, devout spirit, in the absence of which the grasp of truth is cold and artificial. But from without there must have been a mightier teacher. It is to the influence of the spirit of truth, which has inspired every emotion of the mind after that which is unseen and eternal, an influence which speaks directly to human instinct, and that the more intelligibly the less that instinct has been weakened by the iron discipline of dogma, that the vitality of Christian folk-lore must be traced. Nor can it be disproved, however it may be doubted, that purer and deeper truth is latent in the imaginative and emotional expressions of religion than has yet been brought

into the region of dogma. To races in their infancy, the voice of wisdom has always assumed the cadence of poetry. As language, with the growth of the race, becomes more precise and harsh, we are apt, in regarding the beauty of the early poems, to lose a grasp of their inherent truth. And yet how far may it not be superior to the quaint and grotesque structure, the scaffolding of the religion of the future, which we term dogma? The more faithfully the light of literary criticism is turned upon that series of assumptions and of arguments on which a philosophic theory has been constructed, the more will the devout mind become impressed with the conviction that it is the emotional fervour of the youthful faith, rather than the scholastic precision of the later dogma, that bears the impress of the spirit of truth.

INDIAN ANOMALIES.

Continued from page 533.

THE three great wants of modern India are Water, Cheap Carriage, and Capital. With regard to the last we mean rather the investment of Capital; for there is plenty of money in the country, for the most part hoarded or uselessly locked up—impoverishing instead of enriching and developing the manifold resources of the country. But there are tens of millions sterling lying very nearly as idle in England at present, bringing in some two or three *per cent.* to the capitalist, which might be producing wealth and prosperity in India, with a return of a minimum of twelve or thirteen *per cent.* on the money invested. And this, not in speculation or anything resembling it, but in the simplest and most ordinary operations of trade or industry. Indeed, the average rate of discount of the Bank of Bengal is from ten to twelve *per cent.*, and the latter is the rate usually adopted throughout India as the minimum interest payable on debts, loans, and bonds, and amounting, as it does, to exactly one rupee *per centum per mensem*—all Indian accounts being calculated monthly,—it is the accepted ordinary Indian rate of interest. The native money-lenders sometimes take as much as seventy-two *per cent.* on loans to cultivators in distress, and every native is more or less in the hands of the village banker, who rarely lets him off under twenty-four *per*

cent.—and this on what may be called landed security! Now the reason why, in a country which offer so many advantages to the investor, English capital is not attracted, and native capital is not invested, is one of the few Indian problems which admits of a tolerably certain solution, the consideration of which is, however, foreign to our present paper. We shall here confine ourselves to the subject of Indian Famines, and the more immediately connected questions of water supply and cheap carriage, although they in their turn depend a good deal upon the question of the investment of capital. Indeed, one thing hangs so much upon another, and every question is so interwoven with others, that it is hard to treat any one by itself. This very complexity makes any reform more difficult, and alike perplexes and discourages the would-be reformer. The red hot iron as well as the sword must be wielded before the Indian hydra can be slain; but the sabre of English public opinion is but a blunt instrument in the East, even though it be wielded by skilful hands; and even when the time comes for applying the red hot iron, we fear the cold water which is so invariably thrown by the India Office upon every movement or even inquiry “from without” will render even the labours of Iolas of no avail.

Let us start, however, with the want of water. The soil of the greater part of India is extremely fertile, and the sun brings up the crops in a way we have no idea of in Europe. But it is obvious that to counteract, or rather to assist this ardent heat, a great amount of moisture is necessary to the soil, and at certain times of the year the rain falls in a way which would astonish an Englishman, or even a Scotchman, almost as much as does the Indian sun, which is a wonderfully different thing, not only from what Alphonse Karr calls *ce pâle soleil d'Angleterre qui éclaireit mais qui n'échauffe pas*, but even from the more ardent luminary of Italy or Spain. But the Indian rain only comes down periodically, and with long and often fatal intervals of dry weather, and the cultivated land throughout the country is divided into two classes:—first, that which depends entirely upon the natural rain, and secondly, that which is irrigated either by well or canal water. The latter is, of course, infinitely more valuable than the former. In fact, it cannot be too strongly impressed upon the ordinary English reader that water in India means wealth—anyone who has ever been in the East knows it well enough. The numerous allusions in the Scripture to the joy of wells, and rain, and water generally, would assist stay-at-home people to realise this; but how few look upon the Bible as a real record of life and manners, and realise that all the sacred heroes from Abraham to the Apostles were dark-skinned Asiatics, who wore turbans and waist-cloths, and squatted round their cow or camel-dung fires, and talked over their he-goats and she-asses, their wells and their pieces of silver, and only did not smoke hookahs because they lived before the time of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Those who read their Bibles in India, understand, or at all events realise it much better than those who can only study it in the midst of so vastly different a civilisation. To return to Indian land, however, it is obvious that the more *rainland* that can be converted into *waterland*—to coin two barbarous words for the benefit of those people who do not like the use of Indian terms—the greater will be the wealth and the prosperity of the country at all times. In seasons of drought of course the rainlands are absolutely worthless, and about as likely to produce a crop as an encaustic tile, while the waterlands are as fertile as ever. If all the land in India could be waterland, the revenue of the country would probably rise from £50,000,000 a year to £150,000,000, and if any satisfactory means of transport could be added, the loaf which now costs sixpence in England would cost threepence. If one-tenth of the area of India could be made into waterland, and cheap carriage were provided, famines would be impossible. Now everybody in India knows this, and yet our statesmen and rulers keep on lamenting the want of rain, the prevalence of famines, and the loss of life and land revenue. It is really pitiable to hear. It is as if in Europe people deplored the ravages of cholera while neglecting the most elementary rules of sanitary science. It is worse, for in India the water is there, but we will not use it, and because it does not come from the clouds as we choose to think it ought, we sit still and allow famine to desolate the country, and fold our hands and collect subscriptions and say we have done all we can. It is as if a man suffered himself and his children to die in the midst of plenty because the bread did not come from the accustomed baker,

or because he had to send for his meat when he had been accustomed to have it delivered at his door. That such a man should claim our sympathy would seem sufficiently absurd, and yet this is precisely what the Indian Government is doing. Indeed, they are doing much more. They are claiming not merely our sympathy but our admiration, not merely our admiration but our assistance. And right nobly has the British public responded to the call.

There are two ways of converting rainland into waterland: the one by sinking wells, and by storing in tanks, the other by cutting canals. The former, of course, can be done by any proprietor who possesses the forty or fifty pounds necessary for sinking a proper well, and a pair of bullocks to turn the Persian wheel which draws up the water from below, and pours it into the little channels which distribute it over the fields. As an ordinary well can only irrigate properly about ten acres of land, and as there is a constant expense in the keep of the bullocks, and in the occasional purchase of new ones, in the repair of the gear of the Persian wheel, and in other things, it is somewhat an expensive proceeding. In some places also the water is not near enough to the surface to permit of a well being properly worked. The second mode consists in digging a canal through the tract of country to be watered, drawing the water from some river or natural watercourse, and distributing it over the land by means of a network of smaller channels and gutters. Such works must, of course, be very comprehensive in character, and cannot be undertaken by individuals, who, if they cannot persuade Government to cut a canal for them, must sink as many separate wells as they can

afford, and depend upon the rain, that is, upon chance, for the rest. Any large company, however, which should receive from Government the necessary powers as to purchasing land and selling water, could profitably undertake such works. The works must of course be properly executed, and properly managed, and then the difference in value of the waterland over the rainland is so great that the cultivators can pay for the canal water at a rate which is not only highly remunerative to the proprietors of the canal but highly profitable to themselves. But the Indian Government, as we shall see hereafter, not only does not encourage private enterprise, it discourages it, it opposes it, and successfully crushes it. With an autocratic Government, in an Oriental community, nothing can succeed, nothing can even exist but by the favour of the State. The Commissioner of any division in India would only have to express himself opposed to any private enterprise, or manufacture, or work of any kind which was about to be undertaken in his jurisdiction, and no native would be found to work for the obnoxious outsider, whose canal would remain undug, his mill without hands, or his field without cultivators. Indeed, were it not in the immediate neighbourhood of a railway, his goods, his very personal luggage would remain without porters, and he would at length have to apply to the triumphant official for the means of beating a respectable retreat. We are not, of course, speaking of the Presidency towns, nor even of large inland centres, such as Allahabad or Lahore, but in ordinary districts the Government official can and will brook no rivalry, and the presence of a rich and prosperous independent white man, especially if he was engaged in business

which brought him much in contact with the people, would be gall and wormwood to the official soul. "Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere," and it is easier as well as pleasanter to reign alone. The "Indian Civil servant," indeed, is accustomed to consider the few hundred or thousand square miles of country which he is appointed to administer as much his own peculiar property as the most jealous and rigid game preserver among English squires regards his park or his coverts; and a "Manchester man" might just as well propose to himself to erect a mill in Clumber or Tatton, as an English capitalist to do so within an *ilāca* of Mr. Hall, Commissioner or Collector of *Futtschbadpore*. A Grecian ruler thought it a good system of government to cut off the heads of all the tallest poppies, but the modern Anglo-Indian despot allows no taller vegetation to spring in his garden than the soft grass, upon which he walks.

So it comes to pass that under existing circumstances the canals must be dug by Government. Under any circumstances their constructors must have means at their command which no private company could secure or expect, and the works being of great national importance are pre-eminently fitted to be undertaken by the State. Again, the return, both directly in the shape of water-rate, and indirectly in the shape of increased cultivation and increased fertility of the soil cultivated, and consequently increased land revenue, is of great importance to Indian finances, which are never very satisfactory, and which are only kept up at present by such odious expedients as the opium traffic and the salt tax. Yet, for some inexplicable reason, the Indian Government do not see fit to undertake irrigation works. They prefer

spending the people's money upon education. And as, when people have made up their minds to a certain course of action, they can always find plenty of arguments to prove that it is the right one, the Indian Government have chosen to proclaim that however valuable canals may be to the country, they do not *pay*, and that accordingly they are not justified in spending money on unremunerative public works. It is only necessary to quote from the official Blue Books to shew the fallacy—the falsehood of this extraordinary statement, and we shall give statistics on this official authority to shew that while some of the irrigation works in India pay *directly* as much as 40 and even 86 *per cent.* per annum, the average of the returns on all the irrigation works in India put together, successful and unsuccessful, is 14 *per cent.*, a rate of interest which English people are not in the habit of thinking so much to be despised. Yet, partly for the sake of shewing that we do not shrink from either learning or publishing the views and statements of those who take a different view of this matter, and partly with the view of exhibiting how strangely the official mind can bring itself to see just what it likes, and just in the light in which it chooses, we will quote from a speech delivered by Lord Salisbury, as Secretary of State for India, at Manchester, at the latter end of the year 1874, in which he expressed himself decidedly opposed to the extension of canal irrigation in India:—

"We can scarcely be said to have a genuine instance of financial success. The irrigation projects that have been carried out, if they had for their basis the former works of their native rulers, have in very many instances been a financial success, but then, of course, that favourable appearance of

the account has been obtained by the former expenditure of native rulers ; but in those cases where we began the projects of irrigation for ourselves, we have not yet reached, I believe, in any one instance, the desired result of a clean balance-sheet."

It only requires the official figures to be quoted in one instance to shew the amount of reliance to be placed on this official statement.

The Godavery works are entirely new, and in no way based upon any old native canals. These works cost £700,000. The annual profit in water-rates alone amounts to £180,000, and the increased revenue of the district is £350,000! The Jumna and the Cauvery Irrigation Canals are the only works in India of any importance or magnitude that have been based upon old native works.

Now the direct return to the Treasury has been sufficiently varied in the case of Indian canals to induce any statesman to pause before including them all in the same category, whether for praise or blame. The Tanjore works pay about *cent. per cent.* on the outlay ; the Ganges Canal $3\frac{1}{4}$ *per cent.* This last, however, is the only important irrigation enterprise which is at the present time paying directly less than *four per cent.*, and consequently not paying the interest on capital. But $\frac{3}{4}$ *per cent.* on £3,750,000, which was about the cost of the Ganges Canal, amounts to only £28,000 a-year, while the value of the increased produce of the land is estimated at £1,250,000 per annum. The Sone works, only just begun, were last year available for watering a tract of 160,000 acres, which produced a crop valued at over half a million pounds sterling in the midst of a country desolated by drought, and consequently by famine. And yet in all the official reports on the famine, no mention

is made of these oases of life and plenty, which could be indefinitely multiplied all over India by the cutting of a few canals. It will scarcely be believed—so carefully has it been kept out of view by the Madras Government—that there are at this moment, and have been throughout the last year, four districts in the very midst of the famine which are not only themselves abundantly provided with food, but have been actually selling their surplus to their starving neighbours. In Tanjore, in Kistnah, in Kurnool, and in the Godavery district there are irrigation works, and there is no famine. In these four districts 2,000,000 English acres are irrigated, producing about 1,200,000 tons of food. In Kurnool alone, under the Madras companies' works, 84,000,000 lbs. of human food were produced last year, as well as fodder for the cattle, while all the surrounding country is absolutely desert, and the people and the cattle alike dying of starvation. What would be the proportions of the "Madras Famine" if these four districts were not irrigated? What chance of a "Madras Famine" would there have been had every district in the Presidency been irrigated like part of Kurnool?

The candid reader will be tempted to ask, How in the face of these facts can there be any further doubt upon the question? Why are irrigation works not pressed on in every district in India? But he little knows the character of Indian administration. Its ways are indeed past finding out, nor can we pretend that any explanation we can offer will appear at all adequate. The Government dislikes canals principally because, being the most serviceable and economical means of transport possible, they may injure the railways by their com-

petition, and it is considered essential to the Indian Budget that railways should pay, which they do not. Railway influence is very strong both in London and Calcutta, and these so-called statesmen either forget or ignore that were the productive power of the soil of India tripled, and the cost of carriage of produce from the field to the coast reduced to about a twentieth of what it is now, the increased prosperity of the country would enable it to pay a much larger railway *deficit* than is done at present, and that, indeed, the richer and more prosperous the country, the more likely are the railways to pay. But Indian statesmen are small-minded beings, as is natural from the training they have received. Statesmanship is not learned by years of subordinate employment, and administrators are not made of office clerks. All ministers cannot expect to be "heaven-born," like Pitt, but a life of independence and of responsibility is the best training for a statesman. The system of the servants' hall is not the best for governors and councillors. The steward's room boy develops gradually and satisfactorily through the various grades of page, footman, under-butler, and butler, till perhaps he attains the eminence of house steward, and then he is no doubt a better head servant for his experiences of the jacket and the coatee; but the competition wallah, who has spent his youth at a crammer's in England, and his early manhood in writing official letters, and being kept at a distance by his seniors in the service; in searching for minute errors in the accounts or conduct of those who are still junior to himself, and on the watch day by day for a slight increase of pay or position obtainable from those who are in authority over him, has a poor chance of developing into a great

finance minister or a man of large and comprehensive views on great subjects, nor does he ever do so. Lord Lawrence, who knew India perhaps better than any Englishman in the country, who had immense experience of every department, who had saved the Punjab during the Mutiny, who was clever, conscientious, hard-working, who spoke the language and understood the people, made a very bad Governor-General. Lord Mayo, who had passed his life in breeding horses and hunting foxes, and making himself popular in Ireland, was a very good one. Lord Lytton, who is a poet and a courtier, bids fair to do very well, though his lot has fallen in very troublous times, and we doubt whether before he left Lisbon he knew the difference between a palanquin and a pagoda.

But we beg pardon for this digression, and must return to Irrigation. The officials dislike the canals partly because the Government views them with disfavour. Indeed, this alone would be reason enough. An Indian civilian's career is a career of gradual advancement, of yearly, monthly, almost weekly advancement; everybody is always "acting" for some one else in a higher grade, or "officiating" as something a little better than himself, or being transferred from one station or one department to another. Men are going on leave or retiring every day, and there is a constant stream of promotion, temporary or permanent, going on in the service, which goes by "seniority, tempered by selection." This selection depends upon the absolute will of the man in power, Governor, head of department, commissioner, or deputy-commissioner; and he naturally prefers those who share or admire his opinions, and endeavour

to carry out his wishes. A Governor-General who dislikes canals appoints a Lieutenant-Governor who is equally opposed to them; the men whom he appoints as commissioners share his opinions, and the deputy-commissioners those of the commissioners, and so on through every subordinate grade to the very *Peon* who delivers the letters, and who tells his friends, the cultivators, that they cannot do better to secure the favour of the *Burra Sahib*, or great man, than by saying that they do not want water! One of the oldest men in the Civil Service of the North West Provinces, who is rapidly becoming one of the seniors in the Commission, has been kept for years in a comparatively subordinate position because he is considered somewhat too independent-minded by the higher powers, and has been heard to express his opinion that in some points and on certain occasions the administration of the North-West Provinces, and indeed of India, is not quite perfect. But there is yet another reason why the Indian official dislikes canals. The works disturb his district. Nothing he hates so much as an *Imperium in Imperio*. The canal engineer and canal officers are not exactly under his control. They have powers which take off, to some extent, from the absolute nature of his authority in the district. If he wants workmen, he is told they are at work on the canal! If he wants to see the head man of a certain village, he is told he is with the canal officer! And then the great assemblage of workmen probably increases the crime of his district, and his "averages" are thrown out. And perhaps an extra police constable or two are wanted, or said to be wanted. And there are sure to be half a score of disputes about the rights of different people to the land which

is to be taken for the canal itself; and perhaps the head canal officer's wife, who was a doctor's daughter, may, by virtue of "G. G. O. No. 25872," be entitled to precedence over his lady, although she was the lawfully begotten child of a Bengal civilian. In fine, he is sure to be a greater man if he is let alone, so he does his best to keep "interlopers" out of his district; and he generally succeeds. He may honestly believe that his particular district may not be especially in need of a constant water supply; he can recall many years of abundant rain and good crops; he perhaps thinks the people are as rich as they ought to be for their own happiness, and that increased wealth would only lead to more crime, and more litigation, which would give everybody—himself included—a great deal of trouble, and he neither knows nor cares anything about the general wants of the country at large. He has quite enough to do—in some cases too much—in his own district. So much to do, indeed, has he that in many instances he does not know that the people are starving, until they die—and bring their unhappy condition to his notice by spoiling his averages.

An intelligent native once said to the writer in speaking of the subject of a comprehensive system of canal irrigation — "These works will make the people rich, and then the *Sahibs* will perhaps not be able to manage them so easily!"

We frankly admit that even all this is apparently but a very poor explanation of the fact that, considering the immense importance of turning as much as possible of the rainland of India into waterland; the profit, both direct and indirect, which must accrue both to the people and the Government (whose

interests, by the way, ought to be identical); and the terrible results which must and do flow from our disregard of experience and even of common sense in wasting the water which flows so abundantly along the great Indian streams and rivers,—yet that the power of the Government and the officialism of the country are directed to the obstruction rather than the encouragement of irrigation works. The fact remains, and we would gladly learn any fuller explanation. Speaking of the irrigation works themselves, especially in reference to the present famine, Sir Arthur Cotton says:—

“All these things have been pressed upon the authorities times without number, in every possible way, but all in vain, and now the only alternative is to conceal them from the public. In the Godavery district there are some 700,000 acres under irrigation, producing, at present prices, grain worth £4,000,000 sterling; and this is the very district in which there was such a terrible famine forty years ago, and which was in such a terrible state some years after that a Special Commissioner had to be sent to investigate the case.”

If any one has a right to speak with authority on Madras irrigation, it is Sir Arthur Cotton, to whose ill-appreciated exertions are due the success, if not indeed the very existence, of those great works which are saving the whole of the Madras Presidency from becoming as naked as the centre of Australia, and which are persistently ignored by the Madras officials, who are claiming our admiration, as well as our sympathy and our contributions. One of these gentlemen wrote to the *Times* not very long ago, and congratulated himself and his fellows that whatever the result of the famine might be—however great the loss of life, the Madras

officials had at least done all that was humanly possible, and could contemplate any amount of mortality as the act of God, against which no one could fight. They had done their duty, and were satisfied. This is rather a mediæval way of looking at things, and clearly shews that if ten years hence there should again be a deficiency of rain in Southern India, Madras officialism can look forward to no other result than another famine just as severe as this one, and would still plume itself upon having done all that was humanly possible. Is England going to bear with this? Is not the Madrassi a man and a brother, and even a fellow subject? And has not every village and every congregation in Great Britain shewn its sympathy and its interest in his condition by joining in one of the most munificent and magnificent exhibitions of national charity that the world has ever known?

But something more than this is wanted. The power of money depends as much upon when it is given as upon the amount. A sovereign at the right time may save an artisan's tools from the pawnshop, and their owner from want and penal servitude, after which hundreds of pounds may never “make a man of him” again. So in Madras. Half a million of money would have irrigated 250,000 acres, and produced food enough to have fed over half a million of people for a whole year. But it is said the Madras Famine will cost, before it is over, £15,000,000. The Bengal Famine, a year or two ago, cost nearly £7,000,000. How many acres of land would this two and twenty millions of pounds sterling have converted from possible desert into permanent oasis? And how many tens of thousands, nay, how many hundreds of thousands

of our dead and dying fellow subjects would be now living in prosperity and in plenty? And are these things not worthy of an Englishman's attention? And have we more sympathy with the sublime self-satisfaction of Madras officialism, or the silent suffering and starvation of the patient millions who are dying of official obstruction, dying on their parched fields, while God's mighty rivers are everywhere throughout the country rolling down their golden tide—dying of drought, while tens of millions of gallons of the water that would save them are running away into the sea? If a single tramp die of hunger in England, which happens, perhaps, once or twice a year, there is a general outcry against the Poor Law authorities and a howl about Bumbledom. And yet our dark-skinned brethren, loyal subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen-Empress every one of them, have been dying in hundreds of thousands on account of Anglo-Indian Bumbledom—of official Bumbledom in high places. And yet we have, if possible, greater obligations to care for our Madrassi subjects than for those who tread the soil of England itself. Every Englishman is, more or less, independent, and more or less able to take care of himself. And if he is in any trouble, he is sure to find hundreds to assist him. Above all, if he is oppressed he is sure to find thousands to aid and protect him. But the poor Madrassi looks to no one but Government. He has no idea of taking care of himself, except by the favour of the all-powerful *Sircar*. He has no native aristocracy to whom he can apply for aid and counsel. He is peaceable and law-abiding. He does what he is told, and asks no questions. And he is all this chiefly that the Government may govern him the

more easily. And easily indeed he is governed. And it is only fair that he should be kept alive. He is exactly like a child. All the knowledge, all the skill, all the experience, above all, all the forethought, is presumed to be on the side of the parent—the Government. The parent says, Obey me fearlessly, and you will be safe. The Madrassi obeys as implicitly as the most amenable child, and it is not too much to ask that his parent should see that he does not die of starvation. And for the parent who is remarkably well fed to say to the grandparents at home, "See how well I am behaving," is a little more than the patience of any one aware of the facts may find it easy to bear.

But irrigation is not the only want of India, nor is irrigation the only advantage to be derived from the cutting of a system of canals. Cheap carriage is second only in importance to water, for while the latter is required to produce food, the former is necessary to distribute it, and in a country where there are few or no roads and where the distances are immense, cheap carriage must increase the prosperity of the country at all times, and may avert a calamity at a crisis. Were the entire wheat crop of England to fail in any one year there would be nothing like a famine. The farmer would suffer rather than the consumer; more wheat would be imported, and we should pay a trifle more for the 4lb. loaf. And this is chiefly because we have in England water carriage to Russia, to Spain, to the United States—the great corn-producing countries of the world. India, indeed, is as great or greater than any of them, and when we have water communication beyond Bombay or Calcutta, or Kurrachee, India will contribute more than any other country to the grain supply

of England. We explained in a former number, when treating of Indian railways, that cheap carriage and not rapid carriage was what India wanted; and it is estimated that canal boats can carry grain at the rate of one-twentieth of a penny per ton per mile, instead of one-third of a penny, which is the least rate at which the railways carry it. At canal rates, wheat grown in the Nerbudda Valley or in the North West Provinces could be sent to London at a price which would considerably undersell the Russian and Spanish markets, and enrich India to an extent which, as it would be daily increasing, it is difficult to estimate. The natives would, of course, be able to pay more in the way of land revenue, and also, finding themselves in the position of having a little ready money, they would become consumers and importers of English goods, and so increase the prosperity of the mother country. It really seems scarcely necessary to argue the point. Here we have some parts of a vast continent growing more grain than it can consume, and able to grow a great deal more. We have other parts growing little or none. We have all liable, at different times, in their natural and undeveloped condition, to famines. We have grain in India selling for pence which is worth shillings in England, and the mother country depending for her supplies of the most important article of food on the friendship of foreign countries. And we know that the exceedingly low rate at which goods can be carried by canal—in all countries, but especially in India—would enable the grain to be taken from where it is plenty to where it is scarce, from where it is cheap to where it is dear, to the manifest advantage of both producer and consumer. It

would be thought that knowing all this, canals would instantly be cut all over India, and especially to connect seaport towns with the interior; and this, even if the canals could serve no other purpose than that of carrying goods. And yet the fact remains that although the canals serve the *double* purpose of irrigation and cheap carriage they are not constructed by Government. But more than this, in some cases where the pressure upon Government has been so strong that they have been almost obliged to construct irrigation works, they have had them executed in such a way as to preclude the possibility of their being used as means of transport. Sometimes they are made too shallow, sometimes gaps are left, involving unshipment, re-loading, carting, unloading, and re-shipment, and practically stopping all traffic. We can scarcely hope to be believed, and yet we are speaking within the mark. Abundant instances are not wanting. All that is needed is inquiry; but up to the present day no one has cared about Indian affairs, and inquiry has been only too easily stifled. The Madras Famine has given a shock to people's minds; and we trust that that calamity may be turned into a blessing for India by inaugurating a new order of things.

We have all along argued on the assumption that all traffic on canals must necessarily be very slow, and indeed in many other particulars we have purposely understated the case. But as a matter of fact, communication by canal can be made almost, if not quite, as rapid as that by the present Indian railways. Without introducing the celebrated Government line on which the trains used to go nine miles an hour, fifteen miles an hour is about the ordinary speed

of ordinary Indian trains, and they very rarely go faster than twenty miles an hour. Now steamers can be constructed to go quite as fast as this, and while a speed of twenty-four miles an hour has been in one instance attained, by a steamer on the Lake of Geneva, twenty miles an hour is abundantly practicable. In the case of a canal on which there was much traffic it might not be safe to run at all times quite as fast even as this; but fifteen miles an hour, or about the speed of an ordinary Indian passenger train, could be easily and safely kept up. Goods, of course, might be carried in steam-boats, but the greatest part of the heavy traffic of the country would be done by ordinary canal boats drawn by horses or bullocks. However slow such a mode of transit may be—say sixty miles in the twenty-four hours, or a trifle over two miles an hour,—any one who has much experience of Indian railway traffic knows that Indian goods trains do not often deliver their goods much quicker, and very frequently much more tardily than this.

The fast passenger traffic would, of course, still be carried by the railways; and perhaps a little wholesome competition, if only that of a canal steamboat, might prevent through express trains stopping eighteen hours at a junction, as is the case in one instance, already alluded to, on one of the most important Indian railways. But this competition is exactly what the Indian Government are afraid of, and they set their face against canals, not because they are not successful enough, but be-

cause they may be too successful; not because they will not fertilise the country, but because they will also distribute the produce.

It will scarcely be believed that the entire amount of goods *on an average over the whole distance* annually carried by all the Indian railways put together is only 180,000 tons, and this in a country larger than the whole of Europe without Russia, and containing over 250,000,000 of people.* It is also difficult to believe that the cost to the country of carrying this wretched fraction of what ought to be the goods traffic of all India is about £4,500,000 sterling. But it is certain that the whole could have been carried even in steam-boats on canals for less than half a million. This would, of course, be a gain to the country of £4,000,000 per annum, but it would be to some extent, no doubt, a loss to the railway companies, though as the result would be, not the carrying of 180,000 tons per annum, at a cost of £500,000, but probably the carrying of 18,000,000 at a cost of £5,000,000, the railways would, no doubt, come in for a certain share of the increased traffic, and also derive new profits from the larger passenger and fast traffic caused by the increased prosperity and riches of the country. As a sample of what is going on at present, let us take the case of the line between Calcutta and Goalunda, at the confluence of the Ganges and the Burhamputra. The example will be a good one, because Goalunda being only one hundred and thirty miles from Calcutta, the country perfectly level, and the whole thing being

* According to the last Blue Book the entire goods traffic on the Indian lines of railway in the year is given as 1,100,000,000 tons *moved one mile*. Now the total length of the lines open is 6,300 miles. The position in the text is based on these figures.

under the very eye of the Supreme Government, and the traffic obviously most important, we should expect that the arrangements would be as satisfactory as possible, and the plea that the matter had escaped the notice of the Government, or was not of sufficient importance to engage their attention, cannot be raised. And we may fairly ask, if these things be done in the green tree what will be done in the dry?

There is a railway making a detour of 160 miles, and a very intricate, circuitous river navigation of 470 miles, nearly four times the direct distance, through the Soonderbunds, traversed by steamers in eight days, and by boats in from four to eight weeks, or about twelve miles a day. The traffic is by the latter, by the union of two modes of estimating, 1,700,000 tons, but of this 800,000 is stated to go only part of the distance, we do not know how much. If we take the average for the whole distance at 1,200,000 tons, the cost will stand thus:—

By boats, 1,200,000 tons at six rupees	£720,000
By rail, 220,000 tons, at nine rupees	200,000
By steamer, 38,000 tons at nine rupees	34,000
Paid from the Treasury for the railways	50,000
	<hr/>
	£1,004,000
	<hr/>

But this is only the eastern trade. During several months in the year the main Ganges, or western traffic goes round by this Soonderbund route, of which we have not got late returns; but it is an enormous traffic, of probably at least a million tons, besides what goes during the monsoon by the Bhugirattee, a less distance, though still a very circuitous one; so that some eleven-twelfths of

the traffic goes by these old routes, taking weeks on the way, just the same as if there were no railway; and the total cost of transit between the main Ganges and Calcutta must be at least two millions. Now, the railway has cost, including the debt, four millions; and on this line of 130 miles a steamboat canal could have been cut for about £400,000, carrying the whole traffic, of suppose three million tons, at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a mile, or for £150,000; saving nearly the whole of the two millions a year. As the canal would be navigated night and day, the boats, at the lowest speed, could go the whole distance in two days instead of six weeks, the steamers in one night instead of eight days, and what now goes by railway would go by boat, and not be delayed by a transfer. This line shews the present state of transit where there is even imperfect water carriage. And here is a gross receipt of at least two millions a year, from which to take the interest of £400,000, the cost of a steamboat canal, which at 8 *per cent.* would be £30,000, $\frac{1}{70}$ th part of the present cost. While this enormous loss of two millions a year is going on under the eyes of the Viceroy, the Government are spending £110,000 for sixteen miles of railway in Berar, to carry 20,000 tons, with a dead loss of £6,000 a year compared with a common road. This is the way India is administered!

There is, finally, one point in regard to canals of which we have said nothing, and upon which we will only very lightly touch in conclusion; and that is that in troubled times, in case of war or mutiny, although they might not afford quite so rapid a means of transporting troops from one place to another as railways, they would afford a very much more certain

one. In the first place, nothing is so easily destroyed as a railway, and nothing is so difficult to defend. A rail taken up at any given point blocks the line. Now, a canal can only be destroyed by considerable and lengthy engineering operations, and a boat full of troops, steaming along, is very much more defensible than a long train of wheeled carriages on a railway. Again, railway carriages are much more easily injured and rendered unfit for use, and much less easily replaced in a country like India, than canal boats. An armed steamer can patrol the

canal without interfering with the traffic; and the population would always be in favour of the preservation of the canal, upon which so much of their wealth and comfort depended, while of course they do not care a straw whether a railway is destroyed or not. Indeed, we think that any one who will calmly consider the relative advantages of railways and canals for military purposes will come to the conclusion that on the whole, even quite apart from cost either of construction or of working, the canals shew themselves superior in this as in every other way.

ULICK RALPH BURKE.

CINDERELLA.

Lost in the caverned chimney nook
 Bent a slight form in mean attire.
Deep-lidded eyes an earnest look
 Fixed on the embers of the fire ;
Lids fringed with shadowy gloom, that fell
 Trembling athwart the pensive cheek,
Pale as the lily's virgin bell,
 Save one rich scarlet streak.

Sorrow had paled that maiden fair,
 Late orphaned by a second loss ;
Which to a harsh stepmother's care
 Left her consigned, by fortune cross.
The dame's two daughters, rude and plain,
 Mocked at the gentle girl's distress.
For cruel envy vexed the twain
 Of her pure loveliness.

Flaunting in silk and satin gay,
 That evening to the Royal ball
The selfish trio took their way ;
 While she, the heiress, reft of all,
Wept in neglected solitude,
 In clouted shoon, and mean attire ;
Or fading joys of memory wooed
 O'er embers of the fire.

From deep bay-window o'er the floor,
 With noiseless step, and shadowless,
A figure, unperceived before,
 Stole towards the maiden in distress :
Hooded and wrapped in scarlet cloak,
 Leaning upon an ebon rod.
The column blue of curling smoke
 Bowed towards her as she trod.

“Look up, my child, no longer sigh,
 For fairy favours wait the meek !
Your loving godmother am I,
 My long-lorn darling come to seek.
If with obedience sure and swift,
 You hear my hests, and keep them all,
No maiden bright with rarer gift,
 Shall sparkle at the ball.”

The startled damsel seemed to hear,
 Like one half-wakened from a trance ;
While Fancy echoed in her ear,
 The music of that far-sought dance:
To which, according to command
 Proclaimed by heralds twelve months since,
Each spotless maiden in the land
 Was bidden by the Prince.

“Mine be the task, from head to feet,
 To dress you for the Royal ball.
Servants and equipage complete,
 This evening shall attend your call.
Heed this, and have no other doubt,
 Leave the gay scene and hasten home
Ere midnight carillons ring out
 From yon cathedral dome.”

Deep curtseying to the hooded dame
 With busy step she came and went,
To dairy and to garden frame,
 To each command obedient ;
Heedful of lightest word or sign ;
 While silver moonbeams danced to fleck
Lithe waist, small fingers, ancle fine,
 And alabaster neck.

Six lizards, gay in gold and green,
 The hot-bed first she searched to find.
Then gathered, from that crystal screen,
 A pumpkin, ribbed with golden rind.
The dairy mouse-traps add to these
 Six milk-white house mice, sleek and at ;
And, lured by bait of toasted cheese,
 A hoary, whiskered, rat.

In shadow of the porch hard by,
 Erect the ancient ladye stood ;
Her ebon wand she lifted high,
 Her eyes glowed bright beneath her hood.
The rustic captives one by one,
 In line she bade the maiden range ;
Till, as her last command was done,
 Each suffered sudden change !

Drawn by white team of horses six,
 A gilded chariot lightly rolled.
On either side, with gold-topped sticks,
 Three lackeys blazed in green and gold,
Up to the bullion-fringed box
 The rat transformed was seen to skip,
Shake powder from his well-curled locks,
 And grasp a ribboned whip.

Down clanged the steps, the lackeys bowed :
 That golden shell awaited her !
And round her, like a silver cloud,
 Floated a veil of gossamer.
Deep fluted flounces half reveal
 The silken hose, the ankle rare ;
The satin shoe, with crimson heel,
 And latched with costly vair.

A priceless robe from Indian loom,
 Down from her ivory shoulder flows ;
And, rivalling her conscious bloom,
 Blushed in her hair one deep red rose.
All unadorned by gold or gem,
 Her beauty such aid could despise ;
Her teeth—what pearls could equal them ?
 What diamonds her eyes ?

That evening, in the Royal Hall,
 A thousand waxen torches shone,
To grace the Prince's birthnight ball
 The fairest of the land had gone.
The roll of wheels alarmed the night ;
 The horses' shrill impatient neigh ;
Swift link-boys ran with cressets bright,
 And horse-guards lined the way.

Far from the Palace windows blazed
Bright radiance through scented night.
Saluting troops their weapons raised
As jewelled visitors alight.
The horn's soft wail, the cymbal's ring,
The muffled thunder of the drum,
The quivering viol's tortured string
Tell for what fête they come.

Beneath a crimson baldaquin,
High on two gilded chairs of state,
By ribboned courtier lords hemmed in,
The King and Queen in presence sate.
On parquetry of waxen floor
The Lord High Chamberlain took stand,
And, as each lady reached the door,
Bowed low, with offered hand.

The milk-white coursers snort and prance,
Before the marble Palace flight,
Just as the earliest country dance
Formed its long chase of couples bright.
With curtesy deep as to the throne
Her partner's bow each lady paid ;
When silver trumpets thrice were blown,
And glided in the maid.

O'er undertone of rosined bow,
Jingle of sabre and of spur,
And courtly babble, soft and low,
Fell a great hush at sight of her.
Then rose, when that brief pause was o'er,
A murmur like the lime-flowers' hum,
While the Prince handed o'er the floor
The beauty newly come.

So close he led her to the throne,
That, as her reverence she paid,
Her satin-slippered foot was shewn
On velvet cloth of state inlaid.
The band rang out its briskest air.
The old King vowed that never yet,
His eyes had seen so fit a pair
Dance courtly minuet.

Like shadow by the maiden's side
The ardent Prince that night remained.
The sparkling crystal's foaming tide
Kissed by her lip, he gaily drained.
Oh ! rapid as electric spark
Fly such bright hours of golden prime ;
When, 'mid his lowest whisper, hark !
Can that be midnight's chime ?

A moment's pause ! She turned. She fled
In terror down the marble stair,
A slipper, falling as she sped,
She left to lie unheeded there.
The sentinel, with solemn port,
To eager questions, made reply,
That not one lady of the Court
Had passed him outward by.

The porter saw a water-rat,
Rush through the gate-way in a trice,
And, hunted by the Palace cat,
Some half a dozen milk-white mice.
Then, through the portal with a crash,
A common garden-pumpkin rolled ;
But what rude boy could be so rash
As throw it, was not told.

Ere morning chimed her first small hour
The streets were red with cresset's flame ;
And step-dame harsh, and daughters sour,
Back from the Royal banquet came.
Their sister, crouched beside the fire,
They bade no longer watch to keep,
But, sneering at her poor attire,
Betake herself to sleep.

“ But oh,” they said, “ the strangest thing
One ever heard of to befall !
It was unhandsome of the King,
So early to break up the ball !
For, while we all were dancing gay,
A Princess, from some foreign part,
Vanished just like a ghost away,
And broke the Prince's heart ! ”

Short slumbers that eventful night
On any maiden's pillow fell,
For trumpets, long ere morning's light,
Loudly rang out in martial swell,
And heralds' voices high declare,
"The Prince will give a thousand pound,
To any maiden who can pair
A slipper he has found."

The King-at-Arms, by daylight fair,
Went with a guard from door to door.
A satin slipper, latched with vair,
He on a velvet cushion bore.
Each spotless maiden in the land—
"The King," he said, "had ordered it"—
Must in her turn before him stand,
To see if it would fit.

The sisters twain, in silken hose
Their feet made ready to present.
The Page, with slightly tilted nose,
Hasted "their trouble to prevent."
"But that young lady," said the Page,
"Quits the apartment quite too soon."
"Oh, she!" the sisters cried in rage,
"Wears only clouted shoon."

"All maidens, of whatever rank,
Such, madam, is the King's decree."
Lightly the Page beside her sank,
To fit the slipper, on his knee.
Oh Royal Page! disguised but ill,
In servant's garb, demure and neat,
What makes your fingers tremble still
To fit those tiny feet?

"Found, by St. Crispin, found, found, found!"
Cries gaily the delighted boy.
The courtly heralds whisper round,
"We humbly wish your Highness joy."
Outblushing morning's rosiest hue
Smiled in his face the maiden fair,
And from beneath her boddice drew
The fellow of the pair.

And how they wooed, and how they wed,
Each lover for himself may tell.
The King drew curtains round the bed
A full half hour ere midnight fell.
The posset, in a silver cup
Was brought demurely by the Queen,
E'en the two sisters came to sup,
And danced in stockings green.

No ancient custom they forgot,
Thrice honoured rites ! for ever new !
'Tis said, but I avouch it not,
That Merlin's hand the stocking threw.
And, ere a twelve month had expired,
The tidings from the Palace came,
The Prince as godmother required
The scarlet-hooded dame.

F. R. O.

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THEODORE MARTIN, C.B., LL.D.

A BRIGHT, genial Scotchman, with the slightest trace of his country's accent on his tongue, but with a full share of its energy and humour; an able and successful professional man; an accomplished scholar; one who knows Court, yet who smacks no whit of the courtier; a shrewd man of the world, honourably known to all men; a devoted husband and a warm friend—such is Theodore Martin.

The life of a man who, daily sought by, and constantly mingling in, all ranks of society, has ever shrunk from ostentatious publicity; who, while neither bookworm nor misanthrope, has ever preferred the eloquent companions of his library and the dear delights of home to the excitements of what is called society,—a life like this courts not the public gaze. It asks no more than to be let alone. Nor is it our intention to intrude upon its privacy. In its broader facts it is known to the world; and in the few pages that follow we offer to our readers little more than is already familiar to the wide circle of Mr. Martin's acquaintances. We shall pry into no details; we shall not even trace his career minutely, but respect his own abhorrence of all that savours of gossip by merely dwelling upon a few of the professional and social characteristics of one who, in the strict sense of an old-fashioned phrase, is a man of letters.

Mr. Martin was born in Edinburgh in 1816. He was educated at the High School there, which in its day has turned out many a fine scholar, and, what is better, many of those typical Scotchmen whose force of character and dauntless energy have upheld the reputation of their countrymen as lawyers, soldiers, administrators, colonists, and merchants, at home and abroad. A favourite with his masters and his companions, Theodore Martin always held a high place both in school and in the playground. The work of the school, under the system

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Frederick Martin.

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which then prevailed, was light to boys of quick apprehension. The real work, to such as were of a studious habit, was done of their own accord, and in their own way. What Dr. John Brown calls "the fine, confused feeding" to be had in a good library, was that which nourished and made the bone and sinew of eager and inquiring minds. So it was, we have been told, in Mr. Martin's case; and the same habit of desultory study, continued at the Edinburgh University, to which he went on leaving the High School, put him in possession of that wide information in general literature for which he soon came to be known among the rising young men of his native city.*

From boyhood he had been a lover of art, and while still in his jacket had amassed a collection of etchings by the old masters which an amateur of the present day might have envied. This love he still retains. He is known to be the possessor of many art treasures, both of the burin and the palette, and is especially rich in portraits illustrative of literature and the arts. Another passion of his boyhood, the collection of rare and fine editions, and of autographs, has been cherished through life. A fine library bears testimony to the ardour with which the passion has been indulged; and when we say that among his autographs are to be found the MS. of Johnson's masterly "Life of Pope," and the whole series of Byron's poems to Thyrza and his sister, Mrs. Leigh, some idea may be formed of the nature and value of the collection. To music, also, Mr. Martin early gave no little attention, and we believe it still furnishes the enjoyment of many a leisure hour. In his youth he was a great walker, and when walks were not to be had, kept himself in condition by the exercises of the gymnasium and the fencing room. There were few indeed at one time who could match him for "cunning of fence."

Undistracted by his love for literature and the arts, Mr. Martin resolved to devote himself to the profession of his father, a well-known and highly respected solicitor in Edinburgh. The education for that profession in Scotland is identical with that for the Bar, and after going through the usual curriculum of study at the University, Mr. Martin embarked in active practice as a solicitor, and prosecuted his profession with conspicuous success until 1846, when he quitted Edinburgh and settled in London as a Parliamentary agent. There he was soon engaged in a large practice of the best kind. In the keen and protracted contests of those days between the great railway com-

* In 1875 the Edinburgh University conferred on Mr. Martin the honorary degree of LL.D.

panies for every inch of territory, Mr. Martin took an active part, and in a few years he was recognised as one of the leaders in the body of able men in whose hands was the conduct of the business of promoting Bills in Parliament. That position Mr. Martin still retains, and it is well known that there is no one in Westminster whose character ranks higher or whose professional opinion is more valued. Eighteen months ago, when a committee of both Houses of Parliament was appointed to inquire as to the best means of placing the profession of Parliamentary agency under proper regulation, so as to secure an efficient body of practitioners of sound education and high character, Mr. Martin was selected by his brethren to represent them before the Committee. The testimony thus paid to him by the body to whom he belongs was confirmed by the Committee, who substantially adopted in their report the suggestions thrown out by Mr. Martin in his examination before them.

Thus Mr. Martin is another practical refutation of the old fallacy that success in literature is not compatible with a capacity for business. Cowper prided himself on his business qualities; Walter Scott was Clerk to the Court of Session; John Stuart Mill was long and honourably connected with the Examining Department of the East India Company; Peacock, the author of "*Headlong Hall*," was for many years a working official of the same Company. No further examples need be quoted of the fact that the highest mental powers may readily go hand in hand with a capacity for daily routine duties. The highest official life is full of illustrations of the same truth. Many a high class literary man is lost in the writer of Dispatches. Mr. Martin's own theory, we have been told, is that a literary gift is an invaluable aid to the man of business, who has to form rapid and important decisions and to put his thoughts swiftly into apt language. Habits of business compel a man to arrange his ideas with method, and literary practice enables him to express them with brevity and precision.

A curious illustration of the continued existence of the popular prejudice may be found in the catalogues of the British Museum Library relative to Mr. Martin. The theory is—and no doubt it has some general ground—that a mundane profession and an artistic reputation will not mix; that one individual cannot lead two lives. Exceptions are occasionally allowed by way of surprises, and are specially marked, as "*the postman poet*" and other such phrases, but are not looked upon with favour by the orthodox. So in the catalogue Mr. Martin's description has stood for years as "*Theodore Martin*,

Solicitor;" latterly the word "Solicitor" has had a pen drawn through it, and he appears as "Theodore Martin, Poet." At no period, we must therefore suppose, has he been solicitor and poet at once. Literature, as well as Law, has its fictions; here the fiction is that Mr. Martin, on retiring from law, became in that very act, and instantler, a poet. The popular fallacy maintains itself on the ground that a solicitor (of the *nil nisi* order) cannot be a poet; leaving out of the question whether, as the greater includes the less, a man of genius cannot if he chooses be a solicitor.

In his time Mr. Martin has done as much as many men could shew whose whole lives have been devoted to literature. But with him it has been the recreation and the ornament, and in no sense the occupation of his life. Wisely he considered literature too serious and noble a vocation to be adopted lightly or without the assurance of some very special gift. To such a gift he seems to have thought he could lay no claim, and in his youth he found more pleasure in making himself familiar with the great works of the classics of this and other countries, than in gratifying the young man's common ambition of seeing himself in print. For these studies he equipped himself by acquiring the languages of modern Europe, and before reaching manhood was known to be one of the best German scholars at a time when German was little known. Probably a natural wish to convey to others some of the pleasure he felt in his own favourite authors prompted his earliest efforts, and in translations from the German and Italian he developed a facility which lured him on to further exertions in the same direction.

His first reputation was acquired under the *nom de plume* Bon Gaultier, which came to be familiar in *Tait's* and *Fraser's Magazines*, in connection with a number of tales, and papers of a playful character, interspersed with the verses, many of which have since become so well known wherever English is spoken, in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." In America, despite the satire on Yankee failings with which they abound, they are no less popular than here. For every English edition, —and there are twelve of these,—a score of editions has been published on the other side of the Atlantic. At the universities, on the prairie, in the bush, in the tent, and by the camp-fire, these pleasant effusions are welcome and give lasting pleasure. Mr. Martin mentions in his *Life of Professor Aytoun*, that while he was writing the series of articles to which we have referred he made the acquaintance of that afterwards distinguished writer, then a young advocate, some three years older

than himself, and that these ballads were produced in concert with his friend, many of them being their joint production. At this time, too, he worked, together with the same gifted friend, in producing for *Blackwood's Magazine* a series of translations from the poems and ballads of Goethe. These succeeded Lord Lytton's translations of Schiller's poems in the same magazine, and were at once recognised by all competent scholars as the only adequate versions of the matchless and exquisitely finished poems of Germany's greatest poet. They were published some years afterwards in a separate volume, and continue to this time to stand unrivalled.

Next in order of date among Theodore Martin's acknowledged publications was his version, published in 1850, of Henrik Hertz's beautiful lyrical drama, "King René's Daughter." Mr. Martin had recognised its fitness for such treatment as *Iolanthe*, the chief character, was certain to receive in the hands of our greatest English actress, Helen Faucit, and had prepared his version in the hope of seeing it placed by her upon the stage. The hope was soon afterwards realised, and *Iolanthe* took its place in the minds of the audiences of Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Manchester side by side with the *Imogen*, the *Beatrice*, the *Juliet*, the *Rosalind*, the *Portia* of this great artist. On a few rare occasions London has had an opportunity of judging how the poet's charming conception can be raised by the genius of the actress into something higher and more moving than the poet himself has dreamed. Those who, like the present writer, were present at Helen Faucit's latest performance of the part on the occasion of Mr. Henry Irving's benefit in June, 1876, will not soon forget the impression it produced upon the vast audience which had assembled on that memorable occasion.

This is no place to dwell upon the name of this distinguished lady, who became Mr. Martin's wife in 1851, and who has since from time to time appeared upon the stage, of which she is confessedly the greatest ornament. The world will one day look for the story of the career of an artist to whom the English stage, and the interpretation of Shakespeare in particular, owes so much. And it will be the grateful task of Helen Faucit's future biographer, whoever he may be, to write of one whose womanly worth and grace are as pre-eminent as her public career was spotlessly blameless, and exceptionally and lastingly brilliant. More than one account of this lady's life has already been published; but she is well known to have made a rule of declining to furnish any materials for a biography, referring all inquirers to the

journals for the history of her career as an *artist*, with which alone she considers the public are entitled to occupy themselves.

After settling in London, Mr. Martin wrote not a little both in this magazine and also in *Fraser*. In 1854 and 1857, he published versions of Oehlenschläger's dramas, "Correggio" and "Aladdin," which for the first time introduced these masterpieces of the great Danish poet to the English reader. A metrical translation of "The Odes of Horace," with notes, which appeared in 1860, placed Mr. Martin at once in the front rank of translators from the classics. The book was instantly re-printed in America, and has since passed at home into a third edition, to which a version of the Satires has been added. It disputes the palm with Conington's version, and will be preferred to his according as the reader prefers poems full of the life and spontaneousness of English verse, to the terser and less idiomatic manner which to a certain class of scholars is more agreeable. It was easy to see from this translation that Mr. Martin knew the man as well as the poet Horace, and this became very apparent in the delightful monograph on the Venusian bard which he wrote a few years ago for Messrs. Blackwood's series of "Classics for English Readers," a book for which the lovers of Horace are grateful to him, and to which they will always turn with genuine pleasure.

It was a new thing to find a man who had won no University distinction distancing even professional scholars in his power of illustrating a great classic. The surprise was increased when in 1861 Mr. Martin produced a version of Catullus, enriched with a life and notes, which were sufficient to put mere English readers on a level with those "learned Thebans" who regard Catullus as a consummate lyricist, to be appreciated only by the initiated. The recognition of this work by some of our most accomplished scholars was prompt and warm. The book soon went out of print; and only two years ago Mr. Martin produced a second edition of it, on which infinite pains seem to have been bestowed to make it more worthy of the reputation it had achieved on its first appearance.

Dante seems to have long been a favourite with Mr. Martin. As early as 1843, a paper by him on the "Vita Nuova" in *Tait's Magazine* attracted considerable attention, and in 1862 he expanded it into the introduction to a complete version of that remarkable story of the poet's love, enriching it with copious notes and illustrations from Dante's other works and the poets of his cycle. This volume is dedicated to his wife in a graceful sonnet, which we will shortly quote, for it may

be taken as a specimen of Mr. Martin's original verse, in the publication of which he has been most chary.

Indeed, he has published so many translations that one is forced to think he cannot have had time for many original poems. In the privately printed collection of 1863 of "*Poems Original and Translated*," we may refer specially to "*St. Peter and the Cherries*"—a charming didactic legend of the old style. Here also may be found what was to us, we confess, a beautiful poetic surprise—a poem written before its author, we are told, was personally known to the lady who inspired it:—

TO MISS HELEN FAUCIT, AS ROSALIND.

Blessings on the glorious spirit, lies in poesy divine !
 Blessings, lady, on the magic of that wondrous power of thine !
 I have had a dream of summer, summer in the olden time,
 When the heart had all its freshness, and the world was in its prime ;
 I have been away in Arden, and I still am ranging there ;
 Still I feel the forest breezes fan my cheek, and lift my hair ;
 Still I hear the stir and whisper which the arching branches make,
 And the leafy stillness broken by the deer amid the brake !
 Where along the wood the brooklet runs, upon its mossy brink,
 Myself a stricken deer, I've laid me, where the stricken came to drink
 There be Amiens and his co-mates, up, yon giant stems between,
 Yonder, where the sun is shining 'neath the oak upon the green.
 Hark ! the throstle-cock is singing ! And he tunes his merry note,
 Carolling in emulation of the sweet birds' joyous throat.
 Lightly let them troll their woodnotes, fleet the careless time away !
 What know they of love's emotion ? No sweet Rosalind have they !
 I will down by yonder dingle—none shall steal upon us there—
 Heavenly, heavenly Rosalinda ! Thou art with me everywhere !
 Ever is thy voice beside me, ever on thy brow I gaze,
 One such glorious dream about thee all the world beside outweighs.
 See, young Ganymede awaits me. Blessings on that roguish boy,
 How he lightens my love's sadness with a sweet and pensive joy !
 Yet the charms, the playful graces, that shew bright in him, I find,
 Only cluster round the image of my heavenly Rosalind.
 So would Rosalind have won me,—so have look'd and so have smiled,
 With such blithe and open spirit me of all my heart beguiled.
 Ever deeper grows my passion, restless more my eager heart—
 " I can live no more by thinking, from my Rosalind apart !"
 " Then to-morrow thou shalt see her, see her, wed her, if you will !"
 Oh, ye gods, let that to-morrow shine in golden numbers still !
 For it gave her to my bosom, and at length, when there reclined,
 By the proudest name I claim'd her as my own, " my Rosalind."
 Such, dear lady, was the vision, such the passion strong and deep,
 Which thy magic wrought within me, laying meaner thoughts to sleep.
 I have been the young Orlando, and though but a dream it were,
 Never from my heart shall vanish what hath struck so deeply there !

Mr. Martin has had a romance, and may claim to have put it into poetry. Not to every one comes the realised dream of one of Shakespeare's women. In pleasant sequence is the sonnet to which we have referred above :—

TO MY WIFE.

Beloved, whose life is with my own entwined,
 In whom, while yet thou wert my dream, I viewed,
 Warm with the life of breathing womanhood,
 What Shakespeare's visionary eye divined ;
 Pure Imogen, high-hearted Rosalind,
 Kindling with sunshine all the dusk greenwood,
 Or, changing with the poet's changing mood,
 Juliet, and Constance of the queenly mind ;
 I give this book to thee, whose daily life
 With that full pulse of noblest feeling glows,
 Which lent its spell to thy so potent art ;
 To thee, whose every act, my own true wife,
 The grace serene and heavenward spirit shows,
 That rooted Beatrice in Dante's heart."

Mr. Martin's next publication was a translation, in verse, of the first part of Goethe's "Faust" which seems, from the frequency of the editions, to have become accepted as the best English metrical version ; just as Mr. Hayward's is acknowledged to be the only prose rendering of that masterpiece. How Germany regards it may be gathered from the fact that it was selected by Messrs. Brückmann, of Munich and London, for the magnificent folio illustrated edition—a work unique for splendour—published by them last year. Mr. Martin is known to have translated the more important portion of the Second Part of "Faust." Part of this, the "Intermezzo of Helena," appeared several years ago, and the whole has been printed, for private circulation, by Mr. Martin, in the volume of "Poems Original and Translated," already mentioned.

From this volume we select, as a further specimen of Mr. Martin's poetical power, the following poem, which we remember appeared in *Tait's Magazine* at the time of Campbell's death :—

THE INTERMENT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

July, 1844.

See, what eager throngs are pouring inwards from the busy street !
 Lo, the Abbey's hush is broken with the stir of many feet !
 Hark ! St. Margaret's bell is tolling, but it is no common clay
 To that dull and rueful anthem shall be laid in dust to-day !
 In yon Minster's hallow'd corner, where the bards and sages rest,
 Is a silent chamber waiting to receive another guest.

There is sadness in the heavens, and a veil against the sun ;
 Who shall mourn so well as Nature, when a poet's course is run ?
 Let us in and join the gazers, meek of heart and bare of brow,
 For the shadows of the mighty dead are hovering o'er us now !
 Souls that kept their trust immortal, dwelling from the herd apart,
 Souls that wrote their noble being deep into a nation's heart ;
 Names, that on great England's forehead are the jewels of her pride,
 Brother Scot, be proud, a brother soon shall slumber by their side !
 Ay, thy cheek is flushing redly, tears are crowding to thine eyes,
 And thy heart, like mine, is rushing back where Scotland's mountains rise ;
 Thou, like me, hast seen another grave would suit our poet well,
 Greenly braided by the breckan, in a far off Highland dell,
 Looking on the solemn waters of a mighty inland sea,
 In the shadow of a mountain, where the lonely eagles be ;
 Thou hast seen the kindly heather blow around his simple bed ;
 Heard the loch and torrent mingle dirges for the poet dead ;
 Brother, thou hast seen him lying, as it is thy hope to lie,
 Looking from the soil of Scotland up into a Scottish sky ;
 It may be such grave were better, better rain and dew should fall,
 Tears of hopeful love to freshen Nature's ever verdant pall,
 Better that the sun should kindle on his grave in golden smiles,
 Better, than in palsied glimmer stray along these sculptured aisles ;
 Better aftertimes should find him,—to his rest in homage bound,
 Lying in the land that bore him, with its glories piled around !
 Such, at least, must be the fancy that in such a time must start,
 For we love our country dearly,—in each burning Scottish heart ;
 Yet a rest so great, so noble, as awaits the minstrel here,
 'Mong the best of England's children, can be no unworthy bier.
 Hark ! A rush of feet ! They bear him, him, the singer, to his tomb ;
 Yonder what of him is mortal rests beneath yon sable plume.
 Tears along mine eyes are rushing, but the proudest tears they be,
 Which on manly eyes may gather,—tears 'twere never shame to see ;
 Tears that water lofty purpose ; tears of welcome to the fame
 Of the bard that hath ennobled Scotland's dear and noble name !
 Sadder, sadder let the anthem yearn aloft in wailing strain,
 Not for him, for he is happy, but for us and all our pain !
 Louder, louder let the organ like a seraph anthem roll,
 Hymning to its home of glory our departed brother's soul !
 He has laid him down to slumber, to awake to nobler trust,
 Give his frame to kindred ashes, earth to earth, and dust to dust !
 Louder yet, and yet more loudly, let the organ's thunder rise !
 Hark ! A louder thunder answers, deepening inwards to the skies !
 Heaven's majestic diapason, pealing on from east to west,
 Never grander music anthem'd poet to his home of rest !

In 1867, Mr. Martin published a memoir of his old friend and collaborateur, Professor W. E. Aytoun. It was undertaken at the request of his friend's sisters, and presents a very vivid and agreeable picture of a man who combined rare powers of industry with a strength of poetic conception, and a capacity for humour which, if not of the

highest order, have added to literature not a few works of permanent interest. Twenty-four editions of his "Lays of the Cavaliers" shew that in him Scotland acknowledged another true poet.

It was while engaged upon this work that Mr. Martin was asked to undertake a work of a wider scope, and demanding qualities of no ordinary kind. The brief sketch of the late Prince Consort, given by the late General Grey in "The Early Years of Prince Albert," had been hailed by the public with so eager an interest, that it seemed due to the Prince's memory that the narrative should be continued to the close of his too brief career. General Grey felt himself unequal to this task; and the late Sir Arthur Helps, then Clerk of the Council, was appealed to for advice. He had known Mr. Martin well and long, and seems to have found in him the knowledge of men and of events, the tact, the experience, the judgment, the knowledge of foreign languages, and the literary skill which so acute an observer as the author of "Friends in Council" must have known were required for the delicate and difficult duties of a Royal biographer. However this may be, he named Mr. Martin to the Queen as the man, of all whom he knew, most capable of doing justice to the subject. He was accordingly applied to. The proposal, we learn from the letter to Her Majesty prefixed to Mr. Martin's first volume of the Prince's Life, came upon him by surprise. Honourable as it was, it was respectfully declined, but the paper in which he stated his reasons for not accepting the trust, we have heard, had only the effect of causing the offer to be pressed upon him in more urgent terms. It is easy to understand that in such circumstances a wish becomes a command, and the task, of which Mr. Martin had no doubt well weighed the magnitude and the responsibility, was at length reluctantly undertaken. The manner in which it has been executed shews that it has been a labour of love, carried out with a conscientious and independent spirit, worthy of the theme, and of the Royal lady who placed a trust of such importance in Mr. Martin's hands.

Let the author tell in his own words the principle by which he has been guided in the composition of the memoir. In the prefatory letter already referred to, Mr. Martin says:—

"To me, biography, while one of the most fascinating, has always appeared one of the most difficult branches of literature. How difficult, the few master-pieces in that kind, of either ancient or modern time, are enough to shew. To present a faithful picture of the simplest life and character, moving in scenes with which we are ourselves familiar, working in channels in which we have ourselves worked, demands rare qualities of imaginative sympathy and percep-

tion. A life of action which has swayed great movements, or stamped its impress upon great events, may be presented in strong outlines, and under such forcible contrasts of light and shade as will stimulate the imagination and make the hero or the statesman a vivid reality for the reader. But where the inner life has to be portrayed, a subtler touch is demanded. We are a mystery to ourselves; how much more, then, must we be a mystery to a stranger? There is infinite sacredness in all noble lives, such as alone merit the consecration of biography. Before it, those will bow with the greatest reverence to whom these lives are most intimately known, for to such the fact is sure to have been brought closely home, which Keble has beautifully expressed, that

Not even the tenderest heart, and next ourselves
Knows half the reason why we smile or sigh.

How grave, then, must be his responsibility who ventures to draw for the world a portrait of any of its heroes, which shall be at once warmly sympathetic and austere just. Such, and no less, I felt the portrait of the Prince Consort ought to be. But who might paint it? I had not the happiness or the honour to know him personally; but it was apparent at a glance that there must be unusual difficulty in dealing with a life consecrated to duty as his had been. . . . Of much that the Prince had done for England, no further record was needed. . . . Of his influence both on domestic and European politics, much was surmised. . . . Of the man as he was known in his home and among his friends, the charming glimpses which had been vouchsafed in the 'Leaves of a Journal,' and in General Grey's volume seemed to leave little that could be added to the picture."

How far the author's difficulties were smoothed away by the Queen's generous confidence in his discretion may be gleaned from what follows:—

"Nothing, however confidential, has been withheld which could reflect a light on the Prince's character, or enable me to present him in his true colours before the world."

Again, speaking of the nature of his task,—

"I have had no panegyric to write. This would have been distasteful to your Majesty, as it would have been unworthy of the Prince. My aim has been to let his words and his deeds speak to others as they have spoken to myself. . . . Merely to have continued the sketch embodied in General Grey's volume was soon found to be impossible. . . . It seemed better, therefore, that the present work should be complete within itself. Accordingly, it resumes the narrative of the Prince's early years. But this has been enriched by several most interesting documents, entrusted to me by your Majesty, which place some important points of the Prince's character in a fuller, and, as I venture to think, in a truer light."

In the prefatory letter to the Queen, in his second volume, Mr. Martin says:—

"In writing the life of the Prince Consort, I have felt that I must write what would be, in some measure, a history of the time. . . . The interests of England abroad, as well as at home, were not more dear

to your Majesty than they were to him. To help, so far as in him lay, to uphold these interests, and to keep England true to her name, and worthy of her great inheritance, was with the Prince, as with your Majesty, the dearest object of his ambition. Seeking no personal triumph, he was content—and more than content—with strengthening the hands, while lightening the labours of the sovereign in whose life his own was merged.”

Again :—

“Only a faint idea can be given in any work like the present of the weighty character and the wide range of the topics which engaged the thoughts of your Majesty and the Prince during the eventful years of which this volume treats. Still, it cannot but be well that your Majesty’s subjects should learn something of the noble activity which then reigned within the Palace ; how not a day, scarcely an hour, passed which did not leave its record of some good work done, some sagacious counsel tendered, some worthy enterprise encouraged, some measure to make men wiser or better devised or helped forward, some problem of grave social or political moment meditated to its depths and advanced towards a solution.”

Even Mr. Martin, we fancy, could scarcely have anticipated that his task would prove so lengthened and so anxious as he must have found it. We all know how hard it is to get at the real facts of contemporary history, and, when they have been mastered, to marshal them in such a way as to shew their connection and development, without hurting the feelings of people still living, or provoking controversy from others who are less accurately informed. In any case this is a difficulty which demands no small share of tact, but where a work comes forth to the world with the sanction of the Sovereign, the anxieties of the writer must be increased a hundredfold. This much at least is clear from the revelations in these volumes, that implicit trust has been shewn by the Queen in the biographer of her husband’s life. Family and State secrets appear to have been alike laid bare to him in the best of all forms—contemporary letters and documents ; and nothing withheld which could enable him to form a deliberate judgment, not merely of Prince Albert, but of the historical events of his time. That this confidence has not been misplaced is best shewn by the universal approval with which the *Life*, so far as it has gone, has been received. It has placed the history of the period with which it deals before the world in an authentic form. It has had to deal with topics delicate and difficult to discuss ; but we are not aware that it has given offence to any actors in the political history of the time, or to their representatives, or been charged either with omission of any material facts, or with the glosses of political or personal prejudice.

The public are at this moment looking forward with eager interest to the appearance of the third volume of this valuable work, which is

announced for publication a few days after the appearance of this paper. It deals with the period of the Crimean War, and the materials at Mr. Martin's disposal have been found of such interest and importance that he has had to abandon the intention he had announced of completing the Prince's Life in a third volume.

That he has thus far executed his task to the satisfaction of the Royal lady, whose judgment on such a subject will be admitted to be decisive, is well known. A token of this was given to Mr. Martin in 1875, in the honour of a Civil Commandership of the Bath; but far more than this he is understood to value the gracious expressions of satisfaction which he has received under the Sovereign's own hand. It has been truly said that the best monument to the memory of the Prince Consort is that which Mr. Martin has raised, and is raising, in these admirable volumes. We can well believe that when he reads such a comment he congratulates himself in the words of his favourite Catullus: "*Hoc unum est pro laboribus tantis.*" That a work involving so much labour, so much of the thought which goes to the decision of "what not to write," should have been successfully carried out by a man who still takes an active part in an arduous profession, speaks volumes for Mr. Martin's force of character, no less than for his industry. While carrying it on he still finds time for articles in the *Quarterly Review*, and elsewhere, on those topics of literature and art which he has made his peculiar study. He has recently, we see, been relieving his severer labours by what most men would find to be work severe enough in itself—translations for *Blackwood* from Heine, in which the subtle flavour and rare simplicity of the original have been well preserved.

In the highest literary and social circles, Theodore Martin and his gifted wife are well known and valued. He is a good conversationalist, and, as might be expected of Bon Gaultier, enlivens his talk upon occasion with quaint touches of humour. He knows every one, and every one knows him. A busy life has taught him the value of spare minutes, and he can point triumphantly to a great mass of excellent literary work to prove how well he has striven to turn them to account.

His heavier literary work, we have been told, is carried on during his seasons of retreat from London to his country seat in North Wales. There, in one of the most picturesque spots in that picturesque region, on the slope of a hill which is washed by the sacred Deva, nowhere more beautiful than at this spot, stands the house called Bryntysilio, which is pointed out to those who visit the neighbouring valley of

Llangollen as the summer residence of the great actress, Helen Faucit, and of Prince Albert's biographer. Its garden, with skilfully-disposed terraces, makes a pleasant break in the mountain scenery amid which it stands; and rumour speaks of the interior as matching in completeness and in artistic arrangement the beauty of the rich and varied landscape which meets the eye from every window of the house. Mr. Martin is the owner of considerable property in Denbighshire, and he is on the best footing with all the leading landowners of the county. In the duties of the county he takes an active part, and is always available for his share of justices' work on the Bench at Llangollen, or for presiding at a meeting where a word in season is desired to be said. In town or in country, in literature as in business, he does his work thoroughly, and with a resolute and conscientious spirit.

In his verse translations, as will have been seen, Mr. Martin has imbued himself with the spirit of different languages, to wit, Latin, Italian, and German. He has had to enter into the lingual life of different epochs, that of Catullus and Horace; of Dante; of Goethe and Uhland, and in recent months of Heine; which may be roughly distinguished as the ancient, the mediæval, and the modern periods of the poetic era best known to us. For the mediæval modes of thought he has the unobtrusive power and quiet dignity that are needed. For modern verse he has the more quick and sprightly faculty. The poetry of the time of the Roman Emperors requires other and varied qualifications.

There are several methods between which a translator may choose when he has before him the pagan glory and perfected metres of the best poetry of Greece or Rome. He may turn the classic ode or lyric into ordinary English verse, regardless of any rhythmic correspondence; he may invent a metre as a sort of modern equivalent to the original; he may select known English metres and choose out separate kinds to employ for each foreign variety, or he may studiously follow the original metre itself as closely as one language can be made to match another.

Mr. Martin takes the first-named alternative and elects to be entirely free in his choice of metre. He says:—

“Many of my critics, on the first appearance of my translations, insisted on the necessity of the very form of the smaller poems of Catullus being preserved by his translator. Nothing is more easy than to lay down a dogma of this kind. To illustrate it by successful example is a very different matter. It is hard enough, for even the most expert master of poetical expression, to

transmute into simple vernacular musical English the words in which the fervid passion or the heavy heartache of Catullus found a vent. But the translator, in my opinion, foredooms himself to failure who adds to the difficulty by a desperate resolve to reproduce the very music of the Catullan lyre. No one can value form more highly than myself; but form may be purchased too dearly, where it is not in accordance with the normal structure of our metrical language. If I believed, for example, that the *Lesbia* poems could be adequately rendered in English hendecasyllabics, I should have so given them. But I do not. What has the Laureate, our greatest living master of the art of versification, said of this metre, in his one published experiment upon it?

Hard, hard, hard it is only not to tumble,
So fantastical is the dainty metre.

And if a translator were lucky enough to get through one or two of the poems without a tumble, he would certainly accomplish many ignominious falls before he got through the series, and be reminded of his disaster by the 'irresponsible indolent reviewers' in no very measured terms."

It has been well said by a poet who has done more classical translation than Mr. Tennyson, "When the English ear grows accustomed to these alien intruders, not hexameter only, but Phalæcian, Glyconic. Asclepiad, Alcaic, will soon make their way into our literature. If from Italy we have learnt the sonnet and the octave rhyme, why may we not learn other lessons from Greece and Rome?"

It is difficult to say why not. Certainly it can be no reason that Mr. Tennyson, in his experiments, met with only a moderate success. He was a pioneer; others may follow and be more successful with less versifying faculty, merely because they have learned to catch the trick.

As in everything else, so in work of this kind, assiduity wins at last. Professor Robinson Ellis shews in what a painstaking way he clung to the idea that the metre of a classic poem could be reproduced in a modern and very different tongue. "My first attempts were," he tells us, "so unsuccessful that I dropped the idea for some time altogether." To have finally given up the attempt would have been to consent to abandon a possible addition of richness to our lingual faculties.

The Galliambic measure we allow to be too difficult for English poets to bring to perfection for the present—if ever; but it is the rarest of all metres. The hendecasyllabic is not so difficult as it has been said to be. We could lay our hand upon moderately executed specimens done by persons of no very great technical faculty, while Swinburne, who, if he is not a great poet, at least has a mastery over metrical language, seems to find the hendecasyllabic measure no shackle:—

In the month of the long decline of roses,
 I, beholding the summer dead before me,
 Set my face to the sea and journeyed silent,
 Gazing eagerly where above the sea-mark
 Flame as fierce as the fervid eyes of lions
 Half-divided the eyelids of the sunset ;
 Till I heard as it were a noise of waters
 Moving tremulous under feet of angels
 Multitudinous, out of all the heavens ;
 Knew the fluttering wind, the fluttered foliage,
 Shaken fitfully, full of sound and shadow ;
 And saw trodden upon by noiseless angels,
 Long, mysterious reaches fed with moonlight.

There is at least music here. When a great poet some day shall have put a cherished thought into this form, the public will awaken to the fact of its exceeding beauty. Mr. Martin chooses, perhaps, a scarcely fair example by which to represent the measure of success attained in renderings in hendecasyllabic metre. This he cites as a specimen of the "Lament for Lesbia's Sparrow," from Catullus :—

Mourn, ye goddesses, and ye gods of love, mourn,
 Young men all, who especially are comely.
 Dead, dead, dead, is the sparrow of my darling !
 Sparrow, pet of my darling, pet and playmate,
 Who to her than her very eyes was dearer.

We cannot help thinking that Mr. Ellis's version marks a more advanced stage, a more easy power, in such reproductions :—

Weep each heavenly Venus, all the Cupids,
 Weep all men that have any grace about ye.
 Dead the sparrow, in whom my love delighted;
 The dear sparrow, in whom my love delighted;
 Yea, most precious, above her eyes she held him.

And Professor Ellis is so great a purist as regards form of verse and literalness of rendering, that the metre is more difficult for him than for one at once more free and of more distinctively poetic faculty. But though at times a little stiff in his lines, as indeed might be expected, he moves to poetry on occasion, and even where he is least happy helps to prepare the way for the final translator, who may be more poetic, and just so much less of a scholar as to be thankful to support himself on the labours of his forerunner.

Mr. Martin may claim that he has not waited for this tedious development, but by leaving behind these prejudices of classicality has produced poems acceptable as they are, and not mere sign-posts on the way to an impossible perfection. He argues :—

“Classical scholars, I venture to think, are prone to attach an undue value to classical metres in the work of translation. To them the mere echo of the rhythm with which they are familiar is so delightful, that they are often very lenient to its demerits in other respects. They are apt to forget that a translator has to deal with a language which does not admit of the same variety of inflexions as the languages of Greece or Rome, where, moreover, unlike the English, every syllable has its definite quantity, and the position of the words in a sentence may be infinitely varied. After all, it is not for them that translations are written; but for readers whose ears are not penetrated by the music of the original, and who will be satisfied with no translation to which they are not attracted as being in itself good English verse. That this can be written most musically without rhyme is, no doubt, true. But it is more likely to be so written in the fervour of original composition, than where both the theme and the mode of treatment are already prescribed as they are to the translator.

“If, then, we cannot reproduce the very cadences, the subtleties of emphasis, the exquisite significances of sound, which are to be found in all fine poems, let us aim at catching the feeling out of which each poem has grown, and at clothing it in language which shall be wholly true to that feeling, and at the same time welcome for its music to English ears. He who does this will, I believe, better justify his fitness for the task of translation, than the ablest manipulator of longs and shorts in measures foreign to the genius of our language.”

We are not quite convinced, however; and cannot speak of Mr. Ellis's

Acme quietly back her head reclining
Towards her boy, with a rosy mouth delightful,
Kissed his passionate eyes elately swimming,

as a mere “manipulation of longs and shorts.” Nevertheless, it may be granted that a fuller poetic glow might have fused the lines into a more crystal form.

More successful, it seems to us, is Mr. Martin with Horace than with Catullus, Horace being a dainty Epicurean, while Catullus, in the midst of his corrupt epoch, is redeemed by a passion not common to those around him, a real intense love, an unhappy one, but probably it changed Catullus from an exquisite versifier into a poet. And this depth of passion is very difficult to convey into an alien tongue, except intense sympathy be combined with the requisite technical ability. The lightness of treatment with which Mr. Martin approaches the deeper glow of Catullus might occasionally fail to satisfy a student of the original, but probably adds to the general popularity of his versions, which, be it said, is no small matter, regarded even from the standpoint of the strictest sects of culture; for surely the gradual expansion of culture is the aim in view. With Horace, especially in those passages where a light hand and some rhetorical artifice are required, Mr.

Martin reaches high success. Here his plan of aiming at an English poem rather than a transfer of a Greek one, brings no injury. The reproach to Lydia for ensnaring Sybaris is at once Horatian, and, if the word be allowable, Martinic.

In his simple and unaffected English, Mr. Theodore Martin is very successful in his versions of Heine, to which we have already alluded, where the liquid sparkle of sentiment enshrined in each versicle has to be carried intact, as it were, from one goblet to another :—

People have teased and vexed me,
Worried me early and late :
Some with the love they bore me,
Other some with their hate.
They drugged my glass with poison,
They poisoned the bread I ate :
Some with the love they bore me,
Other some with their hate.
But she, who has teased and vexed me,
And worried me far the most—
She never hated me, never,
And her love I could never boast.

Looking in a general way upon Mr. Martin's literary work, the calm and cultured tone of the bulk of his writings seems to us to be pleasantly disturbed by the harum-scarum book of ballads of Bon Gaultier, to which we have already referred. Of these parodies a few are now losing their force, as the present public is forgetting some of the authors whose peculiarities formed their subject. The comic imitations of Tennyson, however, were, perhaps, the best of all, and these are as pointed to-day as ever.

The spirited parody on "Locksley Hall" is, of itself, enough to cure the megrims, and the Poet Laureate to the music of his own "Mermaid" singing, astride on his butt of sherry, to the Court house-maids, is a picture full of fun.

A life such as Mr. Martin's is pleasant to chronicle, for it contains nothing that we need strive to hide. And it is another instance of an old truth that so many feverish youths forget. Says the Chinese sage, "If an ordinary man [succeed by ten efforts, the superior man will succeed by a hundred," if there be need of so many.

Our photograph, we may remark in conclusion, is the last that has been taken of Mr. Theodore Martin, and is considered by his friends an excellent likeness. Our constituents, we have little doubt, will find no fault with the selection.

THE DEMONS OF DERRYGONELLY.

PHILOSOPHERS are prone to reject all philosophy but their own; and few men are free from unconscious bias. Before my story is read I would ask consideration for the following paragraph from Abercrombie (*"Intellectual Powers,"* 7th edit. pp. 74 and 76):—

"While an unbounded credulity is the part of a weak mind, which never thinks nor reasons at all, an unlimited scepticism is the part of a contracted mind, which reasons upon imperfect data, or makes its own knowledge and extent of observation the standard and test of probability. In judging of the credibility of a statement, we are not to be influenced simply by our actual experience of similar events; for this would limit our reception of new facts to their accordance with those which we already know."

Amid the multitude of extraordinary letters which it has been my lot to receive during the past two years, the post brought me some few months ago a strange communication from a gentleman residing in Enniskillen. The writer, who was only known to me by the

geological and archæological contributions he had made to some of the learned societies, informed me that the cottage of a small farmer in one of the most secluded spots in the county Fermanagh had, for some months, been the seat of various strange and inexplicable disturbances; in a word, that the cottage was reputed to be haunted! Furthermore, that not only had some of the most veracious and shrewd people in the neighbourhood testified to the reality of the disturbances, but my correspondent, in utter scepticism and ridicule, having gone to expose the credulity of his neighbours, had returned convinced that no trickery was at work. Confounded with the results of his inquiry, and utterly unable to throw any light on the matter, he wrote to beg me to visit the place; pointing out that even if the haunted house should go the way of its predecessors, still the beauty of Lough Erne, and the extraordinary limestone caves of the district might repay me for the journey.* Not-

* I may mention that my correspondent was Mr. Thomas Plunkett, of Enniskillen. If Mr. Smiles is on the look-out for a new hero to add to his self-made men, let me take the liberty of commending him to my correspondent. Mr. Plunkett has, from his boyhood, been an earnest student of books and of nature. He has collected a large and excellent library; has actively encouraged education among the peasantry; has mastered and thrown light on the geology and ancient glaciation of the entire district; has discovered and explored with persistent energy and success the extraordinary limestone caves of Fermanagh; and out of his little leisure and narrow means has himself unearthed some eleven or twelve cwt. of cave bones, many of ancient animals and of pre-historic man, with the usual accompaniment of rude pottery, flint flakes, and bronze implements. I am glad to say that at the last meeting of the British Association a grant of £30 was awarded to aid Mr. Plunkett in the continuation of his cave explorations.

withstanding that the romance of haunted houses does provokingly vanish when they are investigated, rats being found at work, or boys at play, I agreed to go; for even if my private misgivings were confirmed, still, as my correspondent remarked, the scenery and the caves would assuredly remain.

So a wet Friday afternoon found me in Enniskillen, and the evening was spent in discussing plans for the morrow. Both the "caves" and the "haunted house" were far away from the town, in a desolate region to be reached only by foot or car. However, the next day we were on our way. The morning was spent blasting the stalagmite floor of the caves; a beautifully made and very ancient, though still perfect bone pin, numerous fragments of coarse pottery and bones of wolf and deer, rewarded our labours. Before the sun set we left our digging for the still stranger quest the results of which I am about to narrate. A lovely drive of some nine miles had previously brought us to the village of Derrygonelly; turning sharp to the left after passing through the village, the road faced the magnificent limestone cliffs of Knockmore; a couple of miles farther and we were at a gate opening into a field that led to the haunted house. A more lonely spot could hardly be found in this country. Across the bog that lay before us rose the huge pile of Knockmore, its steep side crowned by an escarpment of over-hanging rock, fully 300 feet in height, hollowed here and there into those vast caves, the abodes of pre-historic man, to which allusion has already been made. No house could be seen anywhere, for the cottage we were in search of lies hidden in a hollow, and was further screened from observation by the foliage of the trees that surround it. The only

neighbours to be found are in the scattered farms that dot the wide-sweeping and poor valleys. It was now evening, and, added to the loneliness of the place, gloomy shades were cast by the clumps of trees and the tall hedgerow beside our path.

At last we reached the door of the farmer's cottage and found him within. He gave us a friendly greeting, and whilst he was making up the turf fire, and his daughters preparing, with Irish hospitality, to get us a cup of tea, we looked around. The cottage did not differ in its size or arrangements from that belonging to any other of the small farmers in the country districts of Ireland. The front door opened into a roomy kitchen, with a low ceiling, in great part open to the blackened rafters of the roof. The floor was of hardened earth, and on a large hearth-stone there burnt against the wall a turf fire, the smoke ascending through the primitive and ample chimney. A small window let enough light in to discern, by the fire-side, a door, opening into a bed-room, and in a corresponding position on the opposite side of the kitchen was the little parlour. The farmer himself was a grey-headed man, with a careworn look; he spoke with a quiet and simple dignity totally different from the voluble utterance that betrays insincerity. He had lost his wife a few weeks before Easter last, and the loss had greatly affected both himself and his children. The family now consisted of four girls and one boy, the youngest about ten, and the eldest, a girl, Maggie, about twenty years old. It was chiefly in the neighbourhood of Maggie that noises were heard, and hence it was of interest to regard her a little more closely. Her appearance was most picturesque: without

shoes and stockings to hide her white and well-formed feet and ankles, her gown neatly tucked up, a little red shawl thrown across her shoulders, her hair simply and tidily arranged, and her whole attitude graced by a manner instinctively gentle and modest; to this was added an intelligent and interesting face which wore a somewhat sad expression, though the healthy, open countenance gave no evidence of a character which could pursue a systematic course of deception.

By this time Maggie had the tea ready, and we went into the little parlour; none of the family, however, would partake with us, nor would the elder children sit down in our presence, actuated by that sense of respect and politeness which is inborn amongst the Irish peasantry. Whilst at tea, I questioned the old farmer closely as to any suspicions he may have had to account for these sounds. He was perfectly frank with me, and told me how unable he was to find any clue to their origin, and how gratefully he would thank me if I helped him to discover their source and banish the disturbances. All he knew was that as soon as the girls had lain down noises and rappings began, and often continued all night long, and this, too, when he had sat in their room with a candle, and watched closely both within and without the house.

In order to gain further information, I begged the old man to give me as slowly and carefully as he could the history of these disturbances. In the course of the evening he complied, and as he spoke I wrote down his words, which I will give without alteration or addition in the sequel.

Our primitive tea being over we went back to the peat fire in the kitchen, where I questioned, aside, each of the children, but all gave

me substantially the same story of the noises. Maggie now left us to put the children to bed, and afterwards herself bade us good night, saying she would merely lie down on the bed without undressing, so that if the noises came we might, if we chose, carefully examine the bedroom. A few minutes after she had retired a pattering sound was distinctly heard, as if made upon some soft substance. This was followed after an interval by at first gentle, and then gradually louder and louder raps, coming apparently from the walls, the ceiling, and various parts of the inner room; and this again was succeeded by scratchings and other indeterminate sounds. Naturally, the first thought was that we should find Maggie, or one of her little sisters, making these sounds within, or some one making them at a given signal without. Quietly stealing outside the house, every corner was examined. No one was found, but the noises were still clearly heard within the inner room. Upon returning, we obtained permission to go into the bed-room. When we entered with a candle the noises ceased, but they returned on our quitting the room!

This was provoking and uncommonly like, if not demonstrably, trickery. Had some of my medical and physiological friends been with me they would have argued that there was no need for further wasting our time. Maggie, they would have said, was evidently one of that numerous class of hysteroid sufferers who, without moral obliquity, are impelled to trick and cheat and play foolish pranks under the morbid influence of a well known disease. The case, they tell us, is by no means rare; in fact, it is extremely common among girls at her age; sometimes one dominant idea takes possession

of the patient, sometimes another. Every physician has had experience of it in some of its phases. Let us, therefore, go home. But I remembered when first the Holtz electric machine came to this country an eminent, but incredulous man of science remarked to me he would not believe its powers unless he saw with his own eyes that sparks of a foot long could be obtained by merely the rapid revolution of a couple of glass discs without any rubber or other apparent source of electricity. I procured and tried the machine, and when the sparks were leaping from the terminals I sent for my friend. He came at once, but on his opening the laboratory door the noisy discharges instantly ceased, the mimic thunderstorm of a moment ago had vanished utterly. Vigorously we turned the machine, but uselessly. My friend was as triumphant as I was crestfallen. He smiled when I told him that the sudden change was unaccountable, and goodnaturedly remarked he was always unlucky in seeing wonders; so with many thanks he wished me good morning. Subsequently, it was found that so trivial a thing as opening a door might precipitate on the plates of the machine particles of moisture or of dust instantly fatal to the generation of the high electric tension evoked by the machine.

The danger of jumping to a conclusion taught by the foregoing experience crossed my mind when the introduction of the candle stopped the playful devilry in Maggie's room.* Instead of going home at once, satisfied that the

noises were a practical joke, I begged permission to make another trial. Taking the lad (who had all the time been by my side) with me, and putting the candle on the little window sill in the kitchen, I stood, along with the father, just inside the open bed-room door. In a few moments the sounds recommenced, but in a timorous sort of way; gradually they became stronger and stronger. Taking the candle in my hand they ceased again, but after a minute or two once more returned, as if growing accustomed to the presence of the light! When at last, after much patience, the sounds were heard in full vigour, we moved towards the bed, and, candle in hand, closely watched the hands and feet of the girls; no motion was apparent, and yet during this time the knocks were going on everywhere around; on the wall, on the chairs, on the quilt, and on the big four-post wooden bedstead whereon they were lying. Returning to the door and placing the candle just outside, enough light was cast into the room for me to see every object distinctly. Whilst in this position the knockings and scratchings came with redoubled energy, and yet the closest scrutiny failed to detect any motion on the part of anyone in the room.

Now came a very staggering and marvellous affair—one of those things which, as Robert Houdin said of a somewhat similar occurrence, are simply stupefying, inasmuch as they defy any ordinary explanation. I found my request to have a certain number

* It is hardly necessary to point out the unphilosophical attitude of mind of those, who before becoming acquainted with a new group of phenomena, postulate the conditions under which those phenomena ought in their opinion to be produced. It is no more incredible that strong light should be fatal to the particular sounds here investigated than that the glare of daylight is fatal to the appearance of the stars.

of knocks was obeyed, and this, too, when I made the request more and more inaudibly. At last, I mentally asked for a certain number of knocks: they were slowly and correctly given! To check any tendency to bias or delusion on my part, I thrust my hands in my coat pockets, and said, "Knock the number of fingers I have open." The response was at first merely a loud scratching, but I insisted on my request being answered, and to my amazement three slow, loud knocks were given,—this was perfectly correct. The chances, of course, were one in ten of its being right if trickery were at work. Again, I opened a certain number of fingers, and bid it tell me the number open; five was knocked. This, too, was right, and the chances of both times being right were one in one hundred. Again, I opened other fingers, and the number was correctly rapped; the chances were here one in one thousand. Again I tried, and six was knocked, which also was right; and here the chances for all four cases being correct were as but one in ten thousand. Let it be noted that my hands were entirely hidden in the side pockets of a loose overcoat; no one but myself could possibly know the number of fingers I had open; and the enormous chances against being right four times running—if the knocks were due to trickery—gave me, I

think, just ground for believing that, after all, there might be here something in operation not dreamt of in medical science, nor compatible with a purely materialistic philosophy.* After the last number had been correctly rapped, and I expressed aloud my great surprise, the knocks increased in vigour and in variety of character. A loud rattling was heard like the beating of a drum, the pattering on the bed-clothes was incessant, and violent scratching and tearing sounds added to the diabolical hullabaloo.

This, said the old man, is how it has been going on nearly every night, and often all the night through, "and it frights and puzzles us greatly, sir." Certainly I was as puzzled as the old man; such uncanny sounds might well scare the lonely little household. By degrees I got the whole of the story from the old farmer, and the following account contains his *ipsissima verba*, verified, as I have already remarked, by cross questioning his children:—

"My poor wife," he began, "died in March last, and after her death we were all very lonesome and sad, and fretted a good deal. On Good Friday night, just three weeks after her death, after I had gotten to bed I heard a little wee rapping at the door forenenst where I lay, and it kept on rapping till about two o'clock in the morning. I thought it was our cats, or some

* What a change in the last twenty years! The weird legends of our childhood are vanishing; their superstitious glamour, which we are both glad and sorry to lose, is being replaced by the conscientiously gathered minutiae of the scientific investigator. We doubt whether, since they were chronicled in a matter-of-fact way in Egypt five thousand years ago, ghostly occurrences have found tellers free from imaginative terror until now. This scientific age is realistic in its ghost stories. Mr. Wallace catches a small sprite at work in a hinged slate, Mr. Crookes photographs one by the electric light. We are waiting anxiously for Dr. Carpenter to meet with the genie of the Arabian Nights, who fills the sky with his giant frown and refuses to be replaced in his bottle. When the haunts of the "Krakens" of the supernatural are found, science will have some fun, and we may expect some good stories.—ED.

rats, and that it would go away soon, but it didn't. The next night it began again, so I fetched a light and got up to see what it was, and it then ceased: but when I lay down again it began again. Then I got a stick, thinking I would scare it away, so when it began again I hit the door a crack with the stick, but instead of scaring it, it struck harder than before at the door, and when I struck again it struck too. Then when I found I couldn't daunt it, just a wee dread came over me, for I knew then it couldn't be rats or mice. So I got up and searched all the house; the cats were surely asleep by the fire and no one was about. Then I began to take a thought what it was, but could pass no opinion. Then I woke the children, but when I went to bed again it kept on rapping till day-light, when it went away till next night. After this a great dread came over us all and we kept a candle burning all night, but the knocks would still come when the light was burning, though not so loud. Then we all laid ourselves down in the same room, and now it wrought on the quilt of the bed, making sounds like tapping the quilt, and touching my daughter Maggie, so she says. One morning we found fifteen or sixteen small stones had been dropped on her bed. The noises and the tapping continued nearly every night, and once it wrought all night till the children were getting up in the morning; and so it went on, and with the dread and the loss of sleep we all felt very sick. Then it began to steal. We found this first on May 24th,—I know it was that day, because it was Derrygonelly Fair. It first took a pair of boots and an odd one from out of the press in our sitting-room, and we searched the house for them everywhere, but could not find them; and we

looked in the fields, but never a one of them could we find. Then one of us said, Let us ask the raps to tell us. So that night I said, If the boots are in the house, give a rap; and instead of rapping it gave a scratch; then I said, If the boots are out of the house, give a rap, and it gave a loud rap. Then I said, Give a rap if they are in Garrick's field, and it gave a scratch; then I asked other places, and at last I said, Are they in the plant field? And it gave a loud rap; and I said, What o'clock will they be there? as I had searched the plant field already. Then it gave six knocks. So a little before six in the morning I went out and searched the plant field again, but could find nothing; then I came in to see the clock, and it do be only just six; so I went out again, and I found them in the very place I had looked before. And sure, sir, I am of this. The three boots were all tied together with a bit of sel-vage wound round and round them, and with a string of knots we couldn't undo; so we had to cut them apart, and they were quite dry as if from the fire. Then we locked up all the boots, but it did no good, for another night it took a boot from a locked drawer, and after a great search we found it in a chest of feathers in the loft.

“Other things besides boots it stole; some things it took in day-light, and many of them we have not found yet. It took a pair of scissors, and then it began to steal our candles. First it took a pound of candles; then we had to light the little lamp; it then stole the lamp chimney and after that three more lamp chimneys, so we couldn't get our lamp to burn. Then we borrowed a lamp which burnt without a chimney, and it stole the bottle of lamp oil. None of these

things could we find, nor would it tell us where they were, but kept on scratching and seemed to get angry. We got some more oil, and it came that night and stole the lamp we had borrowed, and this vexed us badly. Then Jack Flanigan came and lent us his lamp, saying 'he would engage the devil himself could not steal it, as he had got the priest to dip it into holy water.' But that did no good either, for a few nights after that it stole that lamp too. We were then forced to get more candles, and the children hid them in the byre [the cow-house], in a little hollow between the thatch and the rafters, so that no one could have found the candles, they hid them so close; but it seen them, and I think too it heard us speaking of the good way we had managed to trick it this time, for when we went to get a candle from the byre, an hour and a half after they were hid, they were all gone; so we were forced to leave our candles in a neighbour's house till we wanted one, but it was very troublesome, for there is no house very near, and we couldn't keep a candle at all unless it do be burning, for it would take the candle end away if the light were put out. It tried to keep us in darkness, so that it should be able to make most disturbance.

"One day I bethought me of putting a candle in a lantern, and tying the lantern up to the ceiling. So I bought a candle of a woman who comes this way to sell things, and I put the candle in the lantern, shutting the door tight down myself, and then tied up the lantern, and set the two young children after watching it, like a cat would a mouse; but they didn't keep their eyes on it all the time, but every now and again they looked up. We were down working in the bog, and before night

came the children came running down to us, saying the candle had gone out of the lantern; and sure it had, for when I got home there was no candle in the lantern; it had been stole out, though the lantern door was close shut all the time, and no neighbour had come nigh the house. After that I said it was no use getting more candles, so we had to use the light of the turf fire. Lately, however, it has left off stealing, and we can now keep a light, though every day we fear it will be taken.

"Many people came now to see us and hear the knockings, for the news of it had gone about, and some said it was only rats, and others thought it were trickery, and some said it was fairies, or may be the devil. Several neighbours wanted us to get the priest, but we are Methodists, sir, and believed the Bible would do more good. A class leader one day told us to lay the Bible on the bed; so we did in the name of God, but a little after we found the Bible had been placed on the pillow and was laid open at the book of Jeremiah. Then I got a big stone, about 28lb. weight, and laid it on the Bible in the window sill, for I was afeard it might take the Bible away; but before long we found the Bible had been moved and we found the big stone laid on the pillow and the Bible open on top of it. After that it moved the Bible and prayer-book out of the bed-room and tore seventeen pages of the Bible right across, as you see, sir, here."

The old man had now finished his story, though other circumstances would occasionally recur to him as the evening went on. It was time, however, for me to ask, "Is it not possible some of your children were playing tricks all the time?"

"Ah, sir," he replied, "they

were in too great trouble, and no trickery could be in their heads, as they were sorrowing over their mother. Then, sir, I know them too well for that; they would not keep their old father awake and trouble him so, for it's many a night we have had no sleep, but have been kept worrying over this till morning. And, sir, how could they be at trickery, for since it began I have laid down on chairs in the same room, right forenenst them, and the candle was burning, when I heard it rapping and scratching or rattling like a drum at the head and the top and the foot of their bed, and the children were lying still all the time."

"Might it not be some troublesome lads outside?" I asked.

"Well, sir," he answered, "if the lads could lie inside a wall they might, for there are no windows beside the bed; and why would lads keep up the noises, for I say truth, sir, when I tell you that for two months it never missed a night from the time we all laid down; sometimes only a quarter of an hour it would go on and then stop entirely. After two months it kept away some nights, and now it comes chiefly on Saturdays and Sundays, but oftentimes other nights also."

"Well, what do you think it is?" said I.

"I would have thought, sir, it do be fairies, but them late readers and all knowledgeable men will not allow such a thing, so I cannot tell what it is. I only wish you could take it away."

"Why do you not ask it the question who or what it is?" I replied. "You might spell over the alphabet, and ask it to knock at the right word."

"Yes, sir, so some one told us to do; but it tells lies as often as truth, and oftener, I think. We tried it, and it only knocked at

L. M. N. Some of our neighbours say it do be my wife's spirit haunting the house; but this I am sure, sir, that if the Lord would send her spirit wandering on earth, it's not for to trouble us in this way, but to make us happy and protect us she would come."

Tears stood in the old farmer's eyes, and I felt that before me was certainly one who had no hand in the noises, and it seemed inconceivable that his children could have the physical endurance, even if they *could* have had the cruelty, to inflict such continued suffering and disturbance on the little household, and that, too, in the midst of the great calamity that had so recently overtaken them. If I had not personally tested every plausible hypothesis I should have said that the family, unstrung by this very calamity, had readily given way to superstitious fears, their imagination building upon the weird sounds that occur in that bleak and desolate region. But *my* nerves were not unstrung, and my hearing certainly did not deceive me. *Could* it be anyone "larking?" The experience I have narrated seems to render such an idea impossible. Nevertheless, I determined to go again, and meanwhile wrote to ask a friend to join me.

The next occasion I visited the house nothing occurred, though I waited till past midnight. The friend to whom I had written—the president of one of our learned societies—promptly responded, and upon his sobriety of judgment and accuracy of observation the reader may confidently rely. We visited the house together, and heard the noises as before, though not so loudly manifested as previously, yet our united and strict vigilance failed to detect imposture, and equally certain were we that we

were not the victims of hallucination, for my friend's experience and my own coincided in every detail. We searched round the house; no one was, or could have been concealed; none of the family were absent, and if the reader concludes they *must* have been the agents at work, the question *cui bono*, and the absence of any morbid ailment among them, seemed unanswerable replies to that point,—even if my own careful observations be omitted.*

Thus I left the neighbourhood fairly puzzled, and on my way home could not help reflecting upon the extremely curious similarity between these phenomena cropping up in a remote part of Ireland, where, as I ascertained, neither the name of Spiritualism, nor the report of any of its prodigies had ever penetrated, and the rappings that so mysteriously arose thirty years ago across the Atlantic, in the family of a respectable farmer, also members of a Methodist

* As might be expected, the family have been greatly pestered with idlers, and with some visitors calling themselves gentlemen, who, uninvited, have come to partake of the free hospitality of these poor folk, and then have behaved in an unseemly way, and when rebuked, have left the place proclaiming they had found out the "whole trick," and denouncing the family as gross impostors. Although such are not likely to be found among the readers of this magazine, yet I have suppressed the farmer's name, as it may prevent intrusive letters. I may add that extensive inquiry among his neighbours confirmed my impression that he was a thoroughly upright, God-fearing man. As this paper was passing through the press, I wrote to the farmer, asking him if any further light had been thrown on the noises. Unable to write, and with difficulty to read a letter, Maggie wrote for him as follows (the spelling and punctuation only are altered):—"The disturbances is still going on, we hear it some nights, about once in three weeks we hear it; we have no talk about it now and our nearest friends does not know but it is gone, we are not afraid of it now but I hope it is going away." Furthermore, my Enniskillen friend, at my request, has within the last few days again visited the once troubled household; and I also learn from him that the knockings are still heard, but they are feebler and less frequent than they were. The family are, he says, very reticent about the matter, not only being anxious to avoid further intrusion, but also because their experience has led them to the correct conclusion that the more persistently the noises are disregarded the less troublesome they are, so that in time the sounds will doubtless entirely fade away. This conclusion is singularly verified by the two cases referred to in the last foot-note but one in this paper. In one of these cases, that of a little girl whose parents were annoyed by the sounds, and who eventually let them go on unheeded, the knockings slowly disappeared, and have not returned. In the other case great interest was excited, and sittings were regularly held for nearly two hours every night during the last *three years*; here the sounds have steadily grown in vigour and variety, and at the present time are tolerably certain in their bold recurrence, *in full light*, directly a passive or expectant state is assumed by the so-called "medium,"—not necessarily by the inquirer, who is, or ought to be, in an attitude of the utmost vigilance. But there are cases in private families of high respectability, who not only would be insulted by the idea of taking, directly or indirectly, any payment, but who hush the matter up as far as possible, being naturally anxious to avoid the ridicule of society and the aspersion of their characters by physiologists imbued with a "dominant idea." Numerous similar cases exist, to my certain knowledge, in various parts of England. I am no advocate for indiscriminately encouraging these phenomena; far from it, whatever their explanation, their effect upon the *ignorant and credulous* is an unmixed evil. Viewing with concern the inevitable progress and havoc of "spiritualism" among uncultured minds, I view with still greater concern the flimsy explanations, varnished with half-truths, that pass muster at the hands of those psychologists who arrogate to themselves the sole right of instructing the public on this subject.

church,* and living in a lonely country district of the United States. I allude to the well known case of "Kate and Maggie Fox," † of whom their Irish counterparts had never heard.

What, then, is this lurking mystery that yields neither to holy water nor scientific inquiry? Are we, in the midst of our nineteenth century science and civilisation, to be expected to believe in the fairies and hobgoblins of our childish imagination? Are we seriously to give heed to the village

. . . Stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat—
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of
 morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the
 corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretched out all the chimney's
 length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled
 asleep.

But if any one believes these rappings to be beyond the power of visible mortals to produce, may we not have our household demons around us still, up to any pranks and fun? The conclusion is too absurd for the modern mind. Society has grown out of ghosts and goblins. It has made up its mind they cannot exist. Haunted houses have been relegated to the pages of the novelist or to the limbo of obsolete superstitions. And it matters not whether it be a ghostly apparition, or ghostly knockings, or ghostly noises and freaks of furniture—all are equally foreign to the enlightened opinion, the scientific wisdom, and the strong common sense of the present day. Does not the voice of philology as well as philosophy assure us that the country ghosts of our forefathers have disappeared under

* The reader will remember the knockings and disturbances at Epworth Parsonage where the Rev. Samuel Wesley (father of the founder of Methodism) was then rector. These sounds, investigated by his son John Wesley, and described in Dr. Priestley's and Dr. Adam Clark's Life of Wesley, defied every attempt at explanation, and they still remain a mystery, as the foregoing occurrences seem to me at present. The naturalistic philosopher might say that the story of the Epworth knockings had found its way into Methodist literature (as is the case, I believe) and had been read by the children of both the American and Irish farmer (in the latter case I found this supposition was correct), and so they tried to get up notoriety by imitating the wonders that happened in the family of the famous founder of their sect. My rejoinder is that even this hypothesis did not escape me when conducting my inquiry on the spot, and yet the enigma remained still unsolved in my mind. I cannot, of course, expect my readers to be equally convinced that no trickery was at the root of the matter.

† The attempts made to asperse the character of these ladies (the former is now the wife of an English barrister, Mr. Jencken, the latter the widow of Captain Kane, the Arctic explorer) have signally failed; and concerning the so-called "exposure" of their powers in America, the recent correspondence in the columns of the *Athenæum* has proved it to have been a baseless fabrication. For a full and excellent description of these "Rochester rappings" see Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of another World," page 204, *et seq.*

the influence of surface drainage?*

We must go to the chemist, not to the dark and lonely marsh, to see the objective ghost of to-day. But the chemist is not the only exorcist. The physician has laid the more numerous tribe of supernatural visitants which, in all past ages, mankind *thought they saw*. Apparitions, wraiths, and spectral lights are readily explained by "sensorial deception;" haunted houses and the like are the product of a "dominant idea;" possession, obsession, and exalted powers of mind or body are the results of "hysteria" and its congeners; in fine, ancient necromancy and modern Spiritualism are sad illustrations of "epidemic delusions!"

Thus it comes to pass that no one who values the good opinion of his friends, or cares to lose the reputation of being a sensible man will venture to express the smallest belief in a ghost. It is not a subject in which reasonable men can be expected to take any serious interest; and yet ghost stories of one sort or another still persist, and new cases incessantly recur. No superstitious fear now prevents belief or checks inquiry. Fear of the unknown is out of place at the present day. The reason for modern incredulity is that we know, or think we know, everything. Under the guise of profound humility as to our ignorance of the particular discoveries of the future, there lurks the most arrogant assumption as to the definite boundaries of our knowledge. The world that our senses reveal is all that is, or was, or ever will be. A

belief in the supernatural is a relic of the past. Let us eat, drink, and study evolution, for to-morrow we die. In future ages our descendants may be angels, and may have learnt the secret of immortality, but to-day we are as the animals that perish. An unseen universe is a philosophic delusion, and a faith that looks forward to life in the invisible is a priestly snare!

Such is the practical materialism that now runs, more or less hidden, throughout society. Hence any evidence that may be given for the existence of phenomena that elude rigid scientific inquiry, or for which no materialistic hypothesis can be framed, whether that evidence relate to past times or the present, is invariably received with a feeling of settled distrust, or else pushed aside with a motion of impatient contempt.

Notwithstanding this, almost every family has within its knowledge some perplexing occurrence, bordering on the confines of the supernatural, some private mystery rarely spoken of to the outside world. Still, even such people sit in the seat of the scornful when any similar inexplicable phenomenon outside their experience is related to them by their friends. Doubtless in the case of dreams or presentiments, mere coincidence covers much of the ground; but not in all, for cases have come under the writer's notice where the chain of coincidences would have to be stretched to such an unbelievable extent that any alternative is preferable, and some supersensuous influence act-

* It is almost needless to say that our modern word *gas* is the equivalent of the Anglo-Saxon *gast*, and the German *geist*—literally, ghost or spirit. The Will-o'-the-Wisp, Milton's "Friar's lantern," is no longer a tricky sprite, but well known to be due to the spontaneous ignition and wafting to and fro of inflammable gas produced by decaying animal and vegetable matter; the gas itself every school-boy knows under the name of marsh-gas.

ing upon the mind of the sleeper becomes a far easier hypothesis. And in the case of apparitions and the like, a disordered state of the nervous or digestive system unquestionably affords, in general, a simple and rational subjective explanation. But here, too, medical scrutiny sometimes hopelessly breaks down, and with it every "naturalistic" suggestion, so that we must either abandon our common sense and disbelieve evidence that in a criminal case would hang the most virtuous man in Christendom, or accept the simpler explanation that amid the multitude of phenomena which time and space present, there exists a residue which science cannot explain. Facts are slowly but surely accumulating which seem to indicate that the whole civilised world up to a couple of centuries ago might, after all, have had some good ground for the once universal belief that activity, intelligence, and personality can have and do have an existence in an unseen state; a state between which and us there is a great gulf fixed. And yet it would almost seem that certain mental organisations, or the conjunction of special circumstances, in which we can trace the operation of no recognised law, form at times a frail and fleeting bridge which enables that gulf to be momentarily spanned. When in support of this the overwhelming testimony of the past and of the present day is borne in mind—testimony which every honest critic feels it most difficult to gainsay—such a conclusion can hardly be felt to be extravagant by any rational and unbiased mind.

But here we are arrested by two opposite phases of thought. On the one hand we find those who,

whether from their environment or conviction, find no intellectual difficulty in a belief in the supernatural,* accepting the general creed of Christendom, and attributing any contact of the unseen with the seen to the operation of diabolic agency. Accordingly they steadily shun all post-Johannine evidence of the supernatural that may be adduced, not from disbelief but from dislike. On the other hand we find the hardened sceptic, who refuses to believe in any unseen world of intelligent beings, but who professes a readiness to believe in such a world if it could be proved, albeit he closes the question by asserting the existence of an unseen world can *never* be proved; for, he argues, any proof we have must come through the evidence of the senses, and thereby the object of proof has ceased to belong to the unseen. Among some exact thinkers such scepticism is fortified by the conviction that if an unseen world does exist in the background of the world with which science deals, any nexus between the two, however slight or transitory, would be attended by intellectual confusion: inasmuch as those great natural laws which scientific inquiry has established would at any moment be open to invasion, and therefore periodic destruction, by an unseen enemy. To such, therefore, an unseen universe is practically non-existent.

It is not probable that any remarks of mine are likely to affect the attitude of mind of either of these opposite schools of thought. Nor, if I had the power, would this be the place or time adequately to notice them. But perhaps I may be permitted to say this much. Among Christians the dread

* This is a bad word, of course, but it conveys what is meant, and its use does not imply agreement with its etymological signification.

they feel is, *in general*, nothing more than a survival of the superstitious fear of the unknown which in former times characterised both savage and saint. To me, it seems that a bold and manly Christian courage should welcome any evidence which throws light on the pneumatology of the Scriptures, and so far from playing the ostrich with these phenomena, Christian thinkers should surely seek to co-ordinate them with the facts of revelation.* And turning to the sceptic, whose philosophy is based on the absence of this old superstitious fear, where terror usurps the place of reason, ought not such an one to make himself *quite sure* that the evidence of every supernatural occurrence is valueless before he denies the possibility of an unseen world, and stakes such weighty issues upon his denial. I do not pretend that the case I have narrated in these pages is sufficiently sifted to allow of no alternative but that of the operation of superhuman agency. Such a conclusion could only be admitted after the most laborious and protracted inquiry by experts more competent than

the present writer. But these facts—taken in conjunction with similar manifestations that have been submitted to investigation, so long and patient, that we are assured every other alternative has one by one had to be abandoned—do seem to point to a high degree of probability in the direction of such a conclusion.†

That an unseen universe does exist the leaders of physical inquiry are agreed upon purely scientific grounds; from it they trace the genesis of life and of everything that our senses reveal.‡ Moreover, do we not find in our own microcosm the mingled mystery of matter and spirit, so unlike and yet so closely knit? What, then, may we not expect to find in the macrocosm of the world around? Already we know definitely that it presents us with gross matter free from, as well as united to, consciousness; may it not also present us with the converse—consciousness free from gross (*i.e.*, perceptible) matter? The vagueness of idea which engenders scepticism as to how consciousness, personality—in a word, spirit—can exist free from tangible matter, is surely

* Upon this point the reader will find a masterly and interesting excursus on the "Scripture Doctrine of an Evil Superhuman Agency concerned in the Destruction of Mankind," in the second book of that valuable work, "Life in Christ," by the Rev. E. White. (Elliot Stock.)

† It is irrational to contend that because the *physical* phenomena are so utterly contemptible, therefore they are not worthy of inquiry. A knock at the street-door is an absurd thing in itself, but it may be the precursor of an exalted guest. To establish the fact that physical or mental action is possible across space would in itself be a great advance in our knowledge of the universe. Two cases have come under my notice which have carried conviction to my mind that intelligent physical action can and does occur at a distance, *i.e.*, free from any perceptible agent. These cases I have investigated with extreme jealousy and care, and can affirm that none of the numerous hypotheses suggested by Dr. Carpenter and others are competent to explain away the facts. The strongest evidence in the case narrated in these columns is that of *mental action at a distance*; concerning this question of *supersensuous perception* I hope very shortly to publish ampler and more decisive evidence.

‡ Cf. the utterances of the late Sir John Herschel and Professor Faraday, and of Prof. Clerk Maxwell, Prof. P. G. Tait, Prof. G. G. Stokes, Prof. Balfour Stewart, Prof. S. Haughton, and others, in various discourses and writings.

lessened when we admit, as every man of science does admit, that interatomic as well as interstellar space is filled with matter, of a substance not gross enough to affect our senses, or the finest instrumental appliances. And the incredulity which arises from the difficulty of conceiving how spirit freed from its association with tangible matter can act upon such matter so as to appeal to our consciousness through it, is truly no greater than the difficulty which meets us in the action of our own will over the gross cellular tissue of our brain, and thus over our entire bodily frame. Is not the greater difficulty rather that of conceiving of the life-long conjunction and mutual influence of gross matter and individual consciousness, and not that of their separate existence?

After all, the problem the sceptic has to solve is not whether the

immanence of the supernatural is credible or incredible, or comprehensible or incomprehensible, but simply whether the evidence in support of such a statement is conclusive; in fine, whether the facts are *true*. Let us put aside clamour, misrepresentation, and vituperation; let us also put aside the *idola tribus*, whose worshippers believe all the laws of existence in this wide universe are to be found within the covers of certain physiological manuals; and the *idola specus*, at whose shrine truth is so often sacrificed; and seek for *instantiæ crucis* of super- or infra-natural phenomena, if such exist, in the dry and pure light of truth.

Be the conclusion as it may, the story I have here narrated, even if it goes no deeper, may perhaps furnish some of my readers with a Christmas tale, or a subject for fireside speculation.

W. F. BARRETT.

A WOEFUL WAIF.

THE name of James Clarence Mangan is almost unknown in England, although, asserts his biographer and fellow countryman, John Mitchel, "he was a more consummate poet and a more miserable mortal than Edgar Poe." Mr. Mitchel also declares that he "has never yet met a cultivated Irishman, or woman, of genuine Irish nature, who did not prize Clarence Mangan above all the poets that their island of song ever nursed." Nor is this admirer alone in his enthusiasm; the Honourable Charles Gavan Duffy, an author himself, in his "Ballad Poetry of Ireland" declares that "Among the recent native poets, whose ballads enrich our collection, the first place *indisputably* belongs to Clarence Mangan." And yet this collection, be it remembered, includes some of the best lyrics of Thomas Moore, and other well-known Irish bards. "His name," resumes Mr. Duffy, "will sound strange to many ears, but there is none among the literary class in this country to whom it is not dear and estimable. None, we earnestly believe, who can be considered among his rivals who will not cheerfully proclaim his title to *the first place*. . . . he has not, and perhaps never had, any rival in mastery of the metrical and rhythmical resources of the English tongue. His

power over it is something wholly wonderful."

If these estimates of Mangan be true, whence comes this general ignorance, not only of his miserable story, but, stranger still, of the productions of his genius? His biographer Mitchel is equal to the emergency and responds, "Because he was an Irish Papal rebel." Neither politics nor creed suffice for any length of time to suppress the works of real genius; the long-continued disregard of Mangan, therefore, if he were so gifted as his admirers assert, still remains to be explained. Mr. Duffy is probably, nearer the truth when he suggests that "the systematic seclusion of his literary life has robbed him of fame," but he deems him recompensed for *that*, although few *literati* would care to forego fame at the price, by the fact that "it has given him the love of his own order untainted by a single jealousy." Be the reasons what they may—and they are probably of a mixed nature,—it is a singular circumstance that Mangan's name and works are so ignored outside the Irish race. Although he has not, apparently, left any literary production to entitle him to take the exalted rank some of his countrymen would claim for him, still he has bequeathed a poetical legacy to Ireland worthy of preservation, and valuable enough to

the reading community at large to justify his name being withdrawn from its unmerited obscurity.

Mangan's origin was of the humblest, but, as one of his biographers exclaims, "Was not Moore's father a grocer? was not Burns a ploughman? and was not Béranger brought up in the shed of his grandfather, a tailor?" And as those sons of genius have had their noteless ancestry unearthed, recorded, and emblazoned, why not this one's? Accordingly, Mr. Mitchel proceeds to work, *ab ovo*, and informs us that James Clarence Mangan was the son of James Mangan, a native of Shanagolden, in the county of Limerick, who attempting to carry on the grocery business in a small way, at No. 3, Fishamble Street, Dublin, was "unfortunate." Here, in the spring of 1803, his first child, our poet, was also "unfortunate"—for he was born. In a short sketch of Mangan, prefixed to the second edition of "The Poets and Poetry of Munster," it is stated that his father, "being of a restless disposition, removed to another locality, having consigned the establishment *and his son* to the care of his brother-in-law, whom he induced to come from London for that purpose." Nothing seems to be known as to how the poor child fared with this relative; he obtained schooling, however, and that until he attained his fifteenth year, at an academy in Derby Square, Dublin, close to Dean Swift's birthplace. Mangan discontinued his studies to become a copyist in a scrivener's office, where his excellent penmanship procured him a small weekly salary. No sooner did the poor lad begin to earn money than his relatives, like a horde of hungry harpies, pounced down upon him, and by wringing his hard won pittance from him, virtually drained

him of hope, of health, and finally, of life itself. For seven long weary, dreary years, whilst his brain was teeming with unwritten poems, and his heart was big with grand theories for the regeneration of his country, this most unfortunate young poet was compelled to undergo a diurnal treadmill of quill driving, in order to obtain the weekly pittance upon which his family existed. From the drudgery of the scrivener's he passed to the doubtless less congenial labour of an attorney's clerkship, on the scanty remuneration of which, it is asserted, he contrived not only to support himself but an entire household, consisting of his parents, his sisters, and apparently, a brother!

Those ten years of his life, aver his acquaintances, were most terrible in their effects upon his sensitive nature. Jeered and mocked by unsympathising and uncomprehending fellow clerks, the poor shrinking mortal only sought his home to receive there still worse evidence of the world's cruelty. In the bosom of his family, Clarence, as he was always called, instead of being regarded with affection and gratitude, encountered nothing but reproaches and ill-humour. The *res augustæ domi* allowed him no leisure for reflection, but forced upon him the necessity of earning his daily bread, and it was this necessity, remarks Mr. Mitchel, "which probably saved him from suicide." In after life he could rarely be induced to allude to those ten terrible years of his existence, and when he did speak of them "it was with a shuddering and loathing horror." And yet, to an impartial spectator, that epoch of his most wretched life, spent though it was amongst uncongenial companions and pursuits, would

appear to have been comparatively happy when compared with "the lonesome latter years" of his utterly forlorn and desolate existence.

But there were other reasons to make this period an immemorial point in Mangan's career; a friend whom he had trusted is said to have betrayed him, how, or in what, is not stated; and a girl—the fairest of three fair sisters—upon whom he had set his hopes in life, and who had cruelly lured him on, when he told his love contemptuously "whistled him down the wind." This was the death-blow to all his visions of happiness, and ever afterwards all his songs one "melancholy burden bore of never—nevermore." One of his biographers, indeed, would have those who pity the poor poet console themselves with the reflection that it is, in all probability, to the perfidy of golden-tressed "Frances" that we owe the most pathetic and beautiful ballads of his countryman. That "sorrow is the source of song" may comfort the admirers of poetry, but certainly cannot supply any nepenthë to the suffering singers themselves. In Mangan's case the memory of this faithless fair one is declared to have inspired this paraphrase of Rückert's ballad: a version, be it pointed out, which bears some slight resemblance to a portion of Edgar Poe's "Raven:"—

I saw her once, one little while, and
then no more.

'Twas Paradise on earth awhile, and
then no more.

Ah! what avail my vigils pale, my
magic lore?

She shone before my eyes awhile, and
then no more.

The shallop of my peace is wrecked
on Beauty's shore.

By Hope's fair isle it rode awhile,
and then no more.

But writing verses could not sufficiently solace Mangan in his misery; in the words of Mr. Mitchel—"Baffled, beaten, mocked, and all alone amidst the wrecks of his world, is it wonderful that he sought, at times, to escape from consciousness by taking for bread, *opium*, and for water, *brandy*?" And another of his biographers gives as a reason for the poor fellow's intemperance, that, finding the straitened circumstances of his household imposed an insuperable barrier to his advancement—all his earnings being devoted to the support of his indigent parents and family—and his spirits being at length broken from over-exertion, "he was obliged to have recourse to stimulants, which he occasionally abandoned, but finally they produced the usual fatal result." How, when, or where he first began to try and quench his other thirst in the waters of Castaly is uncertain, but in 1830 he is found contributing short poems, generally translations from the Irish or German, to various minor publications, all of which have gone the way of all periodicals and appear to have carried most of Mangan's earliest pieces with them. His biographer, Mr. Mitchel, confesses that his collection, although voluminous, to his certain knowledge does not contain two-thirds of Mangan's productions, and as we have collected several pieces not included in the volume referred to, doubtless a large quantity of his verse is still floating about, and frequently with the names of unlawful owners attached to it.

Mangan's knowledge of modern tongues is asserted by Mr. O'Daly to have been something wonderful, "as may be seen," he adds, "by his translations from almost every language in the world." This superhuman polyglottistic talent is explained away by Mr. Mitchel's

statement that Mangan was accustomed to palm off his own original poems as translations, saying that "Hafiz was more acceptable to editors than Mangan." Mr. O'Daly confesses, indeed, that all Mangan's versions of Gaelic poetry were made from literal translations furnished to him by Irish scholars, as he was "totally unacquainted with the original language." How, amid the constant drudgery of his earlier years, the poor fellow contrived to find time to acquire any foreign language is still a wonder. Probably, during his lengthy office hours he contrived to vary the monotony of continual quill driving by occasionally snatching a few unnoted peeps at well-thumbed grammars. After drawing a Chancery bill, the stealthy declension of a German noun might afford a pleasant change, and he may, sometimes, have found relief in devoting a portion of the hours which he had bargained to spend in scribbling deeds to studying the difference existing between separable and inseparable verbs. It suffices to say that beyond his childhood's schooling he does not appear to have ever received any systematic education, but to have picked up the knowledge he did possess piecemeal.

For some years after he left the attorney's office there is a gap in Mangan's life which none of his biographers appear able to fill. It was a vacuum, says Mr. Mitchel, "into which, he entered a bright-haired youth, and emerged a withered and stricken man." Finally, his poems began to attract notice, and gained for him the friendship of several well known *literati*, including Dr. Anster, the translator of "Faust;" Petrie, the author and artist; and Dr. Dodd, the librarian of Trinity College, Dublin. This last interested himself in Mangan's

behalf, and procured him employment in the University Library, where his linguistic and varied knowledge made him useful in preparing a new catalogue of the books, which was the duty given him. It was in the Fagel Library of the University that Mr. Mitchel first saw the poet, an acquaintance having drawn attention to him in a whisper. His first appearance before his future biographer is thus characteristically described:—"It was an unearthly and ghostly figure, in a brown garment, the same garment (to all appearance) which lasted till the day of his death. The blanched hair was totally unkempt; the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I had never heard of Clarence Mangan before, and knew not for what he was celebrated; whether as a magician, a poet, or a murderer." This meeting ultimately led to the formation of a close friendship between the two authors, not, however, without considerable difficulty on Mr. Mitchel's part, as "Mangan had a morbid reluctance to meet new people, or to be introduced."

This post in the University not only afforded the prematurely aged man means of subsistence, but also afforded him the long desired opportunity of study. He continued his linguistic pursuits and produced most of his best pieces during this epoch of his life; he became a regular contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*, wherein appeared his "Lays of Many Lands," and "Literæ Orientales." Most of these pieces were undoubtedly original, although purporting to be translations from the Irish, German, Persian, Spanish, Coptic, and so forth. In October, 1842, the first number of the *Nation* ap-

peared, and Mangan contributed some verses commemorative of the event, but they do not display any very considerable amount of talent, any more than do the generality of his political pieces. For five years Mangan continued to be a regular contributor to the *Nation*, but the poems which he wrote under the influence of the "Young Ireland" party are far from being his best. Some of them, such as "A Highway for Freedom," contain good rhymes and plenty of dash, but are almost entirely destitute of real poesy; they will not compare favourably with the nationalistic lyrics of Thomas Davis; with "The Memory of the Dead," and other metrical contributions to the columns of the *Nation*; moreover, some have a very foreign air about them, suspiciously suggestive of Swiss or German origin. Indeed, not only are many of Mangan's lyrics found straying about with some other name appended, but also it sometimes happens that those regarded by his admirers as original are only translations—generally from the German. For instance, "The Fairies' Passage," which has been frequently printed as Mangan's own, is merely rendered from the original of Kopisch, whilst the following amusing verses, purporting to be from the German, may be original—"My Three Tormentors," it is scarcely necessary to point out, are Intemperance, Avarice, and Love:—

Three spirits there be who haunt me
always,
Plaguing my spirit in sundry small
ways.
One is apparell'd in purple and red;
He sits on a barrel—a chaplet of
laurel
Which ought to be mine, and was
before he
Robbed me of brains, and bread,
and glory,
Wreathed around his globular head,

And a royal and richly bubbling cup
Of the blood that he drains from
his victims' veins
In his hand, that shakes as he lifts it
up!

Oh, woe, woe,
And sorrow,
To be, to be
His slave,
Through every coming morrow,
Till years lay me low—
Low in an honourless grave!

My second tormentor, a weakened
old pigmy,
Delves in a mine, as though he would
dig my
Grave, or his own—I hardly care
which!

His visage is wrinkled and dust
besprinkled,
His clothes are in rags, yet he
heaps together
Bright gold by the bushel; one
scarcely knows whether
The hateful old hunks be poor or
be rich!
His gold is ever before his view:
He worships it, he—and, alas!
makes me,
In spite of my conscience, worship
it too!

Oh, woe, woe, &c.

The third—oh! the third is a marvel-
lous creature,
Infant-like, and of heavenly feature!
His voice is rich as the song of the
spheres;

But ah! what tragic unrest its
magic
Doth bring to the bosom who
shall tell of?
To me that voice has been as the
knell of
Death and despair through bitterest
years!
And, then, his bright but mischievous
eyes;
Their mildest glance is the wound
of a lance,
'Neath which the heart's blank inno-
cence dies!

Oh, woe, woe, &c.

But those who would view Mangan's muse in its best garb must neither seek for it under its political trappings nor when disguised under assumed conviviality, when, as one of his biographers remarks, "his laughter is hollow and painful." Pathos was his forte, and whether original or translated, many of his pathetic pieces deserve a better fate than consignment to the waters of oblivion. Much of his best work is to be found in two small volumes of translations from the German, published under the title of "Anthologia Germanica," in 1845, at the expense, we are informed, of the Honourable Gavan Duffy. Mangan's renderings from the Irish are very disappointing, being generally poor and spiritless, but in the mystic, weird, and vague *sehnsucht* of Teutonic minstrelsy he found a suitable outlet for his own yearning for something grander and nobler than he could extract from life. In "The One Mystery" a fair example of his ever-questioning philosophy is to be found:—

'Tis we exhaust and squander
 The glittering mine of thought in
 vain ;
 All baffled reason cannot wander
 Beyond her chain.
 The flood of life runs dark—dark
 clouds
 Make lampless night around its
 shore :
 The dead, where are they ? In their
 shrouds—
 Man knows no more !
 Evoke the ancient and the past—
 Will one illuming star arise ?
 Or must the film, from first to last,
 O'er spread thine eyes ?
 When life, love, glory, beauty,
 wither
 Will Wisdom's page, or Science'
 chart,
 Map out for thee the region whither
 Their shades depart ?

Supposest thou the wondrous powers
 To high imagination given,
 Pale types of what shall yet be
 ours,
 When earth is heaven ?
 When this decaying shell is cold,
 Oh ! sayest thou the soul shall
 climb
 That magic mount she trod of old,
 Ere childhood's time ?

And shall the sacred pulse that
 thrilled,
 Thrill once again to glory's
 name ?
 And shall the conquering love that
 filled
 All earth with flame
 Reborn, revived, renewed, immortal,
 Resume his reign in prouder
 might,
 A sun beyond the ebon portal
 Of death and night ?

No more, no more—with aching
 brow,
 And restless heart, and burning
 brain,
 We ask the When, the Where, the
 How,
 And ask in vain.
 And all philosophy, all faith,
 All earthly—all celestial lore,
 Have but one voice, which only
 saith,
 Endure—adore !

Of the latter portion of Mangan's life there is little to tell, and that little one would wish untold. The last few years would seem to have been spent in a state of partial insanity induced by trouble, want, and intemperance. Of "his orgies in vile hovels amidst the scum of humanity," which a biographer alludes to, it is but charity to deem the account exaggerated, especially as he is declared to have only been forced to resort to the use of stimulants by domestic hardships and over-exertion. Fidelity to friends and a passionate love of nature were

inherent in him, and it is sad to feel that in circumstances more congenial a nobler fate—a happier fame—might have been his. Dr. Anster and Mr. Petrie are believed to have remained faithful to him to the last, but Mr. Mitchel avers that “they could do nothing for him; he was out of the reach of help; he would not dwell with men, or endure decent society; they could but look on with pity and wonder.” It is to be hoped that the portrait has been over-coloured and that great as were his tribulations poor Mangan neither did nor suffered so badly as here represented. A short time before his death he had an attack of cholera, which, it is asserted, was brought on by lack of proper nourishment, an euphemistic term for starvation. Mr. O’Daly tells us that he found his unfortunate countryman in an obscure house in Bride Street, *recovered*, but greatly weakened by the recent attack. At his own request, admission was procured for him at the Meath Hospital, where, notwithstanding his “recovery,” he only lingered seven days, expiring on the 20th of June, 1849, in the forty-seventh year of his age. His last moments are reported to have been consoled by the kind attentions of the Rev. Charles Meehan, himself a poet, and who, when poor Mangan’s remains were carried to their final—we had almost said their first—resting place in Glasnevin Cemetery, performed the last ceremonies for his brother bard.

Mr. O’Daly describes Mangan as “below the middle size, and of slender proportions; the ashy paleness of his face was lighted up by eyes of extraordinary brilliancy.” “Of his manner and customs,” he continues, “it would be impossible to give a correct idea; they may be best described by an extract from his favourite Schiller:—

‘ His dreams were of great objects ;
He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself ; yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions ; kindling into splendour.
His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were madness,
Or whether it were a god that spake in him ! ’ ”

In his sombre-hued portraiture of his deceased countryman, Mr. Mitchel states that when excited by any interesting topic, Mangan’s “blue eyes would then dilate, and light up strangely the sepulchral pallor of his face.” Like Blake, he believed himself visited by spirits, amongst whom came the spirit of his father. Upon this subject of spiritual communion he was taken to task by the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, which, in reviewing his “*Anthologia Germania*,” contended that he had taken an unwarranted liberty with Uhland in so translating a well known ballad of his as to make him “lay down the strange doctrine that the death of our friends not only does not prevent all companionship between their souls and ours, but that it even brings us into closer communion with them.”

Few writers of Mangan’s abilities have remained so long unknown to men using the same language, but, whilst his obscurity may be partially due to Saxon prejudice, Irish writers are, undoubtedly, chiefly to blame for it. In the first instance, they sought to attach an obnoxious political bearing to his writings, and, secondly, have so extolled and belauded everything to which his name was ap-

pendent that, when an impartial critic came to peruse some of his verses—perhaps some of his worst—he has been utterly disappointed, and deeming the author a mere poetaster, has willingly forgotten his name. As a translator he certainly deserves high rank; probably no one has transmuted the *spirit* of German ballad poesy into the English tongue with more fidelity; but as an original poet we are by no means inclined to grant him the lofty position his countrymen claim for him. Mangán, doubtless, knew his own idiosyncracies well, and in his autobiographical poem of “The Nameless One” thus characteristically portrays his own sad career:—

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing
river,
That sweeps along to the mighty
sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Then shew the world, when my bones
lie whitening
Amid the last home of youth and
eld,
That there was once one whose veins
ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear
night hour,
How shone for *him*, through his
grief and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light
our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can
give,
He would have taught men, from
wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, divided,
hated,
And worn by weakness, disease,
and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or
vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning
beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and
rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned
for years long
To herd with demons from hell
beneath,
Saw things that made him, with
groans, and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in
love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young
hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death
for others,
And some whose hands should have
wrought for *him*;
(If children live not for sires and
mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit
abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and
Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's
dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of
darkness,
Amid shapes and signs of the final
wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly
starkness,
Stood in his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and
sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and house-
less nights,
He bides in calmness the silent
morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still then? Yes! old
and hoary
And thirty-nine, from despair and
woe,
He lives, and enduring what future
story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying
noble,
Deep in your bosoms ! There let
him dwell ;
He, too, had tears for all souls in
trouble
Here in hell !*

The ease with which he sings his
hapless story shews how familiarly
he had learned to regard the
ghastly elements of his life.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

* How strongly pronounced in the opposite and yet kindred qualities of delight and despair is the lyre of Ireland, may be realised by comparing this poem of Mangan's with Waller's "Dance light !" which is full of a charming joy :—

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel—
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning ;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore-tree,
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest-moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing ;
Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
So she couldn't but choose to—go off to the dancing.
And now on the green, the glad groups are seen—
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now, Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion ;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing—
Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,
NO SUCH SIGHT CAN BE FOUND AS AN IRISH LASS DANCING !

Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly.
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love ;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love !"

Dr. Waller was for some time editor of this magazine, and is still singing.—[Ed.]

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A NORTHERN VICARAGE.

“It has been a long year. I am glad you keep to your old habit of coming to us at Christmas, Clare, for else we should never see you at all.”

“Well, Mary, you must remember my time is so full of my work. I would gladly see you oftener, but indeed this last year I have seen no one.”

“And you don’t look any the better for it, Clare. I am sure you write too much, and live alone too much.”

“So people are fond of saying,” answered he, with a proud smile; “but one cannot put aside the burnings of the spirit. I must write, and give my message to the world. I am driven to it, and given a strength not my own.”

Mary looked at him wistfully. She sat in a low arm-chair by the side of a fire that glowed in deep-hearted honouring of old Christmas. She was a fair, sweet-faced woman, with a sprinkle of grey upon her hair. Claremont, who stood upon the hearthrug in front of the fire, was perhaps the only person who called her Mary now. She was “Mamma” in the Vicarage; and out of it “Mrs. Robarts, the good parson’s wife.”

Her brother Clare was older than herself. He stooped, and his hair was fast growing grey. His eyes had a peculiar, in-turned,

absorbed look, which Mary thought had grown upon him in the last year. They scarcely ever met save at this chill, cheerful season; for Claremont, as a student and recluse, found London his most congenial residence, and the place where it was most easy to be alone; while Mrs. Robarts had spent the last twenty-five years of her life in this far-away, bustling parish. The Vicarage lay in the midst of a smoke-clouded valley, where the trees pined and died, and the streams lost their innocence and purity. A chain of high and healthy hills girdle the populous valley, and here Mother Nature timidly lingers, and her footsteps are to be traced by those who will climb to look, in the shape of heather and bilberry. The changing lights and colours of this far-off range are just visible from the Vicarage windows; and Mrs. Robarts, having scanned her brother’s face, turns, as is her hourly and almost unconscious habit, to look upon the friendly outlines of the hills.

“But,” she said, gently, “you have written your book. Why not take some rest now, and come out into a more practical living for awhile? I am sure it would refresh, if not strengthen you, in more ways than one.”

“It would be waste of time,

Mary," he said, impatiently. "And now that my book has not succeeded, I feel more than ever that I must go on writing. I must explain my plan until people understand it."

"It is very brave of you," said Mrs. Roberts, with a little sigh; "but don't you think you might take a little interval? I fear you will overdo it."

"Impossible! Why, I have all the powers of the universe to uphold me while I do my work! The message—the great truth of the coming regeneration, is given to me to pass on to the world, as it lies asleep."

"You know, Clare dear, I always did say rude things to you—so perhaps you will forgive me when I say that I have read your book with a desire to know, but indeed I *don't* yet know how the world is to become regenerate according to your method."

"Man does but need to be made to understand the truths of the regeneration. If he but once appreciates that his body is the temple of the living God, how can he thereafter desecrate it? Man is unregenerate because he is wholly undeveloped as to the inner spaces of his soul. He is glad of external foolishness because he knows no better. He wanders into trivialities which are utterly unimportant, because he does not know that man is to be redeemed and made happy by a life consecrated to the ideal. This fact I must impart to him: I have given my life to the pursuit of the highest truth; regardless of consequences, I have followed it throughout my career, and my efforts are now crowned by ability to assure my fellow men that regeneration is a grand reality, and that we have but to aspire towards it."

"But," said Mary, "you become so lost in your intellectual

modes of thought that you forget that they can only touch upon certain minds prepared for them. You talk of regenerating the world by preaching purity and love—well, I fancy that my husband has been preaching the same in his old-fashioned way these forty years in this parish; and though I know he has done a large amount of good, yet I can't say the parish is absolutely regenerate. There are some people whom one cannot approach—I should like to bring you and your book face to face with them! It makes me impatient when you talk of regenerating the world, you modern reformers! You attain, perhaps, a grand republican conception; and entirely forget that you need angels to carry it out. Even if your audience should be numbered by thousands, you only affect a little section of the world. Masses of men as good as yourself will be untouched by you: will pass you by. Oriental history, for instance, will go on much the same, even though you fire a thousand English and American readers with a sympathy for you. You cannot make people know by telling; they can only find out for themselves that truth and purity bring peace. How I should like to have taken you to see old Ailse, who died a little while ago in her lonely cottage away on the upland. I shall never forget her sweet placid face, as innocent-looking and almost as fair as a baby's, with eyes as blue. Her soft hair shone like a band of silver beneath her snowy high-crowned cap, whose frill extended round her chin. Her only companion was a sleek cat. On her little table lay her open Bible, and by it her Prayer-book, apparently well kept, yet well used. She rose slowly, and met us with a peaceful smile, to the Vicar's 'Good day, Ailse! How are you getting on?'

‘Meterly,* thank God! How good He is to send you to me when I can’t totter to His house!’ During our visit I said, ‘Your life is very lonely—have you no friends!’ ‘Yea, t’neighbours look in now and then, and I pray for patience.’ She was a thankful old creature. I think I can still hear her feeble voice, and see the light in her eyes when she said, ‘Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.’ Once she remarked, ‘When I was young and strong, the nighest church was three miles off, but I liked t’walk, and took a bit o’ dinner i’ my pocket, so ’at I could stay both sarvices. By t’ time it were too much for me, a new church were built half-way. When I couldn’t walk that, Holmclough got its church, an’ I was fain to turn in theer. And when my feet failed to carry me so fur, your good husband built here at Lane-side t’ new school, and it were grand to have sarvice here. And now when I cannot cross th’ door-stone, the good Lord sends His minister with the Sacrament to my very hearth.’ Dear old Ailse was found one morning in her bed dead, looking as if one sleep had merged in the other—a peaceful smile upon her face still.”

“A very pretty picture, Mary,” said Claremont, who had seated himself near his sister, “but what is your point?”

“Why,” she answered, “I am trying to shew you that there are worlds beyond that in which you live and think—that you are only allowing yourself to be carried off your balance when you talk of reforming humanity according to a set plan, or all at once. All practical workers know it is

impossible. I want you to face the practical for a little while—perhaps I have too much of the practical in my life, but I am sure you have not enough. Don’t talk of your scheme of reformation as universal until you can go out of the intellectual sphere and touch people in other and various states of life. I’ll introduce you to old Molly Dean, who comes for alms once a fortnight. If you talk to her of regeneration she’ll ask you for some ‘bacca.’ They call her ‘Bonny Mouth.’ She is a perfect picture of infirmity, bowed, blear-eyed, and leaning upon two sticks. Whether her mouth were especially bonny in youth or not I cannot tell, but it is plausible in age. Once, after hearing from her an unusually pitiful tale, I called at her cottage. A married son and his large family lived with her. The son’s wife was weak in health, and a miserable manager. When I went in I found the women and children enjoying a most comfortable meal—tea, and hot muffins soaked in butter; a nice smell of baking bread in the oven, and a mug nearly full of unbaked dough on the hearth. ‘Well, Mary,’ I said, ‘this is a pleasant kind of starvation.’ She readily answered, ‘Bless yo’, Mistress Robarts, we were just thanking the Lord at I’d bin able to borrow t’brass.’ I could not resist adding, ‘If I had borrowed the money I would make less butter serve—we are more careful at the Vicarage.’ Once a year the owner of their cottage gave a supper to his tenants, and I heard from his wife, with no little surprise, that ‘old Bonny Mouth’ had been one of the noisiest of the merrymakers, singing and dancing in a wonderful way. When Molly next pre-

* Northern dialect for moderately.

sented herself at the Vicarage I accosted her with 'Mary, what is this I hear of you?—singing and dancing at the rent-supper, and making a fool of yourself?' She looked up with a sharp twinkle in her eye, and struck the floor with her right-hand crutch, as she answered, 'Mistress Robarts, if yo'll turn to th' third chapter of Ecclesiastes, and fourth verse, yo'll find it says, "There's a time to laugh, and a time to donce."' 'Yes, Mary, but it also says, "There's a time to die."' Surely at the age of eighty-four the time to dance is over, and the other time must be near.' 'Mistress Robarts, I've allus bin a woman of a cheerful sperrit, an' ye see a cheerful sperrit likes a bit o' singing an' doncing, when it con get it, an' it's noan so oft I get th'chance 'at yo' need flight me neaw.'

"Old Molly must be approached through some other avenue than yours: yet is she not a human being, although her intellect has not been developed so that she could understand your book? God's ways are infinite and infinitely various: I only ask workers to allow that, and to regard their own work as possibly one way. My experience teaches me that it is so; and though I feel my own way to be the only one possible to me, yet am I willing to allow that you also may be in the only way possible to you. Only don't claim it to be God's only way."

Her philosopher brother was walking restlessly about by this time.

"My dear Mary," he answered, "you only require to be more highly developed, and you would see that my revelation includes, crowns, completes all others."

"So it may—so it may," said Mary; "yet it is strange that human life goes on the same, although your book is published!

I can't help telling you what I feel, though it hurts me to say it. You may little think it, but I felt saddest when you were shewing me the reviews of your book. Some were enthusiastic in praise of you, but when you came to those that spoke of you as losing yourself in a metaphysical dream, or as hopelessly transcendental, or as feverish and unbalanced, none of which expressions appeared to be applied wantonly or thoughtlessly, you put them aside with a gentle impatience, and said the writers were not sufficiently highly vitalised."

Her brother's sensitive face was moved with pain; but the features soon softened again, for the man found a new cloud-dream on which he rode to his skies again, where he had grown accustomed to dwell.

"Mamma," exclaimed two piping and reproachful voices at this juncture of the conversation, "you have been telling stories to Uncle Clare, and we didn't know!"

"Poor little ill-used mortals," laughed Mrs. Robarts. "Well, as it's Christmas Eve, I suppose stories you must have. So come along."

The children quickly established themselves, and the dreamer sat down again in his arm-chair before the glowing fire, where he could command a view of Mrs. Robarts and her children. Notwithstanding his growing tendency not to observe, he could not help watching the picture which formed so great a contrast to everything within his solitary, book-burdened bachelor-rooms.

"Well, children, I will tell you a little story of the Cotton Famine; but it shall only be a little one. for Uncle Clare will have read all the history of it told by abler story-tellers than I am. But I can never forget some incidents of it here among our own

people. Many of them became demoralised during that time which obliged them to receive alms, and thereby forfeit their honest self-respect. At first some of them received the much-needed dole with lips compressed and defiant eyes—others with tears, and many were sorely ‘clemmed’ before they would stoop to ask ‘relief.’ We tried to spare them this suffering as far as we could. Many a time I hurried out in the dark evenings with bundles of clothing, and baskets of food, or else I sent for them at such times as they could come and go without being seen by others. But after a time the distress became too general to indulge them in this way. Some never needed such consideration; they took kindly to the degrading position at once. One woman used to appear so smiling, and grew fatter and rosier than I had ever known her. I said to her one day, ‘Really, Ann, I believe bad times agree with you better than good ones.’ She readily replied, ‘Yo’re reet, missis, i’ good times Tummus drank welly [nearly] o’ he arned, an’ me an’ t’childer had to clem—neaw we’n gotten clous t’aur backs, an’ moor meyt i’ aur bal-lies.’ The thrifty operatives were the worst off. Whilst their savings were unspent they might have no relief, and in many cases their little hoards were locked up in co-operative mills, which, being unworked, could neither pay interest, nor refund principal, during the famine.”

“Speaking of our peoples’ unwillingness to receive alms reminds me of old Matthews. He had been ill for some time, and evidently he and his wife were sorely pinched. The Vicar was visiting them, and noticed the old woman’s dimmed eyes and trembling hands; the sick man feeble and drooping.

My husband told him if he would send to the Vicarage he should have a little beef tea, or some port wine. The old cheek flushed, as he quavered out, ‘Thank yo’ kindly, maister, but aw never have gwon nor sent to greyt folks’ heauses for ought i’ my life, an aw cannot do it neaw.’

“During the enforced idleness our sewing schools were a great blessing to the women and girls. In addition to the pieces of calico, flannel, and linsey we had to cut and make up, we had many private friends, who sent us large boxes of cast-off clothes. These gifts were a great advantage in teaching the women how to make the best of things. They were delighted to see us cut out from a lady’s riding skirt five boys’ jackets, and from the lining of a gentleman’s dressing-gown as many waistcoats, of neat shepherd’s plaid, to wear with the jackets. With the voluntary help of a milliner, we got fifteen tidy bonnets from an old silk dress! And many a really beautiful counterpane made from the gaily coloured bits of flannel, prettily arranged in various patterns, that the kind manufacturers sent us with the ordinary flannels. At first we were puzzled to know what to do with white satin slippers, gauzy evening dresses, braided military coat, scarlet hunting tog-gery, that accompanied more useful apparel. A bright thought flashed from one of us—‘Sell them to the buyers of cast-off clothes, and with the money purchase warm stockings and clogs’—which we did.

“One of the sewing scholars was a fair innocent-eyed girl of eighteen, who had a paralysed father, and to supply his needs, and her stepmother’s, Jane was often, as she expressed it herself, ‘hungry enough to eat off her finger ends.’ A young shy pren-

tice lad, about her own age, used to come courting her on the way from the school. One of his most touching appeals to her affection was offering time after time half his supper, which he brought in his handkerchief. Poor Eli was an orphan lad, and very slight in figure. He looked something of a guy in a pair of his uncle's old trousers—the uncle being a stout, middle-aged man. This loose garment was an eyesore to Jane, and feeling grateful for the suppers, she asked him one evening to don his Sunday breeches, and bring her the old ones. And while sitting up with her father (that night) she made such good use of her newly-acquired skill that next morning Eli looked as if he and his trousers had been made for each other. 'Eh, but they were stiff to sew,' said Jane, when long afterwards she told me the story; 'for he'd worn 'em, and worched in 'em, and his uncle afore him, till they're thick wi' grease an' dirt.'

"Emboldened by Jane's kindness, it was not long before Eli said, 'My lass, aw'd like to shap a little whome of our own—what dost thou say to it?' 'But thou cannot shap it eaut o' nought,' answered Jane, "an' we winnot begin wi' debts.' 'Nay, lass, aw dunnot myean to be hampered wi' debts. Aw've brass for a second-hond bed, an' a couple o' cheers, an' happen a bit ov a table. An' if thou'rt willin', aw'll put up t'axings [banns] to-morn.' 'Aw dunnot like to lave my fayther, an' him so helpless,' pleaded Jane, but Eli was ready—'He'll ha' moor to eayt if he hasn't thee to keep. Aw've eight shillings a week for two on us, an' thou cannot weel be maur clemmed than thou has bin. An' a little whome o' eaur own 'ill be some comfortable.' And so the maiden was wooed and won.

"Eli is now a master wheelwright, having apprentices of his own under him, and his wife, in her well-furnished house and cheerful, prosperous life, has no cause to regret the improvident marriage she made at the time of the Cotton Famine, though for some time they were hard put to it to make both ends meet. Jane is an excellent manager, and practises the lessons she learnt in the sewing school, in contriving garments for the troop of bright, singing little children that surround her. I know no couple in the parish who are bringing up their family more creditably than Eli and Jane Walmsley."

"Now, mother, tell us about Nancy who wouldn't get married!" exclaimed the children, directly their mother ceased speaking. She gave one glance at Clare, and seeing she had, at all events, some of his attention, plunged into another true romance.

"I was much struck by the old-fashioned simplicity of two spinster sisters, Nancy and Dorothy Cunliffe, who waited upon the Vicar a few days after the burial of their mother. She had rented a small moorland farm, and they came to ask his advice before they took any steps for the future. He was many years their junior, and felt hardly competent to direct two such steady, grave-looking women as Nancy and Dorothy Cunliffe. However, they described their circumstances, and gradually unfolded their plans, which seemed to him prudent and sensible, and after some talk the good sisters left his study perfectly satisfied with the interview, and thanking him for his kindness and good advice.

"The farm was given up, and soon the sisters took a cottage nearer to us. Nancy, the elder, was a stirring, energetic woman,

ready to take the man's place in a house; Dorothy, the younger, of smaller make, had a short, awkward arm, from a bad burn in childhood, and looked up to her sister in everything.

"Nancy taught in our Sunday School, and managed all the smaller and most troublesome children admirably. She also made herself useful to us in many other ways. She was not without admirers, too; more than one widower sought her in marriage, for the sisters, among other good qualities, had something in the Savings Bank.

"After a time Nancy undertook some work for an uncle, who lived at too great a distance for her to return home every night; so it was arranged that she should always come home on Saturday, and go back early on the following Monday. Dorothy's work was near the house at home; she always looked the picture of content.

"One Sunday evening our tract distributors had come to change their tracts—Nancy was one of them. She waited her turn until all had been served, and when I had supplied her still lingered until the others had departed. I then noticed a troubled look on her face. 'Well, Nancy, is something wrong in your district?' 'Not in my district, ma'am, but in my home.' 'I hope Dorothy is well.' 'Oh, yes, well enough in health, but my heart is so full I must speak to you.' I felt alarmed; Nancy's face turned so pale, and I offered her a chair, saying, 'Tell me all your grief, Nancy—Is it anything I can lighten?' She could not have spoken more solemnly had she been describing her sister's death, than when she gave me this account:—'You know, ma'am, how comfortable Dolly and me

have lived together, and how lately I've had to go to my Uncle Ben's. A fortnight since I came home as usual, very tired, and glad to get to my sister again. I hadn't much to say for I were weary, but I could not keep from watching Dolly as she set the tea-things, she looked so breet; she knocked about more lightsome than usual, till I couldn't help saying—"Dolly, what makes thee so breet to-night?" She turned to me wi' such a smile, "Why, Nancy, I've gotten a chap." I felt as if I were shot. "A chap! What dost thou mean, Dolly?" and she laughed out in my face, ma'am. "I mean what I say, I've gotten a chap." "An' who is it that's as great a fool as thee?" I said. "Billy Buttreth," says Dolly. "Billy Buttreth!" I said, "a thriftless, ne'er-do-weel; nay, Dolly, if thou wants to be wed, do take up with somebody more likely to give thee as good as thou'lt leave—what had he to say to thee?" "He said he thought we were old enough to be wed if ever we meant to be." "And what said thou?" "I said I thought so too." You see, Mrs. Robarts,' said Nancy, apologetically, 'it's Dolly's first offer, and the old saying, "Th' older and th' madder" is true, so I didn't blame her as I might have done, but I talked quietly, and told her how many good chances I'd given up for her, till she softened, and I left it there, thinking Dolly would see the foolishness of her conduct, and give up Billy at once. I went back to my Uncle Ben's, and said I couldn't come much longer, Dorothy needed me at home. At the week end, when I came back, Dolly smirked at me as breet as ever, and I said, "Has Billy Buttreth been again?" "Yes, Nancy." "And is it settled?" "It is." "And I shall hear no more of this nonsense." "It isn't non-

sense, Nancy." "What did thou say to him?" "Well, when he came in I were blowing the fire, and I gave him t' bellows, and asked him to blow." When I heard our Dolly say that, ma'am, you might have knocked me down with a pea; I felt it was all over.' 'But,' I pleaded, 'it is not wicked to be married, Nancy; and perhaps Dorothy's lover is a better man than you suppose.' 'I know him only too well,' said Nancy, sternly; and I said to Dolly, "If thou weds him we part for ever." "Nay, Nancy, there's no need," said Dolly. But I told her everything should be divided, even to a spoon, and it shall be.'

"I felt it was a delicate case for me to interfere in, and so I only just tried to persuade Nancy to make the best of it. Dorothy was old enough to know what she was about, and would please herself. It was not unnatural in her to get married. How old was she? 'Forty-five last birthday.' 'Were you never tempted to marry, Nancy?' 'I never did marry,' was the grim response, 'though less than two months since I'd a very different proffer to Dolly's, and for her sake I said, No. Perhaps you remember me being called out of the Sunday School, and coming in again a bit flustered.' 'Yes, I do.' 'A neighbour,' continued Nancy, 'beckoned me out, and I went in her house to find an old sweetheart that I hadn't seen for nigh twenty years. He set his heart on me before I were out of my teens, and followed me like a dog for years, but I never cared for him in the way he wished, and in the end he left the neighbourhood, and settled in Manchester. He married a quiet, respectable woman, and I supposed forgot me altogether. But it seems he isn't one to forget. He has lately lost his wife, and

nothing would do but he must see me again. He is doing a good business as a master shoemaker, and could offer me a far better home than in the old times. He said I should live like a lady, and his two pretty lasses would call me "mother," and be loving and dutiful as if they were mine; but I turned away as I said, "Say no more, Reuben. It cannot be. I want no change for myself, and I think thy two little lasses may think all the better of thee without a stepmother." As Nancy concluded her voice grew husky, and her gray eyes were softened by tears, but she hurriedly bade me 'Good night,' as if ashamed of her emotion, and took up her tracts and departed.

"A few days afterwards I had a long chat with Dorothy, and found that small woman had fully made up her mind to take Billy Butteth, 'for better, for worse.' She spoke of him as William, and said he had not always been steady, but he had had no settled home, no woman to care for him, and now he promised he would go her way. She should have no cause to rue wedding him. She was sorry Nancy was so hard—she always had been hard upon men. I inquired about the faithful shoemaker, and Dorothy's brown eyes twinkled merrily as she said, 'Oh, yes, Reuben was a pretty lad, with a fair chaney-like face and sandy hair. He did make labour to get nigh Nancy, but she ran away from him like a hare. When she wore pinafores,' said Dolly, 'I've seen them race in this fashion scores of times, and if he caught her she'd throw her pinafore over her head, and neither look at him, nor let him look at her; and as soon as she could get loose she was off again, and never stopped till she could reach our own house, and

fasten the door between them.' 'But they were only children then, Dorothy.' 'Maybe, but Nancy's heart never melted to Reuben. Yet,' said she, lowering her voice, 'there was one young man that I used to think Nancy had some feeling for; but before she had made up her mind she was told that a child was borne him by another woman, and from that day, though he asked her over and over again, she always answered, "There's only one woman for thee to marry—the mother of thy child." And I do believe Nancy has been harder on men ever since.'

"Dorothy Cunliffe's married life proved that her faith in William was not misplaced. No man loved his home more, or stayed at home better, or could have made a gentler, kinder husband than he. And Dolly kept their home so clean and bright, and made such a blithe, chirping little wife, that he used to say the only blowing-up done in their house was done by the bellows."

"I like your stories, mamma," observed a very little lady among the audience, with a very wise air, "because they don't seem made up. One more, please, before tea."

"Am I tiring you, Clare?" said Mrs. Roberts; "these children are so importunate."

"Indeed, no," he answered; "this sort of life is so different from anything I meet with that I confess it interests me. Pray go on."

"I will tell you about old Sally, then, for I am sure that will be something you don't meet with."

"One wild March morning a very old woman I had never seen before, presented herself in my kitchen and asked for me. She was scrupulously clean. Her white hair was blown about her still whiter cap, and the red handkerchief that supplied a bonnet's place.

She looked eagerly at me when I asked her name, and answered 'Sally Hebbleston.' 'Where did she come from?' 'Birchenden;' the next parish, about three miles distant. 'What had brought her so far?' 'She had heard I was a good woman, and she had been praying hard, as she fought against the wind, that the Lord would open my heart to her that morning.' 'How far had she prayed He would open it?' 'To give her seven-pence.' 'Why did she fix on seven-pence?' 'It was the day she had to pay her club-money, and she was just that sum short.' 'Was she not known in Birchenden, where there lived plenty of kind ladies able to help her?' 'That was just it—she couldn't ax 'em; they had never known her beg.' She opened her horny old hands: 'Look yo', mistress, yo' may see I've worched hard o' my life. I've weshed and scrubbed, and scoured for 'em, and kep mysel' respectable, an' I cannot ax 'em for aught neaw. I'd worch willingly, but rheumatics maes me sae stiff it's little I can get thro', and younger folks hae gotten my jobs.' 'Had she no children able to support her?' I inquired. 'Now, now, I've bin a widdy nigh fifty year, and my childer deed young, nobbut one lad 'at listed for a sodjer, and he hasn't bin yeard on for abune twenty year.'

"I gave the decent old creature meat and drink, and the desired seven-pence; then, with a lightened heart she went her way."

"The next time old Sally paid me a visit I found her desires had risen to a shilling. After some talk with her, I suggested the workhouse as preferable to the starvation that threatened her. She had a natural shrinking from this refuge, but in time allowed that it was better than beggary."

A few more visits, and with a quivering lip she told me she was 'going into the house.' She did not remain there long, and once again presented herself, looking considerably sadder and thinner. I asked why she had left the workhouse. Sally replied by the counter question, 'Would yo' like to be put to bed wi' two mad women, an' have a lot skriking about yo' o' night?' 'Certainly not,' said I. 'That's what aw had. Aw were knocked black and blue, they pailed [beat] me sae, an' if aw'd had onny teeth left, they'd a bin knocked eaut o' my meauth, for my face were gradely sore wi' their banging their arms and honds abeaut.' 'Did you make no complaint?' 'It were no use; aw were soon telled aw hadn't cum there a likin', but a livin', an' aw mun mak' t' best on't, an' aw did as lung as aw could. It's little aw need to keep me—aw were never dainty in my meyt, an' aw nother snuff nor smoke. There's two or three ladies'll gie me some broken bits neaw an' ten, so if yo'll do a bitten too, aw con live an' dee i' quietness, an' that's o' aw ax o' the Lord neaw.'

"This was the last time I ever saw the old woman, so I suppose the final quietness she prayed for was not long in coming."

"That is very short and very doleful," observed the wise little lady. "We must have another one to make up."

"Well, I wonder if I ever told you about Eve Rhodes and 'Betty O'Dud's drame?'"

"Of all the women who used to attend my 'Mothers' Meetings' Eve Rhodes was the most regular and attentive. In spite of her very poor clothing she looked less common than the other women. Her comely face must once have been very bonny; the hazel eyes were still bright, and the nose and

mouth well shaped, the whole lighted up by a sweet, refined expression. She was often accompanied by an epileptic daughter named Hannah, of, perhaps, twenty years of age—a tall, slender, handsome girl, who could neither sew, knit, nor attend to the Scripture reading, but who generally sat in the warmest corner, rolling strips of newspaper into spills. These spills she would mutely offer to me on going home. Occasionally we were disturbed by Hannah having a fit. Working women make but little fuss at such times, and though it was distressing to see the writhing limbs and distorted countenance while it lasted, we soon got over the excitement, and proceeded with our work.

"Eve always wore large spectacles, and while giving the lesson somehow I got in the way of directing it more especially to her than to the rest. The intense look she fixed upon me I believe caused me to do so. Sometimes she would suggest for my reading a subject that had puzzled her. Once it was 'the sin against the Holy Ghost.' Another time the Baptist's death. She felt troubled, she said, that such a vile woman as Herodias should get her own way; and such a good man be left by God to die at her bidding. I reminded her that John's work was finished—death to him would be a welcome release from the cruel dungeon in which he was languishing; that afterwards both Herod and Herodias were banished by the Emperor, and died miserably; and I related a legend I had once read of Salome, the daughter of Herodias, in later years crossing a frozen lake, falling through, and being in turn decapitated by the ice. At the conclusion Eve thanked me heartily, and the women generally expressed great satisfaction.

"I called at Widow Rhodes's

cottage one morning, and she noticed that I had lost my voice, and asked me, 'Mistress, did ye ever know onny body get a woarseness in a drame?' 'No, Eve, indeed I never did; but why do you ask?' 'Because Betty O'Duds did—didn't ye know Betty? Hoo were wed to a deaf and dumb felly.' 'I did not know her by that name; had she no other?' 'Aye, hoo had, but aw connot co it to mind—hoo's bin dyead this dozen year.' 'But about Betty and her dream, Eve?' 'Well, mistress, one day me and owd Grinder wife were havin' a cup o' tay wi' Betty O'Duds, an' owd Grinder wife axed her how hoo'd gotten sich a woarseness, for we could hardly yer a word 'at hoo said. "I gait it i' a drame," Betty sed. "Nay, tha never gait it i' a drame," says I, "or it had a gwon when tha wakened." "Aye, but aw did," says Bet; "aw damed aw were gooin' a walkin' on t' Yewood road, an' it were dusk, an aw saw a great kist [chest] stonnin' in't road, an' a bit o' nice chintz print hangin' o'er t'side. Aw thought it ud mak a gradely pratty gown, an' aw gav it a bit of a poo, and fund it cum, so aw poo'd an aw poo'd till aw'd gotten enough, and rented it off. Then aw yeard sombry coing eaut, an' aw saw two fellies i' black, an' aw're sum frettened. Aw set off a runnin' as fast as aw cud, wi' t' print lapped i' my brat [apron], an' aw thought they're after me. Aw turned down a lone; eh, but it were nasty, and slutchey. Aw went slip, slip, slippin' at every foot. T'one side o' t' lone were a steep bonk, an' aw coom to a lot o' steps 'at led to a great buildin', 'at favvoured a barn. Aw run up t' steps sum sharp, an' there a door at one end, an' aw tried hard to squeeze through, but aw couldn't. Aw yeard skrikes and groans i'th'

inside, 'at fairly flayed me, an' aw run to t'other side, an' theer aw fund a hole i'th' wo' [wall], but aw couldn't hae gotten through it—it were so smo'; eh, theer were some awful noises; it maks my flesh creep when aw think o' thir yellin' and screechin' neaw; an' thir burst through sich a smoke o' brimstone an' flame as tuk my breath, an' welly kill me. Aw tried to skrike, but aw're that choked by t'brimstone my voice were gwon, an' aw're never gettin it sin, tho' its mony a day sin aw lost it." When Betty had telled us her drame, owd Grinder wife sed, "Eh, Bet, but that's a token for thee;" an' aw said, "If aw're thee aw'd give up swearin' and foul talk. If tha doesn't tha'll know moor abeaut t' inside o' that brimstone hole." 'Eve ended by saying, 'Betty O' Duds wasn't a bad un at t' bottom, but hoo were a terrible swearer.'

"Eve herself had many a weary race after her afflicted daughter. There were times when a sudden restlessness seized the girl, and she darted from the house with wonderful fleetness and strength. Sometimes it was impossible for the panting mother to overtake her without assistance. Occasionally she broke out in a fit of violence, and weak as poor Hannah generally was, she was then endued with extraordinary powers for evil. The family patience had been long worn out, and the workhouse often recommended. Eve turned a deaf ear to all. Her own love and gentleness towards the girl never failed. Very proud was Eve when anything pretty was given to her daughter, especially cast-off wearing apparel that retained a bit of gentility.

"Rather suddenly, after a few days of speechless, painless weariness, Hannah died, and never did I see deeper sorrow than Eve

suffered. The girl looked lovely in death, and the mother hung over her, refusing to be comforted.

"I tried to shew her the double mercy—her daughter's release from a clouded, imperfect life, and the removal of her own constant care and anxiety. Eve sobbed out, 'Aw never felt her a trouble; an' my lass couldn't do bout me. If aw left her an hour hoo fretted. Every neet aw yer her coing, "Mother—mother!" Aw'm wrang, aw dar say, but aw feel as if our Hannah missed me i' heaven.'"

Just then the nursery tea-bell rang, and the children scampered away.

Mrs. Robarts drew her chair up closer to the fire, and looked into her brother's thoughtful face.

"Clare," she said, "you and I are alike in character. As children we used to look forward to being singled out by God and becoming teachers of men. I still believe that in our several walks we may be permitted to do good; but we shall never do it without humility as well as confidence. Here among these plain people I have learned how deep and various is human nature, and how God works in us

all, in greater or less degrees. There is truth, long-suffering, simplicity of living in some of these unknown men and women such as makes one ashamed. Your message would be no new one, except in style, to some of them; some of them are far ahead even of your reformation; some of them are so far behind it that you cannot touch them. Seeing this, I only want to ask you not to think yourself the one man and the one reformer. You have lived alone until you fancy you can cover the universe. You can't, any more than other reformers; yet so many are inclined to think they can. It is not the real universe you grasp, but a fanciful one of your own."

"Well, Mary dear, you have indeed been doing your best to take me down a peg or two."

"Forgive me, Clare; but there is no sadder sight than to see a man of power inflated with the idea of spiritual supremacy. God dwells in man when he is strong and practical, as well as when he is transcendental, and lets his cheeks become as hollow as yours. The sort of revelation we need is the revelation of every day."

A MELODY.

When eve, a goddess angered,
In her sable robes furl'd,
Moving darkly with the night-tide,
Hurls her frown o'er half the world;
My love, on glorious pinions,
Yokes her steeds and mounts her car—
Her steed the lightning meteor,
And her chariot a star.

Thus she moves along triumphant,
Through the blue fields of the skies,
To commune with great immortals
In the halls of Paradise ;
Thralled and spell-bound, how they listen,
When her fingers tipped with song,
On her lyre with wondrous wildness
Sweep majestically along.

Rests my queen beside a river
That hath music for replies
To the wild-rose and the violet
And the hyacinth's sweet sighs ;
And she lists the winds' sad moaning,
Through the sedgy tarn and brake,
And inspires the elfin rondel
Of the fairy-haunted lake.

Down the corridors of jasper,
Over roofs of topaz bright,
Swell my lady's songs of passion,
Flashing out their peerless might;
Gather subject souls around her,
Where none ere a conqueror trod ;
And they raise their voices, crying,
Song is surely one with God.

CHARLES O'CONOR.

BLUEBEARD REHABILITATED:

A NEW, AND THE ONLY TRUE, STORY OF HIS LIFE.

As developed in Letters from Himself and his Friends.

BY THE LATE W. H. HARRISON. *

“La barba non fa il filosofo.”

PREFATORY NOTE.

Nero and Bluebeard are the two most maligned characters in history, the result of the envy of their contemporaries. Nero, the Paganini of his day, was envied the possession of his superb Straduarium, and Bluebeard his success with the fair sex.

Against the hero with whom we are immediately concerned, it was alleged that he had seven wives; a misfortune it may be, but assuredly not his fault, nay, rather, as shewing his strongly domestic proclivities, redounding to his praise. The allegation of his having had seven wives is clearly disproved by the palpable fact that he could not have married *half* of them.

With regard to the manner of their deaths, which forms the graver charge in the indictment, tracing the flame to the spark, I have ascertained, on the evidence of documents kindly placed at my disposal by a learned society, that the first of his wives, were they many or few, was a martyr to nervous debility, for which the physician prescribed steel; and Bluebeard, with the solicitude of an affectionate husband, timing the doses, administered them with his own hand. Unhappily, the experiment was not successful, and therefore it was argued, most illogically, that because the medicine did not cure, it killed her, and, adopting the rule, *ex una disce omnes*, his enemies attributed the deaths of her successors to a similar cause.

As for the proscribed chamber, and the golden key thereof, “dabbled

* The author of these verses, who died in 1874, during a long literary career was editor of several valuable works and excellent periodicals, and the writer of many a charming *jou d'esprit*, mostly unpublished, but which he used to print and send to his large circle of friends. In 1839 and 1840, as editor of one of the fashionable Annuals of the day (productions more strictly literary than the modern Christmas Annual), he was introducing to the world Ruskin's maiden productions; and the friendship which thus arose between Mr. Ruskin and himself lasted through his life.

in blood," which, with a vast expenditure of vermilion paint and loose syntax, are set forth in the literature of the nursery, it is, to use a somewhat homely, though emphatic term, simply *bosh*.

With regard to his latest matrimonial venture, the facts appear to be these: Fatima and Bluebeard met at a county ball; he, of course, shewing her the attentions incident to the occasion, whilst she flirted after the manner of her sex. Her brother, seeing the state of affairs, and having ascertained that Bluebeard's rent-roll was the largest in the county, went to him in a furious passion, and reproaching him with having "compromised" his sister, whatever that may mean, insisted upon his marrying her offhand, *or else*—* Bluebeard had no objection to the young lady, while he had a very strong one to being shot, and, being, moreover, as we have seen, of a domestic turn of mind, embraced the former alternative. Of the wisdom of his election I have my own opinion, but for domestic reasons do not care to express it.

Bluebeard accepted the situation with admirable grace, as became his wisdom, and the wedding was celebrated with a "pomp and circumstance" worthy of his wealth and position in the county; and the festivities which accompanied and followed the event were the talk of the "country side" for weeks afterwards.

LETTER I.

BLUEBEARD TO SISTER ANNE.

The Wedding Trip.

My dear Sister Anne, that I've treated you sadly
 I frankly confess, I've behaved very badly ;
 But the fact is, that what with sight-seeing and shopping,
 And travelling home for six days, without stopping
 (We were, as you know, rather hastily summon'd),
 I'd no time for a letter, except one to Drummond,
 And a line to the castle, to give intimation
 Of our advent, and order a trap to the station.
 But as Fatima sent you some leaves from her journal,
 Her entries in which, I should add, were diurnal,
 You've been kept *au courant* with our peregrinations,
 Our losses and crosses, and small tribulations.
 But now that our bridal excursion is ended,
 We agree 'twas delightful, the weather was splendid.
 Grand scenery's not much in Fatima's line,
 Though she own'd there were some pretty bits on the Rhine.
 All the notice she took of the classic antiquities,
 Were some cutting remarks on "those Pagans'" iniquities.

* 1st Irish King.—"Pay me the tribute you owe me, or else"—

2nd Irish King.—"I owe you no tribute, and if I did"—

Now though Fatty went not to a "finishing school,"
They'll waste coals, which are dear, who burn her for a fool.
Yet, wanting such culture, it's not a great mystery,
That she's not so well up as she might be in history.
So the Forum (that Guide Book! she'd left home without it)
She thought had an unfinish'd aspect about it.
She said Venice was *sloppy*—which I did not call so;
Nice, pronouncing it *nice*, she didn't think at all so.
But Paris, dear Paris, fine buildings apart,
Was her city of cities, the home of her heart!
I gave her *carte blanche* in all matters of dress,
And she took her full swing, I am bound to confess.
For instance, I paid forty *naps* for a seal skin—
(Who'd enwrap those fair shoulders in aught but a *real skin*!)
As for jewels, she'd ask me to walk out, and stop
At the grandest *marchand's*, and half empty the shop.
She must feel it a change, as in some other ways,
From the state of affairs in her spinsterhood days,
When, as Fatima tells me, for clothes and all other
Incidental outgoings, your excellent mother
Allow'd ten pounds a year each to you, her, and Ethel,
While she gave twice as much to rebuild "Little Bethel."
Fatty can't see a joke—or, seeing, won't take one,
And therefore it's not very often I make one,
But one day, just in fun, I express'd my anxiety
For the fate of a Bill that's disturbing society,
To give men for the loss of one wife broken-hearted,
Leave to marry the sister of her that's departed;
And I added that you'd be so nice for my next;
She didn't see the joke, but appeared rather vext.
And now, in conclusion, my dear Sister Anne,
I pray let us see you as soon as you can;
Only mention the day, and I'll send over Tony
With Grey Dolphin, or, if you prefer it, the pony.
Your sister, whose health once, abroad, was alarming,
Is looking her loveliest—perfectly charming.
She has brought you a dress—an exquisite green—
(A rich silk) by the Paris *modiste*, Victorine;
And a smart ruby ring—may you soon have a cheaper,
To which Fatima's present will serve as a *keeper*.
I remain, now as ever, and hoping to see
You shortly *chez nous*, your devoted

B. B.

LETTER II.

BLUEBEARD TO SISTER ANNE.

My dear Sister Anne, now you've taken to roam again,
There's no knowing when to expect you at home again:
One week you are flirting with red-coats at Shorncliff,
And your last letter "hails" from the backwoods of Wharncliffe.
If those nasty Red Indians but once get a claw of you,
Some ugly old chief will too soon make a squaw of you ;
Hang your waist round with wampum, and scalps grim and hairy ;
And you'll live in a wigwam or camp on the prairie ;
And do all the house work, and not dare refuse any,
And wash all the dishes—that is, if they use any ;
Cook his *grub*, clean his pipes, and repair all the ravages
Of warfare and wear in the *togs* of the savages.
He'll have six other wives, all contemporaneously,
And *blow up* a cloud and yourself simultaneously ;
And you'll wish, when too late, ere these horrors be past all,
Yourself back again in the bonny old castle.
I've heard a report I at once should have scouted,
But it came through a channel that's not to be doubted,
That, now it is getting so late in the season,
You are open to take any "offer in reason" ;
(Thus the tradesman's placard the unwary entices,
When he sells all his wares off at "ruinous prices.")
I am fain to confess—we can't always command our
Own thoughts—that I feel rather shocked at your candour.
It never can be that you've come to a *dead* lock,
And begin to despair of your chances of wedlock.
But never say die ! to find the right man for you
I'll forego my reversion, and do what I can for you ;
To which end I've just been on a tour of inspection,
'Mongst my bachelor friends, and have made a selection,
And the special attention of each I've invited
To the list of your charms "hereinafter recited ;"
From which I've omitted at least half a score of them,
There not being room on my foolscap for more of them.
Imprimis : Her stature is not much below,
If at all, the mean standard, as young ladies go.
Then her head it must strike e'en the dullest beholders,
Is well set on her neck, and her neck on her shoulders ;
Her lips—well, 'twere hard for a cynic to quarrel
With their hue, so resembling the daintiest coral ;

Not pursed up and demure, like a nun's in a cloister ;
 And her ears like the shell of a small Milton oyster ;
 Her hair—a light brown—to her forehead a foil—
 (I don't mean the "light brown" of Jongh's Cod Liver Oil) ;
 Her nose of the pattern most suited to woman,
 Not too long nor too short, not *tiptilted* or Roman
 (By "tiptilted," applied to that underbred hussy,
 The bard meant, I conclude, that her nose was *retroussé*).
 Then her bonny brown eyes, ever smiling and sunny,
 And so twinkling, at times, with a sense of the funny.
 Her face, as a whole, is what Scotsmen call *sonsie*,
 Not one of her features at all too *prononcé*.
 Not the least of her charms is her neatly turned foot,
 Such as shoemakers love to set off a smart boot ;
 But her ankle—the which may no accident twist awry—
 A long-skirted dress still envelopes in mystery ;
 And, although I have not the least doubt it's a slender one,
 I've not dared to inquire, for the subject's a tender one.
 And now, while you'll allow that I'm doing my best,
 You must trust to your own woman's wit for the rest.
 But, dear Anne, as you're not a decade short of thirty,
 And, moreover, are slightly inclined to be flirty,
 Take the ghost of a hint—you'll not think me invidious—
 Though I counsel not haste, be not over fastidious.
 If you see a fair catch, don't delay, dear, to noose him,
 Above all, do not play with your fish till you lose him.

B. B.

P.S.—Fatima's love and thanks for your letter,

And she thinks that the sooner you're married the better.

B. B.

. There can be little doubt that this letter was written in joke, but from her reply Sister Anne appears to have taken it *au pied de la lettre*.

LETTER III.

SISTER ANNE TO BLUEBEARD.

Well, now, you're a pretty young gentleman, ain't you ?
 I wonder you don't get George Richmond to paint you ;
 Though not even his skill, it is much to be feared,
 Could produce, in oil colours, your nondescript beard.
 Yet now I reflect on't, it's no use his trying—
 One can't sit for his portrait who's constantly *lying*.
 'Twas that jade Bessie Featherhead spread the report,
 And to whom I once uttered some stuff of the sort.

We were laughing together, one day, and I spoke,
 As she knew, and you ought to have known, in mere joke ;
 And she told that gawky young guardsman who rides with her,
 But, as they say in Scotland, I'll soon be " upsides " with her.
 I am fairly aghast at the *cheek* of your letter,—
 A man so oft wed should have known woman better,
 Than suppose I'd submit, you base man, to be hawk'd about,
 In the way you so coolly describe, and be talk'd about,
 And my merits discuss'd, and that in no fitting tone,
 By your fast-going *pals* at the Garrick and Whittington.
 What would Fatima say, do you think, if she knew it ?
 Why, she'd give it you well, and she knows how to do it.
 She's a tongue of her own, and sharp nails, as no doubt,
 If you don't mind your manners you'll shortly find out.
 I wonder you've not " put me up " at the " Mart,"
 Or at Christie's, described as a nice piece of art.
 But if, being ambitious the bargain to win,
 You make the best bidding, I'll buy myself in.
 My features, forsooth ! What the deuce, sir, have you
 With them, or my other belongings, to do ?
 And my foot, too ! Beshrew me ! I'd shew you a trick
 With it, one of these days, only ladies don't kick,
 Except by a figure of speech, and most rightly,
 When the marital curb-rein is tugg'd at too tightly.
 And now, sir, understand me—desist from, *in toto*,
 This style of annoyance, or, *joco remoto*,
 If you pester me more with your bottomless bathos,
 Rugged rhymes, limping doggrel, and Brummagem pathos,
 Of which not a word in excuse can be said for you,
 I'll tell my big brother, and he'll punch your head for you.
 Love to Fatty—I'm glad she's got rid of her ague,
 And hope she may live many years yet to plague you.
 Don't make light of my threat—mend your ways, if you can,
 So no more at present, from yours,

SISTER ANNE.

LETTER IV.

BLUEBEARD TO JOHN ROBINSON, ESQUIRE.

BLUEBEARD *en garçon*.

Madam Fatima bade me this morning, *ta ta*,
 To spend a few days with her precious mama ;

So perhaps you'll drop in here on Thursday at six—
 The very last day I can venture to fix—
 And meet Jones and Smith—I would have asked Brown,
 But, as ill luck will have it, he's gone out of town ;
 I've invited the stalwart Q.C. and his fiddle,
 And Jenkins, so great at conundrum or riddle ;
 And dear odd little Tomkins, who sings comic songs,
 The while playing the air on the poker and tongs ;
 And Major McFuse, who was shut up at Kars,
 And has sent me a box of such stunning cigars ;
 With one or two more, so if all things go straight,
 We shall make up a snug little party of eight.
 You'll have bachelor's fare—soup, fish (it's a present),
 An entrée or two, a plain joint, and a pheasant
 From my new shooting-box, where they've taken me in,
 For, though covers are plenty, the game's very thin.
 The tippie, you know, is of orthodox sort,
 And I'll give you a bottle of '34 port.
 You ask after my wife, whom you paint as so fair,
 And call her an angel—I just wish she were !
 I've had a few wives in my time, as you know,
 But not one of the bunch ever bother'd me so.
 At first she, of course, was all sunshine and smiles—
 In fact, there is no being up to their wiles—
 But now, taking the bit in her teeth, she will go where
 And whenever she likes, and I find myself "nowhere."
 And then such a flirt ! not with one but with dozens ;
 And the fun of it is that they're all of them cousins,
 A story more easily told than disproved—
 Would, as Sidney Smith says, they were all *once removed*.
 No woman had e'er such a troop of relations,
 Whose what she calls visits, I feel visitations ;
 And when I object to so many young fellows,
 She simply remarks, "It's so mean to be jealous."
 But why with these dismal ensombre my rhyme ?
 I'll recur to the subject at some other time ;
 Mind, meanwhile, as I mayn't be soon able to fix
 Another such meeting—*next Thursday at six.*

B. B.

P.S.—My indigo beard, *anent* which you inquire,
 Is a *hair* loom, descending to son down from sire,
 Which our genealogical investigations
 Trace back through our race for sixteen generations.

B. B.

LETTER V.

JOHN ROBINSON, ESQUIRE, TO THOMAS BROWN, ESQUIRE.

The Bachelor Dinner.

Many thanks for your letter, but O, my dear Brown,
What a treat have you missed through your absence from town.
Last week, Bluebeard's wife, for some reason or other
Best known to herself, went to visit her mother—
A mother-in-law of the genus Mackenzie,
Who very near drove poor Olive Newcome to frenzy.
So our friend seized the chance he'd been looking for long
Of receiving a few genial friends *en garçon*.
The feast had fulfilled e'en an alderman's wishes ;
The turtle superb, and delicious side dishes ;
Of that ancient Madeira you know my opinion,
The first bottle we've tasted since Fatty's dominion.
Finer sherry Dornecq ne'er exported from Heres—
(My spelling's phonetic, the right style is Xeres).
Our host made a speech—short and pithy, which he
Began "*Quamvis insultus publice*," see
Lord Dufferin's volume about the high latitudes—
So delightfully free from all prosing and platitudes.
Jones bantered McFuse, but his wit breaks no bones,
And the Major as ruthlessly pitch'd into Jones ;
While Smith's stories and jokes were, as usual, most charming,
And which so convulsed Jones it became quite alarming.
Tomkins kept up the fun with his merriest songs,
And performed a *concerto* on poker and tongs ;
And the Queen's Counsel gave us, despite his *non volo*,
On his splendid Cremona, an exquisite *solo*.
We were feeling so jolly, and laughing and joking
(The Major's cigars are most excellent smoking)—
When on the hall door fell a thundering *rat-tat* !
Turning white as his napkin, said Bluebeard, "Who's that ?"
Then came close on the knock a *fortissimo* ring. "O !"
We all cried in chorus ; "the Missus, by jingo !"
The sentence had scarcely been spoken, before
A flunkey flung open the dining-room door,
And "discovered" Dame Fatty, with wide-open'd eyes :
"Well ! this is indeed a most welcome surprise !
Had I only but known, I had joined you most surely,
Although dear mama still continues so poorly.
But, dear Bluebeard, there's really no knowing the mind of you,
Not to say they were coming ! it was so unkind of you !

I cannot help saying you have not done right in it.
 O, the smoke—stuff and nonsense ! you know I delight in it ;
 But you'll come up to coffee—till then, *au revoir* !
 The drawing-room's cold—shall we say, my *boudoir* ?"
 Where she greeted us warmly. "It was such a pleasure
 To see us ; in fact, she was charm'd beyond measure."
 And she sang, too, and play'd—was so *naïve* and diverting,
 And so gushing, that some of us thought she meant flirting.
 Poor Bluebeard alone had a cloud on his brow,
 Of which only a few knew the "why or the how."
 It was sweet summer time, and the moon shining bright,
 And Smith said, as we walk'd home together at night,
 "What ineffable humbug ! the jade did not care
 The snuff of a rushlight for one that was there ;
 And were all of us strung up at Newgate to-morrow,
 Our fate would not cause her a moment of sorrow.
 As for liking the *weed*, that's the cream of the joke—
 If there's one thing she hates worse than poison, 'tis smoke.
 But all the world over the sex is the same,
 And so in this case it is her 'little game'
 To be smiling and sweet, that the circle they mix in
 Mayn't credit his tale when he says she's a vixen.
 Alas for poor Bluebeard ! his face—did you watch it ?
 When the curtains are round him, my stars ! won't he catch it !"

J. R.

 LETTER VI.

BLUEBEARD TO JOHN ROBINSON, ESQUIRE.

Johnny Newcome.

O Jack ! don't get married, whatever you do,
 Or, *crede experto*, you'll taste of the rue.
 Last week I was roused from a blissful repose
 (I dream'd I was single), and hastily rose
 To know what the noise at that time of night meant,
 And found the whole house in a state of excitement,
 And, rushing upstairs at velocipede pace,
 Nearly knock'd Doctor Squills, coming down, into space.
 He grinn'd like an ogre, and gasped "Give—you—joy
 All right as a trivet—a bouncing big boy !"

(I abominate alliteration), and then
 He took hold of my arm and roll'd into my den,

Where he prosed for an hour, in professional slang,
 And drank a full bottle of choice *Chambertin*.
 Then came nurse, with a rank smell of gin in her breath
 (She could play without dressing a witch in *Macbeth*),
 Presenting young master, and I, like a ninny,
 Slipped into her shrivell'd old fingers a guinea.
 It is such a queer thing ! rather scarlet than pale,
 Like a fictile Red Indian modell'd to scale.
 The house, since the "event," has been all topsy-turvy,
 And as for myself, Jack, my treatment's most scurvy :
 My lot every day becomes harder and harder ;
 I've just dined on a cold mutton chop in the larder ;
 In fact, I receive, every hour in the day,
 Unmistakable hints that I'm much in the way ;
 And I feel—my dear Jack, not a pleasant sensation—
 I've sunk many degrees in the scale of creation.
 We have sweet Sister Anne here, "commanding the forces,"
Vice Fatty, who still all her edicts endorses ;
 But recalcitrant nurse is not one to put up with it,
 And to-day threw some tea at Anne's head, and the cup with it.
 And the twain are for ever each other abusing,
 Which impartial bystanders find rather amusing.
 The little chap's thriving, they say—as he ought,
 If he gets half the things which nurse says must be bought
 For his special behoof ; but I'm not such a gaby
 To believe that one tithe of them e'er get to baby.
 Only think of, dear Jack, all this bother and fuss,
 And the mighty outcoming "*ridiculus mus*."

B. B.

I regret, my dear Jack, I can't ask you to dinner,
 But Anne would be sure to "report" me the sinner.

B. B.

LETTER VII.

BLUEBEARD TO JOHN ROBINSON, ESQUIRE.

Gin in the Pap.

O, Jack ! such a shindy ! that hag of a nurse !
 Her behaviour's been getting from bad to much worse,
 And she, feeling this morning disposed for a nap,
 To get baby to sleep put some gin in his pap.
 My wife smelt a rat—or say rather the gin,
 And then follow'd a scene of much uproar and din.
 Nurse denied it, of course, and, indignant, rehearsed
 All the ladies—"real ladies of title"—she'd nursed.

Anne, though not superstitious, believed in the *sperits*,
 And proceeded to deal with the case on its merits ;
 Dismiss'd her at once, paid her fee in advance,
 But first gave the contents of her bag a slight glance ;
 And 'tis well that she did, as she found them embrace
 Some half-dozen yards of my wife's Brussels lace.
 Meanwhile, Sister Anne is install'd as head-nurse,
 And, to do her but justice, he might have a worse.
 It's amusing to see how she hugs and caresses him ;
 And mounts guard while the under-nurse washes and dresses him.
 She won't trust him to me, though I've offer'd to take him ;
 I suppose it's because she's afraid I shall break him.
 I got hold of him once, and he didn't seem riled at me ;
 But, *tout au contraire*, the small vagabond smiled at me.
 'Tis not easy to say, of his aunt or his mother,
 Which worships him most—the one or the other.
 Only fancy ma's sending a message to Tony,
 The head-groom, to look out for a safe-going pony !
 And think of her wishing—you'll scarcely imagine it—
 Him named Aubrey de Vere Montmorenci Plantagenet.
 So he's coddled and nursed like a precious exotic,
 And his sway in the household is simply despotic ;
 His kingdom extending from garret to basement,
 Outsiders the while looking on with amazement.
 On Monday I rode twenty miles 'cross the fells,
 To buy little master a coral and bells ;
 And as matters go on, I expect very soon,
 He'll go in for science, and cry for the moon.
 E'en mama's quite his slave, and, more gentle and mild,
 Forgets, *omen haud malum*, herself in her child.
 All this is to me an ineffable bore ;
 And I sigh for my bachelor freedom of yore.
 He's sleeping at present—I've had but a glint of him—
 I say, Jack, do run over and just take a squint at him.
 And don't be afraid of the mater's displeasure—
 She'd shake hands with an ogre that noticed her treasure.

B. B.

 LETTER VIII.

JOHN ROBINSON, ESQUIRE, TO THOMAS BROWN, ESQUIRE.

It is more than six months, my dear Tom, since I've seen
 Your not too handsome face. Where on earth have you been ?

Though I guess at the Squire's down in Sussex, diverting
Yourself, as of yore, shooting, fishing, and 'flirting.
What about Letty Green? It is rumour'd in town
You've a fancy for turning the Green into Brown;
'Twill be merely exchanging cognomens, I ween,
If you make Letty brown, you yourself will be green.
For though wealthy, and witty, and pretty, and young,
And accomplish'd no doubt, she, 'tis said, has a tongue;
And I'm told she expects, and considers but proper, a
Close trap of her own and a box at the opera.
But, O, my dear Tom, I beseech you to think,
Ere to think be too late, of that life-lasting link;
On the freedom reflect, which if once you resign,
It will never again O my Thomas! be thine.
By the way, have you called on the Bluebeard folk lately?
If not, I've some news will astonish you greatly.
For there's a young gentleman just come to town
Whose advent has turn'd the whole house upside-down.
I called there last week, and, like all who have seen her,
Found Fatima changed, not in looks but demeanour;
And so gracious—I really didn't think it was in her—
She quite made a point of my staying to dinner.
And when I referred to my velveteen toggery,
In excuse, she replied, with a smile full of roguery,
The meaning of which 'twas no puzzle to guess,
“The last time you dined here you came in undress,
And, to me, seemed the merriest man at the table—
So you'll stop, and I'll send round your horse to the stable.”
Very charming she looked, with her babe in her lap,
And, in truth, my dear Tom, he's a fine little chap;
Such brave limbs that I thought, for so Fancy will cheat us,
I saw Hercules giving the snakes their *quietus*.
By the way, Tom, you never returned me, you wretch!
My copy of Reynolds' original sketch—
I had two, but sent one to the *British Museum,
With two more by Sir Josh—you should go there and see 'em.
Mama was much pleased when I noticed her boy,
And most grateful to find that I'd brought him a toy—
A small drum, with a handle and some dozen shot in it:
He seemed puzzled, at first, what on earth it had got in it,

*Fac-similes of the original sketches in red chalk. The Infant Hercules, The Snake in the Grass, etc.

But shook it at last, with a determination
And energy fatal to all conversation.
Then in came the host, tall and stalwart *Barbe-bleue* ;
Kiss'd his wife and the boy, and said " Jack, how d'ye do ?"
Both mama and papa were exceedingly chatty—
She address'd him as " Beardie," and he called her " Fatty."
Her face had lit up at his step on the stairs,
All which argued a much improved state of affairs.
Little master dined with us, stuck up in a *high* chair,
Which, on my petition, was set next to my chair.
I get on, as you know, well with all little folks,
And I really believe he took some of my jokes.
My jokes are, in fact, so remarkably mild
They may safely be taken by any small child.
'Twas a pleasant *reunion*, we all were so merry
(We'd the ' 34 port, and the ' 23 sherry) ;
And, with strictest injunctions to come again soon,
I rode home by the light of a full harvest moon.
Thinking much of my visit—it seem'd all so strange—
And wond'ring what spell could have wrought such a change,
I thought was it the sense of a peril o'er-past,
That the hour of that peril might have been her last ?
Or again 'twas, it may be, for aught we can tell,
That, in Fatima's heart, there was, lock'd up, a well
Of fathomless love, waiting but to be free ;
And this little fellow has come with the key.
All this, I suppose, is what you'd term trash,
Or, to use your own classical term, *balderdash* ;
But life has two sides, Tom, a dark and a sunny one ;
And thought has two phases, a grave and a funny one.
There's a time, my dear friend, for the great and the small things,
To laugh and be grave—there's a season for all things.
These are not what you're pleased to call some of my fancies,
For they come on authority greater than man's is ;
And he is a blockhead or knave, in my eyes,
Who'd exorcise, as spectres, grave thoughts when they rise.
I should add, what I'd almost forgotten,—to-night
Sister Anne sat at dinner, the next on my right ;
She's not really a bad style of woman at all,—
Her hand and her foot are remarkably small ;
She has very nice eyes, and a cheek like a rose ;—
A sweet mouth, and a most irreproachable nose ;
And a neat little figure. She plays very finely
On the harp and piano, and sings most divinely.

She talk'd much and well—I, of course, talk'd my best,
And I thought, *entre nous*, she seem'd rather imprest.

J. R.

P.S.—If you fancy I'm smitten, pray banish the thought,
An old bird, such as I, is too shy to be caught.

J. R.

LETTER IX.

BLUEBEARD TO JOHN ROBINSON, ESQUIRE.

We were charmed with your visit, dear Jack, t'other night,
And hope you got back to the Manor all right.
We were glad you'd a moon so resplendent—but, Jack !
Where *did* you pick up that magnificent hack ?
Such shape, and such power, and so easy to handle !
I've not one in my stud fit to hold him a candle.
I need scarcely say, for I saw your delight,
That, *post tot naufragia*, things have come right ;
As they frequently do, if you let them alone,
And I, as you know, throughout made little moan ;
Into your ear alone did I pour my sad ditty,
For, alas ! for the hen-peck'd the world has scant pity ;
And what little they have is so tinctured with scorn,
That it's, of the two evils, the worse to be borne.
Besides, it's a maxim I've stuck to through life,
Never strive with a woman—above all, your wife.
Only think of the torment, at morn, noon, and night,
To wage an incessant and unequal fight.
'Tis but beating the air, Jack, for when all is said,
Comes the question, *Cui bono* ? you can't punch her head.
And, unlike when you're getting the worst in the fray
On the fair field of battle, you can't run away.
Once under the yoke, there's no choice but to wear it—
All a husband can do is to just grin and bear it.
But my troubles, thank heaven ! belong to the past ;
And Peace, so long banish'd my dwelling, at last
Has folded her wings, and is perch'd by my hearth,
And there lives not a happier man on this earth.
My Fatty's a model house-wife, and be sure
There's less waste in the kitchen, more doles to the poor,
With a basket 'mongst whom she's all day on her legs,
Like an old woman trudging to market with eggs.
And then she's so grateful for all that is done
For herself ; and still more, for her dear little son.

And withal she's so merry. But, I say, old man,
 Fatty tells me you've grown rather sweet upon Anne.
 I don't ask your confession, but merely remark
 That, if you're resolved on the leap in the dark
 (For such marriage is, in nine cases of ten ;
 It is true, Jack, of women not less than of men),
 I have known her some years, and believe that a man
 May do very much worse than make choice of dear Anne ;
 She is true as the sun,—and well-bred—rather clever ;
 And, once loving a man, she would love him for ever.
 You may have, I should add, a queer mother-in-law,
 Who won't give her a sous, but you won't care a straw.
 Yet, although the old lady cuts down the supplies
 To the *minimum* point, there'll be *tin* when she dies.
 Now, you very well know that I'm not a matchmaker,
 But if she will have you, you'll do well to take her.
 Now don't breathe a word of this, Jack, on your life,
 Or you'll get me into a sad scrape with my wife.
 And now for your visit I thank you again,
 And for all your kind sayings, which made Fatty vain.
 You won golden opinions, and if I repeated
 The fine things said of *you*, you'd be just as conceited.
 And as for young master, that terrible rattle
 You brought has given rise, Jack, to more than one battle ;
 And about its possession he makes such a stand,
 That he won't go to sleep without it in his hand.
 I declare, although yielding, I own, to his tears,
 That Jack Robinson's drum splits the drum of my ears.
 But Fatty defends it, and says 'tis the toy
 Of all others she wished for her dear little boy.
 Now good night, my dear Jack, come and dine with us soon—
 Say one day next week ; there'll be still half a moon.

B. B.

 LETTER X.

JOHN ROBINSON, ESQUIRE, TO TOM BROWN, ESQUIRE.

My Thomas, my Thomas, O what can I say to you ?
 I'm afraid I've behaved in a very bad way to you ;
 I've preach'd, O how strongly, that wedlock's a bad thing.
 And I've just been and gone and done the same mad thing.
 For though the affair's not come off, it may be
 Very safely set down as a *fait accompli*.

But, dear Tom, as a friend, you'll be anxious, no doubt,
About this catastrophe. Thus it fell out :
I declare to you, Thomas, as I am a sinner,
I had not the least thought, when I sat down to dinner
With Anne (you know Anne, Fatty's sister) beside me,
That such a misfortune as this would betide me.
But I found, when I left, an unwonted sensation—
Not exactly a pain, but an odd palpitation ;
When I got to the Manor, my housekeeper, Brush,
Said, "Your face, deary me, sir, is all of a flush."
I told her my symptoms, which perfectly shock'd her,
And she begg'd me to send off at once for the doctor ;
Who came—stethoscoped me. "Hum, ha ! palpitation ?
Off your feed ? So I thought. Any cold perspiration ?
Ha ! and pray when and where did you first feel the pain ?"
"At dinner at Bluebeard's." "Don't go there again.
There is something, I know, in the air of that part
Which takes a peculiar effect on the heart.
It's nothing organic—don't fancy that *there* is—
You don't want my physic—run over to Paris,
Or Vienna, or Rome." I obeyed to the letter,
Took the three, and returned—worse rather than better.
I rode over to Bluebeard's the very next day,
And found Anne, who at first look'd a little *distrain* ;
Faltered out she was glad, and the weather was fine,
Her face flushing over exactly like mine.
But at length she calmed down, and our chat was more free,
And, comparing our symptoms, we found them agree.
We then from one subject passed on to another,
And Anne finished with "John, you had best see my mother ;"
Whom I found in her home, just returned from conventicle.
I explained that Anne's feelings and mine were identical.
I then told my story, detailing the progress
I had made in my suit, when she grinned like an ogress.
Grimly gracious, she granted the boon I desired,
And said that my *manners* she always admired.
By which, in her heart, she meant my broad lands ;
And, at last, I escaped with a shaking of hands ;
For the old girl grew gushy—at any rate tried it,—
And seemed rather inclined for a kiss but I shie'd it.
Since I wrote to you last, I find matters have been
Made all right between you and the fair Letty Green.
And all this comes of flirting, my Thomas ! *Ochone* !
I guess we had much better left it alone :

'Tis the *premier pas*, as we fatally know,
To the precipice leading, and over we go.
But there's no use in grieving—for now we're afloat
With a wooden scull each, p'rhaps, and in the same boat.
We are "done for," if not "taken in" past resistance,
But think of the prospect that looms in the distance.
As for marriage *per se*, 'tis our fate. I don't heed it
So much as the scenes that precede and succeed it :
O, the breakfast ! The breakfast ! Dear Tom, think of that ;
When you'd willingly bury your face in your hat,
To sit still and be told you're of all men the best,
And be praised up for virtues you never possess'd.
And worse than all this,—you yourself have to rise
And be grateful for these complimentary lies.
And then think of the parting, the mother's despair,
The tears and the sobs and the tearing of hair.
And think, in my case, of the mother-in-law—
Such a guy of a woman the world never saw.
From the "last scene of all" O, how gladly I'd miss her,
For I'm sorely afraid I shall have, Tom, to kiss her.
Don't you think we could manage—'twere more sentimental—
That the two celebrations be co-incidental ?
So each being to each in misfortune a brother,
We could comfort, sustain, and back up one another.
And since, Tom, no means of escape can be hit on,
We will each meet our fate like a man and a Briton.

J. B.

P. S. It is long since we met—quite an age it appears—
Do come over and dine, and we'll mingle our tears.

J. B.



LITERARY NOTICES.

Pessimism; a History and a Criticism. By James Sully, M.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1877.

This somewhat ponderous volume commences with an inquiry into the meaning and origin of the term Pessimism. Pessimism cannot, our author tells us, be understood apart from the antithetic mode of belief, viz., optimism. He proposes to interpret the terms optimism and pessimism in their widest meaning.

“Any theory which distinctly attributes to the world and to human life a decided worth, representing it as something good, beautiful, or pleasant, will be included under optimism, no matter whether this doctrine be reasoned or not, and no matter what grounds may be selected for ascribing this value to the object. Similarly, pessimism will cover all doctrines, reasoned or unreasoned, which distinctly deny this value to life, and represent it as something unworthy, unsatisfying, or lamentable.”

We could wish that the term “life” had been defined at the outset, for if it be not limited to mortal life this pessimism might be an optimism.

Having thus stated the subject of his investigation, Mr. Sully proceeds to pass in brief review the various phases of optimism and pessimism as recorded in the history and literature of nations, from a remote antiquity to the present time. He traces first the instinctive or unreasoned varieties, giving copious extracts from an-

cient and modern writings, chiefly poetical; then he follows the course of the more scientific or reasoned optimism and pessimism, as embodied in the philosophies and religious beliefs of the world. Buddhism he regards as pessimism pure and simple, and quotes from Max Müller, “True wisdom consists in a perception of the nothingness of things, and in a desire to become nothing, to be blown out to enter into Nirvâna.” Nirvâna, that is to say, extinction, as our author interprets. The meaning of Nirvâna, we would venture to suggest, is a controverted point. The appearance of solid form results from the combination of light and shade. It may be annihilated by extinguishing the light—it would equally be annihilated could we extinguish the shadows. Similarly from our chequered existence results the definiteness of sublunary life, which might be obliterated by the removal of either opposite element. In the very mingling of evil and good we catch a gleam of something not so very far removed from optimism.

With regard to extinction, we are reminded of a gay little friend of ours, who the other day expressed an ardent longing for annihilation. The sentiment fell with odd incongruity from the lips of a child noted for her merry chatter and rippling laugh, and a certain faculty of sympathetic delight in all glad life, whether of man or beast, insect or blossom.

We asked her what caused so strange a desire. "Well," she replied, "children have their own troubles, and they are just as real to them as grown-up people's, but they only get laughed at, and they are made to do a great many things that they don't approve of. Children are treated with great injustice by 'grown-ups,' I consider, and I had much rather be annihilated than have to live."

We asked the little pessimist what it was in the idea of annihilation that was so attractive to her. "Ah," said she, with dancing eyes, "it would be so beautiful to float away like a cloud, and be dissolved in the sunshine;" and she waved her slender hands as if following the eddying vapour. We laughed; the mystery was fathomed; it was not extinction, but freedom and expansion she craved.

Coming down to the modern German school, Mr. Sully gives us an interesting account of the founder of the popular pessimistic school, Arthur Schopenhauer, born 1788. He is represented as a man of singularly morbid and misanthropic character. His natural melancholy, due probably to some form of hereditary brain-disease, was aggravated by the apathy with which his earlier works were received. His main ideas are contained in a treatise entitled "The World as Will and Intellectual Representation." We should like to give some extracts to shew the strange chains of reasoning and gloomy conclusions of Schopenhauer and his disciples, among whom Hartmann was the most notable, but space forbids. The second, and by far the greater portion of the book is occupied by Mr. Sully's own investigations into the problem. It is somewhat heavy literature for the general reader, but doubtless it will afford

a treat to those who delight to tread in the slow steps of severe logic. One by one he examines and demolishes the delusive arguments of pessimism, and one by one he dissipates the bright illusions of optimism. He comes to the conclusion that it is impossible to determine whether pleasure exceeds pain, if we attempt to measure human life directly in terms of single pains and pleasures, but that if we substitute for single pleasures the idea of happiness or a certain arrangement of pleasure, it is capable of solution. To the question, "Is happiness attainable?" he responds by a somewhat qualified affirmative: then, admitting the possibility of human progress, however slow, he assures us that "As far as we can see, the world will move through 'its ringing grooves of change' long enough for mankind to raise their condition indefinitely, and to secure for themselves, and even in a lesser degree for the lower animals who are dependent on their protection, a mode of life which, though far from being a state of ecstatic bliss, will be held by sober-minded persons to have a real and even a high value." "A practical conception which lies midway between the extremes of optimism and pessimism, and which, to use a term for which I am indebted to our first living woman-writer and thinker, George Eliot, may be appropriately styled Meliorism."

As we shut the book a fragment of an old nursery rhyme flits across our mind. Life, as delineated by our author, assumes a strong resemblance to its hero:—

This is my son Jack, a plain-looking
lad,

He's not very good, nor yet very bad.

He has taken lately to looking at
himself in the glass.

Sleepy Sketches—or how we live and how we do not live—from Bombay. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1877.

This is an unpretentious little volume, of no remarkable power, of no pre-eminent gifts of style; but it possesses, nevertheless, a wonderful interest. It is written by an ordinary man, gifted with the not very ordinary faculty of eyesight for what is around him. The merit of the book is its evident faithfulness, its thorough reality. A few such books, written not only in Bombay, but in the other Presidencies, in the remoter inland districts, and in the borders of adjoining territories, and the cloud of our ignorance about India would begin to give way. We should be on the road to learning something more worth having about our giant possession than is to be found in the most elaborate product of the cultured essayist or historian.

It would seem an easy matter for a powerful government to provide us with such simple collections of sketches of common life, but it is in reality most difficult. The report of an official to his civil head is of an entirely different stamp. However little he may realise it, he most usually is writing to order—to a particular pattern or expectation. Here an ordinary business man in India has “tried to shew, simply, what is the life a merchant or lawyer coming from England must expect.”

It is to be feared that we could proceed little beyond the other Presidencies in our endeavours after intimate knowledge. The natives, it is found, have such an incapacity for truth (it seems as if it could not be called wilful mendacity—it is so spontaneous!) that their own accounts would be but amusing fables; and where are Europeans to be found able so

fully to denaturalise themselves as to see the swarming life of remote provinces with a native's eyes and sympathies? Where are the members of the Indian nobility so divested of conventionality, so innocent of political purpose, as to tell a simple, faithful story of the inner life of their country, with its aspirations, its infinitesimal but cherished peculiarities, which are so difficult for the bluff Englishman to detect or appreciate?

The author of these “*Sleepy Sketches*,” which are not really sleepy, says with much propriety—

“I can only write of Bombay, as that is the only place I have resided in for any time.”

If all writers would confine themselves to what they know, we should possess a vastly smaller and much more valuable literature.

The effect produced upon our exile—all Anglo-Indians, he avers, feel themselves to be exiles, and never become colonists—is a depressing pessimism. He shall tell the story himself:—

“Of all the advantages and disadvantages of life for Englishmen in India, there is one terrible disadvantage which I have not dared to deal with in these sketches. I determined at first, like a coward, to make no reference to it, knowing that all I should write would be hateful to any readers in England. But it is on this that home Englishmen are most unjust to us, and at the last moment I feel bound to write. The disadvantage is this,—constant sadness and burden from living in the midst of a vast people, differing absolutely in thought, habit, and culture from ourselves, and constant irritation from the injustice done us by home Englishmen, in judging our conduct to this people.

I cannot describe the awful oppression I felt during my first year of residence in India, from the age and changelessness of the country. The face of every native I passed was fixed and infinitely calm, belonging

to no time, present, past, or future ; every native house seemed to belong to the soil, to have resulted neither from cultivation nor civilisation ; to be of no time present, past, or future, and in this changelessness alone there was intense oppression. All one's ideas are connected with the convention of time, and in having to judge of things in which time had no part I seemed as a cripple suddenly deprived of his support. But the oppression felt on first coming to India results not only from this. The most comforting belief that men in Europe can now have—a belief that inspires enthusiasm in the young—is in the gradual advance of mankind towards perfection in thought and feeling ; and the close competition for life, and constant strife of opinion in Europe justifies such a belief. But any one imbued with such belief must on coming to India have it destroyed, or, at least, greatly weakened. The life of the mass in India suggests no such theory ; there are not only no signs of advance, but no signs of the possibility of advance. No one living in India, without experience of other countries, could have originated such a belief. And any one imbued with belief in the advance of mankind, as most Englishmen now probably are, must, on coming to India and residing in the country, accept a blow to his belief, the effect of which can never be entirely recovered."

As no effect is producible without some reflex action, it will be interesting in the future to see what influence, if we make way with what we call the civilisation of our Indian subjects, they will return upon us. If we take religion, for instance, we can learn from the following the present reciprocal attitude of British and Indian religion :—

"Natives have a prejudice in favour of religion, and, unfortunately, their commonest definition of an Englishman is a man without religion.

. . . A shrewd native cannot understand a man's having belief and yet making no visible sacrifice for it. Chintamon, who willingly expends

two-thirds of all he possesses on his father's funeral obsequies ; Badrudin, who sacrifices two years of his life for a journey to Mecca ; or Nouroji, who says twenty prayers and makes one hundred genuflexions each day, cannot understand how John Smith should be deterred from his Sunday's worship by a heavy fall of rain,—an obstacle that never prevents John Smith's presence, day by day, in his office. And there are other difficulties in the way of proselytizing.

My munshi, a Mohammedan, gave us one morning a long account of what he believed, and what religious observances he had to follow. Then turning to Jones, he said,—

'And you Christian?'

'Yes ; Protestant,' replied J. complacently.

'And what you do?' asked the munshi.

J. puffed his pipe for a short time, and then said emphatically, 'None of your d——d cheek !'

The munshi smiled, as is the way of munshis, whatever answer is given them, but he asked no more.

Jones's answer struck me as the best, under the circumstances, he could give, but I felt it was somewhat unsatisfactory. So when the munshi next came, I turned the conversation to the same subject.

'And how you explain the Trinity? we got no Trinity, nothing to understand,' began the munshi.

'This was not a healthy beginning ; and I felt, at the moment, the munshi had taken an unfair advantage ; and I should have liked to repeat to him Jones's answer of the morning before. But I was estopped by my conduct from doing that. So I tried to explain, and ignominiously failing, referred my questioner to faith ; and, on his unkindly asking what that was, I told him no one could understand except those who had it. This silenced him for a time ; but, as he rose to go, he said,—

'And all Christians got what you call faith?'

To this I had no suitable reply ready, and so gave him salaam gravely. And he went, but with a grin on his face for which—as a Christian—I should have liked to kick him."

Between the intellectual Brahmin and the orthodox Christian the colloquy would again have been different, though the elements probably not less antagonistic.

The main part of this little work is naturally taken up with descriptions of life as enjoyed by Europeans: we have candid accounts of climate, servant boys, bungalows, enervation, society, flirtation, work, loafing, holidays, taste, pretence, scenery, natives. The accounts of "picnics, balls, marriages, appointments, shop," salaries and expenses, will no doubt interest many that are looking with longing eyes to an Indian civil appointment, a merchant's house, or a place at the Indian Bar; but the simple faithfulness of the narrative makes it suggestive of larger areas of thought than the personal prospects of young exiles, important though it be to find good work for our willing hands.

Here is a truly foreign picture—unless, indeed, it can be paralleled by the life of a Paris *chiffonier*:—

"I noticed for many Sundays, that at low water there were invariably two women, each with a tall thin child attending her, busily engaged at the pools near our hedge. One day I saw that all breakfast-time, that is for more than an hour, one of the women had been bent down over one big pool, constantly throwing out the water, as it seemed; the child standing still, attentively watching. So, after breakfast, I went out to see what the woman was doing. Her dress was slight, and scarcely concealed those parts it happened to cover. She was a well-formed woman, with strong and shapely limbs. The girl grinned at me, shewing her white teeth, as I came up. She was tall, but evidently very young, and certainly, from her form, had not lived on a diet of rice. Most children live entirely on rice, and the invariable result is that they have fat, swelling stomachs. The woman took no notice

of my approach, but went on working. She was standing in what had been a deep pool of sea-water; but by her constant work for the last hour, she had managed, with the aid of a thick piece of cocoa-nut bark, to expel the water and leave the bottom bare. She rose up from her bent position soon after I came, and stood for a minute trying to press out of her back its aches from the hard, monotonous work. She treated me with supreme contempt, apparently unconscious of my presence. She had erected a little dam to prevent the water from flowing back again into the pool she had emptied, and now began to search busily among the stones and sand left dry. Thus she captured, one by one, and at no great rate, certain fat little fishes not more than an inch and a half or two inches long, marked on the back curiously like an onyx. I stood watching for ten minutes or more. At the end of that time a small tea-cup full of these little fishes had been secured, and deposited in a little, brown, small-mouthed wooden bowl that the girl carried. This was the result of an hour and a half's hard, constant work. Every day she came to the rocks, and so worked for her breakfast.

I had been reading Browning's little poems by some extreme chance, and dreaming, over my mulligatawny soup and prawn curry, of a world of brothers and sisters or husbands and wives; but after, when I stood looking at the woman, her busy hands and little heap of fishes, it seemed there might be some difficulties in the way of fixing my ideal world. I felt I shouldn't like to share the woman's life and breakfast, and I knew she wouldn't share mine."

We conclude our extracts by a lively picture of an inhabitant of India not known at home:—

"I feel I am almost guilty of injustice in not having noticed the praying mantis in the chapter on Society. She is frequently present at the best dinner-parties, and is invariably far more amusing than any of the regularly invited guests, so that when I see her stalking fantastically over the white cloth, I know at once I shall

not be altogether miserable for the next two or three hours.

Take a thin, very thin, straight stick, at least two inches long, for a body; take six other equally long straight sticks for legs, each stick-leg having the power of bending in its centre; take a seventh short piece of stick for a neck and attenuated head, and place therein two small shot for eyes, and give this neck and head the power of moving in every stick-like and ridiculous manner conceivable. Join all together and colour the result a bright light green. Convey into this form of sticks the spirit of Mrs. Skewton, Major Bagstock's Cleopatra, and you have the praying mantis. I never believed in the transmigration of souls till I saw this creature; I never believed that Dickens's characters had been all drawn from life, till I was forced to acknowledge the fact that Mrs. Skewton exists even now in the form of the praying mantis. She enjoys dinner-parties where there is plenty of colour and light, now as much as ever. She stalks along the table slowly, raising her thin legs, wriggling her neck, and twisting in all directions her big dull eyes, with an affectation of grace and conscious belief in her own powers of fascination, comical in the extreme. When she finds she has attracted the attention of a sufficient audience she stops, raises her two front legs,—perhaps in deference to her former body I should call these arms,—smooths down her head, and then after a short time given to experiments, falls upon some strange and wonderful attitude in which she fixes herself for five or ten minutes. There isn't the slightest doubt, that as she stands, fixed and motionless, she believes all are gazing on her lost in admiration. But these attitudes, backed up by her evident self-complacency, are at times so preposterous, and so ludicrously resemble those of Mrs. Skewton and her living sisters, that I have seen a whole table affected; most struck by the fun and laughing; a few hurt and offended by the painful likeness to humanity."

Bright though the book before us is, it presents somewhat too

candid a portrayal of life for it to be altogether a happy one.

The Wines of the Bible: an Examination and Refutation of the Unfermented Wine Theory. By Rev. A. M. Wilson. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. 1877.

It has long been a *crux* and a sore trouble with the well-meaning and orthodox advocates of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks that the Hebrew Scriptures represent some of their principal characters as drinking wines. And the reason is obvious. "If the venerated patriarchs drank fermented liquor," the doubtful follower of the teetotal creed may naturally inquire, "why may not I?" And before his plea can lose cogency, either an *index expurgatorius* of mankind must be made for the discredited patriarchs, or it must be proved that they drank only small beer and the delicious ale of Adam, that now in its pristine purity is so rare. Having too great a respect for the patriarchs to set them aside, the advocates of teetotalism have endeavoured to find even in them a basis for an argument which shall fight for the abstinent cause. Arguments, like statistics, are only too easily found by any one with a good bias, while both may be very fallacious unless sustained on a very broad basis.

The argument as we find it in the pamphlets of the total abstinence advocates (we do not call them temperance advocates, for between the cowardly renunciation of nature and the gradual triumph in the good fight over her purposeful temptations lies a world of difference!), is that there were two kinds of drink called wine, one being natural grape juice, the other the same after its deadly alcoholic ferment; the former

being unintoxicating and so drunk by the wise of history; the other the terrible inebriant whose dangerous allurements we know. The unfortunate weakness of the argument is that this natural grape juice will not keep for more than a few days without fermenting, and so evolving the dreaded evil spirit "Al-Ghoul." And how then could it be the wine of general use even a week after the grape harvest? This awkward fact it has been attempted to meet by imagining a wine which would not be wine at all, but a sort of jam and water. Boil down the grape juice until it becomes syrup or jelly, and you have solid wine ready for use on being boiled or mixed with water. This is the argument, and in accordance therewith Homer's Maronean wine, which, in poetical hyperbole, required twenty waters to be added before mortal could safely drink it, required such dilution, not to temper its fire, but to reduce it to a state in which it could be drunk instead of eaten.

Alas for the argument!—this Maronean wine is the very liquor with which Ulysses is represented as intoxicating the huge Cyclops Polypheme. He did not succumb to a fruit-jelly, we may be sure. That there were fruity syrups, and even pastes and dried cakes of condensed grape-essence under the name of wine, is natural enough. They were probably used, as the more heavy and syrupy wines of Spain at the present day, to enrich and flavour the lighter wines. Sometimes, probably, these wine-cakes were made into a bastard or made-up wine by being mixed in a bowl with water and some powerful drug. Something of this kind even our modern processes can parallel. The strongest testimony, no doubt, that we have as to the general character

of the ancient wines is to be found in the epithets and attributes applied to them. These accord in the characteristic of cheer-giving and exhilaration, increased to unpleasant over-excitation and evil *sequelæ* if the law of self-control is not followed, the law that every possible combination of life requires us to follow if we would not come to harm.

It is argued that the wine used by Jesus at the Last Supper was not intoxicating, but was fresh expressed grape juice, on the ground that by the Passover regulations leaven was to be put away from the house at the time of the feast. But far stranger anomalies have been found in old customs than that wine should have been an exception to the rule against ferment, which rule arose from an episode connected with daily food, and had nothing originally to do with wine. The abstainer's argument here is drawn from the assertion that unfermented wine only must have been used at the ancient Passover feast, since the Jews are equally careful now, and in order to make sure that the wine is not fermented, frequently make it for the occasion from a decoction of raisins.

It is true that such a drink is occasionally made by a few families among the modern Jews. But it is open to question whether this can be regarded as a survival of an old custom, or whether it is not rather due to a mediæval sectarianism. Such might result from prominence having been given by some rabbi at some time or other to the fact of the anomaly of the use of liquor that has undergone fermentation at the period of a strict prohibition of all leaven in the house. Seeing how skilful the rabbis ever were in meeting minor difficulties by ingenious modes of escape, we may presume that some

construction of the law was arrived at which would render it unnecessary for a wealthy Jew to turn out his entire wine cellar at every recurrence of the Passover feast. An excuse occurs to us as quite possible, that as in matured wine there is no whit of leaven or ferment, on that ground it might well escape the prohibition against actual leaven. As a matter of fact, the Passover wine generally drunk at present by the Jews in this country is the Muscat Lunel, a rich sweet wine not unlike that of Smyrna. There is an obscure tradition as to the vineyard whence it comes having escaped the blessing of any Christian priest. The Jewish law as to leaven, it need scarcely be observed, is precisely the same now as twenty centuries ago.

To turn to the work before us, we find in it a very full account of the temperance and intemperance of ancient nations and the qualities of ancient wines. The writer considers in turn the wine-drinking of Persia, Ethiopia, Germany, Spain, Carthage, China, India, Egypt, Greece, with special reference to ancient wines allowed to women, for if there was not a sparkling Moselle, or a young vintage port for delicate dames of the old time, the Greek lady had her special wine of aromatic aroma, fragrant with the perfume of myrrh. There is a wine of a very different kind which was the drink of labourers and poor elderly women among Hebrews and Romans, made by the addition of water to grape-skins after their passage through the wine press, with consequent fermentation. This is not very invitingly described as "a thin, sour drink . . . something half way between ginger-beer and French *vin ordinaire*."

No doubt there are sad cases of disease, disease mostly self-inflicted,

sometimes in great part hereditary, when the least taste of intoxicating liquor excites a craving that becomes a madness. In an ordinary case the conscientious will of an individual should be left to prove itself in every way possible in freedom, without the interference of any other person. But in cases of alcoholic mania it would seem justifiable to allow interference, as in an ordinary case of insanity, or in the matter of the sale of poison. To a man who has not lost control, but is in danger of losing it, a kindly warning—even the extreme argument of the total-abstinent—may be of use; but when drink disease has set in, the treatment must be transferred to the physical plane. If the teetotallers would exert themselves to find the best drug (forms of arsenic are worth special study) to alleviate the disease of drunkenness, and help the patient into a state in which he is again a responsible being, they would not be wasting their time. What is required to meet the case is not biassed and imperfect arguments against moderate people, historical or otherwise, but a true study and science of inebriation. Let a man of weak will and tendency to excess be taught how best to help himself. Where the nettle is, the dock is generally hard by if we earnestly seek for it. The herb of cure for the devastating sin of drunkenness deserves the most earnest and painstaking search. Exercise the will and aid it in gaining power, both by increase in its own strength, and by knowledge how to meet its trials. To cut away temptation in one swoop would be the worst mistake made with the best intentions. What are we here for, if not to grow in strength by fighting with weakness?

The work before us makes one fact clear, that the world has

never been without light and shadow in respect of the temptation of drink. As there have ever been persons of unruly passions, the allowance of which was vice, the control virtue, so there have been sobriety and intemperance among every ancient people. And the Bible heroes do not stand outside the play of nature's laws, as a narrow view of life would seek to place them.

Autobiographical Recollections of Sir John Bowring. With a brief Memoir by Lewin B. Bowring. C. Kegan Paul and Co. London. 1877.

In the subject of this autobiography and memoir we meet an accomplished scholar, a distinguished politician, a traveller in many lands. The autobiographical notes were found, after Sir John Bowring's death, among his papers. Apparently he had intended some day to put them into a connected shape, but had never done so. For the arrangement, therefore, we are indebted to Mr. Lewin B. Bowring, who also has given us the prefatory memoir.

Adventures are to the adventurous, it is said, and certainly Sir John belonged to this class. Four times he was run away with by horses, and narrowly escaped with his life; he fell senseless from a high wall on one occasion; he was icebound at sea on another; he was shipwrecked; he was robbed and just escaped murder by highwaymen; and once he was poisoned. In addition to these hair-breadth escapes, he passed through sundry fevers and imprisonments. After such a career we marvel to hear of him celebrating his 80th birthday surrounded by his family, and shortly afterwards dying quietly in his bed, within a stone's throw

of the house where he was born; his orbit complete.

Sir John Bowring was brought up as a Unitarian. We find the following amusing reminiscence of the clock at the meeting-house he attended in his boyhood:—

“There was a clock—a broad-faced clock—the movements of whose minute-hand it was my comfort and amusement to watch when the sermon was particularly dull, or when my thoughts had nothing else to do. Upon that white field, with its figures that never moved, and its pointers that were always moving, one most visibly and the other invisibly, how often did my thoughts repose. The two hands were the images of knowledge and faith. The progress of one I could trace from ‘tick to tick’—of the other I only felt that it moved, but I could convince myself that it *had* moved if, for a few minutes only, I turned my eye away. Over the clock was a golden sun half emerging, but I never knew whether it was intended to exhibit the rising or the setting of the luminary. Opposite this was the scythe of Death, gilded too. I well recollect my affliction when, one Sunday, I discovered that the blade of the scythe had fallen, and nothing was left but the handle. That blade was never restored. I think I made some effort to obtain its restoration, but its fall was an appropriate lesson, and had its becoming moral.”

From the section entitled “Countries Visited,” under the head “Syria,” we select the following poetical description of the Sea of Galilee:—

“How beautiful,” I exclaimed, “is the Sea of Galilee! How beautiful the wild flowers on its borders! beautiful the barren mountains on the east, more beautiful still the green valleys on the west! There was complete solitude on the lake—not a boat, not a human being. We sat on its shore looking above to Magdala, where are the ancient graves hewn out of the rock. As we turned to the lake, we witnessed one of the phenomena which frequently occur in inland

lakes. There was a violent hurricane coming from the opposite hills, which shook the lake violently, and then, suddenly there was a great calm. We sat down to take our meal by the side of a rivulet running into the lake, the banks being covered with flowering rhododendrons, while I gathered some of the watercresses which grew there abundantly. Everything looked bright and happy, the fields were filled with oxen, there were multitudinous wild flowers, and numbers of green lizards were running about the rocks. Most of the towns, once so thickly peopled, and of whose large trade on the Galilean Sea Josephus speaks, were but solitudes. We entered Nazareth close by the declivity down which Jesus passed through the crowd. Many women, the younger of them very pretty (and, being Christians, they were not veiled), were filling with water from the wells the vessels which they bore gracefully on their heads. In the streets there were loud songs and music, and a procession was escorting a bridegroom home. He wore a white turban, and was arrayed in handsome scarlet garments. Multitudes of children followed the trains of the bridegroom and the bride."

From the notes on "Siam" in the same section we take the following:—

"He (the King of Siam) insisted that the vulgar errors which are prevalent in Siam now, as they were formerly in Europe, are not warranted by the earlier revelations of Gautama, who lived about the time of Confucius and Herodotus, and is deemed the last incarnation of Booddha manifested to the world. It is remarkable that a similar philosophic spirit distinguishes the reformed Brahmins of India, who repudiate the corruptions found in the Shâstras, and aver that there is no authority for such adulterations in the more ancient and far more sacred books, the Vedas. Among the Reformed Hebrews, there is a similar determination to reject the teachings of the Talmud, as having no Divine authority, while even in the Christian Church, many are bringing into the field of discussion opinions

which, a few centuries ago, would undoubtedly have been deemed heterodox and heretical. In China, the learned Confucians treat with utter contempt the hundreds of volumes of legendary rubbish which have been introduced by the Booddhist and Tauist priests. In fact, a new spirit of religious investigation pervades the whole Eastern and Western world, and, in the course of a few centuries, will no doubt modify opinions now deeply rooted and widely spread."

The sketches of various celebrities shew that insight into character and correct judgment of men which rendered Sir John Bowring so able a diplomatist.

Ancient Music of Ireland. Selected from the Petrie Collection, and arranged for the Pianoforte by Francis Hoffmann. Published by Messrs. Pigott and Co., 112, Grafton Street, Dublin.

With the volume now published by Messrs. Pigott, the series of Irish national airs commenced by Bunting in the year 1792 is at last complete, and we rejoice to feel that all the authentic melodies hitherto gathered by trustworthy collectors throughout the country have now been saved from oblivion. The volume before us contains 208 airs, which number, when added to those previously published, makes in all about seven hundred. The results of Bunting's labours were given to the world in three separate volumes, respectively appearing in the years 1796, 1809, and 1840. These have been followed up by the two smaller collections of Joyce and Levey, but the labours of Dr. Petrie form the crowning effort of all workers in this particular branch of Irish art. A Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland was formed in Dublin twenty-six years ago, under whose auspices a volume, containing 147 airs,

being a portion of those collected by Dr. Petrie, was published in the year 1855, but owing to many causes the effort to carry on the work had to be abandoned, and since then the remainder has lain in the hands of Dr. Petrie's family and friends, who finally entrusted the arrangement and editing of the work to Mr. Francis Hoffmann, of Dublin. We are much mistaken if the result of his disinterested labours be not accepted with gratitude by others as well as Irishmen. It must, we think, be acknowledged by all well-informed musicians as a great boon that these airs are now united to well-considered harmonies, which in no sense interfere with, but, on the contrary, serve to develop their individuality. We have the authority of Liszt (perhaps the greatest arranger of music for the piano that ever lived) for stating that the arrangement of the national melodies of any country is a task requiring no small skill and musical knowledge. The preservation of simplicity, with the addition of just such an amount of fine harmonisation as will intensify without exaggerating the character of the air, and be subservient to the meaning and sentiment of the melody, requires no little tact and scientific knowledge in the arranger, combined with sympathy with and reverence for the national genius by which such music was inspired. In these points we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Hoffmann's arrangements far exceed those in the previous publications to which we have already alluded. Much depends on the way in which these melodies are played, and we would here only remind those who make the effort of the memorable words of George Sand, "The art of singing is the same on all instruments." We may add, of recitation also, since

in many phrases of these melodies we meet with passages which are pure recitative, wherein the questions as to time and accentuation can only be decided by the player's judgment and feeling.

Now that the labours of collectors have placed so large a body of Irish melodies within reach, it is to be hoped that these may prove a real source of inspiration to poetical writers, who will do well to translate into words the sentiment of many of those melodies whose mere names are full of poetry, such as, "When she answered me her voice was low." "There is a lone house." "Scorching is this love." "I wish, I wish, but I wish in vain." "The Song of the Ghost." "The Eagle's Whistle." "The Song of the Woods." "The Banks of Daisies." While the last-mentioned are full of buoyant and idyllic grace, the lullabies are imbued with the very spirit of maternal tenderness. In her funeral chants and lamentations, Ireland stands pre-eminent among Celtic nations, and we should point to Nos. 191, 51, 84, and 152, as singularly expressive. Eight hymn tunes, collected by Dr. Petrie in congregations among the most remote districts of Ireland, have been placed together by Mr. Hoffmann at the close of the volume. At pages 130 and 132 we find airs that are admirably fitted for adaptation to the Sanctus and Kyrie. We hope to be able to mark the reappearance of her native sacred music in the devotional assemblies of Ireland, blending the religion of her present with her past through means of those simple strains that were born of a time when her fervent faith shed its rays through Western Europe.

Ireland has not yet seen the task completed which was so well begun by Moore, of wedding her melo-

dies to verse as perfect as the music itself. There are living writers, such as Samuel Ferguson and Aubrey de Vere, the genius of whose poetry is as Irish as these melodies, and who, at all events, have invested the wild legends of Ireland with the grace and sweetness of their own natures, nevertheless we can seldom link their songs and ballads with any special air. Let us hope that they, and also such writers as Alfred Graves, and William Allingham, and Archbishop Trench, may yet supply the want, and that as they grow familiar with these strains their spirits may be kindled, and their art gain individuality by draughts of inspiration from native sources of music.

Proverbs in Porcelain and Other Verses. By Austin Dobson. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1877.

An explanation of Mr. Dobson's title will shew the class of poetry to which his work belongs. Two friends with "taste for old costume" are found "in some soft-lighted room," and grow eloquent and half-pathetic over some specimens of rare old crockery. Anon they begin to speculate upon the figures upon the plates; here are shepherds and shepherdesses, there are ladies of the *ancien régime*, all filling their little parts in some small drama of life; what is their story?

The depiction of such imaginary scenes as these forming the main contents of "*Proverbs in Porcelain*," it is evident that Mr. Dobson belongs to the class—not a very large one if we ignore composers of rubbish—of writers of *vers de société*.

For a singer of this class to merit notice he must do his work well. A poet of great imaginings and wondrous leap of thought is

sometimes pardoned for breach of poetic rule; a writer of "airy nothings" must do his work to exquisite perfection. Mr. Dobson may claim to weave with a charm which makes his poetical fancies as elegant as the wavy lines and rainbow colours of artistic glass ware. But we are soon surfeited with daintiness, and Mr. Dobson, having the power of producing sterner stuff, should think well lest he give us too many verses moulded superbly out of foam. A quality of French humour, to match French models of verse, is taken up with some success. "The Idyl of the Carp" has something in it. Would that as much can be said for "In Town," which is a mere *tour de force* in the placing of lines and rhymes, like a difficult exercise on the piano. Here is a piece of another; a piece is quite enough:—

When I saw you last, Rose,
You were only so high;—
How fast the time goes!

Like a bud ere it blows,
You just peeped at the sky,
When I saw you last, Rose!

Now your petals uncloze,
Now your May-time is nigh;—
How fast the time goes!

There are two or three poems in the volume which are poems and more than pretty lingual artifices. One is "A Tale of Polypheme" which is too long to quote; another "The Prayer of the Swine to Circe." The following is brief and touching:—

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's
levee,
He had played for her ladyship's
whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would
swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
 And the large eyes strange and
 bright,
 And they said—too late—"He is
 weary !
 He shall rest for, at least, To-
 night !"

But at dawn, when the birds were
 waking,
 As they watched in the silent room,
 With the sound of a strained cord
 breaking,
 A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
 And they heard him stir in his
 bed :—
 "Make room for a tired little fellow,
 Kind God !"—was the last that he
 said.

The Battle of the Standard. By
 W. A. Gibbs. London.

Many years ago, a writer at
 whom it is very easy for the
 meanest of us to sneer, but whose
 "wise saws and modern instances"
 it is sometimes difficult for the
 wisest of us to disprove, wrote as
 follows:—"I suppose the chief
 bar to the action of imagination,
 and stop to all greatness in this
 present age of ours, is its mean
 and shallow love of jest and jeer,
 so that if there be in any good and
 lofty work a flaw or failing, or
 undipped vulnerable part where
 sarcasm may stick or stay, it is
 caught at, and pointed at, and
 buzzed about, and fixed upon, and
 stung into, as a recent wound is
 by flies, and nothing is ever taken
 seriously nor as if it was meant, but
 always, if it may be, turned the
 wrong way, and misunderstood;
 and while this is so, there is not,
 nor cannot be, any hope of achieve-
 ment of high things; men dare
 not open their hearts to us, if we
 are to broil them on a thorn-fire." It
 requires a little courage, now-a-
 days, to publicly avow oneself a
 believer in Mr. Ruskin—especially
 since his differences with the book-

selling trade—but these words are
 his.

Was there ever a more prosaic
 age than ours—in the worst sense
 of the term? Our grandmothers
 were prosaic in their way; that is
 to say, they lived what in these
 days of fastness and frivolity
 would be called a dull life. They
 could and did make their hus-
 bands' shirts, and stockings, and so
 forth; they were cunning in the
 construction of pastry and sweets;
 they had very defined notions as to
 the proper mode of managing the
 house, as to cookery, their duty to
 God and their neighbour, and so
 forth. But the poor, benighted
 creatures had not many books
 —true, they read what they had,
 which were good ones; they could
 not prattle glibly about art, whether
 they understood it or not; in
 short, they were "bad style"—
 perhaps they do not regret it
 now. But we, their grandchildren,
 live in a superior age; we have
 superior intelligence; we can read
 the reviews of "Queen Mary," or
 "Erectheus," or "Fifine at the
 Fair," and so talk about the books
 as if we had read them, which
 does quite as well, or even better,
 since we are saved unnecessary
 trouble. It is unnecessary. For
 what do nine people out of ten
 really care about poetry? To
 how many cheeks does it bring
 a sudden blush of surprise or
 delight? to how many eyes the
 sudden delicious tears, which
 would be the poet's sweetest guer-
 don could he but see them? We
 are now ashamed of our best feel-
 ings, even when we have them,
 and there can be no true poetry
 where feeling is debarred from
 expression. If there be any
 characteristics more than others
 distinguishing this time, they are
 false shame, mock-modesty, and
 the greed of wealth. False shame
 —why, we are so refined that we

must not even own to having hearts! A man shall be ashamed to kiss his own mother in public, to say nothing of his father or his friend. Forsooth, he must be ashamed of his own emotions. Then for mock-modesty; we are so very pure that we cannot bear to hear Dame Quickly tell how Falstaff cried out "God" three times, but must needs change the word to "Heaven;" yet do but read some of our suggestive three-volume novels! As for the greed of gain, it needs no word of mine to shew how terribly that is undermining all the old life which once made Britain the cynosure of Europe. The question now is not "Is it fitting?" "Is it true?" or, "Is it right?"—but, "Will it pay?" We have grown too wise for sentiment, and too busy; we have "put away childish things," and forgotten that "childish," and "child-like" are not synonymous terms, and that there has been a certain judgment of those who will not "become as little children!"

Now, poetry is averse to stolidity, it demands feeling, it does *not* pay, and therefore it is not popular. It is all very fine to say that the works of some of our more noted living writers sell in vast numbers—what does that prove? Only that the buyers fall down and worship the golden image which Mrs. Grundy the Great hath set up; not that they know or care about the merits of the author! How many of those who talk about Tennyson or Morris could pass an examination in their works? Or take a simpler test: how many ever open the pages of—we will not say Chaucer—but of Milton, Spenser, or Pope? People universally agree in praising "Paradise Lost" and "The Faëry Queen," having probably never read either; but how many

know more than by name "Comus" or the "Hymn on Divine Love"? If poetry were really popular, in the true sense, there would be less talk and more study. Only study would involve a certain amount of thought, a great entering into oneself, and, above all—a waste of marketable time!

After all this preface, we are only going to speak of the work of a poetic writer that is very little known.

Most of Mr. Gibbs's admirers doubtless associate him with those simple poems of domestic interest, such as the "Story of a Life," by which he first made such reputation as he has attained. Indeed, he has, in those works, done such yeoman's service in the cause of truth and morality, that it is hard to speak in terms of even-seeming depreciation of them; still it is a question whether the author is not doing more really valuable work in recalling the minds of a sluggish generation to the days when, "getting on" was not the be-all and end-all of existence. It is strange that poets generally should have so much neglected Stephen of Blois, one of the finest characters and grandest kings who have ever ennobled England; and it was decidedly a happy thought to make his reign the subject of an epic, for such, in spite of its length and form, "The Battle of the Standard" practically is. Before offering some few remarks upon the poem itself, it may be well to remark upon the measure which the author has selected. For it is a question whether the ordinary blank verse is entirely suited to a prolonged work of this nature; the heroic measure is more stately, and the octosyllabic, as used by Scott in "Marmion," and by the late Professor Conington in his rendering of the *Æneid*, is vastly more taking. But to the employ-

ment of either of these measures there is an objection; very few poets have risen superior to the scholastic trammels of the former, whilst, except in the hands of a master, the latter has a dangerous tendency to degenerate into jingle. Even the Wizard of the North himself sometimes shews the ill-effects of its "fatal facility"! So, on the whole, Mr. Gibbs may be believed to have known what he was about in choosing a metre which has, undoubtedly, a special dignity of its own, and of which his former works have shewn him to have very considerable mastery.

There are, scattered throughout the work, innumerable passages which shew that, whatever other poetical talents the author may be judged to possess, he has at any rate a fair power of description; these must be noticed in their proper places. Stephen, on his way to Tunbridge—not *Tonbridge*, Mr. Gibbs!—halts at the house of an old Saxon noble, one Sigbert, with whose fair granddaughter two of the King's knights, Hugh Montresse, and the Comte d'Auray, both fall in love—the former honestly, the latter after the manner of fools and scoundrels generally. The fair Elfrida favours Gervase de Bohun, another knight seen for the first time—as one of our greatest poets has said in his "saw of might," "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight!" But Stephen has to march again, and a capital song enlivens the way, from the minstrel-knight, Richard de la Fosse.

Ho! ho! Sir Knight,
What is thy delight?
Lovest thou fighting or feasting
best,
Or hawk or hound, or the tourney
ground
With thy ladye's pledge on thy
plumèd crest?

I love my hawk and I love my hound
And my gallant horse with his spring-
ing bound,
But the ring of the tourney I love
the best!
With my visor down and my lance in
rest,
With my ladye's favour on plumèd
crest,
With teeth clenched hard and rein-
gripped tight,
To dash my horse at a boasting
knight.

And thou, Sir Knight,
What is thy delight?
Lovest thou fighting or feasting best,
Or hawk or hound, or the tourney
ground
With thy ladye's pledge on thy
plumèd crest?

I love a good feast, and I love my
hawk,
And in ladye's bower sweet loving
talk,
And I dearly love the gallant chase
With the stag in sight, the hounds at
a race,
And the horses full strain to keep
their place;
But of all delights, 'tis my chief
delight
To join in the clash of a well-fought
fight.

And here the author shews that he can do something more than paint a pretty picture, or indite a pleasant ditty; King Stephen's speech, especially his apostrophe to England, may be instanced as a fair sample of the way in which the great captain may be believed to have felt, if not to have spoken:—

—Is not this fairyland?
Look how yon silvery sun-lighted
mist
Lifts and reveals broad fields besprent
with pearls,
So fair, so white in holy purity
That e'en the sun seems dazzled with
delight
And sheds on earth a mellowed
softened warmth.
See from the sparkling, frosted plain
stand out

Grand trunks of giant trees—vast
 thicket growths
 rich in their green and gold and
 ruby tints;
 So rich, so glorious, that we well
 might deem
 They were full-laden with delicious
 fruit
 Like orchards of the fair Hesperides!
 Say, can the ocean in its grandest
 form,
 Or rugged cliff, or lofty mountain peak
 Compare in beauty with this forest
 scene?

Now all the mists have vanished, like
 the doubts
 And dark uncertainties that chill the
 blood
 Upon the morn of battle, ere the
 clash
 Of the first onslaught fills the veins
 with fire,
 And, like a veil that hid the white-
 robed bride,
 Reveals a beauty we scarce dreamed
 could be.

Oh, lovely England, thou shalt be my
 bride!
 I'll woo thee like a soldier, clad in
 steel,
 And win thee at the hazard of my
 life;
 But winning thee,—when once thou
 art my own
 I'll buckler thee against the world in
 arms!

The King reaches Tunbridge, sends off De la Fosse as a scout to London, and the book ends with an account of a wolf-hunt which, were it not for its length, would deserve quotation. After this, we get six other cantos, treating respectively of Stephen's march and triumphal entry into London; of the villainous scheme of D'Auray to entrap Elfrida, and of its discomfiture by her true lover; of certain events (including the great fire) attending the King's sojourn in the Metropolis; of the Queen's departure for York to head her husband's army against the invading Scots; of the great Battle of the Standard itself; and last, but by no means

least from a romantic point of view, of Gervase de Bohun's successful foray into the Border Land for the recovery of his lady-love. Of course, there are minor episodes—some of them possessing singular beauty, but these are the main incidents which go to make up what is, in its way, a remarkable poem, and, in any case, one which shews a wholesome disposition on the part of our younger writers of verse.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

Marley Castle; a Novel. 2 vols. Edited by Sir Garnet Wolseley, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., &c. Remington and Co.

It seems a pity that Sir Garnet Wolseley should not have been a real, rather than a nominal editor of this novel, written by his sister and bearing his name upon its title-page; but we can trace very few signs of editorship throughout its pages. Some of the characters which are introduced as if they were really important, have so little to do with the plot, and are so unnecessary to the hero and heroine, that one cannot but suspect them of having strayed out of some different novel. Certain chapters of the book might easily have been taken from any other of the authoress's MSS., and have been added to the story by labelling one of the characters with a name from "*Marley Castle*." This, to the ordinary novel reader, will probably appear the most flagrant fault of the book; but we are bound to confess that there are others. The story is one without action or incident, being for the most part a mere account of the emotions of two persons. As a natural consequence, the incidents introduced do not hang together very well. The style is that of the ordinary fiction writer, monotonous and not

over grammatical. Now and again a better style is shewn, and towards the end some of the situations are original and promising. But the hope of something striking is soon taken from us by a rapid ending in "happiness ever after" of a most tame and trite description.

Richard III. and Macbeth: The Spirit of Romantic Play in relation to the principles of Greek and of Gothic Art, and to the picturesque interpretations of Mr. Henry Irving: A Dramatic Study, by T. H. Hall Caine. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

We have, we confess it, but small sympathy with the tediously critical spirit in which it is the fashion just now to pursue the study of Shakespeare. The minute analysis of words, the laborious desire to extract from every quaintly turned line some hidden meaning of philosophy, the infinite pains taken in the proving of wild or useless hypotheses, and indeed the entire spirit of almost fanatical reverence which characterises the proceedings of modern Shakespearean societies, would seem to be the extravagant reaction after a long period of neglectful apathy. We have our fits and starts of Shakespearean veneration as of everything else. A very few years ago the works of the master had fallen into complete disuse: with Mr. Irving's assumption of Hamlet a healthy revival set in; universal criticism, both hostile and favourable, was evoked, and could we have rested satisfied with journalistic discussions innumerable, there would be nothing to complain of now. But we ran into thoughtless excess with our suggestions, surmises, criticisms; fresh societies for the unravelling of knotty points were started every student of the

bard had his little dogmatic say on the reading of disputed passages. All sorts of new "theories" were perpetually shooting up—occasionally thoughtful, frequently comic, seldom practical—till one began to think the subject should be well-nigh exhausted. Mr. Caine, however, is of opinion that there is room for yet another theory, "because," says he, "there remains an important principle by the light of which the noble tragedies may still present many points of novelty;" but we fear that the outcome of his researches will be of no great value to the student. Mr. Caine appears to be a careful thinker, and a warm admirer of Mr. Irving; but we see nothing of sufficient importance in his essay on *Macbeth* and *Richard III.* to warrant its issue in the shape of a rather pretentiously-styled pamphlet. In the first place, he does not appear competent to deal with his subject, for he never fairly grasps it throughout; and in the second, he has tried to do too much in too little space. He tells us, certainly, that Shakespeare's was a Gothic and not a Grecian mind; that "the critic or actor who brings principles of Greek or Roman art to bear upon Shakespearean play, must necessarily very widely miss his mark;" that the two plays of *Richard III.* and *Macbeth* are reared upon similar lines of construction; that the moral interest of the latter is "entirely supernatural in character," and that, consequently, Mr. Irving's interpretation "must be in some measure wide of the truth;" that the moral interest of *Richard III.* is "entirely natural," and that the Hunchback could not possibly have been so relentlessly cruel as Mr. Irving painted him—but did it need a brand-new pamphlet to tell us this? There are some interesting remarks on the

relationship between actors and plays, and on the difference between an historical play and a tragedy; but on the whole we cannot honestly say that the essay will repay perusal to a busy man. Mr. Caine's style is somewhat misty and involved. His pamphlet, however, contains evidences of study, and he may yet find good work to do in the region of dramatic criticism.

Weather Warnings for Watchers: by "The Clerk" himself. London: Houlston and Sons, 1877.

It is a singular fact of the present age that it should combine the least amount of popular lore, homely observation of nature, and general alertness of instinct, with the greatest extension of strictly scientific study. Our physicists know more than has ever been known of phenomena, regarded in a purely technical manner; our people know much less than their grandmothers of the daily book of nature. Is it the increase of city life, is it the diversion due to the over-abundance of printed matter, is it the luxurious tendency of the age that has turned our eyes away from the "admirable drama of small things" wherein lives poetry and many a secret element of thought? Who rises in time to watch the dew, or cares about the meanings of the shapely clouds, or knows whether the sun be pale, or the moon ruddy, or the stars dim? Who marks whether the bats fly thickly, or toads are seen? Who hearkens to the changes in the cries of birds, or notices how the spider hangs in his web, or watches the leap of the fish in still water, or how the smoke curls or rises from the house chimney? Who notes the subtle shiftings of the wind, or feels the pulse of the air when storm is near, or gazes at the man's hand in the sky? A few old gran-

dams, fast dying out, some seafaring men and farmers, a lessening number of simple and superstitious folk, and a growing army of scientists who look with keen, hard eyes where the old, stupid, meditative country folk were wont to see with softer, more wistful gaze.

The great and growing middle classes, the prosperous cit and the artisan, see little of themselves, and do little of themselves, except the special minor thing they live by; everything is done for them; their information they get for a penny, and their meditation they can have by contract from a library if they want it.

The huge growth of cities has, no doubt, exiled millions from their place in nature, and though the railroad shows the way to make city and country be one, yet centuries apparently will have to elapse before the way is followed. Meanwhile, what is being done? The book that distracts from nature is also the book that instructs in nature. The man confined in the city may have his eyes sharpened by study, so that his power of observation may out-do the hind on his own ground.

Science is being strenuously prosecuted by earnest specialists: these again hand down their work to intermediaries or popularisers who distribute it to the public. And in the end, if the crowd of miscellaneous learning now being poured upon the world does not nauseate and weary the mind by its very magnitude, we may not only have the old knowledge regained, but the superstitious element in it replaced by a fearless and open-eyed intelligence.

The author of the interesting little treatise before us may claim to have done something towards the great work of the distribution of knowledge.

The following is the kind of fragment he aptly gathers; the passage being drawn from the "Phenomena of Radiation" of Mr. George Warington:—

"The delicate tremor of the sun's surface particles, shot hither through thirty million leagues of fine intangible æther, has power to raise whole oceans from their beds, and pour them down again upon the earth. We are apt to measure solar heat merely by the sensation it produces on our skin, and think it small and weak accordingly; a good coal fire will heat us more. But its true measure is the work it does. Judged by this standard, its immensity is overpowering. To take a single instance: the average fall of dew in England is about five inches annually; for the evaporation of the vapour necessary to produce this trifling depth of moisture, there is expended *daily* an amount of heat equal to the combustion of sixty-eight tons of coal for every square mile of surface, or, for the whole of England, 4,000,000 tons. Compare now the size of England with that of the whole earth—only ~~third~~ ^{fourth} part; extend the calculation to rain, as well as dew, the average fall of which on the whole earth is estimated at five feet annually, or *twelve* times greater; and then estimate the sum of $4,000,000 \times 3,388 \times 12 = 162,264,000$ tons, or about 3,000 times as much as is annually raised in the whole world; and we have the number of tons of coal required to produce the heat expended by the sun merely in raising vapour from the sea to give us rain during a single day."

In this little work we learn simple facts about, and the methods of construction and use of, the instruments that under classic names are measurers of the weight of the air, the force of the wind, the qualities of electricity, the temperature, mountains, moisture, ozone, rain.

The following is an observation that might be made even by a citizen:—

Among the animals whose movements give weather warnings few are more trustworthy than the leech. The reader may verify this by placing one in a broad glass bottle, tied over with perforated leather, or bladder. If placed in a northern aspect, the leech will be found to behave in the following manner:—

1. On the approach of fine or frosty weather, according to the season, it will be found curled up at the bottom.
2. On the approach of rain, snow, or wind, it will rise excitedly to the surface.
3. Thunder will cause it to be much agitated, and to leave the water entirely.

A person of delicate nerves, and sensitive, as many are, to the changes of weather, unaccountable and unforeseen to the no-eyed person, may thus find an exquisite sympathiser, and a friend that will teach when to prepare for the trying changes that so much affect the outward manifestations of a nervous person.

The following suggest a theory also that a resident in cities might interest himself in proving, even though dwelling in a street whence the vault of heaven is unseen, and where the weather can be judged by few signs beyond that of the mud or dryness of the street, or the tendency to approach or remove from the indoor fire:—

M. Köppen states, as the result of his examination into the chances of a change of weather, that *the weather has a decided tendency to preserve its character*. Thus, at Brussels, if it has rained for nine or ten days successively, the *next* day will be wet also in four cases out of five; and the chance of a change decreases with the length of time for which the weather *from* which the change is to take place has lasted.

In the case of temperature for five-day periods, the same principle holds good; for if a cold five-day period sets in after warm weather, we can bet two to one that the next such period will be cold too; but if the cold has lasted for two months, we

can bet nearly eight to one that the first five days of the next month will be cold too. The chance of change is, however, greater for the five-day periods than for single days. Similar results follow for the months, but here again the chance of change shews an increase."

The argument is continued by our weather-clerk by a quotation from "Recent Progress in Weather Knowledge," by R. H. Scott, F.R.S.:—

"If we revert to the instance first cited, that of rain, the result is, not that if it once begins to rain the chances are in favour of its never ceasing; all that is implied is, that the chances are against its ceasing on a definite day, and that they increase with the length of time the rain has lasted. The problem is similar to that of human life: the chance of a

baby one year old living another year is less than that of a man of thirty.

"The practical meaning of all this is, that although we know that a compensating anomaly for all extraordinary weather exists somewhere on the earth's surface, e.g., the very common case of intense cold in America, while we have a mild winter in Britain, there is no reason as yet ascertained to anticipate that this compensation will occur at any given place during the year. In other words, when definite conditions of weather have thoroughly established themselves, it is only with great difficulty that the courses of the atmospheric currents are changed."

We can see no objection whatever that it is possible to make against the production of a popular treatise like this; and to affirm that candidly is to give it no small praise.

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA. JOHN LINNELL, SEN.

The following corrections and additions should be made to the memoir of Mr. Linnell which appeared in our November number. In addition to Mr. Linnell's picture there are several works by living masters in the National Gallery; the expression, therefore, "almost the only one," as applied to his is misleading. Instead of Holman Hunt, as stated, it is William Hunt who was a fellow student with Linnell; the date being long before that of the first-named artist. Linnell's "Quoit-playing," exhibited in 1811, and described as "a little picture," may scarcely be so characterised, its size being 42 by 34. The "old lady-connoisseur of the peerage" referred to as an appreciator of Linnell's early miniatures, was the Marchioness of Stafford. It was not a princess who gave discreet advice respecting a portrait of King George, but Lady Torrens.

In the picture representing the ceremony of the ancient Covenant, it is not Abraham that passes between the smoking portions of the victim divided in twain, but the majestic angelic form. As the painter says, "Abraham was in a trance and so could not pass, and besides it was not he that was to pass between the victim."

On page 548, line 19, there is a typographic error giving "wealth" for "work."

The assertion that "no landscape painter in the Academy is paid such sums" for his pictures as 800 or 1,000 guineas, which amounts are given for Mr. Linnell's, the fortunate painter himself stigmatises as "altogether untrue, and an injurious mistake that should be corrected." As the statement in question was merely a quotation from the *Art Journal*, an opinion upon so delicate a matter is not necessary here.

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